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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME 11 NO 2

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STATUE OF LIBERTY.

A few weeks ago we published an engraving of the great national monument to Hermann, the Liberator of Germany, which was erected to consolidate the German Union. We now publish a representation of the colossal statue to Liberty to be presented by France to the United States in commemoration of her first century of a national existence. The difference between German and French character is illustrated by these statues: the first being representative of the old Teuton hero worship and the latter of the poetic mythology of Southern Europe. The statue of Liberty is to be placed on one of the islands in the magnificent harbor of New York. The pedestal, which is to be supplied by the United States, is to be one hundred feet high and adorned by bas-reliefs illustrating the history of the last hundred years: above this will be the bronze statue, a hundred feet more, guarding as it were the harbor and country from all who do not enter with friendly intentions. At night the statue will be illuminated by a radiant crown which will be visible from the surrounding cities, wherein dwell about two millions of people.

AN INCIDENT OF THE OHIO CRUSADE.

BY MISS ANNA OLIVER

A saloon-keeper in Ohio was standing in the door of his elegant saloon, a gin palace as they call them. Playing on the steps of the saloon was a lovely little child about six years old, handsomely dressed, with rosy cheeks, clear eyes, white forehead, wavy hair—just such a little one as many of you have in your own homes, and here to get and carve. No one would suppose any but a lost spirit could behold such a lovely child and derive harm for its future life.

After looking at the child for a moment, the saloon-keeper went to his counter, mixing a tempting drink of wine, water and sugar, with a few drops of something stronger such a drink as he knew well how to prepare, and handed it to the little boy.

The little fellow thanked him and commenced drinking.

A gentleman who stood by (the same who related the incident to me) said to the saloon-keeper: "That child did not pay you for the drink?" "Oh," he replied, "I shall get my pay." The gentleman did not understand it. "What do you mean? The boy does not intend to pay you? How will you get your pay?"

"I consider that a safe investment for me. That is money out at interest. That child belongs to one of the wealthiest families in the neighborhood."

What was the man's deliberate intention as he stood and looked at the child, and mixed the drink at the counter? It could have been nothing else but to cultivate



STATUE OF LIBERTY.

in the child a taste for the intoxicating cup, so that when he grew older he would come thronging with him his young and equally wealthy companions, and spend the wealth of their families. Nor was that all. While the man stood, mixed the drink, and looked at the child, he could have recalled one after another equally thoughtless of harm, if not so young, who at his saloon took their first glass, and at last came too often even to suit him getting shabby in personal appearance as they began to go the downward way, until he had shaken them off to second and third-class saloons. He could have recalled those who had died. Often he had heard the bell toll for the funerals of those he had ruined, and yet, with all this in his mind, that man who was once, can we believe it, a little child himself, once had warm sympathies beating in his bosom, could behold that picture of loveliness, and plan just such a life of degradation for that child? Can any thing more clearly show the degrading, hardening effects of the traffic on the rum-seller? Can anything better show the necessity of closing the saloons for protection to our own children? *Prophet says, "We did not tell his mother, "We talk about caring for our children, how can we be secure in our own homes with the laws as they are."—The Mercury.*

STIMULANTS FOR MINISTERS.—Ministers laboring in large cities have been assured by their physicians that they must use stimulants if they are to accomplish their work satisfactorily and comfortably. But there are two things that must be considered here. Admitting that the prescription is a wise one, the stimulants must be regarded as purely medicinal, and should be used as medicines are used. Now, invalids do not put their castor oil bottle on their breakfast table or run into every apothecary's shop for a draught. But when stimulants are prescribed, it is amazing to find with what frequency and avidity relish they are taken and hoisted instead of being used as medicines, they become articles of daily diet. But we question the wisdom of the prescription altogether. It is in every case a perilous one, and in the case of ministers it is especially so. Remembering, as stimulants do for the time, the depression and languor which interfere with mental work they come to be often employed and implicitly relied upon. They thus eat into the system, until they have become a dire necessity, and ruin the man they were meant to sustain. *Lea.*

To young men the road up the hill may be hard, but at any rate it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, and save in their early days, they need not keep the iron poles to the grid stone all their lives as many do. Let them be temperate for economy's sake, water is the strongest drink it drives out. It is the drink for lions and heroes, and Samson never drank anything else. The beer no man would so build a house—C. H. Sp...

*Thin & Asthenic*



Temperance Department.

FATHER, BRING HOME YOUR MONEY TO-NIGHT.

A new Temperance Song and Chorus. W. de W. Mrs M. A. Kiddle

Oh, Father, dear Father, don't stay away late, Come home when your day's work is over...

Then bring home your money to-night Oh bring home your money to-night!

The old tavern keeper is rich, I am sure. His acres spread out far and wide...

And steady, and hungry beside. Don't give him your hard-earned dollars, I pray...

Oh, Father, dear Father, don't stay away late. I will be Saturday night as you know...

And nod as it comes and goes. No bread in the pantry, no comfort in store...

MAKING JOY IN HEAVEN

BY KLEANOR KIM.

Do look at Bessie Carter. Shouldn't you think she would be ashamed of herself?

Why ashamed? rejoined Deacon Goodrich, both surprised and abashed at his daughter's strange remark.

But just look, papa! Lucy Goodrich was standing by the window. There goes her father, just as drunk as he can be...

How do you know she can do no good? Why, papa, that man is perfectly senseless!

So much the more need of his daughter's care!

But folks talk dreadfully about Bessie, papa, for doing these things, and the whole town seems to look down on her!

And God looks down upon her, my child, and blesses her! Last Sunday, Lucy Bessie's Sabbath-school lesson contained this verse: There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth...

Shall I pass to the west, Heaven I asked. Oh, please don't she sobbed. I will say it in a minute!

Then she wiped her eyes and commenced. But she hadn't got half through the verse before she was in tears again. Finally she said, Oh, Deacon Goodrich, if this is true, and I know it is, how hard we ought to try to lead sinners to repentance!

I know, Lucy, that the poor child was thinking of her father, and was not surprised when we passed out of the vestry to have her stand to my side and say, Please, Deacon Goodrich, don't forget to pray for my dear father!

What did you say? enquired Lucy, her eyes full of tears.

I told her that I would not, and asked her if she was weeping because of discouragement. Said she, I don't know. I am very much dis-

couraged, and I am very happy too; perhaps you can't understand this. It seems to me, Deacon Goodrich, I could be willing to die tomorrow if I knew that my father could make such joy in heaven as that we read about to-day.

Oh, papa, said Lucy, springing into her father's arms. I hope you encouraged her.

I did what I could, you may be sure, was the quiet answer. And I was very careful to try and make her feel that her father's intemperance could by no possibility disgrace her.

That afternoon Deacon Goodrich's family went into the woods for a picnic. It was a lovely day in midsummer. All nature seemed to rejoice, and Lucy with a number of young friends, was full of the spirit of pleasure.

The sun was going down behind the trees in the grand old woods. Tea was over, and the baskets had all been packed. The twilight would be a long one, and Deacon Goodrich proposed that they should enjoy the very last bit of daylight before starting for home.

I wonder who it can be over there in the meadow beyond the stone wall? Lucy had asked from the swing. They have been there ever since we came. I have seen them lots of times. It looks, papa, as if there was a man sink ever there.

It is Bessie and her father, whispered Lucy. Oh, papa, isn't it dreadful!

The deacon put up his finger warningly. Bessie was praying. Deacon Goodrich said afterwards that he had listened to a good many prayers in his day, but he thought he could not say that this was the first real prayer of faith he ever heard.

Then this is a prayer-meeting, is it, Mr. Carter? Glorious place for it! No walls built by men between God and our own consciences, and the deacon put the sufferer at his case.

That's just it, groaned the poor man. It seems to me that my whole soul is laid bare to His searching gaze. I never felt so strangely before. Bessie has been talking to me about Heaven, trying to describe to me how happy the angels are when a sinner such as I repents of his sin.

And mother is among the angels, you know, said Bessie softly, as she tenderly caressed the scarred and bloated face.

And I broke her heart. No, no, Bessie, don't talk nonsense! There may be hope for some drunkards, but there's none for me!

But, father dear, broke in the faithful daughter, her face all aglow. This is the way it is the greater the sinner, the greater the joy. It seems to me I can hear them singing now!

Let us pray, said Deacon Goodrich with quivering voice.

When the good man arose from his knees, the tottering figure of the drunkard confronted him.

With God's help, he burst out, seizing the deacon's hand. I will never touch another drop of liquor. I never broke a promise yet, Deacon Goodrich, and lifting his eyes reverently. He will help me to keep this one, Bessie, turning to his daughter. seems to me I can hear your mother's voice too. Oh, there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth.

The victory was complete. The deacon and Mr. Carter walked home arm in arm, Bessie and Lucy following. Felts wondered as they saw Deacon Goodrich in such close companionship with a noted teetotaler; but wonder turned into consideration, when Mr. Carter took his proper place among respectable men.

It was very discouraging, said Bessie to Lucy, sometimes; but I believed in God,

and I was sure if I did my part, just as I was told, that He would do His. Oh! Lucy; think of the joy there is in Heaven now!

Lucy did think, but she could not speak for her tears.—Congregationalist

RENEGADES FROM TEETOTALISM.

Those who have been moderate men all their life are often quite content with saying that every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind; and some of them are frank enough to own that abstinence is a good thing. But the renegade teetotaler must be controversial, and must prove that abstinence is altogether an error, and that a little wine is really needed for the stomach's sake.

But the influence of the example of the renegade, apart from any active effort, operates, and very powerfully too, in the same direction. Weak-kneed teetotalers, and we have such in our ranks, begin to waver with themselves, especially when the renegade is a minister.

We are not indulging here in mere supposition. We have a case now before us where the withdrawal of a minister from his abstinence had several to follow his example, some of whom sank into those very intemperate habits against which their abstinence was their safeguard.

We do not know that he is conversant with these facts. It is quite possible that he may be living in the belief that some was thus injured; but there were keen eyes watching, and they saw these results.—League Journal.

"IT KEEPS OUT THE COLD."

This is one of the most prevalent of the fallacies concerning alcohol. Teetotalers, soldiers, sailors, travellers and all sorts of people believe this very largely, and practice accordingly. Many a pledge has been broken, many an appetite formed, many a drunkard made in this way; for the alcohol produces its legitimate effects just as surely when used for this purpose, as for any other.

The results of the use of alcohol for this purpose give an excellent illustration of its deceitful effect on the nerves. The rapidity of the circulation is increased, and the temperature at the surface rises slightly, perhaps half a degree. But this is in consequence of throwing out and wasting the vital forces and not from any increase of vital heat.

But now observe the sensations through the nerves. They report the first slight rise in temperature with some correctness, hence the feeling that alcohol "warms up" the system. Almost simultaneously with this they are benumbed by the alcohol, and their function suspended to such a degree that they do not report correctly the subsequent condition of the system, and the man cannot tell by his feelings how cold the system is.

This is a fair specimen of the deceits of alcohol. It is a nerve poison, and that fact accounts for many of the erroneous opinions about its effects. It explains why the popular impression which leads people to drink, conflicts with the results of careful scientific experiments and observations. The latter are but little known to the people. The result of some of the latest we have given above, in the indications of the thermometer. The ob-

servations and records of scientific men extend over a long period. Sir John Ross, in his expeditions to the arctic regions where its use was considered indispensable, because so well satisfied that it was injurious that he proposed to his men to give up the use of alcohol, which they did with great advantage. Dr. Alkin ascribes the failure of several unsuccessful Northern expeditions to the use of alcoholic liquors, while those who drank nothing but water had better health, and were more successful. He tells of a Danish crew of sixty men, well provisioned and supplied with spirits, which attempted to spend the winter in Hudson's Bay, and all but two of them died; while an English crew of twenty-two, doing the same without spirits, all lived but two. In another case eight Englishmen without spirits all survived, while four Russians, left in Spitzbergen without provisions or spirits, all lived for six years, and were eventually restored to their homes.

Three or four years ago a company of twenty-six Americans, travelling on a western plain, were obliged to camp out without a fire in very cold weather. They had good supplies of all sorts, and an abundance of whiskey. One of their number, somewhat read up on the subject, cautioned them strongly against the use of the latter. Two of them heeded his words, and with himself drank no whiskey. They were cold, but did not suffer severely, nor freeze. They all wrapped up, and clustered together in groups as well as they could. Three others drank a little, and suffered much, but did not freeze. Several others who drank more, had their toes and fingers frosted. Six drank much, and were so badly frozen that they never fully recovered. Four drank to intoxication, and were so much injured that they died in three or four weeks afterwards, while the remaining three who drank themselves dead drunk, were frozen stiff in the morning. They were all men in the prime of life, and were all equally well provided with blankets and clothing. The experiment was as near conclusive as it could well be made, the greatest difference being in the quantity of liquor used. The suffering was, apparently, in exact proportion to the quantity drunk. The details of the case were published at the time in a Cincinnati medical journal, being communicated by this member of the party who warned his associates against the poison. If we had such intelligent men everywhere, to notice facts and results, and press them upon the attention of the people, we would soon get rid of this fallacy, and strike a heavy blow at the vitals of King Alcohol.—Zion's Herald.

REGULAR SOBERING WORKER THAN IRREGULAR CAROUSING.

In his recently published Clinical Lectures, referring to the dangers involved in operating upon habitual drinkers, Sir James Paget, an eminent English physician and surgeon, says "One does, indeed, sometimes meet with habitual drunkards who pass safely through the perils of great operations; but these are rare exceptions to the rule, according to which one may reckon that the risks of all operations increase with the increasing degree of habitual intemperance. I think you will find that a habit of slight intemperance is much worse than occasional great excesses, that regular soaking is worse than irregular carousing, probably because of the steady impairment of the blood and of all the textures to which the soaking leads. Of course you will keep your hands off notorious drunkards, unless you are driven by the stress of a strangulated hernia, or a stopped windpipe, or something leaving you as little choice as these do. But you must be on your guard to detect a good deal of drunkenness of the soaking kind, which is not notorious and not confessed. Be rather afraid of operating on those of whatever class, who think they need stimulants before they work, who cannot dine until after wine and bitters, who always have sherry on the sideboard, or who are always sipping brandy-and-water, or are rather proud that, because they can eat so little, they must often take some wine. Many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm, are thus daily damaging their health, and making themselves unfit to bear any of the storms of life."

A writer in a recent number of the London Freeman says: "A great number of smokers seem to have lost sight of politeness! Their smoking makes them rude. Why should a smoker blow his smoke in my face, or allow the dust of his weed to fly in my eyes? Why at would he think it not indecent frequently to expel smoke in my presence? I have as much right to scatter fine strong pepper and half-blind the passer-by or my companions in a railway carriage. I might answer it pleased me, and they must put up with it. Men have no more right to smoke in public than I have to scatter the pepper. Our pleasures ought not to be at the expense of another; all public smokers, however, break this law, and give great offence to that part of the public who hate the most distasteful fumes of tobacco."





## JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

*From the Sunday Magazine.*

The child made no answer to this speech. Mr. Mason had deposited himself in his brother's arm-chair, and, being hot with his walk, had begun to mop his face with his pocket-handkerchief. Big and stout and rosy, he looked far more like a liver in the country than the pale-cheeked child who stood at six steps' distance from him, contemplating him with sad grey eyes. Perhaps that poor little heart was thinking sorrowfully of the different figure that had been used to occupy that chair. She may have been thinking that; or she may only have been feeling desolate and bewildered, as if, even while the old familiar things were still all round her, she had somehow got lost and gone astray.

"Well, go into the garden, and don't stand doing nothing there," Mr. Mason said after a few moments' silence. "You'll not have a garden like this to play in much longer, so you'd better make the most of it. I can tell you, while you've got it. Why, if you weren't silly you'd be out enjoying yourself all day."

Again the child said nothing, young to take much heed to the wording of her uncle's speech; she only thought of doing what she was told, and so she quietly left the room, and put on her hat in the passage and went out into the sunny garden to "enjoy herself" as she best could. She walked along the familiar paths, and looked at the flowers she knew so well as they grew on either side of her; she stood still once to watch two butterflies fluttering round a bush; she saw the first half-opened rose-bud, and stopped to gather it. Poor little Janet! As she held the half-burst flower in her hand some thought came to her, and her lips began to quiver, and then the tears rushed to her eyes. "I took the first one to him last year," she had remembered; and all at once the day that was gone forever came back to the child's mind, and her lips trembled, and she burst out crying.

She had got almost to the furthest end of the garden, so far from the house that no one in it could see her, and she dropped down on a little ring of grass that had been set round the root of an old apple-tree, and sat there in a little heap and sobbed.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried to herself. "What shall I do all my life without papa? Oh, I wish I was dead! I wish God had let me die too."

She sat for a long time sobbing and crying. She had lost all that she loved in the world, and her little heart thought that it was breaking. She did not know how to bear her loneliness. She was little more than seven years old, and at that age one gets quickly to forget most sorrows, however sharp, when something else is left to us, or given to us, to make us happy. But Janet Mason, with her father dead, had nothing left her,—nothing, except perhaps her pet white cat that found her out presently as she sat here under the apple-tree, and came and rubbed his sides against her for a few minutes, with his tail high in the air, and then daintily stepped into her lap, and coiled himself round and fell asleep there, purring softly. This white puss was Janet's sole remaining possession. A possession not of much use, perhaps, one might think, in the way of consolation; but the child put her arms about it, and laid her cheek down on its soft head; and I think after a few moments, cried the less bitterly from feeling some living warmth beside her, even when she was alone with her pet cat.

"I'm sure I'm bothered enough about the whole concern," Mr. Mason had already written a couple of days ago to his wife. "As for the things here, I don't believe they will fetch twenty pounds. I've spoken to a man at Westbridge, and he is to come and take a look at them, and say what he'll give for the whole lot. I wish he'd take the child too. I promise you, I'd let her go cheap."

But, alas, neither the man from Westbridge, nor anybody else, was willing to take poor little Janet; nobody probably, even so much as thought of taking her. When her uncle came up to his brother's funeral he looked a well-to-do man, and everybody said, "Of course, Janet will go to live with him;" and so the thing got to be assumed from the very first. She would go to London, and live with her uncle, and be very comfortable. If Mr. Mason had left half-a-dozen children, or even only three or four, people no doubt would have begun to perceive that there might be a difficulty in disposing of them; but when there was only little Janet—

"Why, she will be quite a bit of sunshine in the house to you," the kind rector's wife said cheerily when, the night before they started, she came to bid good-bye to the little girl. "If you have nothing but boys of your own, you will make quite a pet of Janet. I am very sorry to lose her, for my own part; for I am fond of the dear little thing, and I had a great regard for your brother; but I can't tell you how glad I am that she has a kind home to go to, and friends who will love her and look after her."

"Well, ma'am, we must do the best we can," Mr. Mason answered a little grimly to this hopeful speech.

"And that is all that any of us can say, Mr. Mason. But let us all do the best we can, and there need be no fear for us. Here is Janet must do the best she can, and I am sure that is what she will try to do, and to grow up a comfort to everybody," said Mrs. Jessop, and she turned to Janet, and patted the little thin cheek, and smiled at the child, who tried to smile at her in return, but made rather a poor business of it; for, one by one, were not all her old friends leaving her? was she not losing all she had ever loved in the world?

As the rector's wife sat talking she stood beside her, with her hand always been so kind to her. When she kissed her to-night for the last time, the child's arms went round her neck, and she trembled and clung to her. She was a timid little thing, and the thought of the new life before her frightened her. She felt as we might feel at going out into the dark upon a new road, with no hand we loved or trusted to guide us on it.

She cried herself to sleep on this last night that she spent in the house she knew so well. She had stolen away by herself in the evening and had gone to the churchyard, and laid her face upon the grass over her father's grave. "Oh, papa, if you could come back to me!" the poor little lips had sobbed out. She had felt half-terrified as she made her whispered moan, with the shrinking fear that a child naturally has of death and the nearness to what is dead, and yet she clung to the little green mound, because all that was left of her father lay below.

It was in the sunny June evening that she had done this, and an hour afterwards, when the sun had set, she went to bed for the last time in her little room. Liz-

zie, the country girl, who had been their only servant, had come up with her to undress her as usual.

"You'll have somebody else to do this for you to-morrow night, Janet," the girl said cheerfully, as she proceeded with the operation. It seemed to Lizzie rather a nice thing to be going up to London. "I don't know but what I'd like to be in your shoes," she said, "going away to live where the Queen does. But luck never comes my way. I daresay I shall live and die, and never see the Queen at all."

"I am sure I wish you were coming to London. Oh, Lizzie, how I wish you were coming to be a servant at uncle's!" Janet answered, and the little face flushed as she put it up to kiss the girl.

"Well, it wouldn't be bad, but—oh, no! mother would never let me go," said Lizzie with a sigh, "so we needn't think nothing about it."

And then Janet said her prayers, was tucked up in bed, and after a little while turned her face to the wall, and began to weep sorrowful tears that never ceased till the tired eye-lids dropped at last.

## CHAPTER III.

"Well, Janet, you never saw anything like this before," said Mr. Mason, complacently.

Mr. Mason and Janet were in a cab together, and the cab was taking them from Euston Square to Camden Town, through a maze of dingy streets, and Janet was sitting bolt upright, looking out by turns from either window with wide-opened eyes, thinking perhaps, indeed, that she had never seen anything like it before in all her life—wondering perhaps when the houses would cease—when the wheels would stop clattering over the noisy roads. It was a summer day, but not a bright day here. They had left sunshine behind them, but to-day in London the air was murky, and the wind had a touch of east in it, and Camden Town was looking its shabbiest and dullest.

"We're close at home now. He'll take the next turning. That's it! No. 56, on the right hand," said Mr. Mason, and the cabman drew up before a small house in a long line of houses all alike—such a line of brick and mortar as Janet even in her wildest dreams had never before conceived of.

"Now then," said Mr. Mason, "jump out."

So Janet jumped out, and had just gained the pavement when the house door was opened by a lean, sharp-featured woman, who stood still on the threshold, and looked at them for a few moments so exactly as she might have looked at two people of whom she had never so much as heard before, that Janet thought the cabman must have drawn up before some stranger's door. But Janet was wrong, for Mr. Mason, who was engaged for a few seconds in disputing the driver's fare, turned round when that business was accomplished, and gave the woman a nod of recognition.

"Well, here we are," he said. "So I see," she answered, shortly.

"And this is Janet." "Humph," she said, grimly. "Just bring that box in, will you, and stand it in the lobby. There, that'll do. In with you, Janet. Don't stand in people's way. There—make yourself small."

"Well, she's a puny thing to be a country child," exclaimed the woman, contemptuously.

"Yes, ain't she?" said Mr. Mason. "Feel her; she ain't got an ounce of flesh on her bones."

"If you're not fatter than that wiah living in the country, I don't know what you'll be now you've come to town. But, mind, we've no room for sickly people here," said Mrs. Mason, severely. "You'll have to carry up that trunk, Mason."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Mason, "I'll carry it up."

"And the sooner you do it the better; for I can't have it lumbering about the place here. Now then, child, go up-stairs," and she turned to Janet, and gave her a push in the direction of the staircase.

"You'll have to wash your face and hands before you come to dinner, for you look pretty well as black as a sweep; I don't know what you may have been used to, but you'll need to be neat and clean if you live here, I can tell you—and to look sharp about you, too."

Mrs. Mason led the way up two flights of stairs, till they came to a small attic, in one corner of which a bed had been made up upon the floor, and whose only other furniture consisted of a basin and jug that had been placed upon a chair.

"This is where you're to sleep," said Mrs. Mason. "I shall have to lend you a brush and comb, I suppose. And now mind you



make yourself tidy. You don't want a looking-glass. The less you look in a glass the better. When you've made yourself neat you can come down and eat your dinner. You've brought some commoner frocks than this one, I hope?" and she twitched a bit of Janet's black frock between her fingers and thumb.

"Mrs. Jessop got this made. It—it's the only black one I've got at all," answered Janet, timidly.

"Then you'll have to keep it for Sundays. I've got no money to be buying more black frocks for you. You must wear colored frocks on week-days. You've got some of them, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Janet.

"Well, then, get your things off now, and don't be an hour over it. You can come down to the kitchen when you're ready." And then Mrs. Mason turned round and went away, leaving the child too dazed and bewildered to be able to think, or do any thing but mechanically obey the orders that had been given her.

She washed her face and hands and brushed her hair, and then she retraced her steps down-stairs. The house had been quiet when she first entered it, but now it was filled with a Babel of sounds all coming from the direction of the kitchen—voices, and the clattering of knives and forks, and the kicking of boots upon a bare floor. It was evident that dinner had begun, and that Janet's three cousins were engaged in eating it.

With a heart that was beating very fast the child went up to the kitchen-door. For a moment or two nobody saw her as she stood there; then a young head was lifted up, and a young voice gave a shout,

"Oh, I say!—look at her!" cried this welcoming voice, and instantly five pairs of eyes were all looking at her, and then (different creatures have different ways of showing courtesy, you know) Janet's three cousins all together burst into a roar of laughter.

"Now, boys, hold your noise," cried their father. "Here, Janet," he said, "here's a place for you. Come along, and sit down by Jack. This is Jack, and those two are Bill and Dick. Move your chair, Jack, can't you? Now then, are you hungry for your dinner?"

The color had sprung up to the child's face; she came in silence to the seat to which her uncle called her; when he spoke to her she tried to answer his question, but she could not do it. Her cousins were still all staring at her. As she sat down one of them—no doubt in the way of kindly greeting—gave her a sudden kick on a tender bit of her leg, and when, unprepared for this attention, she leaped up in her chair, a second titter burst out round her that made her flush hotter than at first.

"Now, Jack, stop that, I say," cried her uncle in an angry voice, but Jack only went on giggling,

and then Mrs. Mason turned sharply to her husband.

"What harm's the boy doing? Can't you let him alone?" she said. "There, Dick—pass that plate, and then eat your victuals and be quiet."

So the boys began to eat their victuals, obeying that part of their mother's command with great good-will; and Mr. Mason, who had apparently, before Janet's entrance, been telling his wife something of his journey, proceeded for a few moments with his discourse.

"Well, it's a pretty enough sort of country round about," he said, "if you care for that sort of thing; but as for the village, why, there ain't three good houses in it. I should call it as beggarly a place as—Now, Bill, I say!" for just as Mr. Mason had reached this point a leaden spoon went flying past his face, and alighted on the head of Dick, who was seated next in order to him. Dick caught the spoon dexterously before it fell to the ground, and hurled it back, and then Mr. Mason took a grip of Dick's shoulders, and gave him a shake.

"Will you sit quiet, sir, or will you not?" said Mr. Mason.

"I ain't going to sit quiet when he shies spoons at me," answered Dick, not unreasonably.

"If you shy any more spoons, Bill, you'll go without the rest of your dinner," said Mr. Mason.

"I don't care if I do," answered Bill with contempt.

"If you don't stop your impudence, I'll make you sing another tune, sir," said his father.

"Oh!" cried Janet suddenly at this instant, and gave a little gasp and start. For just as she was lifting up a spoonful of broth to her mouth one of these playful spirits at her side tipped up her elbow, and in a moment the contents of her spoon lay spattered all about her lap.

"There now!—there's your frock spoiled!" exclaimed Mr. Mason, angrily; but Janet's three cousins, agreeably diverted from their personal differences by this little incident, grinned and giggled in keen delight over it; and Jack, who had been the happy cause of the accident, winked to his brothers, and chuckled till he began to choke.

"Well, grease-spots like those are sure to leave a mark. There, wipe them up—that's all you can do. You've been used to get new frocks whenever you want them, I suppose," said Mrs. Mason, ironically.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

A PLAN A DAY

A father taught his child to read  
A text at breakfast every day.  
And ere at night he went to bed,  
Again the little text was said.

Friend, have you tried this simple plan  
If not, now do, I'm sure you can  
The youngest child will like to learn,  
And say its little text in turn.

Begin betimes to sow good seeds,  
Or soon you'll see the noxious weeds  
How easy thus to teach a child  
To be like Jesus, meek and mild.

While you are telling "God is love,  
He'll pour His blessing from above  
And while you thus your children train,  
He'll send His grace like early rain.

'Tis easy work if you begin  
In early days to wean from sin  
Then teach your children every day  
At least one little text to say  
—Mother's Friend.

A LONDON CITY MISSION FESTIVAL

An unusually large and lofty schoolroom in Cornwell Road has been prepared for the occasion. Suitable texts adorn the walls, and suspended above the small platform or desk, is a picture of one of the oldest gypsy families, named Hearn. This picture portrays them, from grandfather to grand child, peacefully grouped around the time-honored kettle in the forest and not, as to-day, trooping in from a city suburb to a well-appointed meal in a well-lighted and raftered room. Tables are laid for about two hundred, and as they arrive singly, in pairs, or families, they seat themselves at pleasure.

Enough to eat, good appetite, plenty of time, and ample space, make our feast cheerful and brisk. It lasts a good hour, and is further delayed by late arrivals for a few have mistaken the time, and have come at six, instead of the fashionable five o'clock tea. There are so well waited on that they have perhaps the best of it, and we hear one say, "I'd a been in time if I'd known but this lady is taking care on us famous." We commend those who are satiated with society, yet desire to regain their taste for it, to give such a party as this, and to "compel" the guests to "come in" from the "highways and hedges." They will assuredly enjoy life once more.

When the fountains fail, and little remains but the orange-peel that strews the floor, grace is again cheerily sung, and a short space allowed while the room is cleared and prepared for more intellectual food. We are glad to hear cheerful comments on the meal which seems to have given satisfaction.

"We look forward to it all the year," says a comely, foreign-looking woman in tidy apparel. "I've been to eighteen, and I wouldn't miss a party if they was to pay me for it. It does us all good, my lady. Oh yes, I hark about. They call us gypsies, but we don't know why. I was born in a tent, so was my mother before me. We speak English, and nothing else."

It is said that they now consider Roman a wicked language.

When the room is rearranged, they troop in again, and noisily fill the seats placed opposite the desk.

When tolerable quiet is ordered, we venture we have time to note the picturesque nature of the scene. There is apparently neither a blue eye nor a brown head in the assembly, except amongst the missionaries or the helpers who surround the reading-desk. The bright colors and ornaments light up the kaleidoscope-like figures, and lend cheerfulness to what might otherwise seem sad.

Attention is soon turned from the crowd and concentrated in the individual. Heads are reverently bent, and a voice is raised in prayer somewhere at the bottom of the room. A gypsy asks God's blessing on the words that shall be said this evening, and when he has concluded his short supplication, he adds his petition that the meeting may be for the saving of souls.

Then a lady, a missionary's wife, stands up beneath the reading-desk, and quietly begins to sing "Jesus loves me." All rise simultaneously, and every eye is riveted on the singer, while, in a fine clear voice of remarkable compass, she goes through the hymn. The power of music is felt rather than in devotion. It is

omnipotent, whether sacred or secular, and the most untutored seem to know when it is really good. Tears glisten in many eyes, and all evince profound interest as the concluding words rise to the raftered roof, "Jesus loves me—even me." At the request of a missionary most of the assembly join in the chorus repeated for them, and the result is truly affecting. With their eyes still fixed on their half-inspired leader, those poor outcasts pour forth the most blessed truth that either they or the more "respectable" outer world can learn.

When the applause that succeeds the chorus dies away, a gypsy from the crowd mounts the desk. He is followed by others, male and female. They are asked to speak "short, sharp and well," and they obey. The men are mostly dark, black, and hollow, with the words "labor" and "want" impressed on their faces; but they are neat and clean. The women are tidily dressed in black, with white caps under their bonnets, and white aprons. They are of the gypsy class, and tell their own stories simply. They have something to say, and they say it. They deliver their message in the brogue of different counties, with a strong nasal, in plain language, and without rant. The message is from God to man, and of life and death. It is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Don't be ashamed of Him, my dear friends," says one man. "I wants to tell you of how I sought Him, and never sought Him in vain. I went to a meeting to make game on Him, as some of you may to-night. God grant you may be converted, as I was. Before I came away, I held up my hand to be prayed for, and found that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. And now I'm only sorry that I didn't leave him sooner, for I've only known Him six years of all my life. With all my faults and failings, I've now a hope beyond the grave. Oh, if we meet no more on earth, may we meet in heaven."

"We've buried a friend to-day," (and he is here)—who knewed the Lord's will and kept it, pleads another—"hep, it faithfuler than I. Where would she be now if she hadn't knowed it. But there's one faithfuler still. Come to Him, and you'll be happy through all your troubles. I've got mine, but I'm happy. Oh, my dear people, Jesus Christ came to seek and to save those that are lost. Let him have a soul to-night."

A third grows animated and moves his hands as he says, "If I couldn't a come on this platform, and said my sins was forgiven, I couldn't a come at all. But the love of God is in my heart, and I wants you all to have it, my dear friends. We makes better husbands, wives, and children when we've got it. No matter what the world says sign us when Christ is for us. For the Lord's sake, go to Him at once."

"I'm come up here to-night to tell you God's love, and to call ye out of the world," says another. "There was a time when I didn't believe nothing. I was so wild and wicked that I didn't care what I did. I went to a meeting like this, and before I come out I fell on my knees. Oh, my dear friends, ye must all be born again, like I was. I'm hoping to get a soul for Jesus to-night. He'll save you without money and without price. Here he is now in the midst of ye looking up his jewels. And ye're all ye jewels if ye could but believe it. Oh, my dear people, may the Lord bless ye and save ye for His sake."

"I'm not a shedding these tears because I'm unhappy, but because I remember how miserable I on was," says one of the women, interrupting herself in an interesting address to wipe her eyes. "I'm thinking of when I was coming from Ipsom Racee, and thought to make a way with myself. But the Lord saved me from) all, as He'll save you to-night if you turn to Him."

"It is just six years and one month since the Lord spoke to my soul," says a second, "and though I had poverty, cares, and difficulties, and know I shall have more if I live, yet I feels happy, for I'm sure the Lord Jesus Christ has saved me."

The above brief extracts will give but a slight notion of the earnestness of the speakers, and we cannot attempt the concluding gypsy address at all, because it is too long, and too elaborate for concentration. It is given by Mrs. Simpson, originally of the Lee family, and who is evidently a remarkable woman. Some years ago she was a professed fortune-teller, and in high repute, not only amongst the ignorant, but with what is called the educated class. She is said to have made her two guineas a week, or more, and her engagements were sometimes so numerous that she could not fulfil them. She has, as she would say, "given up all for Christ," and is contented to become a hawker of small wares for her livelihood, but to be a missionary amongst her own people, rather than a seeress or to the fashionable unbeliever. She is noticeable even in her neat black gown and bonnet—she must have been still more so when in the

time of her race. Her language is pure and well-chosen, her manner quiet and earnest, and her voice pleasing. She wins the attention of her auditors, as, indeed, her predecessors have done, and, like them, "delivers her message" fearlessly. To be "converted and become as a little child," to choose the better and higher of "two homes," is its purport, and to judge from the faces of her listeners it is not ineffectual. We are told by a gypsy friend that she is "no scholar," and can neither read nor write, but that she knows whole chapters of the Bible by heart, and repeats them to all who will listen. "She is a good woman, and when she is going to a place of worship herself makes us go with her," concludes the friend.

That spectator must be sceptical indeed who fails to believe that good has sprung from the Gypsy Mission.

City missionaries and friends conclude the entertainment by a few short and kindly speeches—*London Sunday Magazine*.

A RAILWAY STORY

It was a third class carriage. She was a pleasant-faced young woman, going, I think, for the first time after her marriage, to visit her parents in her old home, to show them their two fine grandchildren.

The youngest child was an infant of about three or four months old, very quiet and good, and the other was a pretty, restless little girl of three, who could not be still a single moment, and kept the careful mother busy by her questions and wants and childish prattle.

When we had been travelling together for two hours, and began to feel like old acquaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother half rose from her seat to put the little girl, who had left her place, again on the opposite seat. How it happened, I have never understood; it was one of those accidents which seem impossible, and, in fact, only happen once in a hundred thousand times, but just as she stood half erect, holding her sleeping babe upon one arm, and her little frolicsome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden, quick movements, and in an instant she was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood fixed and rigid, in exactly the same attitude, her arm still bent as though around her child, gazing with wide-open, fixed eyes at the place whence she vanished. She seemed literally turned to stone, with the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted, I do not know, doubtless it seemed to us much longer than it really was. Then the young mother seemed to come to herself, and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanished darling, now far away. I caught her quickly and held her fast, while the kind young lady who sat opposite to me took the baby from her arms, and we all began to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Somehow we managed in our excitement to do all that was possible. The guard came, the train was stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us, or even looking at us, left the train, supporting herself on one arm of the sympathizing guard, while he held the sleeping babe fast in the other.

Of course the train must go with increased speed, to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at the next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, be sure to do it immediately," said a dozen voices; for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had run through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriage the disappearing figures of the mother and the guard.

"It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty-five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner, taking out his watch and holding it open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most selfish and disagreeable old gentlemen possible, scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor, and then in the shortest and gruffest manner possible, he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff-box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way, except to glance at her now and then with a savage expression, as her clear, childish laugh disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time," again and again, in words more forcible than ornamental.

There was a young, would-be dandy in one corner, light straw-colored gloves, a slender nose an infant mousetoche, and an eye-glass to look in one eye, seemed to be, in his opinion, a mark of rare superiority over the other travellers, and he spoke very little, except occasionally to make some supercilious remark, or ask some question about third-class travelling, apparently to produce on us the impression

that he was a nobleman, or a prince, perhaps, in disguise, seeing for himself how ordinary mortals fared.

What a change had come over him now the eye-glass hung dangling hither and thither, with the kid gloves, of which he had been so dainty, he had grasped the dusty facing of the door, and was straining his gaze, first backward until the poor mother was no longer to be seen, then forward to the next station where news was to meet us.

Now at last we are there. The train halts, and one of the guards runs quickly into the little office over which "Telegraph" is painted. Everybody who can possibly get his or her head out of the window on that side, thrusts it out. There is a moment of intense suspense here comes the guard again with a despatch in his hands, he stands midway between the ends of the train and begins to read it out in his clear, loud, official tones. "Child perfectly sound, alighted on a pile of straw in a field, not two feet from a stone wall."

Then what a scene! Every man at the train window has his hat off in a moment and is waving it, and cheering as if he would split his throat every woman is buried in her pocket-handkerchief, crying and laughing together. The stout old ecstasist and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with that heartiness that belongs to the sons of the Vaterland, although they never met before this morning. The stiff old maid in the corner has shaken my hands in hers so many times that I feel that they are quite sore.

All the inhabitants of the little village came running around the train. "What is it? Where is he? Is it the Kaiser himself, or is it the Kronprinz?" they asked in bewildered excitement at the sight of ours.

But all the Kaisers and Kronprinzes in Europe put together could not have aroused the flood of feeling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than loyalty—older than the kings to whom loyalty is due—which was stirring every heart. It was sympathy with a mother's love—*Chauvinism*.

A CHILD'S DEATHBED

In one of our western towns a minister was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbor, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he should not go in and see him.

"I hardly know what to do," said the good man, "his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and are greatly opposed to the doctrine I preach. I fear my visit will not be well received."

"But," rejoined the wife, "when you were ill, a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to enquire how you were, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son."

This was sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him for a few moments, turned to the lady, and said, "This poor little fellow should be kept perfectly quiet as usual, he should not be excited in any way."

"Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer at first he heaved, fearing the effect on the child, but, on second thoughts, knelt at the bedside, and offered a few petitions in His name who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." The moment he commenced speaking, the little sufferer, who till now had seemed unconscious of his presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and, fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word.

The minister rose from his knees, said a few words to the mother, and went home, leaving the child perfectly tranquil.

The next morning the first intelligence that greeted him was that little Frank had died during the night.

He had become extremely interested, and the apparent effect of the voice of prayer on the dying child had surprised him. He went again to visit the family, attended the funeral, and at length learned from the mother the following facts.

She had two children. Frank was the elder, and the second was a daughter of five years. A few months before, little Alice had gone to spend the night with some companions in the neighborhood, whose parents were Christians, and were training their children to follow in their steps. As they were about retiring to rest, these little ones said to their visitor,—

"Come, Alice, kneel down with us, and say, 'Our Father,' before we go to bed."

The child, bewildered by "our words and kneeling attitude, answered, 'I do not know what 'Our Father' is.'"

"Well, Alice, won't you learn it?" said one.

"Oh, yes," said Alice; and she soon committed the prayer to memory.



The next morning she returned home, and the moment her brother appeared from school she began to tell him all about her visit, and begged him to learn "Our Father," and say it with her. From that time, kneeling together, they had daily repeated the Lord's prayer with earnestness and delight, and had also learned other prayers, in which they seemed much interested.

A few days before he was taken sick, Frank had come to her with a book in his hand, and said, "Oh, mother! here is a beautiful prayer. Let me read it to you."

It was the remembrance of this which induced her to make the request that the minister would pray by the side of her dying boy, and this was the secret of the calming influence which that prayer exerted. He continued thus tranquil a long time, but at length his distress returned, and the hour of death drew near.

About midnight, suffering and agonized, he begged of his mother to send for the good minister to pray again. He must have somebody to pray. The parents disliked to call him at that hour of the night, and knew not what to do. At last the mother went upstairs, and, taking the little sleeping Alice from her bed, brought her to her brother's bedside, and told her what he wanted. Immediately she knelt down, and slowly and solemnly repeated the prayer they had so much loved. The first words soothed the sufferer, and with the last his spirit fled.—Mother's Friend.

A WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

A girl who has a happy disposition is not unduly sensitive. It is one thing to have a thick-skinned insensibility to the world around, so that one cannot feel anything very deeply, and quite another to be ever ready to receive wounds and slights. The quality of sympathy is one of the most womanly and lovely features in feminine character. To be truly sympathetic, either in the joys or griefs of others, one must possess quick feelings, responsive to the touches of the hour, as the keys of the piano answer to the flashing fingers of the performer. But there is a mock sentimentality which is always in danger of getting itself hurt. There is a morbid and diseased yearning for notice in some young girls which keeps them forever just on the verge of tears. You jar upon them, when to do so is farthest from your intention. They see much that their friends do and say through a false medium and in broken, distorted lights, and they are constantly taking blame to themselves when no one desires them to, or mourning over unkindness which was not meant or dreamed of.

Do not be too sensitive. Do not fancy yourselves rudely repulsed, when nothing was really offered or intended but courtesy. Another thing which in some girls' lives prevents them from being glad and gay, is a feeling which might be expressed as having nothing to look forward to. It is not only the young lady of leisure, with too much time on her hands, who suffers from this distressful state of mind, nameless in English, but aptly conveyed by the French term *ennui*. Girls in every degree of social standing, now and then, are depressed by a wretched weariness of the monotony of their daily lives. They grow tired of the lack of excitement, and of the thought that they are living to little purpose. Often, when they really are living to very high usefulness, and comforting and blessing all about them, they are conscious of this vague discontent, this anxious yearning to be other than they are. Much of the current reading of the day feeds and stimulates this restless and undesirable temper of spirit. It is not uncommon for a bright, eager, happily-situated young woman, the darling of her father's house, to cultivate in herself a romantic admiration for suffering. She idealizes pain and yearns to have the common-place comfort of her lot broken up by some plough-share of adversity, some rough, bitter wind of sorrow and privation. Dear girls, let me urge you not to be ungrateful for the smooth, sweet, safe abate of your youthful years. Trials and troubles will find you out soon enough. There is nothing in them to long for; though when they come to you, as God's messengers, you must try to accept them in the strength that is given from above.

I think we can hardly overrate the importance of a uniform pleasantness of temper in a woman. It is more enduring than beauty, it is more charming than culture, it is more precious in a household than rubies. The little frictions and attritions of life, in a circle composed of a number of people of different ages and occupations, are wonderfully softened and composed by the daughter or sister who has the gift of being appreciative and of being easily and often pleased. With unerring tact she diverts conversation from the track where it will probably shear off into contention; with her sunbeam of a smile and her soft tender word she charms away the depression that is settling cloud-like on some tired one, and always her

face, coming into a room, lights it up like the morning.

The secret of being happy is in conferring happiness. It is not what we get, but what we give, that makes us rich. Think deeply of that verse—"Whoever will save his life shall lose it." No true, solid rewarding joy in this world comes of self-seeking in little things, or in great. We must spend of ourselves, of our love, of our gains, and of what is most treasured by our hearts, if we would taste the dearest and best delights that are possible upon earth.—S. S. Times.

AN INSECT IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

BY ANNIE TOLMAN SMITH.

Captain Bryant, United States Superintendent of the Seal Island, undertook the education of the native Aleuts. Their first want was the English language, but in supplying this an unexpected obstacle arose. Planted on an Arctic island, removed from the mainland, they saw few objects, and their ideas partook of the limitations of their sight hence a large proportion of our words were symbols of things never beheld by them and consequently inconceivable. The problem, so forcibly presented on this island, is one continually springing upon teachers, and with peculiar complications in girls' schools, particularly in the study of physics.

To girls the terms of science—of elementary science—are symbols of the unknown. The difference between the cases is merely that, while the Aleuts have nothing to observe, girls seem to have no tendency to observation. They will gaze, wildly enthusiastic, upon a cabinet without marking a single characteristic of a single specimen. Their power of memorizing, combined with a wonderful passion for memorizing, makes it almost impossible to induce them to substitute an object for a text-book. How shall we lead back their mind to natural processes, in which sense-perceptions bear an important part, and renounce, in their education, nature and mental activity, now so long divorced?

I had lately a great desire to give a class in zoology a bias toward experimental study. They were young ladies who had taken the branch as a pastime, and would drop it the moment it proved irksome. It was mid-winter; we were absolutely destitute of material, and apparently removed from the possibility of procuring any. I had a tolerably good microscope, and managed to obtain a dead, dried Cicada, which I brought into the class. Of the young ladies who had recited to me the day before, without blunder or hesitation, all the peculiarities of the divisions and subdivisions of the animal kingdom, not one recognized the department to which this belonged.

I took off the lower ring, and in an instant the mystery of articulation flashed through the class; every stroke of the knife vivified the printed word, they saw the skeleton case, with its singular processes of filmy wings and jointed legs; they saw the gilt ocelli studding the head like a curious Masonic sign, and the compound eyes in relief mounting; they saw the trachea piercing the segments at the sides—the significant index of a peculiar respiratory apparatus, and when the little subject was fairly open, they comprehended the single cavity forming so marked a contrast with the vertebrates.

This objective lesson was for every member of that class the beginning of a new mental era. A volume could not have impressed upon them so forcibly the relations between observation and knowledge. It set nature and books in their true relative positions: the former as the great source of truth, the latter merely an auxiliary in its pursuit.

Every teacher of natural science who has allowed herself to break from the routine of text-book recitations will agree that a most important problem in modern education, is how to bring animated nature into girls' class rooms. To teachers watching anxiously for its solution, this single experience may give assurance that a very little material will produce large results, that we need neither wait for cabinets, nor covet Penikese, but wherever we can lay our hands upon the "unassuming commonplace of nature," there may we begin the work of practical instruction, leading through "Nature up to Nature's God."—N. E. Journal of Education.

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

A poor woman who had been washing for us, said "Seems as if the Lord took very direct ways to reach people's feelings sometimes. Now, I was astonished once in my life. I lived away out west, on the prairie, me and my four children, and I couldn't get much work to do, and our little stock of provisions kept getting lower and lower. One night we sat huddling over our fire, and I was glorying enough. There was about a pint of corn meal in the house, and that was all. I said, 'Well, children, may be the Lord will provide something.' 'I do hope it will be a good mess of potatoes,' said cheery little Nell.

Seems to me I never was so hungry for 'taters before.' After they were all asleep, I lay there tossing over my hard bed, and wondering what I would do next. All at once the sweetest peace and rest came over me, and I sank into such a good sleep. Next morning I was planning that I would make the tinful of meal into mush and fry it in a greasy frying pan in which our last meat had been fried. As I opened the door to go down to the brook to wash, I saw something new. There on the bench, beside the door, stood two wooden pails and a sack. One pail was full of meat, the other full of potatoes, and the sack filled with flour. I brought my hands together in my joy, and just hurried for the children to come. 'Little dears! They didn't think of trousers and frocks then, but came out all of a flutter, like a flock of quails. Their joy was supreme. They knew the Lord had sent one of His angels with the sack and pails. Oh, it was such a precious gift! I washed the empty pails and put the empty sack in one of them and at night I stood them on the bench where I had found them, and the next morning they were gone. I tried and tried to find out who had befriended us, but I never could. The Lord never seemed so far off after that time,' said the poor woman, looking down with tearful eyes.—Arthur's Magazine.

THE LITTLE STREET SWEEPER.

Be polite, boys! Some boys forget to say "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," when spoken to. Many a lad has lost a good place from his want of courtesy and politeness. The little crossing-sweeper whom Mrs. S. C. Hall writes about was not a lad of this sort. The gentleman who asked him the way to a friend's house was so pleased with him that he sent him to school, then got him a good situation, and afterwards he was so prospered by God's good providence that he was able to help many other poor lads to rise in life. Again I say to my dear young friends, "Be polite, be polite!"—Rand of Hope Review.

LET NOTHING BE LOST.

A little child once gently reproved his nursemaid for shaking the tobacco into the fireplace. "Oh, Charlotte," said he, "don't you know that God takes care of sparrows? The Bible says so, and God will be displeased at your wasting those crumbs which would have served the sparrows for breakfast."

Shoot:—No man ever makes "apologies," "introductions," or "personal explanations" to a duck before shooting him. No huntsman, after he has fired, goes whanging away with stones, sticks, or brick-bats. When a man's heart is bursting full of his audience and his subject, he spends no time on words. Look at the almost inspiration of Lincoln at Gettysburg. Look at the quiet inspiration in every address or prayer in the Bible. Shoot: "I see not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking." When a man prays over five minutes at a prayer-meeting, or speaks over five, or preaches in the pulpit ordinarily over twenty, let him go home and ponder well that saying, "How long?" Twenty minutes, less rather than more. Sam Weller says "She'll wish there was more, and that's the great art of letter writing." Oh, oh, oh, when will our speakers and writers catch the spirit! We hear very few sermons where every thought could not be better put in ten minutes. Everything said after twenty-five minutes, comes on any effect already made "like a continual dropping in a very rainy day." When the squire turns round to look at the clock, it is all over with; you have said enough.—Congregationalist.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS:—Would you admit a thief to your cabinet of jewels? Would you invite a base profligate to your society? Nay, the question itself pains you. In friendship I deal frankly. Listen, then, to the statement. If you are an indiscriminate novel reader, you admit both thieves and profligates, not merely to your society, but to your most intimate companionship—yes, into the palace of your soul. Novels rob you of a higher pleasure than they afford, since the same attention to solid reading would procure you a loftier, purer pleasure, because they are thieves that would rob you of real delight. Then what are their heroes chiefly but villains, robbers, profligates, and murderers? These you take to your fellowship, listen to their language, grow interested in their adventures, and imbibe a portion of their spirit, for all this is necessarily implied in the devotion with which your tossed and excited mind follows them in the windings of their history. Can your soul be a bright mirror in which none but pure images are reflected, after such reading? Can they leave you wholly free from sympathy with impure thought? Can you escape contamination? Nay. As soon might the mirror be undimmed in the densest fog, or a person walk undefiled through an over-flowing ditch.

From the Liberator and the Liberator, 1870 by Ed. C. B. Robinson and T. J. Mann, Sunday School Union.

CONVERTED HISTORY.—The first lessons in the Old Testament were on Saul, chosen king and Samuel's address to Israel on giving up the government to Saul, the third king. After this came the defeat of the Philistines by Jonathan, the Lord's command to Saul to destroy Amalek, Saul's disobedience and rejection as king.

JANUARY 2  
SABBATH 11:00 A.M. 10:15 P.M.  
REGULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL 10:00 A.M. 11:00 A.M.

COLLEGE HAVE When he would have inherited the kingdom, he was rejected.—John 1:17  
CENTRAL METHODIST Church  
pleasure in them that turn back.

DAILY READINGS OF 1 Sam. xv. 10-23. 2 Kings. 19. 10. Luke xviii. 11-14. 2 Cor. 1:7-19. 1-4. xxv. 1-13. No. 10. 17. 28. 29. Micah. 1:19.

To the Student.—Review the lessons on Saul chosen king and Samuel's address to Israel on giving up the government to Saul, the third king. After this came the defeat of the Philistines by Jonathan, the Lord's command to Saul to destroy Amalek (chaps. 13, 15), then notice why Saul was rejected.

NOTES.—Israel a town in Judah, ten miles south east of Hebron now called Karmat. Amalek, a wandering nation or tribe in the region of Sinai, defeated by Israel under Joshua (Ex. xvii). Victorious over Israel at Hormah (Num. xiv. 45), but finally destroyed by David (1 Sam. xxx. 17). Agag the common title of the kings of Amalek as Pharaoh was of those in Egypt. (Judg. i. towns supposed to be 25 miles from Ramah. Length of Saul's Reign. Josephus and Acts xiii. 21 are commonly supposed to prove that Saul was king for 40 years. Our present copies of Josephus read, Saul reigned 40 years during Samuel's life and 22 after his death." But this would make David less than eight years old when appointed by Samuel, which is not probable. Dr. Doddridge and Hudson say the true reading of Josephus is 20 years after his death. Dr. Doddridge also thinks that Acts xiii. 21 includes 20 years of Samuel's rule, and from the battle at Mizpeh leaving only 20 years for Saul's reign. This is the time given by Dr. E. D. and other later writers also. (See Hall on Judges.)

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Text.—1. Saul's Name. (11.) Saul's Birth. (12.) Saul's Rejection.

SAUL'S SIN (11). Then, after Saul had spared Agag, came the word, the Lord sent the word (11.) repenteth me, the Lord did not change his mind, but his mode of dealing with Saul, turned back, as first Saul obeyed, he grieved Samuel's good men are pained by the sins of others, cried... Lord... all night. Samuel wept all night. (12.) a place, or a hand—that is, a moment with the figure of a hand on the top to note his victory over Amalek. (13.) I have performed only a part not fully, hence Saul told a lie (14.) bleating—lowing the sheep and often betray ed Saul. (15.) the people spared, a poor and false excuse, rest utterly destroyed, another tale told for Agag was spared, v. 9. (16.) stay, stop no more falsehoods? (17.) wast little. See 1 Sam. ix. 21. (18.) utterly destroy, Saul to spare nothing. (19.) lay upon the spoil, seize the spoil eagerly and contrast to God's command, slight of the Lord, the Lord saw Saul as though Samuel did not.

I. Questions.—What nation was Saul to destroy? Who required him to destroy Amalek? Give the chief facts in the history of Amalek. How did Saul disobey God's command? What prophet was told of Saul's sin? By whom? How did Samuel spend the night? What did Saul put up at Carmel? What falsehood did Saul tell? 13. How did Samuel expose him? What other lies did Saul tell to cover up the first one? 15. State how Samuel pointed out Saul's sin.

II. SAUL'S EXCUSE (15). Brought Agag but he was to destroy him, destroyed the Amalekites, but not wholly. See next verse. (21.) people took but he helped them over v. 9, to sacrifice poor offering when God has been disobeyed.

II. Questions.—What claim did Saul make? 19. How far had he obeyed? How far disobeyed God? Whom did he blame for his sin? What were they proposing to do with the spoils? Was this an excuse for Saul's course?

III. SAUL'S REJECTION (22). as to obeying. Obeying the Lord implied obedience to the Lord. Without an obedient heart no true offering could be made the Lord delighted first, therefore in obedience. (23.) rebellion, disobeying God, witchcraft, seeking evil spirits, and not the Lord, stubbornness, continued and willful disobedience, iniquity and sin, iniquity of idolatry—that is, sin of idolatry rejected the word, refused to obey God, rejected thee, God rejects you as King.

III. Questions.—How did Samuel answer Saul's excuse? With what feelings should a sacrifice to God be made? Why would Saul's offering be refused? Why was Saul rejected as king? For whom was he rejected? For what similar sin will the Lord reject us? Illustration.—Lying.—"Oh," thought a little girl who had told her mother a lie—"oh that I had! I must either find it and bring it to Calvary to be washed away in Jesus' blood or it will cause me to be punished forever." She rested not until she knew her sin was forgiven.



SAMUEL'S MORROW CHIEFS SAMUEL'S SUCCESSORS

CONVERTED HISTORY.—Samuel assumed Saul that God had sent the kingdom from him...

LESSON II DAVID ANOINTED KING. About B.C. 1067.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.—1 Sam. xvi. 13.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—1 Sam. xvi. 1-14. L.—Ps. lxxviii. 1-7. W.—1 Sam. xv. 1-25. 16.—2 Sam. vi. 1-11. T.—1 Sam. xv. 1-25. 16.—2 Sam. vi. 1-11.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Picture to yourself in your mind the plain, two great armies, the giant warrior of the Philistines, the offer of the lad David, the wonder of his friends, the battle, and David's victory.

NOTES.—Bethlehem ("house of bread"), a small town on a high hill six miles south of Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.—Lesson Topics.—(I) SACRIFICE AT BETHLEHEM.

SACRIFICE AT BETHLEHEM. (1) Samuel said God had made a mistake provided chosen a king.

QUESTIONS.—For what did the Lord rebuke Samuel? Why should not Samuel mourn over Saul?

SEVEN SONS REJECTED. (1) Eliah, whom God's father had chosen, was the first to appear.

QUESTIONS.—Which son did Samuel think the Lord had chosen? Why? How did he find out his mistake?

SHEPHERD-BOY CHOSEN. (1) Here all the seven had been rejected. Samuel thought there must be more.

QUESTIONS.—Why did Samuel ask for an eighth son of Jesse? Where was the youngest? What was to do with him?

SACRIFICE AT BETHLEHEM SEVEN SONS REJECTED SHEPHERD-BOY CHOSEN

CONVERTED HISTORY.—Saul became sad and troubled, in mind and his servants sought out David, a skillful player on the harp.

LESSON III DAVID AND GOLIATH. About B.C. 1062.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—1 Sam. xvii. 34-51. L.—Ps. cxviii. 1-26. W.—1 Sam. xvii. 34-51. 74.—1 Kings ii. 5-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—You do all things through Christ which strengthen us.—Phil. ii. 13.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Try to picture to yourself in your mind the plain, two great armies, the giant warrior of the Philistines...

NOTES.—Cassidy's military dress, including his sword, bow and girdle. See chap. xvii. 4. Coat of mail, a metal coat made of plates of brass overlapping each other...

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.—Lesson Topics.—(I) ISRAEL'S CHAMPION.

ISRAEL'S CHAMPION. (1) armed, or clothed in armor robe, chap. xvii. 4. (2) face, helmet, a brass cap covering the head, and sometimes the face and having holes for the eyes and mouth.

QUESTIONS.—What nation made war against upon Israel? Where? Which of Jesse's sons joined the army of Israel? Which one was sent to the army with provisions?

THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION. (1) Philistine, Goliath, shield, or "javelin."



QUESTIONS.—Describe the Philistine champion. Who was with him? How did he regard David? State his question to David.

QUESTIONS.—Describe the coat of mail. How David gained the victory. The effect on two armies. In whose name may we gain the victory over giant foes of sin now?

GOOD WORDS.

A friend from Keady, Ont., writes:—"As I have been a reader of your MESSENGER for some time, and finding it a paper of value, I have accordingly got up a club of twenty-one subscribers for the coming year."

The following letter from London, Monroe Co., Michigan, U. S., is one out of a large number of the same kind:—"You will please continue the thirty copies of the MESSENGER to my address. We do not want to be without

them in our school and our time expires this month." This is a good example to those who renew their subscriptions just a little too late.

The following is from Afr. Out:—"Each week find stamps for the MESSENGER for another year. Am very much pleased with it, find it the best and cheapest little paper in the Dominion—to my taste, at least."

OUR CALENDAR.—We enclose in every copy of this issue of the MESSENGER a copy of our DOMINION CALENDAR which this year occupies the place of the Dominion Almanac. Our readers will see that it represents the first page of the MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS on which are arranged in a circle, copies of the TRI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY WITNESS, NEW DOMINION MONTHLY and NORTHERN MESSENGER.

STILL INCREASING.—During the three months ending with November, 1875, the receipts for the MESSENGER were 390 per cent. and for the WITNESS 140 per cent. greater than the corresponding period for the year previous.

Table with 3 columns: Year, MESSENGER, WITNESS. 1875: \$1,817.53, \$7,386.36. 1874: \$412.34, \$1,911.81.

FAIR APPEARANCE.—In November, when writing the notice for the last MESSENGER in 1875, we said that its circulation had been doubled in that year, we expected it to be again doubled in 1876, and a "Big push" would do the business.

DO NOT DELAY.—We have received several letters to the effect that the readers were sorry for not renewing their subscriptions when their terms ended, but added that they had intended not to renew till they obtained other subscriptions to send with their own.

THE PRIZE.—We cannot announce the result of the prize competition ending January 7th, in this issue, although it is dated eight days after that time, as it is sent to press a month previously.

ELECTROTYPING.—Notwithstanding the very large number of 42,000 copies of the MESSENGER printed for subscribers this and last issue, the "forms" have been electrotyped, so that additional copies can be obtained if necessary by parties desiring to begin with the new year.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DRESS AND HEALTH, OR, HOW TO BE STRONG. A BOOK FOR LADIES. This handsome little book should be read by every mother who wishes her daughters to grow up strong and healthy women.

HISTORY OF THE GIBBORD CASE.

The full history of this most remarkable and interesting case has just been issued at the WITNESS Office, and is now ready for sale. Besides giving the history, leading facts and most important official documents of the case, it contains portraits and biographical sketches of those men most closely connected with it.

RELIABLE PAPERS.

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS contains a daily epitome of the world's news from the most reliable sources, besides market reports, religious intelligence, family reading, &c.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

This monthly magazine of eighty pages is issued at the price of \$1.50 per annum. It is full of interesting and instructive reading matter. Samples sent free on application to the publishers.

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