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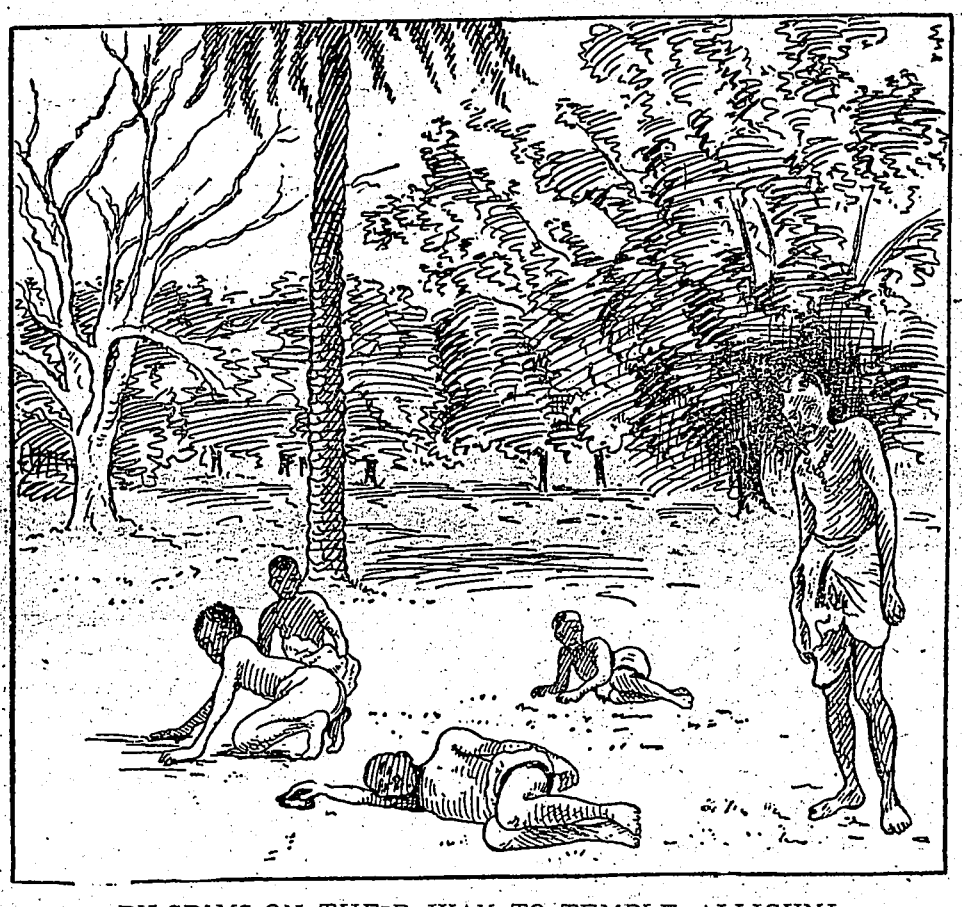
Grovelling Pilgrims.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is the decaying city of Alligunj, once the home of many rich people, and still the scene of the great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumble-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy little shrine, dedicated to Hanuman, or Mahabir, the monkey-god. To this shrine, at the time of the annual festival, held some time in May, thousands of pilgrims may be seen making their way. No small number travel greater or less distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length on the ground, as you see represented in the picture



PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO TEMPLE, ALLIGUNJ.

on this page. Taking a small stone in his hand the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer, with his hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer or praise. Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can, as you see the man in the foreground doing. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine. His mother, wife, sister, or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night, when he stops to rest, cooks his evening meal. — 'Church Missionary Gleaner.'

Guidance.

Some seek to be guided only by the inner voice, an inner light, as they call it, taking it for the Holy Spirit. But to such often it is their own temperament or moods that speak, and they become very erratic in behaviour. Often, if we are guided by circumstances, we will interpret their instructions to suit our own wishes, seeing that which prevents our doing what we do not wish to do and overlooking that which might encourage us to hope that we might succeed in the undertaking. Then there is the voice of God in his word. This is the truest guide, as the Holy Ghost makes clear our Father's will. But to discover that will we must take into account our circumstances. For example the bible would not give the same instructions to a man in the last stages of consumption in regard to entering the ministry or undertaking any other work, that it would to a man in the full possession of all his strength and faculties, though it be the same book from which each seeks instruction.

The following actual case will serve as an illustration of what is meant by the three voices concurring. A young man wished to decide whether he should become a foreign missionary. He was prompted from within to do so. The inner voice gave its verdict, 'you ought.' He looked for God's voice in his word. It also gave its verdict, 'you ought.' He consulted the voice of circumstances. He was of a very delicate constitution, compelled to spend many days confined to his house—missionary work would probably cause his death inside of a year. The voice of circumstances said, 'you ought not.' The three voices did not concur. He believed it was not God's will. To-day he is serving God and the missionary cause in another way, and enjoying God's peace in his heart.—'Parish and Home.'

But One Day.

God's almanac has but one day, that is to-day;
Satan's almanac has but one day, that is to-morrow;
The fool's almanac has but one day, that is by-and-by,
What infinite folly to say to-morrow, when the Holy Ghost says to-day!

Diaz, the Apostle of Cuba.

THE STORY OF PROTESTANT MISSION IN THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.

(By Belle M. Brain, in 'Christian Endeavor World.')

The Rev. Alberto J. Diaz has been justly called 'a star of the first magnitude among the missionary heroes of the world.' Were the dates omitted and the history written in the style of eighteen hundred years ago, one could easily believe it a recently discovered chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

During the last Cuban rebellion (1868-1878) young Diaz, though a graduate of both literary and medical departments of the University of Havana, and about to enter upon his professional career, cast his fortunes with the Cuban patricts.

Being ordered to an outpost to warn the army of a Spanish attack, he and his men were surrounded by the enemy. Escape by land being impossible, when night came, under friendly cover of darkness each took a piece of wood and plunged into the sea! They hoped to drift along the coast and land at some safe place.

To their dismay they were carried far out from land, and death seemed inevitable. But God had chosen one of them to do a great work for him, and it was not in accordance with the divine plan that he should perish. After floating about many hours, he was rescued by a small vessel and carried to the United States.

Captain Diaz decided to go to New York and continue his medical studies there, making a specialty of diseases of the eye. During the winter an acute attack of pneumonia laid him so low that his life was despaired of.

When it was announced one morning that the poor young Cuban was about to die, friendless and alone, Miss Alice Tucker, an earnest young Baptist woman, became greatly concerned for his salvation. Going to his room, she attempted to converse with him. Finding this impossible on account of his understanding so little English, she merely read a few verses from her New Testament, and prayed for him. This she continued to do for several days until the crisis was passed.

Knowing nothing of the bible, and never having seen anyone pray except by 'telling their beads,' he was curious to know what she had done. As soon as he was able he wrote her a note in broken English, asking what the little book was, and why she had closed her eyes and talked to herself after reading it.'

Learning that the book was a New Testament, he asked for a copy of it, which she was glad to give him. While attempting to translate it, he was told that the American Bible Society issued a Spanish edition. Procuring a copy, he began a diligent and earnest study of it, which resulted in his conversion.

In a short time, the rebellion having ended and amnesty being declared to all who had fled from their country, Diaz set sail for Cuba burning with an intense de-

sire to cary a pure gospel to that priest-ridden island.

Arriving at his own home, with eager enthusiasm he at once began to tell father, mother, brothers, and sisters of his new-found Saviour. But alas! when they learned that he had become a Protestant—a heretic—they were grief-stricken, and refused to listen to him.

Bitter indeed was his sorrow and disappointment. But remembering that others might listen, though his own home circle might not, Diaz sought his friends in the city. These were more tolerant, and agreed to meet him on the following Sunday, in the parlor of the Paseje Hotel.

As he preached to them Jesus the only Saviour, many were deeply impressed. Sunday after Sunday, the meeting continued growing in numbers and interest until the place became too small. It was decided to rent a hall in which to hold services.

God's blessing was upon the young physician, who, like Paul, supported himself by his profession, in order that he might give the gospel to others without cost. In a short time the converts numbered more than one hundred.

Such work could not go on without arousing bitter opposition from the priests. At their instigation Dr. Diaz was arrested for preaching to a little company that had gathered around him on the seacoast. Being an American citizen, he appealed to the United States, and was speedily released. From that time street preaching was out of the question.

Determined to break up this Protestant movement, the priests next interfered with his practice of medicine, warning the people not to employ the heretic physicia.... Finding himself without means of support, he sailed for New York, hoping to make some arrangement by which to continue his work. Hearing that the Ladies' Bible Society of Philadelphia wished to employ a colporteur in Cuba, he applied for the position, and was accepted. Joyfuly he returned to his little flock, able now to give his whole time to missionary effort.

For more than a year he continued to work in this way. Large numbers professed conversion, among them the beloved members of his own family. So great was his success that it was thought best for him to receive ordination as a Baptist minister, and in December, 1885, he was formally set apart for the preaching of the gospel. In January, 1886, a Baptist church was organized in Havana—the first Protestant church in Cuba, and the care of the work was assumed by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

The growth of this church was phenomenal. Dr. A. T. Pierson says: 'Considering the time and the means expended in its prosecution, this work in Cuba has never been surpassed in modern missions.'

In 1887 the parent church had three hundred and one members, and two colonies. In 1895 it had 1,700 members and four colonies—organized churches under the care of Cuban pastors. Three of these are in Havana and one at San Meguel, ten miles away. The whole number of converts baptized aggregates about 2,700.

The requirements for church membership are very high. When first Dr. Diaz returned to Cuba as a United States citizen, and it became known that he was establishing a new church, many Cubans who were hungering for freedom wished to join it, thinking that baptism would make them American citizens. Learning that this was not the case, many turned away.

Converts are admitted to the church only after strict examination. They must give satisfactory evidence of a thorough understanding of regeneration, and renounce all harmful and doubtful practices. Should they return to these, they would be at once excluded from the church. To their credit be it told, that such disciplining has never been found necessary.

What has been the secret of the remarkable growth of the mission? Listen to Dr. Diaz: 'There are now 1,700 members in my church, and they are spreading their influence all over the island. They visit a certain number of houses every week, and do missionary work among them. This is the secret of so large a church.'

Though religious toleration has been granted by the Spanish Government, it is hedged about with many restrictions. Since Spanish law forbids a public place of Protestant worship, all services must be held with closed doors in a building that has nothing about it to suggest a church. Notices of services cannot be given, and a pastor would be arrested for announcing the location of his church.

With such restrictions Protestant mission work must be carried on very quietly, and personal work on the part of individual members of the churches is an absolute necessity.

Many and severe have been the trials to which the Cuban converts have been subjected, but 'facing pestilence, enduring mob violence and priestly persecution,' pastors and people have braved every danger in order to preach the gospel and win souls.

REJOICING IN PERSECUTIONS.

Dr. Diaz says: 'We do not mind persecution, because every time our church is persecuted the membership increases, and the old members are more fully consecrated to the Lord. . . . I myself have been in jail six times for preaching the gospel, but I am ready to go twenty times more for the same

DIAZ, THE MISSIONARY.

reason. I must tell my people all about the Lord Jesus as it is in the bible.'

In 1888 a terrible scourge of small-pox visited Havana, Though themselves heavily afflicted, — the church losing at least one hundred and fifty members—these brave Cuban converts went everywhere regardless of danger to themselves. True angels of mercy were they, ministering to the sick and dying, burying the dead, and pointing the living to the way of salvation through Christ.

During this terrible time the church, in spite of its losses, grew in membership from three hundred and fifty to seven hundred. This was largely the result of the personal conversations with the people in their homes. Two women missionaries alone reported 1,600 such conversations during a period of three months, resulting in forty-four additions to the church.

When the rebellion broke out in 1895, the members of Dr. Diaz's church consulted him as to their duty in the matter. They said to him, 'You have been preaching to us about our liberty and freedom in Christ Jesus, and these men are fighting for civil liberty, and we who have been so persecuted feel that we must fight for religious liberty.'

Many of these earnest and consecrated Christian men enlisted in the rebel army, and side by side, all in the same regiment, they are fighting for freedom.

The war has, of course, greatly interfered with the mission work. Early in 1896 Dr. Tichenor, secretary of the Home Mission Board, visited Havana, to consult with the missionaries as to the best course to pursue. Instructing the pastors to leave the island as soon as their safety demanded it, the whole matter was left in the hands of Dr. Diaz, with full power to act.

DIAZ IN JAIL.

On April 16, 1896, a short but startling telegram reached the rooms of the Home Mission Board in Atlanta. It simply read, 'Diaz in jail,' Knowing that either immediate death or long torture in a Spanish prison awaited him, the board at once took vigorous measures for his release. The State Department at Washington was notified, and through their prompt and decisive action he was saved.

Intensely interesting is the story of his imprisonment and release. The danger growing daily more and more threatening, Dr. Diaz had sent his fellow-pastors to a place of safety in Florida, he himself remaining a few days longer to care for the valuable property of the Board.

Before daybreak, on the morning of April 16, the police went to his house in Havana, and demanded his papers and sermons. After spending seven hours in examining them, they put Diaz and his brother under arrest, ordering them to the jail. Diaz refused to go until he had had his breakfast, and invited the officers to become his guests. They made no objection, and partook of the meal with the family.

While his brother engaged them in conversation, Dr. Diaz hastily wrote a telegram, and slipped it under his plate unobserved. This telegram saved his life. After they had gone his wife found the message and sent it to Atlanta.

For eight days the two brothers were kept in the jail, forbiden to read, write or talk with any one. Then they were tried and sentenced to immediate death.

Everything was in readiness for their execution on the morrow. A death watch, which was changed every two hours, was kept in their cells, 'I knelt down,' says Dr. Diaz, 'and prayed, "Lord, send me an angel, and save me if you will." In the middle of the night the angel came. It was one of my church members, who was sent to keep watch. He asked me what he could do for me. I wrote several letters and telegrams and he sent them for me. The telegrams were sent to the United States. The next day the jail was opened and my brother and I said farewell.'

Strangely like the twelfth chapter of Acts reads the story. Like Peter of old, Dr. Diaz went at once to his people who were assembled in the church. 'They were very much surprised,' says he, 'The papers had announced that we were to be executed that day, but I said to my people: "Don't be afraid, the Lord Jesus, who opened the jail for Paul and Silas and Peter, is the same Lord Jesus who opened the jail for us," and we had a revival lasting until half-past one in the morning.'

Next day an order came from General Weyler compelling Dr. Diaz and his family to leave Cuba at once. After spending some little time in this country, he was sent to Mexico, where he is now in charge of the chapel car of the American Baptist Publication Society.

The other Cuban pastors are now at work among the refugees in Key West and Tampa, Fla. The property of the Home Mission Board is under the care of Dr. Belot, a prominent member of Dr. Diaz's church, and up to April 13, none of it had been molested.

The mission work has for some time been carried on by the women, the brave, noble Protestant Cuban women. With the help of a few laymen, they have not only kept open the day school and the Sunday-school, but they have conducted prayer-meetings and other services on the Sabbath. So faithful and efficient has been their work that many have professed Christ, and are waiting for baptism.

In a letter received by Dr. Tichenor from Miss Clotilde Diaz, a sister of the great preacher, dated April 4, she says: 'The Lord blesses our work, especially among the children. Pray for us; we need it very much.'

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to these Cuban Christians, especially to these faithful women who, in the midst of anxiety and danger, are bravely preaching Christ to perishing souls.

What the future has in store for them, our Father alone knows. Let us pray for them, fur surely they do 'need it very much.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

From Midnight To Noon.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PERSONALITY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HELEN KELLER, THE DEAF AND DUMB AND BLIND GIRL.

('Silver Link,')

Every one who reads knows something of the fascinating story of Helen Keller's life. When Helen was six and a half years old—she is now sixteen—a teacher went to the Alabama home of this thrice afflicted little one, and by love and infinite patience made the beginnings of an education. The quick brain and loving spirit of the child centred further public interest upon her after her arrival in Boston, and her rapid progress in the realms of knowledge has been watched with amazement and delight by the whole world. Such an intelligence as Helen manifested would be accounted phenomenal in an ordinary person, and when one considers

that all teachings must reach her through the double walls of her deprivations, her accomplishments appear nothing short of miraculous.

Helen Keller's bright sayings, keen questionings, and beautiful deeds soon became famous. The grace and elegance of her many letters and other writings drew wide attention. Additional interest was created by her outreachings after a knowledge of God, or, more correctly speaking, after the indefinable Something that was realized only when she found God.

Of the Helen Keller of the past there is not now opportunity to speak. To-day she is a winsome, companionable, cultured young woman; none more so. A preliminary examination in English, French, German, and history, identical with that required for entrance into Harvard College, she already has passed most creditably. Helen's wide and intimate acquaintance with the best literature of the world accounts for her remarkable proficiency in this branch of study. She has read nothing but the good, but with that she is perfectly familiar.

There have been many errors prevalent concerning Helen Keller. One is that she knows absolutely no evil—that she has never heard of bad people or bad books. It is true that her own personal experience has been marvellously free from contact with even the lesser evils of falsehood, deceit, etc., and that her soul is one of rare and beautiful innocence. Nevertheless, while Helen has not learned the darker side of life in the rude way that most people have had to learn it, she does know, quite thoroughly—through the best literature of the world—of the base and ignoble aspect of humanity. The crimes and sins of men have been made most real to Helen through her study of history, and so delicate and sensitive is her soul that she often leaves her history class, weeping as though her heart would break.

French and German this remarkable girl reads with ease and pleasure. She has studied Latin as well, and is eager to undertake Greek, which, however, may or may not be given to her.

The impression prevails that Helen is somewhat of a curiosity, to be exhibited by a teacher before her accomplishments can be known. The thought of her physical limitations is so appalling to the average person that he cannot conceive of her as an independent and self-reliant being. By some the presence of her teacher, to explain and comment, is believed to be necessary when Helen speaks. Although I should have known better, I myself had half a notion that I should have to 'talk down' to her when we met. Two minutes in her presence banished that idea. Her well-filled and well-drilled mind expresses itself with freedom and spontaneity in a vocabulary rich and choice. Of few persons can it be said, as it truly can of Helen Keller, that they are charming conversationalists. The almost lost art of conversation is hers to a striking degree.

Picture the girl if you can. As she advances with extended hand to meet you, you perceive a lithe, graceful girl of ordinary height, with dark brown curls hanging in profusion about her neck and shoulders, and with a frank, open face that is wreathed in smiles. The hand that shakes yours with utmost heartiness is small and delicately moulded. From the lips that love and patience have opened to vocal speech, proceeds a cordial greeting that strikes the ear melodiously and pleasantly. There are lacking altogether the harsh and strident tones common to the voices of the deaf. If you have not mastered the simple manual language, Helen will understand your conversation by placing one finger gently on your lips, with the thumb on your throat. Thus does she 'hear' articulate speech. But if you can speak with your hands so much the better, and, be your fingers ever so deft and rapid, that hand lightly resting on yours will catch every movement.

Imagine Helen sitting in a wide window-seat in her home in Cambridge, 'an ideal home,' she termed it, in speaking to me of the subject. Her right hand touches yours in conversation, though she glories in the fact that she herself never uses the manual speech, talking entirely with her lips. Her face is toward you, as though through those sightless eyes she would read your features. Her lips are constantly lingering on the border of a laugh, and the slightest jest will call forth her merry laughter. When especially pleased she will partly upraise her hands, bringing them together clasped into her lap, bending her body slightly forward, all in manifestation of intense animation. While you speak she listens attentively, showing no sign of full comprehension till your sentence is finished, although she doubtless knew what you were going to say before you had formed a dozen words. This is but one of the countless evidences of the gentle refinement of her nature.

Every added moment in the presence of Helen Keller has increased my wonder at her great knowledge; her thorough familiarity with the world of life and letters; her natural brilliancy, her marvellous power of intuition, that is so great as to strike you at times as almost weird; and, above all, her joyous, sweet, and loving spirit. 'I am perfectly happy,' she remarked the other day. —William T. Ellis.

Money.

(By Miss F. H. Knapp, in 'Hand and Heart.')

CHAPTER IV.

'And what is life? An hour-glass on the run;
A mist retreating from the morning sun;
A busy, bustling, still repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought,
And happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That, in the act of seizing, shrinks to nought!'

—John Clare.

After the feeling which we have seen existed between Mildred Linton and Howard Latimer, it will not surprise any one to hear that the latter often indulged himself in writing sonnets to 'To the Beloved of my Heart,' etc. Sometimes these were completed, but not often; for they were generally thought by the 'poet,' to fall so far short of the excellencies of character they were intended to portray that, after a few lines of 'loves' and 'doves,' and 'hearts' and 'darts,' etc., etc., they were thrown aside as altogether inexpressive and unworthy of their subject. Hence these effusions had never yet found their way to the object of them.

But one day such a happy idea crossed his mind, and his pen had worded it so nicely, that he had really written it out in fairest characters on richly embossed paper, and he was actually thinking of sending it to her. Still he hesitated, and for two or three days it remained in his pocket.

One night, after a little party at his mo-

ther's, he went to his room later than usual; but a beautiful full moon looked at him so gloriously that, instead of lulling him to sleep, it inspired his poetic imagination. All at once he jumped up, exclaiming, 'What an idiot I am! I have left those lines in the pocket of my office coat! If Tom Coles in arranging the office should knock the coat off the peg, the letter might fall out. He would be sure to show it to Joe Briscoe, and then how he would laugh at me! I should be a regular butt for all his jibes and sneers!'

He lay down again, but not to sleep. We have said that Howard was particularly sensitive to the feeling of being laughed at, and the idea now that his beloved Mildred would be included was agony to his mind. At last he determined that he would get up very early in the morning, before the office was opened. He knew the window of a little closet adjoining the clerks' office was fastened for security with a peculiar hasp, which was so troublesome that Mr. Page had more than once found that Tom Coles had omitted fastening it at all. It was just possible that it might be the case now. At all events he determined to try; for, if it were so, he could slip into the closet through the clerks' office, to the place where his coat hung, and return again, without any one knowing he had been out.

He rose accordingly very early, and cautiously descended the stairs; but not so cautiously but that the wakeful ear of his mother heard his steps, and thinking one of her daughters was ill, she opened her door just when her son was passing.

'Howard, dear! where are you going so early?'

Howard knew his mother would call him a silly fellow, if he told her the object of his very early rising; so he only said, 'I cannot sleep, mother, and I am going to take a walk.'

'You had better wait a little longer, I think,' said Mrs. Latimer, and Howard went out.

As he crossed Farmer Bray's field—that being the shortest way to Mr. Briscoe's—the farmer's large watch-dog barked so furiously that the farmer himself opened his window and called out to know who was there.

'It is only me, Farmer Bray—Howard Latimer. I am taking a little walk, this fine morning—that is all.'

'Fine morning! why, Mr. Howard, it's raining fast, sir.'

'Raining, is it? Ah! so it is. Well, I'm not so tender as to mind a little wetting; so, good-morning farmer.'

'It was Mr. Howard,' he explained to his wife. 'He must be rare put out to call this a fine morning, when it's raining hard enough to float our young ducks in no time.'

'Pooh! pooh! John; don't be going to make a story out of nothing at all,' said his wife, and there the conversation ended.

Meanwhile Howard reached the office without further interruption. His surprise was great, on going to the window where he intended to make an entry to find it not only unfastened, but wide open.

'Well,' thought Howard, 'that is lucky for me; but how Tom Coles will catch it in the morning! for I dare not shut it for fear of arousing the house.'

He climbed up the knotted stem of the old American creeper and was soon in the room. He passed through the clerk's office, seized his coat from the peg, eagerly thrust his hand into the pocket and found the envelope; but, not content with this, he determined to see if its contents were all right. He sat down on a ream of paper which had been brought in and not unpacked the day before, and opened his treasured packet. The beams of the rising sun streamed across the spot where he was sitting, and enabled him to read it; but some great improvement suggested itself, and he took out his pencil and began making the alterations. While thus engaged he thought he heard a noise proceed from Mr. Briscoe's office. He listened, but hearing nothing more supposed it must have been fancy; and, having finished his corrections to his heart's content, without even passing the passage that led to Mr. Briscoe's office, he proceeded to retrace his steps as he had entered.

Just as he had got one leg out of the window Mr. Page turned the corner and directly faced him. Howard remained in the same position, for he was struck with the awkwardness of it, and the strange appearance it must have. Mr. Page looked steadily at him and said,—

'Latimer, you getting out of the window at this hour of the morning!'

'Yes, Mr. Page. I came for a paper I had left in the pocket of my office coat, which I particularly wanted; and when I came here I found the window open; so I went in and fetched it.'

This was all strictly true, as we know, but it appeared strange to Mr. Page that he should have any paper of sufficient importance to cause such unusual proceedings; and he knew that the window was properly secured the night before, for he had particularly seen to it; but he only said—

'It would have been better, I think, had you come in by the house, or even asked me for the private key, rather than steal into it in this way.'

Howard felt angry at the implied imputation and made no answer, but, stepping from the window to the American creeper, and from thence jumping to the ground, retraced his steps home.

Howard found the servant sweeping the passage, so he passed her and went to his room.

When they all went to breakfast, his mother asked him where he had been for a walk. As he had not told her his object before, he thought it useless to mention it now; so he only said he had been strolling through the fields.

'Was it not raining?' asked Bertha.

'Well, I believe there was a bit of a sprinkle,' replied her brother.

'You funny fellow!' said Amy. 'On fine mornings you are so lazy, and now because it was raining you took a fancy to stroll in the fields.'

When Howard reached the office, Mr. Page opened the door instead of Tom Coles; and his peculiarly serious countenance at once arrested his attention.

'Is anything the matter, Mr. Page?' said Howard.

'That question, sir, may be best answered by yourself; but Mr. Briscoe wishes to see you directly.'

Howard was surprised, on entering Mr. Briscoe's room to find two gentlemen with him. One he recognized as Sir Peter Brookes, a magistrate for the county; the other was a stranger to him.

'Mr. Latimer,' said Mr. Briscoe, 'may I ask you to inform me what was your business at my house at so early an hour this morning—that, the street door not being opened you were so obliging as to break a pane of glass in order to open the window, and then wrench the iron bar off its hinges which secured the shutter, to get in that way?'

'I assure you, sir, I did nothing of the kind,' exclaimed Howard. 'I wanted a paper I had left in the pocket of my coat; and, finding the window open, I got in rather than disturb anyone so early.'

'A likely story that you should come, as you confess you did, and find the window open to receive you! And now, young man, tell us of your pleasing morning amusement in breaking open my desk and carrying off so much money. It must have been very fatiguing to you as the bags were very heavy,' continued Mr. Briscoe, ironically: 'but perhaps the same kind of person who prepared the window assisted you with the gold?'

Poor Howard was so overcome by the charge brought against him that his consternation might indeed be taken for guilt. He turned deadly pale and was obliged to hold the back of the chair by which he was standing, to support himself; while Mr. Briscoe tauntingly added, 'This, then, is the end of all your profession—A Thief!'

Howard began to speak, persisting in his innocence, but Sir Peter Brookes stopped him, and said: 'Young man, this is indeed a serious charge against you; and so many different circumstances concur in marking you as the culprit that it will be my painful duty to commit you for trial. I advise you to say nothing now, as, in the state of agitation you are in, you might disclose more than you would wish; so, reserve your defence for your trial; and I can only say, I trust for the sake of your widowed mother, you will be able to prove your innocence.'

His words recalled Howard to himself. He drew himself up with much dignity, and said: 'Gentlemen, I declare before God that I am guiltless of this horrible charge. What I stated is the truth—the whole truth—and I never even entered the passage which leads to this room.'

'That will do, sir, that will do,' said Mr. Briscoe; 'don't add falsehood to your other villainy.'

Who may tell the feelings of Mrs. Latimer and her daughters when the news reached their ears? They could not believe him guilty for an instant—the thought of it alone entering their minds seemed doing him injustice. But how was his innocence to be proved? So many things seemed to point to his implication in the outrage.

CHAPTER V.

'My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself:
My bliss is in my breast.'

—Robert Southwell.

LETTER FROM HOWARD LATIMER TO BERNARD SYLVESTER, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

'Levington Jail, Aug. 18——

'My dear Sylvester,—Here is a pretty place for me to date a letter from! Levington Jail! Yes, it is true enough, that is my abode for the present.

'By a most extraordinary combination of adverse circumstances, I am just now in a rather painful position; though really I know so well my perfect innocence of the false charge brought against me, that I do not feel so cast down on this my first visit to one of Her Majesty's asylums as I should have fancied. I know now what it is to have the "answer of a good conscience toward God." I am sure that he will, in his own good time, show the world, and my mother—— Ah! there it is, Sylvester; that is the point that grieves me. Not that she thinks me guilty; but, still, I feel the agony she is suffering, and will suffer, till all is made clear. And there is also one other who, though never doubting my innocence, will, I know, be miserable till it is proved.'

'You remember at school you were always my right hand, ready and able to get me out of all the scrapes my folly or love of fun got me into; so now, in this more serious trouble, I look to you to help me. Come to me at once.

'I will not enter into any particulars of the crime with which I stand charged. It will be better to tell you all than write it. So come at once, dear Sylvester, to your true friend,

'HOWARD LATIMER.'

The summons thus conveyed was quickly obeyed; and Bernard Sylvester, an old school and college companion, was soon with his friend listening to his detailed account of the serious charge made against him, and the strange events which seemed so peculiarly to point him out as the guilty person.

Sylvester was a young man equally clever and good; and he took such a deep and searching view of the cases he undertook that he had often established innocence or detected guilt where others had not believed it possible. Though but a few years older than Howard, he was attaining a high name in his profession as a barrister. The friends had often met—their school holidays having been generally spent together, half at the house of one and half at the house of the other. Sylvester had left college first, but the friendship had continued; and Howard well knew the rising barrister would use every effort his strong and vigorous mind could suggest to prove his innocence.

* * * * * * *

'Father, can you spare me a few minutes alone this morning?' said Mildred Linton, as she entered his study with an anxious face, the day after Howard had been committed.

'Yes, dear girl, as many minutes, or hours either, as you want. Come in and tell me what is the matter, But I need not ask you, for the kind heart of my child must be aching when she knows the trouble of her friend Bertha.'

'Yes, father; but you saw Howard this morning; what does he say?'

'He declares his innocence,' said Mr. Linton, 'and also his trust in God's goodness and mercy to make it known.'

'I was sure of it,' said Mildred, a bright smile lighting up her pale countenance. 'I knew, of course, he was not guilty of that horrible crime, and I felt sure he would look above for help in his hour of need.'

'Yes, dearest,' returned her father; 'no one who has known Howard Latimer all the days of his life, as I have, could doubt that. But, Mildred, I have also seen Mr. Bernard Sylvester; and he says it is one of the most intricate cases he has ever had in hand. All appears, at present, to lead to an unfavorable conclusion. But he is making the strictest investigations, and still hopes to unravel the mystery.'

'And we can do nothing to help him?'

'Nothing at all, dearest, at present. If any one is wanted to speak as to his character, depend on it, I shall be the first one to come forward; though, if we have nothing more than that, it will do little good, since previous irreproachable conduct can be no excuse for crime committed.'

* * * * * * *

'Well, Jenny, old woman! do you remember telling me to not make a story out of nothing at all, when I said I did not like the looks of Mr. Howard this morning?' asked Farmer Bray, of his wife, on his return from work on the farm.

'To be sure I do,' said Jenny: 'what more is your wisdom going to say now?'

'Why that the boy has been and broke into Mr. Briscoe's office, forced open his desk, and stolen the heaps of money the old miser has been a-hoarding.'

'That I'll never believe, John. Better tell me you've a been and done it yourself—or me either, for the matter of that, for 'tis as like one as t'other.'

'Ah! but Jenny, woman, it's all made out clear against him—how that he got in at the window, and how that Mr. Page saw him do it, and——'

'I tell you, John Bray,' said the indignant Jenny, 'if judge and jury condemn the poor boy, I never will'; and Jenny, in her agitation, poured the water in which she had been boiling the bacon into her husband's plate, which, running down on his knees, put an end to their debate.

* * * * * * *

'Oh, William, you cannot believe it,' said Mrs. Page to her husband; 'it cannot be true.'

'So I should have said, Mary, had I not seen the poor boy myself getting out of the window at that early hour.'

'Perhaps he can explain and give a satisfactory reason.

'I might hope so were it not for the evident confusion he showed when he saw me. I must confess that makes me very uncomfortable. And here am I, who love the lad as if he were my own son, obliged to be chief witness against him! It goes to my very heart, Mary; but, what can I do? Truth must be spoken.'

'Surely, dear; and, depend on it, the better way to serve him will be to speak the whole truth. I cannot believe in his guilt,' continued Mrs. Page, with tears in her eyes, 'though everything seems so strange. I feel as though I cannot settle to my work; and as to reading, I see the words, certainly, but cannot understand them. I will go to poor Mrs. Latimer, and try and comfort her and the dear girls if I can.'

* * * * * * *

'Joe, my dear boy,' said Mrs. Briscoe to her son, 'could you have thought that Howard Latimer would have done such a thing? I confess, the person who has done it surprises me much more than the deed itself—for I never thought your poor father's gold would be his comfort. His taking all that poor fellow William Page's money, when he foolishly answered for his friend, was a deed I never liked.'

'Nonsense, mother,' said the son, 'you know if a man is such a simpleton as to undertake to pay money for another, he must run the risk of having to pay it himself, if that other chooses to walk off and leave him in the lurch.'

'But about Howard Latimer,' said Mrs. Briscoe.

'Oh, the less said about him the better. He was always a canting hypocrite, and now see what all his professions have ended in!'

'But do you really think he did it?'

'Of course I do. Did not Mr. Page catch him just as he was making his escape? And is it not all as clear as noonday?'

Mr. Briscoe now entered.

'What! Still talking about this young rascal!'

'Yes, I was saying to Joe how sorry I was he should have acted so.'

'Sorry for him!' returned her husband; 'you can spare your sorrow; he will only get a free passage to some pleasanter corner of occupation for the rest of his life; that's all—and little enough, too. I only wish I could take his life-blood, drop by drop, for every guinea——'

'Oh! stop, stop! don't say such awful things, lest they recoil upon your own head.'

'Well, my dear, it does aggravate me, to find you pitying that good-for-nothing fellow, instead of pitying me for the dreadful loss I have sustained. Money that I have been scraping together by every possible means all my life, and working morning, noon and night, to increase! And what he has done with it I can't imagine, for not a sixpence can be found. I only wish I had invested more of it; but I have always dreaded banks breaking, or failures in other things, Ah! Joe, my dear boy, take a warning from your father, and keep your money more safely,'—and Mr. Briscoe left the room.

'And Joe, my dear boy,' said his mother, 'learn from your poor father this lesson also: "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them,"'

* * * * * * *

LETTER FROM THE REV. WALTER EVANS, RECTOR OF LEVINGTON, TO THE REV. EUSTACE LINTON, CURATE OF LEVINGTON.

'My Dear Sir, — I am sure you will be pleased to hear that I have just had the valuable living of Queenly, vacant by the death of the incumbent, presented to me by kind friend and patron, Lord Arthur Hamilton, You are, I doubt not, aware that the living of Levington is also in the gift of Sir Arthur, who has most kindly left it to me to name my future successor. Your irreproachable conduct during the twenty-five years you have been my curate, makes me feel sure that I could not better benefit a parish to which I am so much attached than by naming you. Lord Arthur, with his usual kind consideration, has permitted me to make this announcement to you myself. I am writing in great haste to save the post, and have only time, my dear Rector, to beg you to believe me your sincere friend,

'WALTER EVANS,
'Rector of Queenley.'

CHAPTER VI.

'Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide:
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.'
—Lyra Germanica.'

'Father,' said Mildred Linton to her father the day after he had received the letter which closed the last chapter, 'I have a confession to make, and a favor to ask.'

'Well, dear, which is to come first?'

'I think the confession,' said Mildred, while a deep blush suffused her lovely countenance. 'I want to tell you what I should have told you long ago, had not the circumstances connected with it prevented my doing so; but now that you are Rector of Levington I may speak. Father dear, Howard Latimer asked me—told me——'

'Well, dear child I can understand all that he wished, asked, and told you. Indeed, Mildred, I guessed some such "passages," had passed between you; but I held my peace, for well I knew that my child would enter into no engagement without telling her best earthly friend—her father—'

'Thank you, father,' said Mildred, throwing her arms around his neck. 'You did me justice; for I did refuse to listen to him then; but since yesterday things are greatly changed, and I think I might now let him know that at some future day I might perhaps——'

'Now? dear child,' said Mr. Linton—'now? when such a cloud rests on Howard!'

'That is the very reason,' said Mildred, 'why I wish him to know how much I love him; I think it may comfort him.'

'But should I be doing my duty, do you think, Mildred, to allow such a confession to be made to him now? Consider the accusation against him.'

'But, dear father, you do not think Howard guilty?'

'No, I really do not; but still his innocence must be proved before I can allow him to think of you as his wife.'

Mildred was silent a few minutes, and then said, 'You may be sure, father, I would never have proposed to hint this to him were it not to comfort and cheer him; and it would be the best proof I could give him that I feel convinced of his innocence. Now for the favor: Will you let me go to the prison with you to-day when you go to see Howard? and will you tell him all I wish?'

'It is hard for me to refuse anything to you,' replied Mr. Linton.

'If it were not for the trouble he is in, I should never have asked,' urged Mildred.

Mr. Linton thought a moment, and then said, 'I will tell you what I will do, Mildred, and you must ask no more. I will see Howard to-day, but you must not go with me; I will tell him that the day which sees him honorably acquitted, that day shall be to him a pledge that at the end of one year I will give him my precious child to be his wife.'

Mr. Linton spoke firmly, and decisively; and Mildred well knew that when he had made up his mind on any point it was useless to try to alter it; so she thanked him, and retired to her own room to think of the past, the present, and the future.

And slowly and surely did the day of trial draw on. Mr. Briscoe employed every means he could devise to prove the guilt of Howard; not, however, for the sake of justice; but in the spirit of revenge for the loss of his treasured bags of gold. Bernard Sylvester was equally active in his endeavors to prove the innocence of his friend and client. He was a man of few words, very cautious in expressing an opinion; hence the public knew nothing but from rumor. At length the day arrived; and so intense was the interest excited that the court in which the trial took place was crowded to excess.

The first witness called was Mrs. Latimer, the prisoner's mother. She had to tell only of her son going out at an unusually early hour in the morning for the avowed purpose of taking a walk; but in her cross-examination she was obliged to admit that it was raining at the time he left home, and also that he was not in the habit of walking before breakfast.

Next came Farmer Bray, who detailed, rather at more length than was needed, the circumstance of his being disturbed by his dog barking; of his looking out of the window to see what made it bark; of his seeing Mr. Latimer, and of Mr. Latimer's confusion and hesitation—till the Judge stopped him by saying, 'Keep to the facts, Farmer Bray, and others will draw inferences from them.'

Then followed the most important witness of all—Mr. Page. He spoke as cautiously as he could; but still the fact of the young man making his escape by the window just as he arrived made the case look dark indeed. He was obliged to go on to tell of his finding, on entering, the inner doors all open, and, on passing into Mr. Briscoe's office, of his seeing a large desk lying on the floor, with papers strewed about. He further stated that he went at once to call Mr. Briscoe, who found that the bags of money that he kept in his desk had all been taken away.

Every face in the court was expressive of sorrow and dismay, for Howard Latimer was generally respected and beloved; but all eyes eagerly turned to Mr. Bernard Sylvester as he rose to speak for the defence.

After dwelling on the previous good character of the prisoner, he said, 'Now, my lord, I have two witnesses to bring forward whose silent testimony will, I think, make a vast difference in the case before us. This, my lord, is one; and he drew from his pocket a very small piece of paper, in which something was carefuly wrapped. It proved to be a minute bit of a dressing-gown; which, he said, on carefully examining the lock of the desk, he had found had been drawn into it with great force. The pattern was very peculiar, and was at once recognized. Mr. Joseph Briscoe was known to wear such a dressing-gown. It was immediately brought into court, and the small piece was found to fit exactly in a rent in the cuff.

Every face brightened, for Joseph Briscoe was as much feared and disliked, as Howard Latimer was loved and respected.

But Sylvester, unfolding a still smaller piece of paper, now continued — 'Perhaps, Mr. Joseph, as we have been so successful with your dressing-gown, you will allow us to see if this small piece of steel may be the point of your penknife.'

The knife was produced, and the little bit fitted exactly on one of the blades.

And now the wisdom of the Wise Man was indeed made manifest, when he said, 'The wicked is snared by the transgression of his lips'; for young Briscoe, too enraged to command either his thoughts or words, cried out, 'There you are wrong, — you, sir, for I did not use my knife at all.'

Directly the words had escaped his lips he was aware of their significance, and the guilt they had acknowledged; for it mattered little that the knife had been broken on the back of the window some days previously—he had himself confessed that he was the thief.

We need hardly say that Howard Latimer was honorably acquitted, and Joseph Briscoe's guilt was proved. He confessed to having arranged to leave home with the friend of whom he had spoken to Howard, and the plan of robbing his father was arranged between them. Their intention in breaking open the doors and windows was to have it supposed that the house had been entered and the money stolen by house-breakers; and it was just as the thief was retiring with his stolen hoard that Howard entered at the window. Joe heard Mr. Page stop Howard; and it was actually while the conversation between them, which we have related, was going on in the front of the house that Joe passed the money-bags to his friend at the back, and hurriedly whispering to him the lucky chance of Howard's visit, bid him be off instantly to the appointed place of meeting in London and wait for him there, while he crept back to his room without having been seen by a single person. He therefore felt sure that he was quite safe.

Before taking leave of Joseph Briscoe, we must say that his friend, 'the right good-fellow,' taking the lesson from his own example, walked off with all the ill-gotten wealth, and neither money nor friend was again heard of.

THE END.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
—F. Gibbons.

Polly's Birthday.

'I say it's a shame — a great shame!'

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and Polly had gone to her own room to have a fit of crying.

'I wouldn't let anybody know how I feel about it for the world. But—to think of it's being my birthday, and not a single thing done to make it a greater day to me than any other day! Well—I don't care!'

And, to show how little she cared, Polly burst into another flood of tears.

'If mamma had been here, it wouldn't have been so.'

But mamma was not here, and Polly knew she would have to make the best of it.

'I wouldn't let one of them know I expected to have anything done. No, not for the world! If they don't want to think about my birthday, they needen't.'

'They,' meant Polly's grandfather, grandmother, and Aunt Sarah. Polly's father was dead, and her mother had come back to her old home to live. And two weeks ago her mother had been sent for to go to another aunt, who was ill. It was owing to her absence that her birthday had not been remembered.

'SHE STOOD AT THE WINDOW FEELING VERY FORLORN AND WRETCHED.'

She stood at her window, feeling very forlorn and wretched indeed. The late autumn day was raw and cold, and everything looked wretched and gloomy.

'And there's Aunt Sarah going out, Where's she going, I wonder? Down to the village. Well, I do think she might have asked me to go with her. Even that would have been better than to stay here alone.'

She followed Aunt Sarah with her eyes until the last flutter of her dress in the wind had disappeared, as she turned a corner of the country road. Half a mile further on was a little village.

'Perhaps if I were downstairs she would have asked me.'

But it was too late for that now. She sat looking out of the window. The roof of a long porch sloped below it. It was very old, as was all the large farmhouse. The shingles on it were loose and warped. Grandpa had told her she must not get out on it.

No danger of her doing that, Polly had thought, when he spoke of it. It always made her dizzy to be in high places, and nothing would have tempted her to step out on to that steep roof. So she thought.

At the back end of the porch was a low building used for a wood house. The shingles of this were also old and loose.

Now, as Polly's eyes wandered idly on outside things, they stopped near the edge of the woodhouse roof.

'What's that?'

'It is—yes, it's smoke.'

For one moment she stood with hands

clasped in terror. At once she guessed what it was. A tall pipe, which carried off the smoke from the kitchen fire had lately blown down. Grandpa had said it was not safe without it, for now cinders might blow on the dry, old roof. This very afternoon, he had gone, with the hired man, to bring home a new pipe.

But, perhaps that pipe was coming too late.

There had been a great fire in the kitchen all the morning, Polly knew—along with which had come a new birthday grievance in the fact of Aunt Sarah's not having asked her to help about what she was baking. Something good it must have been, too, by the smell; but she hadn't even baked her a patty-pan cake, or offered her so much as a cookey.

Polly watched the smoke. Only a little curl at first, but getting larger. She was about to scream, for what is more natural than to scream at sight of a fire where fire should not be?

But, with a sudden effort, she controlled herself. Grandma was the only person in the house except herself. She could do nothing, she was not strong, and a fright might do her great harm. The curl of smoke grew larger, Now it came in bunches with the gusts of wind. Now—yes, there was a little tongue of flame.

In all her life Polly will never forget the terror which came over her with the thought of all that was depending on her in this dread emergency. The old buildings, which formed the dear home of all she loved, lay at the mercy of a pitiless destroyer, unless she, with her feeble hands, could prevent it. Could she?

For one or two moments she held her breath, sending up a swift prayer that she might be enabled to do the right thing. Then she snatched up a rag rug from the floor, and brought her water-pitcher to the window. She opened it. Could she step out? Her head began to swim with the thought. But there was no time to lose. With the rug under her arm, and in one hand the pitcher, trembling in every limb, she walked along the shaking, rattling shingles; the whole roof seemed to sway under her feet. She reached the end, but never could remember how she got down upon the lower roof.

But she trampled down her fears as she bravely did the work she had come to do. Pouring the water over the rug, she beat out the fire with it again and again. The bit of flame was soon put out; but how long it seemed before she saw the last of the smoke, and could feel sure that no smouldering danger was left!

At length, certain of this, she turned sick and faint. The edge of the porch roof had crumbled under her feet as she had stepped down from it; and nothing could have induced her to climb upon it. She could not get down without help, and for a long hour she waited in the cutting wind.

Grandpa and Caleb came at last. Caleb put up a ladder, and brought her down, and grandpa carried her into the house in his arms.

Aunt Sarah was just coming in the gate, and, with everyone else, was shocked and horrified, as Polly, through quivering lips, and just able to keep back her sobs, told her strange story.

'Well,' I've heard tell of heroines before,' said grandpa; 'but I don't know as I ever heard tell of a braver little one than you, Polly.'

'What shall we give her?' said grandma, as they flew about and petted her, and seated her by the fire wrapped in warm blankets.

'Peppermint tea,' said grandpa.

'Catnip's better,' said grandma.

'Nothing like ginger tea,' said Aunt Sarah, positively.

And long before it could be agreed upon, three bowlfuls had been made; and Polly had to take some of each kind. It is pleasant to be able to say that, whether it was due to the petting, or the wrapping, or the teas, Polly suffered no harm from the exposure.

'And here is her birthday letter,' said grandpa, when at length Aunt Sarah stopped bringing her some kind of tea. 'It was at the post-office, and I thought I'd wait to give it to her till she was well warmed up.'

Polly read it, and handed it with a smile to Aunt Sarah, to read to the others. The beginning is the only part we shall listen to:—

'My Dear Little Daughter,—Your birthday is very near, and I am kept so closely at your aunt's bedside as to be able to do nothing to make it pleasant for you. But I wish you to remember, dear, that though nothing may be done to make it a special day to you, you may, if you try, make it a special day to others—'

'Well, if she hasn't—' Aunt Sarah broke off with a little cry, and ran to give Polly another hugging, in which the others joined.

'And now,' said Aunt Sarah, 'do you feel well enough to dress?'

'Dress?' said Polly, enquiringly; for she did not usually change her dress in the afternoon.

'Yes; I see two of your little friends coming up the walk,'

Polly skipped up the stairs quite actively, and a quarter of an hour later she was down again to meet, not simply two girls, but two dozen, who greeted her with—

'Happy birthday, Polly! Many returns of the day!'

In her own room at bedtime Polly again talked to herself.

'Oh! oh! oh! How glad I am that I didn't let anybody know how cross I felt all the morning because I thought nobody was thinking of my birthday, And all that baking that Aunt Sarah was doing was for my party. And when she went down to the village, it was for the nuts and candy.'

'I like what mamma says about birthdays.' She opened the letter and read from it—

'Though nothing may be done to make it a special day to you, you may make it a special day to others by self-forgetfulness, by acts of sweet, loving kindness, by watching for opportunities to make it a happy day for some one.'

'Yes, I am going to try it after this — to make all my birthdays good days to somebody even though there isn't a fire on the roof to put out.'

Any girl can do it or any boy. — Sydney Dayre, in 'Silver Links.'

Reward of Truthfulness.

When Aristotle, the Grecian philosopher, who was tutor to Alexander the Great, was asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, 'Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.' On the other hand, it is related that when Petrarch, the Italian poet, a man of strict integrity, was summoned as a witness, and offered, in the usual manner to take an oath before a court of justice, the judge closed the book, saying, 'As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.' —'Biblical Museum.'

Correspondence

Smithville.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in reading the correspondence of the 'Northern Messenger,' and I cannot find any boy or girl that has a birthday like myself. I am ten years old, but have only had two birthdays, I was born on Feb. 29, 1888. There is a little boy down in St. Ann's, born the same day; we are both one age. My mother gave me a party when I was eight years old, that was my last birthday. We invited all the little girls of this place. I had a cousin come from St. Paul's, Minn., to visit me at that time and she was here at the party; we had a splendid time. The girls would say, 'We cannot go to such parties every day, only once in four years.' Now I must wait till I am sixteen to have another birthday. I once felt very bad as I had so few birthdays; but I am out-growing that feeling now.

I have only one sister. She is older than I am; her name is Ivy. We have two pet cats; we named the one Beauty. Mother says she gets her name from her good principles, *not her looks*. She is a great mouser; she brings rats and mice for the other big, fat, lazy fellow to eat; when she comes and calls he will come down and eat it and return to his bed again quite satisfied, and he is larger than Beauty; we think he ought to be ashamed of himself.

We have a Mission Band in connection with our church, and we are trying to assist the little boys and girls in heathen lands that they may enjoy the same privileges that we do of church and Sabbath-schools.

We are members of the Presbyterian Church of this place, and get the 'Messenger' through the Sabbath-school. Your reader,

MYRTLE W.

Melbourne.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for one year, My father is a farmer. We have a lot of cows and horses. I have two miles to go to school. I have one brother, and a cousin who lives with us.

Your little reader,

WALTER S.

Dorset.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am nine years old. I go to school, but I have been home with a sore throat for a few days. I often have a sore throat, the effects of scarlet fever. I have three little sisters and one little brother. We live on the shore of Lake Muskoka, a very pleasant place in summer for visitors.

My papa has a saw-mill and a planing-mill. We have three horses; one is a great favorite; he is white and over twenty years old. We have a cat, named 'Tiffie,' and a collie dog named 'Rocksy.'

I have never seen a letter in the 'Messenger' from this part. Your reader,

MAGGIE.

Wyandot.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am very much interested in the stories in it, also in the correspondence. We take the 'Weekly Witness,' too. We have to go quite a long way to get to Sunday-school, but we go quite regularly. We hold the Sunday-school in the school-house. It is a union Sunday-school, and not very large.

I go to school as regularly as possible, but in the winter, when the snow is deep, it is not very nice to walk so far, and I stay home on real blustry days.

I live in the country, and like it very much.

As this is the first time I have ever written to the 'Messenger,' I will now draw my letter to a close. I remain your reader,

MARY.

Melbourne.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy just eight years old. We live on a farm, and we have got a great big dog, and ten cows. We have five calves; we had six, but one died. We have four cats and seven kittens, and three horses. I go to Sunday-school, and I get the 'Northern Messenger.'

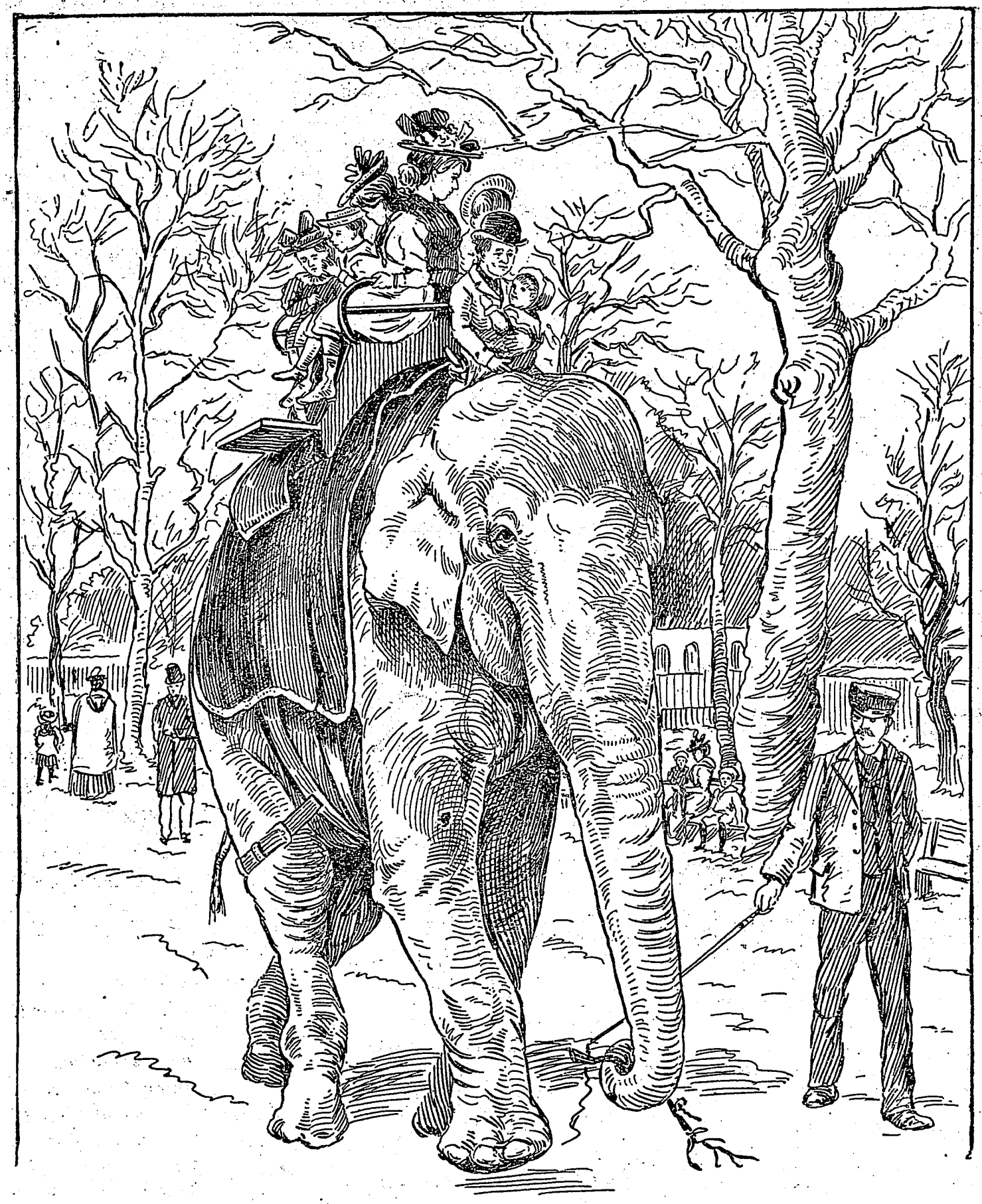
We had a good crop of hay this year, and a good crop of grain. I remain,

GORDON K.

Melbourne.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I live on a farm, and we have a sugar place, and make sugar every year. I go to school, and I am in the third reader. We have two horses and five cows, and three calves, and fourteen pigs, and thirteen sheep.

LEWIS,
Age nine years.



THE ELEPHANT'S WALK IN THE ZOO.

The Elephant on Duty.

It was his daily work on fine days. The ladder had been placed against his ponderous sides, the children, eager and expectant, had climbed up into their lofty seats, the driver had given the word, and then, his small eyes twinkling and his long ears flapping, the mighty beast swung himself along. An exemplary elephant to look at, but —well, perhaps even well-behaved boys and girls are not so good underneath as we think them, and if you had listened, you might have heard him thinking aloud something after this manner—

'So you think I don't mind, do you? Ah, if you knew something of my wild, free, native life, you would realize what a sad reverse it is to be a drudge to you youngsters and do the same thing and keep the same path with the same tramp, tramp day after day, and I with such grand powers!

Why, if I was to have my fling, I could tear up these big trees and trample down these grand gardens of yours in a few minutes; and I wonder where you would be then? But don't be frightened; I am not going to do it, for after all I have a regard for weak things like you, only I wanted you to remember the mighty strength that is in me.'

Then the elephant paused for a moment, and the long breath which he drew through his trunk sounded almost like a sigh as his mind went back to his early home in an Indian jungle.

For elephants have wonderful memories; I doubt if they ever forget anything. Certainly they never forget an injury, though that is a bad account to give them.

Not long since, in a certain menagerie, a keeper had behaved very cruelly to an elephant in his charge, and was in consequence removed. A good while after, for some reason or other, he was replaced. But as soon as the elephant heard his voice he resolved to be revenged, and pinned him against the wall till the unfortunate man was squeezed to death.

But we must return to our elephant at the Zoo, and to the reminiscences which were welling up in his mind.

'Ah, that Indian forest,' he continued,' and those jungle paths where we went crashing through—perhaps twenty of us together—the palm trees drooping over us, and the monkeys chattering, and the dense shade sheltering us from the heat of the day, and the cool waters in which we bathed! How very different from this cold blast, and those bare boughs, and the meagre pond which is all they give me here!

Then, when we got all by ourselves in the forest, we used to have an elephants' dance. I don't suppose it is exactly what you would call a dance, but even our clumsy legs can be lively when we have anything to make us merry.

But I will not look back any more. The hundred years which is the natural length of my life pass quietly on, and the hundred pounds of food which is my daily portion come to me regularly without my seeking, besides the buns which you children give me, and which I suppose are some kind of English fruit. I never refuse them, do I?

And please don't think because I spoke of being a drudge to you that I don't regard you kindly. Why, you know among yourselves it is the strong people who are always most ready to look after the weak ones, and this is what I do. Boys, remember this and act upon it.'

(If the elephant had known the word, I think he would have said, 'This is chivalry.')

But now his duty was done, the ladder was brought back, and the children came down to terra firma.

Of course there had been several relays and repeated changes, and lest you should think that, after all our elephant leads an idle frivolous sort of life, no good to anybody but the children, I must tell you he brings in six hundred pounds every year to the Society by these daily tramps up and down the broad gravel path of the Zoo!

So he does his part towards the pleasure we receive there, and I think we may well give him a vote of thanks, or what perhaps he would better appreciate—a nice bun.—'Child's Companion.'

No One Is Too Small.

I'm not too young to love the Lord,
Who does so much for me;
My blessings come alone from God:
How thankful I should be!

I'm not too young a prayer to raise
To God who dwells on high;
He'll listen to my song of praise,
And hear my feeble cry.

I'm not too young for Christ to save
He even died for me.
Yes! He His life for children gave,
And will their Saviour be.

Oh, Saviour, listen to my prayer,
And change this heart of mine;
Oh, take me in Thy loving care,
And make me wholly Thine!

—'Our Little Dots.'

Which Button Are You.

Some time ago I was called upon to say good-bye to a little girl whom I had learned to love very much. When the parting came, she gave me two little buttons as a keepsake, and when I asked her the meaning of them, one being white and the other black, she said, 'I want you to always keep these two buttons, and every time you look at them think of me, for I was once like the black button, all covered with sin—my heart was black; but since I came to Jesus, He has washed my heart and made it quite white, like the white button; and not only that, but He keeps me white.'

My heart went out in grateful thanks to God that so young a child (for she was only ten) had such a clear testimony to give, and I was so glad that I knew my own garments had been washed in the blood, and that now I was like the white button.

My object in writing this is to ask my young readers if they will really ask themselves the question. 'Which button am I like?' because if you have never come to Jesus with your black heart to be made white, you are every day getting blacker and nearer to death; but I am so glad that you need not go on any longer with your heart black with sin, but Jesus is waiting to wash you whiter than the driven snow, and then you, like us, can know you are pure and spotless like the white button. God bless and help you to get your garments washed white in the blood of Jesus. —'Sunday Hour.'

A Noble End.

'Put me down,' said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades, who were carrying him, 'put me down. Do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying.'

They put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer said to him, 'Can I do anything for you?'

'Nothing, thank you.'

'Shall I get you a little water?' said the kind-hearted officer.

'No, thank you; I am dying.'

'Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?'

'I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open at John xiv., and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with "Peace." Will you read it?'

The officer did so, and read the words: 'Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the dying man. 'I have that peace. I am going to that Saviour. God is with me. I want no more.'—'Children's Treasury.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan, W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXIII.—THE COST OF TOBACCO.

1. Does the use of tobacco cost much money?

Not at first, perhaps; but the user comes to spend more and more for it as his appetite increases, till often it costs him hundreds of dollars a year.

2. How much tobacco is produced in the United States?

About 280,000 tons every year. Of this, more than half is used here, the rest being sold to other countries.

3. How much money is spent for tobacco in a year?

About six hundred millions of dollars.

4. Is this as much as is spent for schools?

It is seven times as much as is spent for schools, and one hundred times what is spent for missions.

5. Do you think this is right?

No, indeed. The Lord Jesus commanded his people to teach everybody of his love, and they have no right to neglect to do this and spend their money for that which only does them harm.

6. In what other way is tobacco a great expense?

In the idleness it often induces. Tobacco stupifies the nerves and robs people of their ambition and activity, so that the tobacco-user is far less valuable for work than he would otherwise be.

7. Can you think of any other loss it causes?

Yes, hundreds of thousands of acres of land that ought to be used for the cultivation of good grain and vegetables are devoted to the tobacco crop, which only does harm. And hundreds of thousands of people, who should be doing useful things to make the world richer, and happier, are engaged in cultivating tobacco, and in its manufacture and sale.

8. What other expense does tobacco bring?

It often leads on to drink, which is the most destructive and expensive of habits.

9. Do you know of any other loss caused by tobacco?

A very great number of fires are caused by the carelessness of smokers, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property are destroyed in this way.

10. Have you ever heard of such a case?

A plumber at work in a great manufactory lighted his pipe at noon and threw the match into what he thought was a pan of water, but which was something very explosive. Instantly the room was on fire, and five great blocks, worth a million of dollars, were burned.

11. What do insurance agents say about this matter?

One insurance agent has said that one-third or more of all the fires on his circuit are caused by cigars and pipes.

12. Why do not people give up tobacco when it is so harmful and costs so much?

Because their bodies are so used to tobacco that they are uncomfortable without it. If they leave it off, their bodies, not having to fight against the poison, feel tired and sick. Then there comes a complete cleaning-up of the body, and the man, not understanding the cause, thinks he is ill, and must have tobacco to cure him; and so he takes it up again.

13. Is there really any danger to be feared in leaving off the habit?

Not at all. The man should live simply, rest a good deal, and take excellent care of himself for a few days, until the body becomes accustomed to the loss of its old enemy. Sometimes a little medicine to strengthen the nerves will be needed. But soon the man will find himself rapidly growing strong and well.

14. And what should boys and girls do

Determine never to use tobacco at all. Then they will save their bodies from the poison, their purses from the waste, and their souls from the sin of tobacco

Hints to Teachers.

Many facts may be given to illustrate this lesson. A gentleman who had left off the use of tobacco put every month into the savings bank just the sum he had been accustomed to spend for it. After a few years he bought with the money thus saved a beautiful seaside cottage where he and his family could spend all the hot summer months. Many such instances are on record. Use every influence to form in the children's minds a fixed resolve never to use tobacco in any form.

Personal Influence and the Temperance Question.

The last rays of the setting sun are lighting up the pictured shores and peninsulas of the Big Bras d'Or, as the staunch little steamer stops at a lonely pier, where a young man is bidding farewell to his mother and sisters. From this quiet corner of Cape Breton the lad is going forth into the big world to seek his fortune. He is glad of the chance, and excited by the mere idea of change of scene and opportunity for fresh activities; but the ties of home are strong and as he comes on board his eyes are still dim with the tears he would scorn to shed. His mother watches the boat until it vanishes in the darkness, and then goes home to spend the night in prayer for her boy. Will he remain as pure of heart and clean of hand as she believes he is to-night? Will he keep his promise to read the bible she has given him? Will he have strength to keep his solemn pledge not to drink wine or other intoxicating liquor? In the hamlet where his life has thus far been spent it has never been offered to him, and it is easy to promise never to touch that which he has never been tempted to touch. Will he be able to resist the attractions of the saloon, when he is lonely and homesick in the great city?

Meanwhile the young man finds his way to a sheltered corner of the deck and dreams of the great things he will do, and the name he will make for himself. He means to acquire wealth, to be a successful business man, and, yes, he will do as his mother wishes about the church and the keeping out of bad company. He is not an 'unusual' young man such as one occasionally finds in a Sunday-school novelette. He is simply an unsophisticated youth, with naturally good impulses, but easily influenced, loving his mother, and intending to obey her wishes, yet with a dawning suspicion that perhaps her ideas are a trifle old-fashioned.

* * * * * * *

In the third story of a cheap boarding-house in one of our large cities is a little hall bed-room with a dingy wall and scanty furnishings. Not a picture nor an easy chair suggests the comforts of a home. A bed, a washstand, and a plain wooden chair comprise its furnishings. It is a place where one can sleep, but from which one would choose to hasten in his waking hours.

This is the present home of our young man. For two years he has been employed in a grocery down town, and as we note his unsteady hands, the peculiar redness of his face, and the lack of clearness in the eyes which met ours so fearlessly, we grieve for that mother, and the young man's broken pledge. How did it happen?

It did not happen. It was the natural result of home-sickness, combined with the absence of good and the presence of bad personal influences. After a hard day's work there was only his dreary room to look forward to. In the brilliantly-lighted saloon on the corner there were warmth and companionship. He did not mean to drink, oh! no! only to accompany one of his fellow-clerks to some comfortable place where he could laugh and talk and forget that dreadful sense of loneliness.

Of course he did not like to be laughed at—what boy ever did! Still, for a time he kept his pledge. His environment was against him. The grocery store was one of those 'licensed' places where wine and liquors could be obtained as easily as flour or molasses, and well-dressed ladies bought the one as freely as the other. He began to have more than a suspicion that his mother was old-fashioned, and when a well-known clergyman argued in his hearing that 'wine was one of the good things of this earth, which it was our duty to use in moderation,' and especially when he called total abstainers 'fanatics,' the young clerk yielded, and that night went to his room for the first time with unsteady step. There was no one to ask him if it were not wiser to be a fanatic on the safe side of the liquor question, nor to suggest that the clergyman's argument would apply equally well to the most virulent poisons.

* * * * * * *

The large front room has new inmates, and the young married couple who have come to make their home in the boarding-house note with pity the dissipated appearance of the young clerk. Earnest Christians as they are, they quietly decide that it is not only a duty but a privilege to strive to help him to lead a better life.

Wonderingly he accepts their friendly invitation to spend the evening with them in their room; presently he is seated in a comfortable easy-chair in a well lighted room. Over in the window there are flowering plants, and a canary is chirping and twittering before curling himself up into a little yellow ball for the night. It is so cheerful and homelike, with the bright fire and the big table of illustrated books and magazines, that he begins to feel more at ease. Some way, his mother seems more of a living presence to him to-night than she has for months. He thinks he will write to her soon and tell her of this evening. She will be pleased, and there do not seem to be many things in his present mode of life of which he cares to write. With music, pictures, and cheerful conversation, the evening passes all to quickly, and when he finally goes to his own little room he is astonished to find that he has almost promised to go to hear a famous temperance lecturer the next evening.

At the store next day many inquiries are made as to his absence from the saloon, and he feels a manly pride in alluding to his 'invitation out.' However, as the day wears on the thought of the temperance lecture is too much for him, and he stays away from the tea-table that the invitation may not be repeated. Naturally, he is a little ashamed of this way of dodging the question, and not a little relieved when his new friends continue to treat him with the utmost cordiality, and he readily consents to attend church with them on Sunday evening. For the first time in his life he hears an eloquent preacher discourse on temperance to a crowded house. The clergyman takes strong ground, demanding total abstinence from intoxicants as a duty every Christian owes not only to himself, but to his fellow-men. It is a revelation to the young man, who begins to see that his mother was not so old-fashioned as he thought. He supposes the other minister would call this one a 'fanatic,' but some way the word does not frighten him this time, and he begins to seriously reason with himself: 'It is safe not to touch wine. It is better to be on the safe side and take none at all.'

It would be pleasant to relate the various methods used by his new friends to gain an influence over the young clerk, and to describe his final victory over the peculiar temptations by which he was surrounded. He was led to see that he could no longer stay in a store where liquor was sold, and manifested courage in giving up his situation and searching for a situation his conscience would approve. But we must leave him here.—'The Silver Cross.'

I saw a calculation some time ago made from an observation of a price list of a whiskey distiller in Scotland, where the whiskey was advertised at 1s 4d per gallon. A gentleman made this calculation. If you took three hundred gallons of this whiskey and put it in a public-house in a village, that stock would cost you £20, but the moment this was proposed to be put into stock the government would add £150 for duty. Then there would have to be added one hundred an thirty-three gallons of water to make it of the right strength, and then it would be sold at 6d per gill. The whole result would be that this £20 worth of whiskey would sell for £362, and what does the village benefit? It has spent this enormous sum and has got absolutely nothing in return for it.—Alderman White, at Norwich.

When about to take his first drink, the young man should remember that every drunkard once stood where he stands. 'Ram's Horn.'

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.

Isaiah Called To Service.

Isa. vi., 1-13. Memory verses 5-8. Read Ezekiel ii. and iii.

Golden Text.

'I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.'—Isa. vi., 8.

Home Readings.

M. Isa. i., 1-31.—Isaiah's arraignment of Judah.

T. Isa. ii., 1-22.—'Thou hast forsaken thy people.'

W. Isa. v., 1-30.—God's judgment foretold.

T. Isa. vi., 1-13.—Isaiah called to service.

F. Ezek. ii., 1-13: 3.—Ezekiel's divine commission.

S. Ezek. iii., 4-27.—'A watchman unto the house of Israel.'

S. Rom. ii., 1-36.—'A remnant according to . . . . . grace.'

Lesson Story.

Isaiah, a man in young middle life, a prophet who had already been the messenger of the Lord to his people, received a definite call to devote his life to their service, by a vision of the holiness of God.

One afternoon as Isaiah was attending the temple service, he suddenly lost sight of the priests and worshippers and his soul caught the vision of God in his temple. The glorious majesty sitting upon the throne was indescribable in its burning purity and holiness. The seraphim hid their faces from the glory, and with loving voices praised the holiness of God. 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory,' 'his glory is the fulness of the whole earth,' chanted the seraphic choir, and the temple was filled with the smoke of the incense of praise.

Isaiah, who previously had probably thought himself a very good man, saw himself now in awful contrast with the holiness of God. He saw himself so unclean that he cried out in his fearful agony of mind, 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips.'

Then one of the seraphim, God's messengers, took with the tongs a live coal from the altar and laid it upon Isaiah's lips, saying, 'Lo, this hath touched thy lips: and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is purged.'

Jehovah spoke, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' And the newly consecrated Isaiah answered with glad willingness, 'Here am I; send me.'. Then God gave Isaiah his message to the people, warning him that the people would not listen or care about the message. 'How long?' asked Isaiah, and God told him this would last until the people had to be carried away captive. But after that a remnant of the people should return to the land and their God, and they should prosper as a tree that had been cut down only to make the aftergrowth more abundant.

Lesson Hints.

'Isaiah,' — means 'salvation of Jehovah.' He began his work at about the same time as the founding of Rome, 753 B.C. Isaiah prophesied over sixty years, and his writings are full of the gospel, containing many of the best-known prophecies of the Messiah.

'Uzziah' — the grandson of Joash. (II. Chron. xxvi.)

'The Lord sitting upon a throne' — the King of kings and Lord of Lords who is alive forevermore. Daniel also had a vision of God's glory, (Dan. vii., 9, 10.)

'Seraphim'—'burning ones.' This is the only place in which these wonderful beings are mentioned, they are a part of the angelic host of heaven.

'Six wings'—two covered his face in humiliation before the dazzling brightness of God's glory. Two covered his feet in reverent modesty, that he might be entirely hidden from view, that nothing might be seen of him but the wings which were constantly hovering ready to start on an errand at any instant. We should hide ourselves from the gaze of the world, and spend our time praising God by our lives as well as our lips, ready every moment to do his errands.

'The whole earth'—not heaven only, but the whole earth is full of the glory of God. The blind of heart can not see it any more than blind eyes can see the light. But God is here, and your life can be made a powerful reflector of his glory, if you will let him cleanse your heart as he did Isaiah's.

'Woe is me! for I am undone'—Isaiah was convicted of his own sinfulness by the vision of God's burning purity. He had thought himself a good man in comparison with his neighbors, but when he saw how even the sinless seraphs hid their faces before the holiness of God he saw himself in that burning vision as never before. He was an excellent man in the sight of the world, but when he saw himself in the sight of God, words could not express his agony of shame and distress. 'I am lost,' he cried, and with this confession he received forgiveness.

'A live coal'—from the altar of sacrifice, a coal of forgiveness and cleansing. Typifying the fire of the Holy Spirit by whom our hearts must be cleansed.

'Mouth'—that from henceforth he should speak only the words of God, and continually show forth his praise.

'I heard'—he was listening. Let us listen for the voice of God and instantly answer and obey.

'Understand not'—if we pay no attention to God's messages, and do not attempt to understand or obey them, we are in the position of the people to whom this message was sent. But unbelief cannot hinder the fulfilment of prophecy.

'Until the cities be washed'—referring to the captivity into which the people of Judah should be taken one hundred and fifty years later.

'A teil-tree' — a turpentine tree, which, when cut down, had an extraordinary facility for springing up again from the root, often growing larger than ever after such cutting down.

Questions.

1. What did Isaiah see in a vision?
2. What effect did the vision of God's holiness have upon the prophet?
3. What did the seraphim do?
4. What was Isiah's answer to God's call?
5. What was Isaiah called to do?

Suggested Hymns.

'Holy, Holy, Holy!' 'Oh, worship the King,' 'My faith looks up to Thee,' 'We would see Jesus,' 'I hear Thy welcome voice,' 'My brother, the Master is calling for thee,' 'Go, work in my vineyard,'

Your Call.

Hark! the voice of Jesus crying,—
'Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?'

Loud and strong the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers thee;
Who will answer gladly saying,
'Here am I; send me, send me!'

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you do for Jesus,
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked,
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children,
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

If among the older people,
You may not be apt to teach,
'Feed my lambs,' said Christ our Shepherd,
Place the food within their reach.

And it may be that the children,
You have led with trembling hand,
Will be found among your jewels,
When you reach the better land.

Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do.'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.

Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me!'

—D. March.

Practical Points.

ISAIAH CALLED TO SERVICE—Isa.vi., 1-13

Kings come and go, but the King of all kingdoms remaineth evermore. Verse 1.

If angels, who never needed a Redeemer, proclaim the holiness and majesty of God, much more should men, for whom the Saviour died publish the glad news. Verses 2-4.

The clearer our view of the holiness of Christ, the more we see our own sinfulness. Verse 5.

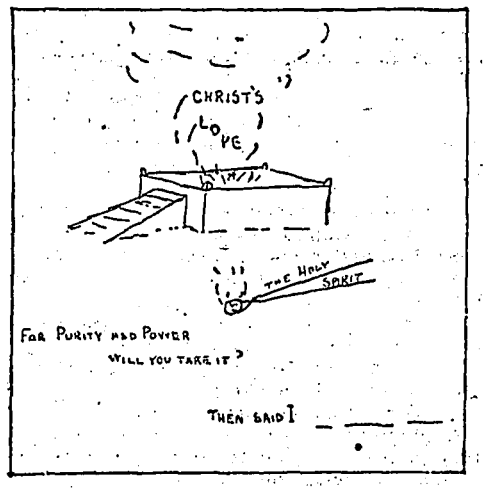
When our hearts are touched with fire from God's altar, we are ready to follow our Master anywhere, everywhere. Verses 6-8.

What will deafen the ears, and blind the eyes, and harden the heart, and ruin the soul? Let the giant Unbelief answer. Verses 9, 10.

From the days of Adam to the end of the world sin always has been, and will be punished. Many and varied are the instruments God chooses and uses to punish his erring people. Verses 11-13: Joel i., 4.

Lesson Illustrated.

The altar of heavely fire, symbol of cleansing and power. The coal applied to his unclean lips, purifies his life and gives him a message of power. How much we would have lost had he been unwilling to be cleansed and used. His wonderful book would not



have been written. We would have lost that, and so would our Master, for Isaiah was one of his favorite books.

You do not know what amount of blessing God can work through you, if wholly consecrated and sanctified. Don't keep it back. You may not be able to hold much, but you can overflow a great deal.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Oct. 23.—Go or send.—Acts xvi., 1-10.

One of the greatest needs of the Junior Society is repeated prayer drill. Begin with prayer in concert and teach the children short prayers on different subjects, so that the youngest and weakest may become used to hearing their own voices in prayer. Then have them bring to the meeting and use sentence prayers from the bible. In this way the language of prayer is learned. The step from this to the formation of their own needs and desires into sentence prayers is but a short one. Children may be easily interested in missionary work, and should be taught to pray for and contribute to missions, that their outlook on duty will not be narrowed down to self, but that they may be early impressed with the responsibility for the spreading of the gospel of Christ.— Lizzie Malvey.

HOUSEHOLD.

Making Sunday Afternoons Pleasant and Profitable for Children.

(By Mrs. H. E. Thayer.)

In the Sunday training of the little ones, I would first emphasize that we make the Sabbath different from the other days of the week, and make that difference pleasant and attractive, instead of something to be dreaded. I would always give them some pleasure on Sunday that I did not give them on any other day.

If in your home there is the wee baby, spend at least an hour on Sunday afternoon with baby in your lap; sing hymns—never any secular airs during that time—and fondle the little one; keep a best rattle for Sunday, or a string of spools, a string of shells, or a box of pretty stones.

As baby grows a little older, have the Sunday picture-books, with short stories, perhaps of your own composition — stories that will bring to your child ideas of the beauties of patience, kindness and generosity. Take the large illustrated family bible —that in too many homes, I fear is worn only from being dusted—and, with the little ones on your lap, tell them the story of Daniel and the lions, and of Samuel, while they watch eagerly the pictures. Teach them, by precept, and by your own example, a reverence for the bible. Help them to commit verses.

Possibly some mother may think baby too young for such training. 'When he is old enough to understand,' she will teach him that he must not play with his week-day toys on Sunday. But I think when he is old enough to understand, I think you will find it very difficult to decide just which Sunday to begin the new regime. The little fellow will be likely to say, 'If I played with them last Sunday, why may I not to-day?' And I think you will find that your reasons are hard to explain, while the child will find them even harder to understand.

Children, as well as older people, enjoy being 'dressed up.' Hence I would keep the best gown for Sunday. Help your little daughter to realize that she wears her best gown on Sunday because it is God's day; that in doing this she is showing a reverence for the day, and that she does not 'dress up,' to look well merely, or that others may see her good clothes.

Not long ago a little girl was sent to my home one Sunday morning, on an errand. In reply to my question, 'Are you going to church this morning?' she looked up into my face, and said: 'Why, yes, of course. And this is my best dress. I wear this to-day 'cause 'tis God's day, mamma says; and I always keep my best things for God. Don't you?'

The Sunday afternoon dinner may furnish its share in distinguishing the day, and it may do it very simply by making the dinner table brighter with some extra decoration, or by having some dessert of which the children are specially fond.

I know a family of three bright children where the Sunday afternoon reading by 'mamma' is looked forward to with the greatest delight. It is the exception for that mother to read to them during the week, but the rule for the Sunday afternoon.

'Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.'

So always put away noisy playthings, tin horses, carts, trains of cars, trumpets, and drums, on Saturday night. Your infant will not know why it is done. So we often do not know why our Father takes certain pleasures from us and gives us others in their place. While you are training the tiny child, you are perhaps training yourself, You are hallowing the Sabbath day, and the whole atmosphere of your home will seem to be more holy, if for one day, in the week the toys are put away. — 'Sunday-school Times.'

Train the Children.

('Christian Work.')

Even in the family the rights of the individual must be carefully considered if we look to obtaining the best results. But along with individual development comes the social development as well. If the right feeling prevails among the older members of the family, the children grow up with a thoughtful regard for the rights of others, which is the true aim of socialism. To teach a child to be self-helpful, according to its physical strength, to use its powers of mind and body, until tired enough to rest and recuperate, to do useful things and to think good thoughts, — these are the things which shall tend to make the world better.

If every mother, or housekeeper, who has the care of young children, would take this lesson to heart and act upon it, we should find a vast improvement in the world about us. Babies can be trained from the time they are born. Children of four months old will manage to let their little needs be known to those who care for them, and if heed is paid to their baby language much trouble and washing for them can be saved. And all the way up to maturity, by painstaking with the child, the necessity of doing for him as an individual is decreased. He will become self-helpful—and work to eat. It is scarcely possible for every human being to go back to Mother Nature and till the soil, yet as an educational process every child ought to know something of how food is produced, how vegetables grow, how animals are fed and cared for, how to fish and hunt, and how to gather berries and other fruits. Whenever possible a child should be encouraged to work in a garden, and otherwise obtain food supplies. All this supplementary to helping himself to wash and dress and keep his person and wardrobe neat and in order. The lesson comes to all of us sooner or later in life, no matter how petted and how sheltered we may be, we must bear our own physical burdens to a greater or less degree. Happy for us if, as children, we have learned to endure little hardships, to bear little pains, to be self-helpful; to do both for ourselves and for those dependent upon us. For after the lesson of self-help, the care of the weaker should be early impressed upon children. A gentle thoughtfulness for the well-being of all with whom they come into contact and a kindly care for pets, helps to develop tenderness in a child's nature. And this side never should be forgotten, in the rounding out of a child's full development. Strength and tenderness should go hand in hand.

A child properly taught at home will not shirk his share of work in the world. Every boy and girl brought up to work in the right spirit will do his and her full share daily, so long as life shall last, to add to the real sum of the world's riches. Neither will become an idle hanger-on to the fringe of the world's woven web, pulling and dragging instead of honestly weaving.

And teaching a child, O Housekeeper, means much more than letting the little girl into the kitchen at stated seasons to make cake. It means a watchful care of the child and its goings from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same. It means seeing that its sleep is restful and refreshing, that its care of the body is thorough and cleanly, that it is taught to use its hands, to take care of its wardrobe, to understand about food and its preparation, to be honest in its procuring of necessaries and luxuries, not to be greedy, but to share its good things — in fact, to develop its entire nature, physical mental and moral. With a firm purpose on the part of every mother, throughout the land to do all in her power to so develop her children, the need of socialistic schemes would soon cease to be felt. The task seems a great one, but with God's help it is not an impossible one with any mother. Some degree of success must attend every well directed effort to lessen selfishness and to develop true nobility of character.

Yorkshire Pudding.

Two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour; a little salt; and milk to make a batter, the thickness of cream. When the beef is roasted, pour off the boiling dripping into another pan, turn in the batter, and bake it to a good brown.

Selected Recipes.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream.—Cook together for fifteen minutes one pint of grated pineapple, and three-quarters of a cupful of sugar; add one-half a box of gelatine soaked in one-half cupful of cold water; rub through a sieve, and stir over ice-water till it thickens; add very gently the whip for one pint of cream. Turn into a wet mold, and chill thoroughly.

Lemon Jelly.—One-half box of gelatine soaked ten minutes in one-half pint of cold water; add one and a third pints of boiling water, and stir till the gelatine is dissolved; when nearly cool add one and one-quarter cups of sugar, and juice of four lemons. Strain into a mold, and let stand several hours in a cool place before serving.

Cream Potatoes.—Put a good sized piece of butter into a saucepan, a teaspoonful of flour, salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, and some chopped parsley and chives; stir well, and pour in a cupful of cream. Place the saucepan on the hot fire, and beat up till it comes to a boil; cut some boiled potatoes into even slices, add them to the sauce and serve very hot.

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