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NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 9. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE NORSEMEN.

The recent celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America lends additional interest to the memory of the bold Norse navigators who, nearly four hundred years before the birth of Columbus not only discovered America, but actually settled in Iceland and Greenland.

As early as 876, voyages were made by the Norsemen from their own rugged coast to the shores of our continent. Their visits, however, were so transient, that for many years the benefit of the discovery was lost both to themselves and the civilized world. Nevertheless, they left their impress upon civilization, and it is probable that Columbus himself must have heard of those old northern tales, told from father to son, of how Eric the Red, journeying westward many days, had planted a colony in that land beyond the sea; of how Leif, his son, inheriting his father's venturesome spirit, continued to voyage until he came to an island which he named Helluland (Flatstone Land), supposed to be Newfoundland; next, to Markland (Wood Land), supposed to be Nova Scotia; then to Vinland (Vineland), supposed to be the coast of New England, the mild country where grapes were growing, and where the hillsides were covered with flowers. It seems certain that some of the ancient Sagas were translated into French, and thence found their way into Italy, the land of culture and progress at that time. It would not be safe to say that Columbus did not pore over some of those ancient translations, whether he got his original idea from them or not. What we can be sure of, is that a "History of the Westward Voyages of Eric Sanderson" was published in Italy prior to the fifteenth century. Leaving to Columbus the merit of an original conception, we may still believe that he was encouraged in his task by a sight of some of these works.

Probably no race has contibuted more to the picturesqueness and romance of history than those magnificent old warriors of the north, the Vikings. Their undaunted bravery, their superb physical development, their love of conquest, and their brilliant daring made them both respected and feared, even by the Romans, who permitted them, for the most part, to dwell in peace in their rugged strongholds and settle undisturbed in the lands of Gaul and Britain, which were theirs by sheer force of arms.

From its earliest history, the life of this northern race was distinguished by a degree of civilization far in advance of the other nations of Europe, excepting always the Byzantine empire, which retained a meretricious refinement until the fall of Constantinople before the Turks. The Norsemen were neither savages nor barbarians, in the common acceptation of the term; their laws, customs, training, their methods of warfare by land and sea, the trappings and equipments of their ships and armies, showed remarkable intelligence and considerable technical knowledge in the arts of government and warcraft. Their early literature, the Eddas and the Sagas, is full of wild and thrilling tales of fierce battles, stormy voyages and glowing descriptions of the splendor of their dress and riding equipments, the richness of their armor, and the magnificence of their vessels. Gold was everywhere in abundance with these people; yet its use, although lavish, was marked by both taste and discretion.

But the profuse ornamentation of their war implements never detracted from their usefulness. It is only in recent years that even a fair degree of knowledge of the lives and habits of these Norsemen has been unfolded to us. We pause in astonishment before the evidences of their taste and skill, as revealed in the fine collections in the museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Bergen, Lund, and Goteborg. Their weapons and coats of mail give ample proof that they ex-

A VIKING SHIP.

celled in iron and steel working. Some of the beautifully damascened swords—to use a technical term—dating as far back as the early part of the Christian era, demonstrate that the art was practised among them long before its introduction into the rest of Europe. The remnants of clothing, beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, show their deftness in weaving. Large cups, urns, and other vessels, wrought in pure silver and gold, testify to the sumptuous taste—though our connoisseurs would doubtless regard it as at least semi-barbaric—of those early times. The proofs of their knowledge of the arts of writing and gilding, and the specimens of delicately intricate *repousse* work in iron, bronze, gold, and silver, are astonishing. Twenty centuries have not been able to tarnish the splendor of these treasures. Among other objects which awaken keen admiration, are glass vessels, exquisitely painted in patterns, unrivalled even in the museums of Italy and Russia.

If we are to credit their poems and romances, the Norsemen were noted for their muscular strength, their intrepidity, their great love of the sea, and their passion for conquest. The men were giants in stature and superbly developed. They were commonly fair-haired and blue-eyed, with massive and handsome features. The women were beautiful, strong, healthy, and virtuous. The young girls lived a retired, industrious life, employing their time in weaving, embroidery, and the cares of the household. The married women were held in great respect and esteem. The wife was the companion and helpmate of her husband, and at liberty to join in all his pursuits. In many instances, she accompanied him on hunting expeditions and on the field of battle.

The education of the male children was divided into, First, the athletic—wrestling, swimming, running, jumping, leaping, balancing, climbing, snow-shoeing, and hunting. Second, the school of the warrior, that is to say—fencing, spearing, lance or javelin throwing, archery, and shot slinging. Third, mental training—poetry, reciting of the Sagas, riddles, chess and harp playing. From his boyhood, the young Viking was schooled in every art and exercise which might develop his physical powers to the utmost and fit him for the hardships of the campaign, both offensive and defensive; and meantime, his æsthetic education was not neglected. As warriors they were always ready. It is the key to the character of the old Viking, that he was prepared alike to strike the fatal blow or avoid the weapon of the adversary, and also, generally, able to sing a history of the great deeds of Olaf, or Ordusson, or any other renowned champion—not neglecting himself, be it said—to the harp, which he might play with as much facility as he handled his blade.

The Norsemen were almost unknown to other European nations until the eighth century. Prior to that time their battles had been chiefly between the rival tribes of their own race, and neighboring peoples as well, along the shores of the Baltic, the coasts of the islands, and even as far south as lower France and Spain. With time, however, came the desire for larger possessions and wider conquests. They invaded Germany, Gaul, and Brittany. As warriors they were almost indomitable, rarely meeting with repulse or defeat. Later on, they led their victorious hosts to Spain, the Mediterranean, to Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Black Sea, Palestine, and even to Africa. They were undisputed masters of their portion of the sea for over twelve hundred years.

The situation of their country and their natural passion for the ocean led them to prefer naval warfare. Their knowledge of nautical matters was at all times far ahead of their contemporaries, and the approach of the Norse fleets struck terror to the hearts of the boldest opponents. Their vessels were of great size, considering the period, and fitted out on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. In shape they were low and cut far down amidships, rising almost to a point at the prow and stern, which were usually ornamented by huge golden dragons, or other emblematic devices, often measuring as much as twelve feet in length and three feet across. Every part of the vessel was lavishly ornamented with gold and silver traceries, wrought iron, and carved woodwork. In calm weather the vessel was propelled by oars, the larger ships requiring about thirty oarsmen. The longest of these oars, so far as is known to-day, measured twenty-six feet.

The Norsemen prided themselves on the beauty of their sails, which were woven of wool and gorgeously embroidered with mythological figures in silver and gold. They were square in shape, and usually bright-colored, often striped in blue, scarlet, and green, but sometimes entirely white. Strangely enough, many of their vessels were ironclads, and consequently able to resist the weightiest missiles of the enemy. Their battles were undertaken with the greatest care and foresight. Aside from their desperate courage, which was always an important element in the contests of those days, they managed their attacks, and, when necessary, their retreats, with consummate strategic skill. They were that compound of the soldier and sailor, which, in themselves and their descendants, has made northern Europe the controlling power of the Eastern world.

The ordinary costume of the Vikings was of wool, silk, linen, and fur. The men wore breeches reaching to the knee, a shirt of linen, a loose cloak of wool, somewhat resembling the toga of the Romans, and immense mantles lined with fur. In battle they donned coats of mail and iron helmets. Their principal weapons were huge double-bladed swords and heavy spears. Their shields were of leather, embossed with silver and gold. Every part of their costume was lavishly laden with golden ornaments.

The women of the better class wore a long, trailing robe of finest wool or silken material, richly embroidered. It was clasped at the waist by a heavy golden belt, from which was invariably suspended a small, richly embroidered bag. Their long hair, commonly fair, though sometimes dark, of which they were very proud, flowed loosely over their shoulders. Some of the married women wore a little gold embroidered cap. Ladies of the highest rank always wore a band of gold around the hair.

Not the least interesting of the objects which will make the World's Fair educational, as well as attractive, will be the perfectly appointed reproduction of a Viking vessel, in all its appointments. Not only have the best authorities been drawn upon, but an ancient ship, in excellent preservation, so far as lower works are concerned, has served as a basis for the model of the "hollow hull that swept the northern seas." After having inspected one of our modern battle ships, it requires some stretch of imagination to conceive of such a "hollow hull" as this, practically dominating the seas. Yet no nobler courage ever inspired men than that which led these sea-rovers to

——"Dominate the stormy main,—
Yet to the land beneath the northern star,
The bitter world where endless ice prevails,
* * * *
Out oars! In shields! fight for your lives, my men!
* * * *
Leave our bold Raven, as she floats amain."

This reproduction is a very picturesque, as well as faithful, representation of a Viking ship under sail. The artist, the celebrated marine painter J. L. Tyler, has worked from unquestioned authority, and the picture may be accepted as historical; while, at this special period it must possess the exceptional interest of showing in what kind of vessels the old Viking rovers sailed to the shores of "Vinland" long before the ancestors of Columbus first appear in historic record.—*Elfried de B. Gude, in Demorest.*

A WISE HORSE.

A carter who lived in a village had an old horse that had long been in his service. The carter had a large family, and the horse had become very fond of the children. When they were playing about near him, and often under his body, the horse would stand quite still, for fear he should tread on some of them. One day he was dragging a cart through a narrow lane, when he came to one of the children playing about. The child did not see the horse, and would have been run over. But the horse took it up by the clothes with his teeth, and, after carrying it a little way, placed it safely and gently on the bank by the roadside

"NOT I, BUT CHRIST!"

Translated extract from letter of a Lahore India Divinity School Student who is a candidate for Ordination.

"When I look at my own heart, I become like one dead, for I am not what I ought to be; how then can I do any good to others? I am unworthy to be God's minister. I always derive comfort from this thought, that it is God who has chosen us, not we who have chosen him. Pray that God may fulfil my desire that I may altogether die to self, and that the living Lord may so dwell in me that I may realize that (as it were) it is not I who live; that whether I am preaching to the brethren (Christians), or conversing with any people (heathen) in the villages, or going hither and thither, he who is thus preaching, conversing, or going about, is not I, but the Lord himself, that he who publishes the glad tidings is not I, but God the Holy Spirit."

GIVE THEM WORK.

The estimate of the number of boys lost to Sunday-school in the United States from the ages of twelve to twenty-one, varies in percentage in different Sunday-schools. There is loss in nearly all schools, and the saddest side of the thought is that many of the best boys are lost. Vigorous boys, boys of capacity are lured by the temptations of life, and are lost to Christ and in many cases to the country. Give them a work to do that makes them manly and develops the body as well as the mind. The captain of forty boys will be less likely to be seen in a saloon than the boy who has no ties. There is strength in unity. If the Boys' Brigade can lessen the percentage of loss, it is the movement we need to-day. Many pastors and superintendents say that it does lessen the percentage of loss. It is worth trying.—*Boys' Brigade Courier.*

A BOOK A WEEK.

"I am trying to read a book a week," said Julia Lansing. "A book a week will be fifty-two books in a year! That will be worth while to accomplish."

"Books," said Madame Confidante, "are so different. Now there are books which ought to take you three months, and there are others which you might read in a few hours. The main thing is to assimilate what one reads. After reading a book, one ought to be the better, the stronger, the wiser. My question is always, 'What will the book do for me?' Not how many I have read, or can read in a given time."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—MAY 7, 1893.

THE VALUE OF WISDOM.—Prov. 3:11-24.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."—Proverbs 3:5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 3:1-24.—The Value of Wisdom.
T. Proverbs 6:6-22.—Honest Industry.
W. Proverbs 8:1-21.—The Excellency of Wisdom.
Th. Proverbs 8:22-36.—The Eternity of Wisdom.
F. Psalm 1:1-6.—The Wise and Foolish Contrasted.
S. Psalm 119:1-16.—The Reward of Uprightness.
S. Matt. 13:44-52.—The Pearl of Great Price.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Riches and Honor. vs. 11-15.
II. Ways of Pleasantness. vs. 16-20.
III. Life to the Soul. vs. 21-24.

TIME.—About B. C. 1000; Solomon king of all Israel.

PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

11. *Despise not*—be not stoically indifferent. *Neither be weary*—be not despondent or impatient; murmur not. The Lord who chastens and corrects is our Father, and chastens us in love. 12. *Whom the Lord loveth*—the first distinct utterance of a truth that has been full of comfort to thousands. 13. *Findeth*—literally, reaches, or obtains by seeking. 15. *Rubies*—precious gems. Wisdom, true piety, is the "pearl of great price." 16. Wisdom when chosen does not come alone, but brings with her riches and priceless gifts. 18. *A tree of life*—an intensive form, meaning life in the highest sense, holy and blessed. 19. *The Lord by wisdom*—we have here the germ of the thought developed in chapter 8, the first link in the chain which connects this *wisdom* with the Divine Word of John 1:1-4. 22. *Life unto thy soul*—imparting to life that happiness, peace and security which alone render it worthy of the name.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What call did wisdom make? What did she promise to those who hearkened to her warning? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. RICHES AND HONOR. vs. 11-15.—How are we to receive affliction? Of what is correction or chastening an evidence? Why does God afflict his children? Heb. 12:11. Who is pronounced happy? Why is wisdom or true piety better than earthly riches?

II. WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS. vs. 16-20.—What blessings does true wisdom give? How do sinful causes often shorten life? How do they affect character and property? How are wisdom's ways described? What is said of wisdom in verse 18? Explain verses 19 and 20.

III. LIFE TO THE SOUL. vs. 21-24.—What counsel is given in verse 21? What do you understand by *wisdom* and *discretion*? What blessings will they secure? What is promised in verse 23? In verse 24? What does the apostle say of godliness? 1 Tim. 4:8; 6:6.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should be submissive and patient under trials.
2. Religion is more to be desired than any earthly good.
3. Without it, though we may be rich in worldly goods, we will be found poor at last.
4. We should seek this best of all possessions in the very morning of life.
5. Ask of God, and he will give you heavenly wisdom.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. *Who is pronounced happy?* Ans. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.
2. What is said of the value of wisdom? Ans. All the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
3. What blessings does she bring to those who find her? Ans. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.
4. What is said of wisdom's ways? Ans. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

LESSON VII.—MAY 14, 1893.

FRUITS OF WISDOM.—Proverbs 12:1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise."—Prov. 11:30.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 12:1-15.—Fruits of Wisdom.
T. Proverbs 12:16-28.—The Curse of Sloth.
W. Proverbs 13:1-25.—Wisdom and Folly.
Th. Proverbs 14:1-20.—The Simple Inherit Folly.
F. 1 Kings 3:5-15.—Solomon's Choice of Wisdom.
S. James 3:1-18.—The Wisdom that is from Above.
S. Rev. 3:14-22.—The Reward of Wisdom.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Fruits of Divine Favor. vs. 1-5.
II. Fruits of Honor. vs. 6-10.
III. Fruits of Righteousness. vs. 11-15.

TIME.—B.C. 1,000; Solomon king of all Israel.
PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

In each of the fifteen verses of this lesson the fruits of wisdom, as exhibited in the life and conduct of the righteous, are set in striking contrast with the fruits of folly, as shown in the life of the wicked.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Instruction*—Revised Version, "correction." *Brutish*—stupid, regardless of his own welfare. 3. *Shall not be moved*—Psalm 1:3; 15:5; Jer. 17:8. 4. *A crown*—among the Jews the crown was the sign of joy and gladness, as well as of kingly power. 5. *Thoughts*—purposes. *Are right*—Revised Version, "just;" true decisions. 6. *The words*—the expressed designs of the wicked are for evil purposes. 8. *Despised*—as opposed to commended. 9. The meaning is, he that has what is needful without mean dependence is happier and more respectable than the one who glories in his rank or birth and has nothing to eat. 10. *Tender mercies*—acts of kindness ungraciously rendered to the needy. 11. *Void of understanding*—the idler's fate is the result of indolence and want of principle. 12. *The wicked desireth*—loves the crafty acts of deception. 13, 14. While the wicked, such as liars, flatterers, etc., fall by their own words, the righteous are unhurt. Their good conduct makes friends, and God rewards them.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. FRUITS OF DIVINE FAVOR. vs. 1-5.—What are we taught in verse 1? Whom will the Lord favor? Whom will he condemn? How are the wicked and the wise contrasted in verse 3? What is said of the virtuous woman? Meaning of verse 5?

II. FRUITS OF HONOR. vs. 6-10.—What is said of the words of the wicked? Of the mouth of the upright? Meaning of verse 7? According to what shall a man be commended? Meaning of verse 9? How are the righteous and the wicked contrasted in verse 10?

III. FRUITS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. vs. 11-15.—What is promised to the industrious man? What do the wicked desire? v. 12. How do the righteous differ from the wicked? Meaning of verse 13? How shall a man be satisfied? Meaning of verse 15?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. They are truly happy that obtain the favor of the Lord.
2. The straight course of truth is safe and easy.
3. The crooked path of falsehood is difficult and tormenting.
4. It is a man's wisdom to follow an honest calling and mind his own business.
5. A good man's wise and loving words will come back to him in blessings.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom will the Lord favor? Ans. A good man obtaineth favor of the Lord; but a man of wicked devices will he condemn.
2. For what shall a man be commended? Ans. A man shall be commended according to his wisdom; but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised.
3. What is said of the wicked and the just? Ans. The wicked is snared by the transgression of his lips; but the just shall come out of trouble.
4. What is true wisdom? Ans. Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding. Job 28:28.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE BROWNIE.

Once afar in the "land o'cakes,"
Of rugged mountains and bright blue lakes,
  There dwelt a frugal and simple pair,
  Prosperous, thrifty, and full of care;
Early they slept and late they woke,
Honest and diligent farming folk;
  Plenty of bairns they had, indeed,
  Many to clothe and many to feed,
But love made labor a pleasant thing
To child and parent—and all went well
  Till in the household, one luckless spring,
  A mischievous Brownie came to dwell.

Ah, he was a wicked sprite indeed!
He scared the cattle and stole their feed,
  He fastened burs to the poor cow's tail,
  He scattered sand in the milk-maid's pail,
He lamed her three-legged milking-stool,
And down she went in a creamy pool.
  He led the moles to the planted seeds,
  He spoiled the garden with worms and weeds
He lured the sheep to the field of oats,
He tore with brambles their fleecy coats,
  He told the birds of the cherry-tree,—
  A wicked Brownie indeed was he!

He harassed kitchen as well as byre;
He quenched the coals of the housewife's fire,
  He broke her distaff, and laughed at her,
  He filled with burdocks the kitten's fur,
He burned the cakes and he scorched the broom,
He scattered the ashes about the room,
  He rusted the kettles, knives, and tins,
  He lost the needles and stole the pins,
He soured the milk and spoiled the bread,
He sprinkled crumbs in the children's bed.
  He plagued the goodman with aches and pains
  Rheumatic twinges and cruel sprains,
He took his mind from his prayers and creed,—
Ah, he was a wicked sprite indeed!
At last, when patience was worn to shreds,
A plan came into their worried heads,
  To leave forever the fated farm
  Where they had suffered such loss and harm,
To trick the Brownie, and steal away
And leave him lonesome, some pleasant day;
  And so, though sorry and sore at heart,
  They loaded waggon, and horse, and cart
With round-eyed children, and goods, and gear,
The good wife grieving, with sob and tear
  At leaving thus, for no sin or wrong,
  The dear old home she had loved so long.

When all was ready to start away,
A passing neighbor,—'twas market-day,—
  Called "Going, neighbor?" across the road;
  Just then, atop of the highest load,
Peered a moment a small brown head—
"Yes, we're flittin'!" the Brownie said!
  The couple looked in each others eyes,
  With terror, sorrow, and sore surprise,
And read there plainer than *words could say*,
"What is the use of running away?
  Little good will our moving do
  If this bad Brownie is going too!"
Then in silence did they unpack
Their household goods from the pony's back.
  And the heavy cart and the loaded wain,
  And placed them back in the house again.

And the good wife said, as she blew the coals,
  Ah, for our discontented souls!
  Wherever we go, by land or sea,
  There will our cares and trials be;
They haunt all houses, beyond a doubt,
We can't escape them by moving out!
  Whenever we seek a new abode,
  We take our Brownie atop o' the load!"

—*Elizabeth Akers, in Youth's Companion.*

AN IDEAL.

BY ANNIE M. TOOHEY.

It is the commendable aim of every sensible modern architect to arrange a roomy and convenient kitchen in houses of their construction, as it is in reality the most important portion of any dwelling place.

Excepting kitchen or bedroom, any other apartments of a house may be circumscribed in size, as they are not so dependent upon their dimensions for general utility and comfort as the former.

A capacious kitchen, affording plenty of light and ventilation, is always the pride of every good housewife. Providing good sized china and store pantries are conveniently arranged in a kitchen, the necessity of marring its walls by unsightly nails and pendant utensils is obviated.

In such cupboards there should be a special shelf for spices, teas and coffee, and all other articles requiring enclosure in jars or cans.

Articles for flavoring or medicinal use should always be sealed and set carefully aside in a reserved and well-ventilated part of a pantry, so as to prevent their evaporation or spoiling or dangerous use by incompetent persons.

No thoroughly cleanly house-wife will ever carpet her kitchen floor, as such a covering is unfit for the cooking department of any house; instead an oilcloth or a plainly oiled or painted floor that may be daily cleaned off or swept is the proper thing.

Convenient receptacles for refuse food and grease should always be arranged near by, or attached to kitchen stoves or ranges, and cleansed at least once a day, or their contents discarded, or if retained placed in suitable vessels in some cool place where their rancid odor will not have to be endured.

As home-made soaps frequently have an offensive odor, it is necessary to often ventilate vessels, towelling and rooms in which they are used for cleansing.

The walls of a tidy kitchen may be painted and hung with pretty pictures suitable for such an apartment. A plain mirror, tastefully arranged over the sink, is also a convenient acquisition in a kitchen. —*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO MAKE VIENNA BREAD.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing has earned the reputation of being the best bread maker in the United States, and her Vienna rolls cannot be excelled in their crisp, delicate perfection. Mrs. Ewing has been before the public as a teacher of cookery for thirteen years. For four years she was Professor of Domestic Economy in the Agricultural college of Iowa; for three years she was professor of Household Science in Purdue University, Indiana, and for the past seven years she has been superintendent of the Chautauqua School of Cookery. The culinary department of the Sanatorium is now under her able supervision. At Mrs. Ewing's cooking classes, held in Rochester last month, about four hundred ladies were in attendance. Mrs. Alden, in one of her "Pansy Letters" from Chautauqua calls her "the queen of the culinary art."

If the directions in the following recipe are carefully observed, beautiful light bread of a sweet nutty flavor will be the result.

RECIPE.

To each quart of lukewarm wetting add two half-ounce cakes of Fleischmann's compressed yeast (dissolved in about three tablespoonfuls of the wetting) and a level teaspoonful of salt, then stir in flour with a spoon until a dough is formed sufficiently stiff to be taken from the mixing bowl in a mass. Put this dough on the moulding board and knead well, adding flour until the dough ceases to stick to the fingers or the moulding board, then put it in a well-greased earthen bowl, brush the surface lightly with melted butter or drippings, cover with a bread towel and blanket, set to rise, and let stand at a temperature of 75 degrees for three hours.

At the end of that time form into loaves or rolls, put into greased pans, brush the surface with melted butter or drippings, and cover as before, and again set to rise, at the same temperature, for an hour, then bake.

The oven should be at a temperature of 375 degrees—or sufficiently hot to brown a spoonful of flour when put in it, in two minutes—at the time the bread is put to bake, and should be kept at the same temperature throughout the baking. Rolls will bake in 25 minutes and ordinary sized loaves in 45 or 50 minutes.

USEFUL HINTS.

The best wetting to use in making bread is water and milk in equal proportions, but water or milk alone can be used. Dough should be kept as near a temperature of 75 degrees as possible, while rising. If allowed to get too warm the bread will be coarse, dark colored and inferior generally. If too little yeast is used in making bread, the dough will require a longer time to become light, and the bread of such dough will frequently have a yeasty smell or taste, and be devoid of the fine nutty flavor good bread always possesses. When bread is taken from the oven it should be exposed to the fresh air until perfectly cold. Bread should never be wrapped in cloths or shut up in an air-tight box while warm.

The exact quantity of flour to use in bread making cannot be given, as it depends upon the quality and condition of the flour. But each quart of wetting will require from 3lb. 6 oz to 3lb. 10 oz of choice flour to make dough of the proper consistency, and the amount of dough mixed from these proportions of wetting and flour will make four medium sized loaves.—*Laws of Life.*

NEW DISHES.

(Demorest's Monthly.)

Cheese is not often recognized as anything more than a relish, while in reality it is a highly nitrogenous food. It is very nice with rice. Boil a cup of rice in a quart of slightly salted water, and when half done add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Never stir boiling rice; when it is soft, each grain should stand out whole in the mass. Have ready three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, which add to the cooked rice, with salt and pepper to taste. Toss up lightly with a fork till the cheese is thoroughly dissolved, when it is ready to serve. For serving with salads, or with tea, the following are nice.

CHEESE STRAWS.—Mix smoothly together two ounces of flour, three of grated Parmesan cheese, a *soupcon* of cayenne pepper, and a saltspoonful of salt; add the yolk of one egg, and work all into a smooth paste. Turn out on a board and roll to one eighth of an inch in thickness and five inches square. Cut some of the paste in small rings, and some in strips one eighth of an inch wide. Place both on greased sheets, and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. They should be a light brown. Put the straws through the rings, like a bundle of sticks.

A rice curry is very nice, and it is rather strange that dishes and sauces prepared with curry-powder are so seldom enjoyed in this country. A bottle of the powder costs but twenty-five cents, and by its means an appetizing change in dishes for twenty meals or more can be concocted. Boil a cup of rice till tender. Beat up two eggs with a teaspoonful of curry-powder and a saltspoonful of salt; pour over the rice, toss all lightly together, and put into a buttered baking-dish. Put a half dozen bits of butter the size of a bean on top, and bake in a hot oven.

The cooking of fish is no longer limited to a bake, boil, or fry. Infinite are the toothsome dishes prepared from "left overs," or from canned and potted fish. For cold fish line a buttered baking-dish with mashed potato. Have a cupful of minced fish freed from bones and skin, and seasoned to taste. Beat up an egg in a cupful of drawn butter, and if you have the roe,—previously boiled,—work this and the yolks of two hard boiled eggs into the butter. Put the fish and roe—with the whites of the eggs cut in rings imbedded in it—in alternate layers. Put more potato on top, with chopped parsley sprinkled over, cover, and set in a moderate oven until it smokes and bubbles. Remove the cover for a few moments, to brown, and serve in the baking-dish.

SPICED SALMON.—Take any salmon left from dinner and pick it over carefully to free it from skin and bones, and place in a deep bowl. Prepare a *marinade* as follows: One gill of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two cloves, a bit of stick cinnamon, a bay leaf, one teaspoonful of salt, and a saltspoonful of pepper. This is sufficient for one pint of fish. Put all in a covered saucepan, and set on the stove till the mixture comes to a boil, when it is ready to pour over the salmon. Cover the dish and set in a cool place.

FIG CAKE.

Very few people are successful in the making of fig cake. Just why this is so it is difficult to say, as those who are used to the making of it consider it a very easy task.

The figs should be looked over carefully, the whole ones selected and brushed thoroughly to make them clean, as they are sometimes gritty, then by the stem dip them quickly three or four times into boiling water and lay them on a towel to drain. It is well to do this the day before; if, however, it is necessary to use them immediately put a thick paper into a baking-pan, lay the figs on this and set them for five minutes in a moderately hot oven. The object of this is to dry out the water that has been put upon them and which might make the cake heavy.

Make a cake batter with two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately, and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. A little vanilla or lemon may be put in if liked. As a rule, however, the flavor of the fig is sufficient for most people.

Beat the sugar and the butter together until thoroughly mixed to a cream, add the milk and sufficient flour to make a thin batter. If it is desired to make one part of the cake white, this batter must be divided and the whites of eggs put in one part while the yolks are put in the other. For all ordinary purposes the eggs need not be put in separate portions but should be stirred in with the other ingredients. When the batter is of proper consistency, the figs sliced into very thin sections may be stirred into one-half of it. Some cooks chop the figs very fine and put them in in this way. The manner of using, however, is merely a matter of choice.

It is well to sift about a tablespoonful of corn starch over the chopped figs and mix thoroughly before adding to the batter. This is said to keep the fruit from settling.

The cake is to be baked in jelly pans making rather thick layers, and is put together with soft icing. It is well to have one layer of the portion with the figs in the middle and the plain above and below; but if a thicker cake is desired, as many layers may be added as one chooses. The whole should be thickly covered with icing. This makes a most delicious cake and one that epicures specially relish.

THE PROPER DIET FOR CHILDREN.

(Dr. Mary T. Bissell, in Harper's Bazar.)

After school is over our child comes home, and as dinner is generally the next thing upon the programme, we are naturally introduced to the subject of food for children. And here, among so many wise mothers, it is probably a work of supererogation to even hint that simplicity and regularity are the golden rules for dietetics of children, and that because we know man to be an omnivore, and therefore liable to enjoy fish, flesh, and fowl in their season, it does not necessarily follow that we should serve every known preparation of these viands to our little ones. Nor yet that because wheat flour is an excellent article of diet for the child, for the sake of its gluten and starch and sugar, and because he may eat fresh raspberries in their season, is it a necessary corollary that a combination of the two in the form of a raspberry tart will be equally nutritious and digestible.

The Spencerian doctrine that the tastes of a child should form the basis for his diet hardly seems to us practical, so long as children are not always born in what we call a state of nature, but bring along with them into this world certain hereditary tendencies, which we make more terrible by calling diatheses, and which an intelligent system of dietetics can go some distance, at all events, to correct.

Why a child who is of a nervous temperament is benefitted by a diet which contains considerable fat we do not exactly understand, nor does the presence of fat in the brain seem to be sufficient answer, but clinically we have found this to be true. So, also, should we remember that fatty foods, with a generous nitrogenous admixture, are especially desirable for children who have the tuberculous tendency, and that all influences which go to favor good digestion and appetite should be especially evoked for them; while in the dietary of our rheumatic charge we should remember to guard against too great admission of sweet or starchy articles, and not forget the favorable influence that judicious exercise has upon this disorder.

A WORD IN BEHALF OF THE KITCHEN.

The kitchen should be as neat and sweet and cheerful as any room in the house. It is well to have the wood work neatly grained and the walls painted or papered in colors to harmonize with the wood work. Have also a few pretty but inexpensive wooden chairs. Let there be at least one window shelf full of plants. There should be in every kitchen a bracket or hanging lamp. Pretty splashers of splint or other cheap material nailed back of the work-table, the stove or the sink, add much both to the beauty and neatness of a cookroom. It is very convenient to have also on the wall a housekeeper's slate and pencil, a broom and brush-holder, a match safe, a towel roller and a neat little bag—a sort of catch-all for wrapping papers, rags or any little articles to be thrown away. A few pictures on the walls add much to make the kitchen a cheerful and pleasant room.—*The Voice.*

WHAT AM I IN THE WORLD FOR.

What am I in the world for?
To eat, to drink, and to sleep?
To live the life of a rabbit?
The life of a silly sheep?
Is earth but a pleasant pasture,
Where I am to live and die,
And leave no record behind me,
To tell that my feet passed by?

What am I in the world for?
To be as a wayside flower.
Enjoying my brief existence,
Enjoying the sun and shower?
Or am I a stinging nettle,
A breaker of peace and rest,
Cut down by a stroke of judgment,
Unblessing and so unblest?

What am I in the world for?
To carry a comrade's load:
To gladden a child in sorrow,
And brighten the dreary road:
To be a star in the midnight,
Outshining amid the gloom:
An evergreen in the churchyard:
A rose on the world's great tomb.

What am I in the world for?
A finger to point to God:
To leave in the sand a footprint,
Telling where faith has trod:
To show what the Saviour wishes:
To show what His grace can do—
This is what I was born for:
Have you been born for it too?

—*Word and Work.*

BROTHER RUGG'S HEART-DISEASE.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Rugg, nothing to be alarmed about," said the doctor.

"But isn't it his heart?" anxiously inquired the little woman to whose white face her own heart seemed to have forgotten to send any color.

"Oh, no! Or rather the heart is involved a little, but only by way of sympathy. The real trouble is in his—somewhere else." He could not bring himself to say stomach. "What did he eat for dinner?"

"Veal dumplings, and I don't think they were quite as light as usual. But he is so fond of them."

"Yes, it's his stomach, you may depend upon it. Nothing at all alarming."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

Groaning Brother Rugg, lying prone on the spotless counterpane, heard every word the doctor said. The doctor intended he should. The groaning decreased.

"James, dear," said his wife, smoothing his pillow, "the doctor says you will soon be better. It isn't your heart at all."

"It feels like it," was the feeble response. But the groaning quite stopped. "It feels as if it was the valve of my heart. Sometimes it just flutters, and then seems to stop altogether."

"The heart has several valves," said the doctor dryly, "and every one of yours is as sound as a whistle. Here swallow this. I think it will help you right away. May have a few more twinges—nothing serious. If you could get an hour's sleep you would feel better."

Ten minutes afterward, Brother Rugg was sound asleep, just as the doctor had prognosticated, and then happened something that the doctor had not prognosticated at all. A second attack of that dreadful palpitation came on. He could not catch his breath. He saw his gentle little wife sitting there so calmly by the window with sewing, but he could not cry out, and his limbs were as if chained to the bed. He felt the cold drops gather on his brow. His heart gave one great bound, then all was still. Was this death?

But not for one moment did he lose consciousness—that was the singular part of it. His mental powers seemed keener than ever, even when his heart stopped beating and his useless struggle for breath was at an end. He felt darkness slowly dropping down over him. The form of his wife grew dim, and then was swallowed up altogether in it. But as it disappeared, other forms grew slowly up. One, two, three, four, five—there they stood, one at each corner of the bed and one bending over him. They shone out in their own light, mistily at first, then with sharp clearness.

"Angels, of course," thought Brother Rugg, and through his mind there floated a line or two of an old song:—

"There are angels hovering 'round
To carry my spirit home."

Somehow he did not greet them with quite the gush of enthusiasm and joy that he had thought would fill his soul when the "angels gathered 'round." He gazed at them curiously, and noticed almost with terror that the one at the side had his hand on his heart. Was his heart-disease—for he knew now it was heart-disease that had killed him in spite of the doctor—going to follow him into heaven?

Suddenly this angel withdrew his hand, saying to the others:—

"It's over now. Take him to the examining room."

The four angels at the corners of the bed laid hold of the prostrate man, swept him instantly off the bed and away. The one at his side flew before the party. Brother Rugg could see nothing but the luminous figures around him, but he felt himself going through limitless distances, away and up. His bearers uttered no word and their gleaming wings made no sound as they swept along through utter, awful stillness.

They came at last to a large room whose walls, furniture, everything, gleamed with the same soft, penetrating light. They laid Brother Rugg down on a long, narrow table, and all gathered about it. Five of them—no, six, for Brother Rugg himself joined them. How it was he did not know, but there he lay on the table, yet there he stood by the side of the table waiting with eager interest to see what next. What could be the matter with the Brother Rugg on the table that they all gazed so intently toward his heart?

Suddenly, with a deft movement, the fifth angel took the heart quite out of the body and laid it before him on the table. It did not hurt—it was hardly a surprise to the Brother Rugg looking on. The angel held a pearly rod in his hand, and with it he now gently lifted one of the little white valves.

"What does it all mean?" whispered Brother Rugg to his neighbor, an angel whose benevolent countenance seemed to invite the question.

"We are commissioned by the King to try the hearts of those who apply for admission into the city," was the soft response. "Hush!"

"This praying valve works pretty well," said the examining angel, moving it up and down. "Ah, here's a little hitch. What's the matter?"

"Can't be anything serious the matter." Brother Rugg spoke right out. "I always had family prayers, and as for the prayer-meetings I used to go whenever I—Ouch!"

For the examiner pushed a little harder, and Brother Rugg felt a sharp twitch of pain in the place where his heart used to be.

"It's connected with something wrong," said the angel. "Ah, there it goes. It has finally yielded. There, that works all right. I think that will pass."

The examiner now selected some instruments of the clearest crystal, and, turning the heart a little to one side, began a careful search for something.

"We always examine the loving valve next," whispered the neighbor angel, and all relapsed into an anxious silence.

"Oh, I hope there won't be any trouble here," exclaimed one, involuntarily, "for he that loveth not, knoweth not God."

"Atrophied! Dried up for lack of use, I fear," said the examiner.

Brother Rugg's blood ran cold in his veins. At least he felt as if it did. He leaned forward, and his eyes almost started from their sockets in his frenzied gaze.

"Surely he loved a little—his wife, his child," said another. "And all love is of God."

The examiner took a large microscope from the case, and another five minutes' search discovered the missing valve. "Ah, here it is," said he. And they drew a great breath of relief.

"It works easily—what there is of it," said he, moving it most delicately with a crystal rod.

Every time it worked back and forth Brother Rugg experienced a most delightful thrill in the cardiac region. It was the same sensation that he had felt years ago on earth when he was first converted. It all came back to him now, how his first affections had gone out to everybody, even the far away heathen; and how he had sung:—

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

"I wish it were larger," said he, half smiling, half mournful, to his neighbor.

"Ah, that's what makes heaven," was the soft answer. "That, and seeing Jesus."

The examiner now carefully selected some rods and pincers of burnished gold. "For the giving valve," whispered the neighbor into Brother Rugg's ear.

Brother Rugg fairly felt the pallor creeping up to his lips, and the sickness of deadly apprehension came over him.

The angel found the valve without any trouble. Small it was, and oh, so tightly closed. It required all the force he could exert with those strong little pincers to force it open the first time, and as he did so a cry of absolute agony burst from the lips of the pale mortal at his side. The pain was something terrible. The angels did not seem to hear him. They looked at each other with significant nods. "The root of all the trouble!" exclaimed one.

"Yes, you know the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil," replied another.

"And that was the reason of the hitch in the praying valve."

"And the smallness of the loving valve."

"What shall we do with him? He can't go in to see the King."

"No, never!"

And the very silences seem to echo it—"Never, never, never!"

"O hear me, hear me!" cried Brother Rugg in agony. "Do let me speak for myself. I did give some. I"—

The angels all turned and looked at him. Oh, such a sad look, worse than sternness!

"What did you give?" said the examiner, slowly.

"I gave ten dollars every year to the minister's salary."

"And what else?"

"I went to the sociables and suppers, and took my wife. That always cost me a dollar."

"And what to foreign missions?"

Brother Rugg was silent. He had given nothing.

"And what to home missions?"

Silence still.

"And the Bible cause? and the deaconess work?"

"Oh, I did give five dollars to that. I remember it well."

"Yes, after Sister Margaret had nursed your wife through typhoid fever—fully fifty dollars' worth of service. And all these years your income has been thousands of dollars every year from your farms and your money in the bank—thousands of dollars saved every year besides all it cost you to live."

"But I had to save for my boy," burst forth from Brother Rugg's pale lips.

"Whose ruin it is going to be," was the inexorable reply. "He is spending it now as fast as he can, while he scoffs at his father's religion. Which would have been better, to have left him nothing but a good education and the example of a godly, consistent father, or to leave him this gold that will corrode his soul and sink him down to ruin?"

"But it cannot be wrong to lay by a little for a rainy day!" Brother Rugg was desperate.

"Lay not up for yourself treasures on earth. All saving for self is covetousness, which is idolatry."

And the room was suddenly filled with phantom forms. Not bright, like the angels, but dark and sad. They filed past Brother Rugg in dreadful procession.

First came a dark-skinned group, who spoke in a foreign tongue, but he understood every word:—

"We are the heathen your money might have taught of Christ. But now we are lost—lost. We found not the light!"

Then a company of men staggered past:—

"We are the drunkards your money might have rescued. But now we are lost—lost. No drunkard shall enter heaven!"

Then weird little children floated by:—

"We were beaten and bruised in city slums. We froze and starved, and your money might have fed and clothed and rescued us."

And then, blinding, dazzling, overwhelming, with thousands of angel attendants, came One—the King Himself! And as Brother Rugg fell in awful terror at his feet the voice seemed to scorch his very soul:—

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me!"

. . . . . .

"Why, Samuel! Samuel! What is the matter? Are you worse?"

It was his wife calling him. The angels were gone, and there he lay a changed man from that hour.

His boy, Charley, thinks father must believe in Christianity, he works so hard and gives so much to spread it. Charley has begun to go to Sunday-school again. Brother Rugg supports a deaconess all the time—sends his cheque for the two hundred dollars every anniversray of the day he went to judgment, as he expresses it. His hand is open toward every good cause. He has no money in the Merchants' Bank now, but he has in Heaven's Bank. He will not leave much to Charley when he dies, but he will see the King in his beauty—not in his terror—and he will hear him say: "Come, ye blessed! Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me!"—*Lucy Rider Meyer, in The Message.*

A DAILY DUTY.

No Christian should allow a day to pass without having a quiet little talk with the Master. Just as you go to your mother, and as the twilight falls, sitting by her knee, tell her all that has occurred during the day, all your hopes, joys, fears, wants, disappointments, tell him. Just as lovingly and interestingly as she listens, will he. Oh, even more so. A mother's love pales beside his; and the love of our heavenly Father is so much greater than the protecting love of our earthly father.

He wants to hear all. He wants you to have that confidence in him, and that nearness to him. He wants to be right in your life, your all and all. Though nothing is hidden from him, yet he loves to have you tell him. He does not want to stand without, almost a stranger in your heart; there he would take up his abode, making your sorrows, joys and pleasure his. The more you commune with him the nearer he will draw to you; but if you allow the world and your own self to stand, an "earth-born cloud" to hide him from your sight, gradually you will find yourself going further away from him till at last he is not in your thoughts at all.

So, dear Christians, you who desire to grow daily in grace, determine that, no matter how busy you are, you will every day have this quiet little talk with your Lord. Remember how he loves you, and then tell him everything. Tell him about your friends and their needs, just what you want for them. In his own great needs the generous soul never forgets the needs of others. Tell him upon whose heart you would have him plentifully pour out his Spirit, and whose wandering feet you would guide into the paths of peace. Tell him, too, you want to see some of those loved ones who are far away. Don't let it stop with loved ones. Tell him about some who maybe care very little for you, that have injured you in some way, perhaps. Remember the desires of their hearts when you are talking to the Lord.

Tell him about your failings; how you are so weak just where you want to be strong. Tell him how earthly you are in all your wishes, and how you find yourself weak and false and trying to appear what you are not. He knows your faults, only he wants you to tell him about them, then he will send you strength to conquer them. He will make you all you want to be.

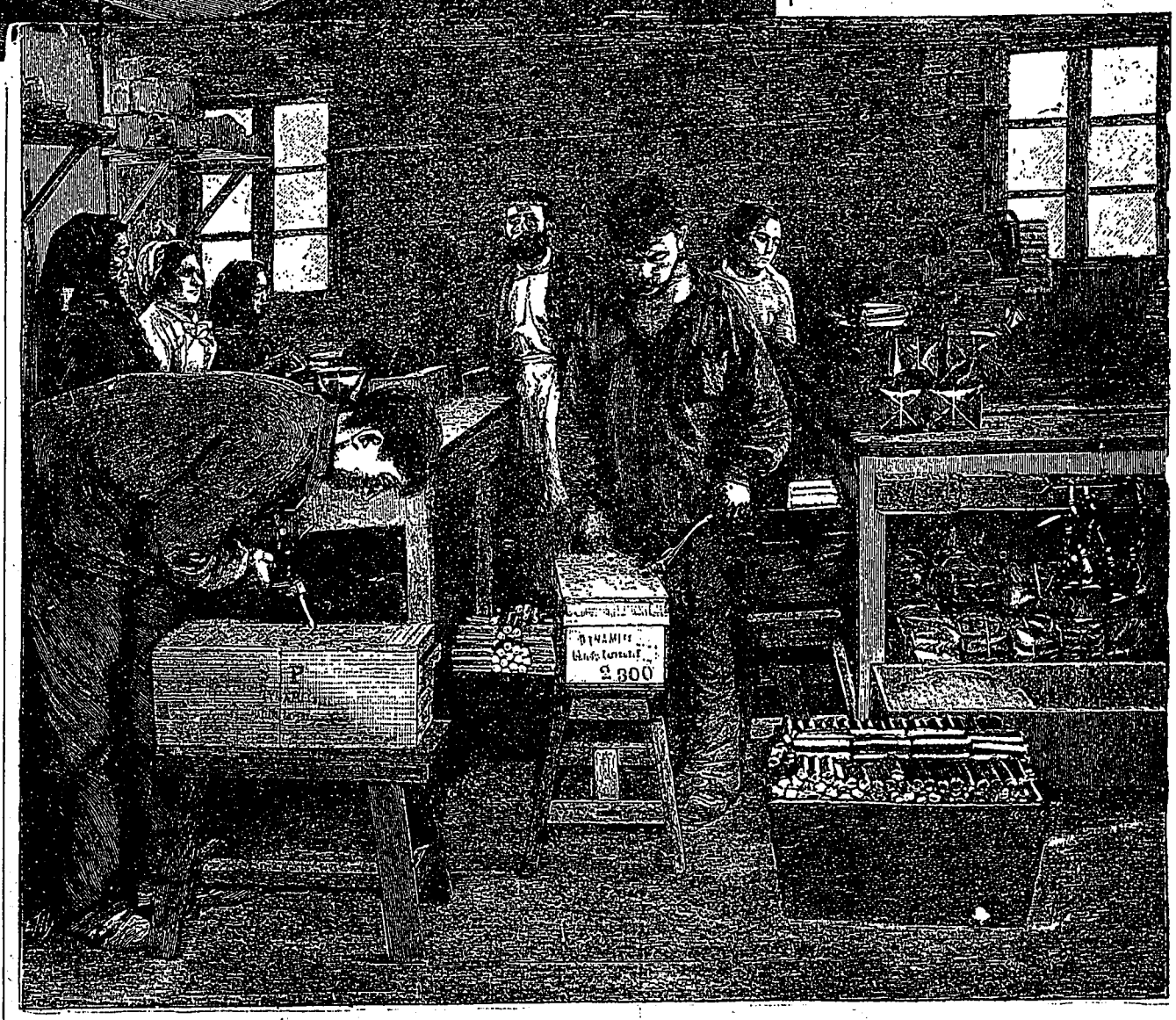
Tell him all your plans, how ardently you desire their success; tell him the disappointment it would be if they are overthrown. Tell him about your health, your finance, your need of money, maybe, or of some influential friend. Tell him of the situation you want, the education you cannot get, the home you desire, the love you crave, the companion you need. Tell him what you fear; tell him if the clouds seem to be gathering darkly, or if the sun is shining in a clear summer sky. Tell him your temptations, every peculiar little one, sure that his strength will be sufficient for you. Tell him about the work you want to do for him, and what hinders you. Yes, tell him everything, resting assured that he is as near to you as the very nearest, infinitely nearer; and that this daily communion with him will bring him every day more near to you, and you will grow more near to him as you grow in strength.—*Christian at Work.*

THE SWISS DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE FACTORY.

The manufacture of dynamite for beneficial use in mining and engineering work, as well as for military purposes, is carried on largely in almost every country of Europe. France has three notable factories —namely, at Ablon, near Honfleur, on the Seine estuary; at Paulilles, near Port-Vendres, in the south of France; and at Cugny, not far from Moret, in the Department of the Seine-et-Marne; these establishments produce yearly over twenty-five millions of dynamite cartridges. One of the earliest that were set in operation is that founded in Switzerland twenty years ago by M. Xavier Bender, at the instance of the late M. Louis Favre, the chief engineer of the St. Gothard railway tunnel, to provide the powerful instrument which modern science has invented for penetrating mountains of granite and other hard rock with a facility and economy of labor that could not have been imagined in former ages. A visit to this factory, which is situated at Isleton, at the lower end of the Isenthal, in the vicinity of Fluelen, the port on the lake of Uri so well known to many English tourists, would not be uninteresting; but the favor of admission to inspect the processes is seldom granted without a special recommendation. The mechanical operations, however, do not appear to be very complicated, and are mostly performed by Swiss women and girls with the aid of simple machines worked by hand on the tables. We have nothing here to say of the chemical composition of that variety of the explosive substance which bears the name of its Swedish inventor, Mr. Nobel, and which is employed in similar manufactures at several places in different countries of Europe, in Great Britain as well as in France, Germany, and Russia. Dynamite, as most persons are now aware, is a powder which can be made into cakes, or may be converted into a sticky paste called "explosive gum," or be enveloped in cases of paper or pasteboard or metal to form cartridges, which are commonly used in blasting rocks or mineral ores, by inserting them in the holes bored with a drill. This powder, containing a certain desiccated mixture of three liquid ingredients, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and glycerine, with a silicious granular substance, is an explosive very much stronger than gunpowder, but looks rather innocent, being of a light brownish yellow color, not unlike pale cocoa. The "explosive gum" is, we believe, a sort of paste composed of pure nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton, more highly charged with nitrate. In dealing with the former, as shown in the first of our illustrations, three women are seated at a table, upon which is the apparatus, made of bronze, worked by the vertical handle which the woman sitting on the right hand of her companions is holding; this movement causes the dynamite powder to be lifted and pushed forward out of the reservoir at the opposite side of the table, and forces it into a small cylinder, the diameter of which is that of the intended cartridge, usually from twenty-two to twenty-five millimetres, or somewhat less than an inch wide. As the compressed powder, which, being of an oily consistence, now assumes comparative solidity, issues from this tube or cylinder, in the shape of a sausage or of macaroni, it is cut by the woman on the left hand into equals length of about three inches. Each piece is then carefully taken up by the woman sitting in the middle, who wraps it in oiled cartridge-paper, which she fastens, closing both ends and covering it, to exclude wet; the tremendous little instrument is now complete.

The fabrication of the dynamite stuff itself, also performed at the Isleten factory, must be noticed only with regard to the external aspects of its apparatus and the human operators, steady and careful men, whose work might be thought terribly dangerous, but custom and strict rule give them a sense of ordinary safety. In a large upright revolving cylinder of lead, cooled by a series of surrounding cold-water pipes, the acids and the glycerine are thoroughly mixed, being admitted in due proportions by other pipes from above. The compound liquid, yellowish oily matter, is conveyed to the kneading-pans in another apartment, where two men, like the assistants of a baker or confectioner making dough for bread or pastry, with bare hands and arms work it up in a mass of some farinaceous meal, with the addition of fine silicious sand. The liquid is readily absorbed by the granular solid, which, being dried by the air at a moderate equable temperature, becomes perfect dynamite powder.—*Illustrated London News.*

FILLING CARTRIDGES WITH DYNAMITE POWDER.



PACKING THE CARTRIDGES INTO BOXES.

"PAY JOHN WILLIAMS."

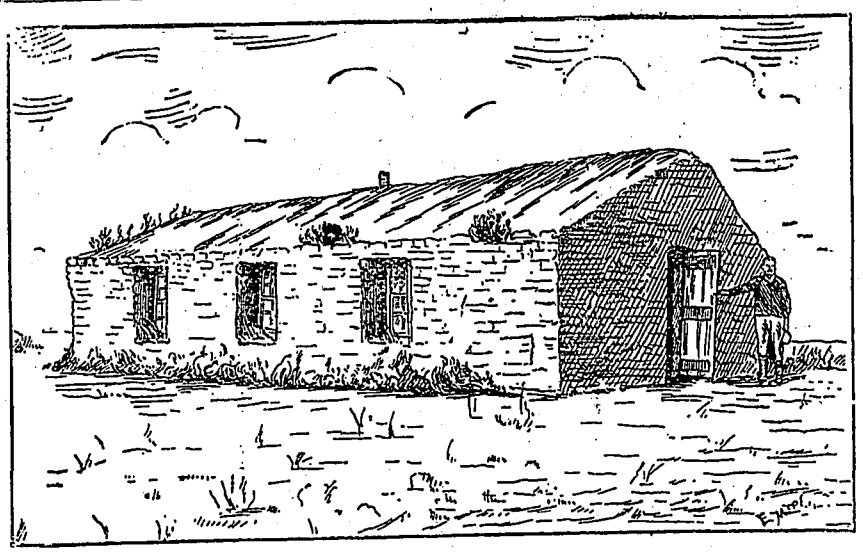
At a prayer-meeting "down East," a man noted for his failures to meet business obligations, arose to speak. The subject was: "What shall I do to be saved?" He commenced slowly to quote the words: "What shall I do to be saved?" He paused, looked around and said again, "What shall I do to be saved!" Again, with more solemn tone, he repeated, the questions of questions, when a voice from the assembly, in clear and distinct tones, replied "Go and pay John Williams for that yoke of oxen."

The incident stirs up solemn thought. A great many people before they can be saved, or guide others to the Saviour, will have to "go and pay John Williams" the money they honestly owe him. Shrewd tricksters in the marts of the world are not shrewd enough to be dishonest at heart and retain the favor of God, who, "loves purity in the inward parts." Neither can a hope of the world to come be like a sheet-anchor in the soul of any one who robs God by being dishonest to his fellow-men.

Thousand read no other Bible than the lives of those who profess to be following its precepts in their daily lives. The greatest need of the Church is true, pure, upright living—"living epistles, known and read of all men." The square man is the best shape. The tree is known by its fruit. "Go and pay John Williams."—*Morning Star.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

Under the sleet,
With its angry beat,
God is keeping the planted wheat,
Under the snow,
When the wild winds blow,
God is making the world's bread grow.



A QUEER OLD CHURCH.

This picture of the Sod Church says the *Christian Intelligencer*, shows the House of Worship of the Van Raalte Congregation in South Dakota, which they have occupied since their organization. It is the last of the sod churches belonging to the Reformed Church, and it about to be replaced by a frame building. It was built by the congregation with their own hands. It has served a good purpose, and will long be remembered by a little company of devout worshippers as having been to them many times "the house of God and the gate of heaven."

THE ALL-ROUND BOY

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

There are many ways of learning a thing. You want to know how many pints there may be in a quart. There are the "tables of weights and measures" in the arithmetic, snd you can read and remember that "two pints make one quart." And when you repeat it correctly, and go to the head of the class, you may not be able to prove it, or even be able to remember it for more than a week. That is one way to learn. There is another and a far better way now used in many schools. You borrow a pint measure and a quart measure, and then fill the pint measure with water and pour it into the quart. The big measure is not full. It will hold more. Fill the pint measure again, and add it to the water in the quart measure. Two, as plain as can be, and not a drop to spare. Two pints are equal to one quart; in other words, one quart measure will hold twice as much as one pint. So it seems there are two ways of learning the "tables."

There are many young folks who think going to school a dull business. How much better it would be if school kept out-of-doors, and the teacher was a good stroke oar, and knew how to get up sail and steer in a stiff breeze, and other clever things like that! School would be vacation all the year round, and every one would be at the head of the class.

If you took the cars on Sixth Avenue in New York and went uptown, you would find a school on West Fifty-Fourth street, that is much like this—a school where the boys and girls learn the "tables" by using real pints and quarts, foot-rulers and yard-sticks, and where the teachers can do more clever things than steering a boat or landing a pickerel. It is a play-school where a jack-knife is as good as a book, and where the scholars write exercises in their writing-books, and then turn the lessons into real things they can carry home in their pockets.

Suppose you were a small man or a little woman, and you were so lucky as to go to this school on West Fifty-Fourth street. Being very young, you would enter the handsome school-house, that seemed to look more like a large house where pleasant people may live, and go to the Kindergarten. Everybody knows that would not be going to school at all. Such very little folks only play in the Kindergarten. They do indeed. It is play, but somehow, when they have played every day for a year or more, these little fellows can tell you many things that "grown-ups" never learned.

Being too old for Kindergarten, you go to the next older classes. There is for the first hour nothing wonderful. Lessons to learn, just as in any school. Arithmetic, perhaps. The book says that "four and two make six," and that "four times one is four." You commit these things to memory from the book, and can say them correctly. Suddenly study stops, and the whole class troops upstairs in a procession to another room. Such a strange school! In place of desks there are tables, and instead of books there are a pencil, a ruler, some pieces of brown paper, a knife, a square, and a lump of white clay. You take the pencil and paper, and the teacher says every one is to make a dot on one corner of the sheet. Then another dot on the opposite corner. Now join the dots with a straight line with the pencil and ruler. Why, this is not school. It's play. On the lesson goes, and pretty soon a square figure is made on the paper. How many lines are there? Four, one on each side. How much is four times one? Why, how plain that is! The four-sided figure is made of one line on each side, and there are just four. Now for the lump of clay and the knife. Set up the drawing on the desk and copy it with the knife on the clay. Then cut the clay away outside of the lines. Why, that makes a solid square. Let us count the sides. There are four—one on each side—and there is the top and the bottom. Four and two are six. Count them. Yes, just six. Why, this is the lesson from the book.

You may be older still, and go to the class-room to study grammar and history and other matters. Not more than ninety minutes over the books, and then comes work in the shop. More pencil and paper, for, of all things, drawing is the most important. The drawing lesson over, there is wet clay to be fashioned into the shapes we have been drawing. So the school day goes on, books and tools, writing lessons and drawing lessons, study, and then beautiful work in clay, copying lovely figures of animals.

Here is a portrait of a boy in this school. He began, perhaps, in the Kindergarten and worked up to this high class in clay. He has drawn a big apron over his school suit, and stands with a lump of soft clay in his hand studying the small figure of a lion on the table. Before him on the bench is the larger figure he is building up in clay as a copy of the smaller figure. Behind him in the book-case are the lessons in real things he and other boys have made in other classes. The lion he is making shows he is a splendid workman. Already the head is well shaped out, and one big paw is nearly finished. At the same time, we may be sure that the boy is well advanced in the things you learn from books.

Are there no girls? Many girls in every class, but when they reach a certain stage in the work-shop studies they take up needle-work, as befits a girl, and make designs from flowers and embroider them in silk, or learn to cut and make their own dresses. The older boys go on to other studies, and use lathes, scroll-saws, and the file and hammer in wood and metal work, and will graduate at last with high honors, and make a model steam-engine as a graduating exercise.

In all the studies of this school, books and tools go together. There are lessons to be committed to memory, and things to be made at the work bench. Everywhere work and reading, writing and drawing, from the youngest Kindergartener to the graduates who write reports on the skeletons of birds and fishes, read essays in history, and perform experiments in chemistry. It would seem to you a play-school. It is really a work-school, and everybody knows that work is only pleasure if you know why you work, and that lessons from a book are never dull if the same lesson is afterward done over again with a knife or a scroll-saw.

This school is called "the working-man's school," yet we must not make the mistake of thinking that the boys and girls who come out of the school will be only working-men. This is not the plan. The school is meant to make "all-round boys." An "all-round boy" is one who can work with his hands as well as with his head, a boy who knows something of many things, and who can do many things—draw as well as write, turn wood or file iron as well as parse a sentence. An "all-round girl" is one who knows how to draw from nature, darn a stocking, and make a pie, as well as write a fair hand, or do aught that any girl can do who has graduated with honors from the grammar school.

[For the *Messenger*.

WHAT GRANDMOTHERS ARE GOOD FOR.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

Alice Maud May sat on the bed, buttoning her shoes, and watching Cousin Eunice, who was taking gowns from the wardrobe and ribbons from the table drawers, and packing them in a big trunk. Alice had greatly enjoyed the past month, during which she and cousin Eunice had roomed together in the pretty spare chamber. She had loved to watch the young lady crimp her hair with hair pins, and plait soft full frills in the necks of her gowns. She had loved to hear Eunice's nice stories of little girls "way off," while the kind cousin brushed out the snarls in the mop of yellow hair, which so sadly tried mother's patience.

"I'm sorry, sorry you're going way off to your house to-day," said Alice, twisting off a button, "I'll be lonesome to death! I'm goin' to sleep up here just the same though; mother said so."

"O now that your grandmother has come to live so near you, you must have good times visiting her, and then you'll not be lonesome," said Eunice pleasantly.

"What in the world are grandmothers good for? I just wish you'd tell me!" suddenly cried Alice, pointing her buttoner at Eunice.

"I know what mine used to be good for when I was a tot like you," said Eunice laughing, "To give me big blue cups full of Indian pudding and milk when I went to see her, and pretty squares of star patch-work for the quilt I was making, and dear little printed pats of butter, and blueberry saucer pies for my very own!"

"O lov-er-ly!" cried Alice, with eyes that shone, then dulled again, "but I guess grandmothers now are just good to tell little girls to keep still 'n sew ole blocks that make their needles get sticky! That's what mine does to me; 'n I mos' wish she hadn't come to live up in that house." Alice nodded toward the north-western corner of the bedroom.

"But you told me she gave you some caraway cake, and a red cotton ball to sew dolls' clothes with, and a piece of cotton for a cradle sheet?"

"Ye-es," admitted Alice, "but I lost the ball, 'n the colt chewed the sheet all up, 'n I do hate to sit still, 'n—Dilly Bliss was here day b'fore yes'day, 'n she said grandmothers was just made to bother little girls, cause her's made her sit awful still 'n wouldn't let her ask her mother what she wanted to."

"Why, Alice! Dilly Bliss is a very noisy girl; and she's always teasing her mother for something. Her grandmother tries to teach her to do what is right. You must love your grandmother, Allie, and have good times with her," said Eunice, as she left the room.

"I don' know!" sighed the child as she finished dressing for breakfast.

"How quiet it will be to-morrow morning with you away, and your uncle gone up river, hay-making!" said Mrs. May when Eunice came into the dining-room. And it surely did seem very quiet and strange to little Alice when she awoke next morning to find herself alone in the chamber. It was very early, the sun was just peeping in through the long white curtain. There were no bows nor collars lying on the dressing table, and fine gowns hanging over chairs. Cousin Eunice was not standing before the big glass, making frizzes. The wind blew through the entry, making the bedroom door creak a little, which sounded dreadful to Alice.

"I'll go right down stairs 'n find mother," she said, jumping out of bed and trotting swiftly down the back stairs to mother's bed room. There was no mother there, nor yet in the quiet dining-room. Alice peeped into the dark parlor—no mother there. Then the little bare feet pattered out into the kitchen; but there was nothing to show that anybody had been in it since the night before. The cook stove held no fire and no kettle of porridge.

"Everybody's just gone 'n runned away 'n we'll never have a bit of breatfast!"

Alice's tears were dropping by this time and she looked very woe-begone.

"O I know just what I'll do!" she cried suddenly brightening, "I'll go up to grandmother's 'n find her. Mos' likely she's so glad grandmother's come, 't she's gone up to see her real early 'thout waitin' for breatfast."

Alice lifted the back door latch and ran out into the narrow, dewy path leading between high walls of timothy clover, and ox-eyed daisies, up to Grandmother May's. She thought not of the six yellow and white kitties in the wood-shed loft, nor the sleek red bossy in the barn. She heeded not the ba-a-a of the few sheep in the pen, nor thought of her bare feet and night gown trailing through the wet grass; she must hurry on to grandmother's to find mother.

"Maybe she's just runned away, 'n then I'll have to live with grandmother 'n sit still all the time?" said the little girl as she swung open the big gate leading into the door yard. Her lip quivered and some more tears dropped.

"What in the world!" said Grandfather May, who was pulling the sweep down at the deep well when he saw the forlorn little figure running up the broad gray plank to the back door. She stood on tip toe to lift the big brass latch, and rushed into the kitchen, where black Hannah was frying griddle cakes for breakfast.

"Massy sakes! Alice Mod!" cried Hannah, throwing up her hands as Alice ran past her into grandmother's bed room

"Grandmother May, where's my mother? She's just lost!" cried a pitiful voice which made somebody turn from the great brass framed bureau glass where she was tying a full bordered cap under her fat chin.

"Why, Alice Maudy! you're all wet and cold, poor little creetur! Jump right into my bed 'n get warm."

Grandmother tucked the clothes around the shivering bedraggled little maiden, and stroked the snarly hair above the flushed, tearful face.

"She's gone, grandmother! The 'aint nobody home a tall 'n I b'lieve I'll have to live 'long o' you, 'f you'll let me," said Alice snuggling down among the warm bed-clothes.

"So you may, dear, if you like; but I see your mother's sun bonnet coming up the path; so I think she's found, and will want her little girl," said grandmother, smiling. "I suppose she was out milking the cow, as your father is away. You didn't look round the barn to find her, did you?"

"Well! I never did think!" exclaimed Alice with a merry laugh.

"O fie! what a naughty girl to run away here in your night gown and bare feet!" said Mrs. May when she came. "I was just going to the house with the milk pail when I saw you going up the path. Now, we must go right home."

"O no!" said dear old grandmother, bringing a flannel sacque from her clothes-press. "Alice may put on this jacket and a pair of my stockings, and you shall both stay for breakfast and have some of Hannah's nice buckwheat cakes."

"I think you're just the beautifulest grandmother that ever was made!" cried happy Alice, as she sat between her grandparents at the table in the cheerful breakfast room.

"I'm sorry I ran off 'n gave you a trouble, mother," said she on her way home, "'n I just wish you'd write 'n tell Eunice 't I've found out that grandmothers are good to love 'n help little girls, 'n let 'em stay to breatfast, when they're all cold 'n wet, cause they've run through the wet grass huntin' for their mothers!"

VICTORY.—*From Painting by R. Peacock.*

VICTORY!

There never was a battle won
But was a battle lost;
And the wild shouts at set of sun
By loneliest cries are crossed;
The widow wailing for her dead,
That will not soon be comforted.

For when the city's sack is come
The spoils and victors' are;
But oh, and woe for them at home
That hear the noise afar!
And bar the door, while shield and sword
They take against the invading horde!

Bravely he fought for wife and son,
And for his own hearthstone;
But now his fighting is all done,
All lost that was his own;
And while his strong limbs pinioned are,
Still his undaunted eyes look war.

He sees his desecrated hearth,
His altars slashed with steel,
Before the victor of the North
His little dear one kneel,
Praying his life; his lips grow pale,
Though death nor fear could make him quail.

"Mercy!" the victor cries, and lays
A great hand on her head.
But for her sake her lord would pray,
Torture and death instead.
Bitter is battle's loss and gain
For heathen or for Christian men.

The holiest battle ever was
Was ended on a tree.
Oh, sad King dying on the cross!
Oh, mournful victory!—
Whereof the slain were death and sin—
When will the reign of love begin?

—*Katharine Tynan, in Sunday at Home.*

HELEN'S HOME-MISSION.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Dear me! what a satisfaction it is to know that that box is really off at last. I do love this missionary work, but it is a great responsibility to be at the head of it all, and to have to see that everything is done just as it should be and at the proper time. I feel that now I can take time for a long breath;" and Helen tossed her hat on the sofa, and sinking into an easy-chair, folded her hands behind her head with a long-drawn sigh and an expression of deep contentment on her pretty face, an expression which changed utterly, however, as she answered, almost fretfully, in response to a call.

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Got a pair of socks for me, Nell?"

"Why I put a pair in your room last night."

"Yes, I know; but I got them wet, soaking wet, and want another pair. You keep a fellow on awfully short commons, Nell; kind of a widow's cruise method; only I am apt to find myself with quite nothing."

"You needn't trouble yourself to be facetious; I will darn you another pair as soon as I can;" and the tone of the voice added quite unmistakably, "You careless troublesome boy!"

A low whistle was the only response to this, a whistle which died away in a stifled sigh. Little Miss Brant, the village dressmaker, sewing in the window, gave her thread a sudden twitch which caused it to snap short off, and Helen, happening to glance in her direction at that moment, caught an expression on the usually meek and gentle countenance which caused her to ask with interest, "What are you thinking of, Miss Betsy?"

Miss Betsy looked up in surprise, for she had no idea that her face had betrayed her; but as Helen said with a little laugh, "You look as though you were perfectly aching to say something," she answered, looking the girl in the eyes,

"Helen Dare, do you really want to know what I was thinking?"

"Why, yes, of course," answered Helen surprised at her earnestnsss.

"Well, then, I'll tell you, for I have known you, baby and girl, all your life, and your mother before you, and I needn't tell you that I set a lot of store by you; it's just because I'm so fond of you that I can't sit by and see you unfaithful over the 'few things' that the good Lord has given you to do, while at the same time you're striving after the 'many.' Here you are straining and working over missions, while all the while you are neglecting a sacred mission that the Lord's put ready to your very hand; it just puts me clean out of patience with you! But there, I needn't to be so hard on you; you're young, and as likely as not you don't realize a mite what you're doing."

The color rose to Helen's face and an angry sparkle to her eyes, but recalling that she had invited the criticism, she only said, "Perhaps it might help me to 'realize' if I knew what you're talking about. What mission is it that I am neglecting?"

"True enough, I didn't mention it. Well then, Helen, it is your brother Tom!"

"Tom!" cried Helen, then added after a moment, "I don't think that he would care to hear you say that."

"He needn't object, though there's no call that he should hear it, but all the same it's true. Now don't you go to supposing that I'm calling Tom a heathen, Helen; a heathen and a mission are two very different things. I've been here most two weeks now, helping you, and not being blind I can't help seeing things. I, for one, don't hold that a boy must spend every minute of his time at home; boys like change, and it isn't a bit of harm for them to go out evenings now and then if they go to the right sort of places. But I do hold that it isn't natural that a boy of sixteen should go out every night, as Tom almost always does, and as I don't believe he would if things were different at home. Let me tell you how it was last night, for instance. He came in here after supper and lay down on the lounge. 'Come, Nell,' he said, 'play a fellow a tune.'

"You were busy finishing up some things for that box, and you just glanced up—not exactly cross, but mighty near to it—and said, 'I will by-and-by, after I have done this.' But you didn't; perhaps you forgot all about it, and perhaps Tom did, for he didn't say any more, and presently got up and went out. Now I don't mean to say for sure that he would have spent the evening at home if you had played for him, but he might; and I don't mean to say that he went where he had no business to go; but it does stand to reason that there's danger of it, and that he would be better off in his own home some nights of the week. Of course I know it's his duty to keep straight, but it ai'nt quite so easy for a boy as for a girl, Helen; and there is such a thing as making it easier.

"Then it's awful pitiful to me to see a man's clothes neglected. They're so helpless! Just suppose you had to depend upon some one for every button or pair of stockings you wanted; do you think you would be as good-natured about it as he is, if you were kept as close as you often keep Tom?

"Now I don't want you to understand that I'm saying that you ought to give up your interest in missions; I'm the last one for that. There's a way of doing the one and not leaving the other undone, if you'll only take the trouble to find it; but unless you want to make them a stumbling-block in Tom's way, you must find it. Do you think that he's being drawn to such things through any influence of yours? You thought it was very strange the other day when he didn't take much interest in your plans to get that box ready; and you said, real severe-like, that you should think that he would be glad to help in such a work once in a while. But I wasn't a bit astonished, for you'd refused him six different things that he asked you to do within a few days, on account of that very box; and it wasn't a mite of wonder that he was tired of the sound of the word. Yes," as Helen opened her mouth to protest, "for I counted them. Now you saw a good reason each time, but Tom, boy-like, couldn't understand, and you didn't take the trouble to explain.

"I know all this sounds kind of hard, Helen, and if your mother'd been spared to you I wouldn't have had any call to say it; but for her sake as well as yours it just seemed laid on me to speak. Tom's as good-hearted a boy as ever lived, and easy to influence if you go at him the right way. You'd feel dreadful bad if he went astray, and you had it to look back upon that you neglected any thing that you might have done for him. I'm real sorry to hurt you, but you're a just girl, Helen, and won't lay up against me what is meant for your good."

That Helen was a "just girl" was proved by the fact that a few moments later she looked up from the socks which she had folded neatly, and said, as she rose up to carry them to Tom, "You did make me cross, Miss Betsy; it's horrid to hear such things about one's self, and worse still to be obliged to confess that they're true. I'm not quite calmed down even yet, but by-and-by may be I'll come back and thank you."

And she did, heartily and humbly.

When Helen went to her own room after giving Tom his socks—with a smile that warmed his heart and drove away all memory of her short reply—she found on her table a great sweet bunch of trailing arbutus. "So that is the cause of the wet socks!" she said to herself with her eyes full of tears of self-reproach.

Helen did not give up her mission work; she found the way that Miss Betsy had told her it was possible to find; and what is more, she managed so that, to his own surprise, Tom grew almost as interested as she herself, and proved a splendid ally at "box-sending time," as he came to call it.

—*American Messenger.*

INEXPRESSIBLY SAD.

A casket containing the body of a maiden of seventeen years was carried over the doorstep of a mansion a few weeks ago and conveyed to the cemetery. The distance was short, and all who had filled the spacious house, whose inmates now number but two—for she was an only child—walked slowly and sadly after the carriages which contained the relatives. From the gate the casket was borne by six young men to the side of the open grave, where it was reverently placed.

It was the saddest of funerals; she was the most blithesome of girls, and as brilliant as gay. She had been ill four days, and delirious from the first seizure till within three hours of death, when she became unconscious. The hymn, the prayer, even the benediction, were all mournful as the sound of winds on dark nights at sea. The people stood silent while the grave was slowly filled, and then turned to pass away.

Suddenly the teacher of her whose body had been lowered into the damp earth broke forth into almost hysterical weeping. The pastor, perceiving her grief, went at once to her home to comfort her. "Why," said he, "did you manifest such unusual sorrow?"

She answered, "A month ago I felt impressed to speak to her of her soul and of her duty to her Saviour; but I postponed it, and now she is gone!"

Then turning to the pastor, she said, "I hope you had spoken to her." He was silent, and after a while said, "I, too, must confess my sin. When I saw how thoughtless she was becoming, how much more interested in frivolous things, I also was impressed to speak to her of the things of the Spirit; but I postponed it, and she is gone." They prayed together for forgiveness.

Taking leave of her, he went at once to the house of mourning. There he tenderly asked the parents if they had ever conversed with her about yielding her heart to God. The answer was: "On her last birthday we remembered that she was not in the kingdom, and said we must speak to her; but other things came up and we neglected it, and now she is gone!"

Yes, gone to witness against her parents, her pastor, and her teacher!—*Christian Advocate.*

THE DIME NOVEL.

A few years ago the engineer of a passenger train running down a steep grade saw on the track before him a great log, so placed that it could not have fallen there accidentally. The train was wrecked, two men killed, several persons injured, and much property destroyed. A boy stretched out on a rail fence near by was suspected, arrested, and finally confessed his crime.

"What induced you to do it?" asked the horrified official.

"I had read of trains being wrecked," the boyish criminal replied, "and I wanted to see how it would look."

Last month a youth of nineteen was arraigned before the bar of Ohio for murder. His guilt was overwhelmingly evident. The judge in sentencing him to be hanged said pityingly and warningly, "You have had more moral and religious training than commonly falls to the lot of youth. You have attended Sunday-school, and are a member of the church. Even such strongholds have been broken down by the battery of sensational and villanous literature in which you have steeped yourself, and to which your crime is distinctly traceable."

Two little girls were missed one evening from their happy home. An anxious search for them was begun, which ended in the city police office, where, fortunately, the two misguided children had been carried. The children had been reading a "girls' story paper" for some months, and their young heads had been turned by the romantic nonsense found there. "We were going to be nurses like the Little Lady Hildegar," they sobbed, as they joyfully clasped their arms about their father's neck.

Many another such story might be told, where rosy, bright-eyed boys, and beautiful, innocent girls have become wrecked for life through the perusal of the criminal columns in the newspapers which their fathers have brought into the house; by the reading of story papers stealthily passed about at school, and dime novels flaunting from the windows where money is gained at the expense of the soul.—*Youth's Companion.*

BE CHEERY.

The way is weary,
The day is dreary;
Still, still be cheery—
All bravely face!

This life thou'rt spending
Will have an ending;
Meanwhile, God's lending
All needed grace.

Rev. C. A. S. Dwight, in Observer.

MOTHER'S GOOD-BY.

Sit down by the side of your mother, my boy;
You have only a moment, I know,
But stay till I give you my parting advice—
'Tis all that I have to bestow.

You leave us to seek for employment, my boy;
By the world you have yet to be tried;
But in all the temptations and struggles you meet
May your heart in the Saviour confide.

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
O! forsake not the way of salvation, my boy,
That you learned from your mother at home.

You'll find in your satchel a Bible, my boy;
'Tis the book of all others the best:
It will teach you to live, it will help you to die,
And lead to the gates of the blest.

I gave you to God, in your cradle, my boy;
I have taught you the best that I knew;
And as long as his mercy permits me to live,
I shall never cease praying for you.

Your father is coming to bid you good-by,;
O! how lonely and sad we shall be;
But when far from the scenes of your childhood and youth,
You'll think of your father and me.

I want you to feel ev'ry word that I've said,
For it came from the depths of my love;
And, my boy, if we never behold you on earth.
Will you promise to meet us above?

—*Anon.*

THE LOST INDIAN.

BY THE REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

The following beautiful story deserves a place among the great number of real answers to prayer. Still does the Lord God say to his followers: "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

Our Indian converts believe in God. With a simple, childlike faith, they take Him at his word. One of our Indians at his baptism received the English name of Edmund Stephenson. He was an earnest yet simple Christian. His religion made him industrious, and so by his diligent hunting and fishing he comfortably provided for his wife and two little ones.

One evening about the middle of last October he left his family at his little home at Norway House, and started up a rapid river to visit some of his relatives who lived several miles away. In those high latitudes the cold winter sets in very early, and so already the river was covered with ice. To make the trip more quickly he fastened on his skates, and when last seen he was rapidly speeding away on his trip in the evening twilight.

As he did not return the next day, as he had promised his family, they became alarmed, and an Indian messenger was sent to inquire the reason. To his surprise, he was informed by the friends that Edmund had not visited them, and they knew not of his whereabouts. When these tidings were carried home, there was great alarm and a search party was quickly organized. From the point where Edmund was last seen alive, they carefully examined the ice as they hurried along, and after a little time discovered the most conclusive evidence that the poor man was drowned. Over a part of the river where the current is very rapid, they discovered that the ice had been broken through, and although now again firmly frozen over, yet in the congealed mass they discovered one of his deerskin gloves, a button of his coat, and other evidences that here he had fallen through the ice, and had made a most desperate effort to escape.

As it was nearly dark when the searchers made these discoveries as to the place and manner of his death, they were obliged with this to be satisfied, and to postpone the search for the body until the next day.

Early the next morning they diligently set to work. As much snow had fallen during the previous evening they were very much hampered in their efforts, and although a large number of men, with snow shovel, axes and grappling-irons, diligently sought in many places for the remains, several days passed by, and they were still unsuccessful in their efforts.

Among the searchers were some Indians who still believed in the skill and supernatural powers of the conjurers, or medicine-men. These having become discouraged in their efforts, resolved to consult one of these old men, and so they said: "Let us go and consult old Kwaskacarp, and get him to conjure for us and tell us where to find the body."

The Christian Indians protested against this, and tried to dissuade them from their purpose. But they would not listen to them, being so discouraged in their efforts. So they carried a gift of tea and tobacco to the conjurer, and told him of the object of their coming. In response to their wishes, and in return for their gifts, he took his sacred drum and medicine bag into his tent and noisily drummed away until he worked himself up into a kind of frenzy of delirium, and then he told them where they were to cut the ice and drag for the body of their dead comrade.

When the Christian Indians heard that these others had thus gone to the conjurer for help they were very much grieved. One especially was very much distressed in spirit. He is a grand old man, by the name of Thomas Mustagan. While feeling deeply the loss of Edmund, he was very much hurt when the news reached him that some of the searchers, instead of going to God in their perplexity and trouble, had, like poor old King Saul, resorted to such disreputable agencies.

No sooner had he received the news of their conduct than he resolved to adopt a very different course. Getting his wife to cook a quantity of food, he carried it with some kettles and tea over to a spot on the shore near to the place in the river where the men were now diligently searching for the body.

Clearing away the snow, he made a fire, and then, when the tea was prepared, he called the hungry and almost discouraged men around him and made them eat his food and drink his tea. Then he talked to them of the one living and true God, and of his power to hear and answer prayer. He then spoke of the foolishness and wickedness of the conduct of those who, having heard about him, had gone and consulted the wicked old conjurer.

"Let us go to that God about whom we have been taught by our missionaries. He is the one to help us in our trouble." Thus he talked with them. Then with them all around him, he kneeled down in the snow, and earnestly and reverently asked God to hear and help them in their sorrow and perplexity. He prayed that wisdom might be given them, so that they might find the body of their dear friend that was lying somewhere in that cold river, that they might take it up and bury it in their little village graveyard. And very earnestly did he ask God to comfort the poor sorrowing widow and the little helpless children. Thus did this venerable old Indian, of over four score winters, with believing faith call upon God.

When they rose from their knees he said: "Now trusting in God to answer us, let us go to work."

As much snow had fallen on the ice, they had to first scrape it away, and then use their judgment where, over the rapid waters, to cut through the ice and drag for the body. Although Thomas was such an aged man, he now seemed the most alert and active man in the party. By common consent he was given charge of the party of Christian Indians, who now all diligently worked under his direction. As fast as the snow was scraped away from the ice he carefully scanned every part of it.

In the meantime the old conjurer, Kwaskacarp, in a confident voice told his followers that he had conjured, and the answer was that they were to cut the ice in a certain designated place.

Paying no attention to him and his party, the Christian Indians worked away, and as fast as the ice was cleared of snow Thomas looked through it as well as he could.

All at once he quickly rose up from a spot of semi-transparent ice which he had been carefully examining. Calling to the men with the axes and ice-chisels he said, "Try here." Soon they had a large hole cut through the ice, the grappling-irons were speedily brought into use, and there the body was found and quickly brought to the surface, although it was hundreds of yards from the place where the conjurer had directed his followers to look for it.

Thomas, while intently searching through the ice, had seen on the under surface at that place a quantity of air bubbles. The thought came to him that here the body had rested, and the last air from the lungs had escaped, and formed these bubbles. He asked for wisdom and help, and he obtained it, and in less than an hour after these pious Indians had been on their knees in earnest prayer in the snow, the body of their comrade was being borne away to his home, and from thence to its final resting place in the "God's Acre" of the little Christian village.—*Christian.*

THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, says: "For many years my attention has been called to the insidious but positive destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. Tobacco manufacturers and excessive chewers or smokers of tobacco are more apt to die in epidemics, and cannot recover soon and in a healthy manner from injuries or fever."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg says: "The fact is established beyond all controversy that tobacco is a poison, deadly in large doses, pernicious and harmful in all doses. Its influence is to lessen vitality, to benumb the sensibilities, to shorten life, to kill." A prominent physician in New York city stated, several years since, that in his own practice he could distinctly trace three-quarters of all the nervous disorders among children to the use of tobacco by the parents.

The example of a smoking minister is pernicious in its effects upon the boys of any church or community. "The dominie smokes" is an excuse they are only too glad to use. "It is an undisputed fact that two-thirds of the young men who begin to smoke before they are fifteen years of age become drunkards. The mouth and throat become hot and dry—a thirst that water does not quench in a majority of cases, and craving something else, beer or wine is taken; thus tobacco becomes the first step to the drunkard's grave." In that day when small and great shall stand before God, to be judged out of those things written in the Books, may none of our dominies come under the condemnation of having led any mother's boy into bad habits by his own example. If St. Paul was willing to "eat no meat while the world standeth," lest he should make his brother stumble, surely those who preach his doctrines can be a little more self-denying than they are already, and do without tobacco, in which there is no nutriment, but only poison.

We all preach by our lives, and each life is a sermon. Let us be living epistles, known and read of all men. Let Christian parents strive to make and keep their bodies healthy and pure—fit temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. With minds set to the highest attainments, and all consecrated to God's service, the parents shall thus "lay up for their children" a pure and untainted heredity, so that with clear brains, steady nerves and pure hearts, they may do the Master's will on earth as it is done in heaven. "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."
—*Myra Worth, in Intelligencer.*

AN INFIDEL LECTURER SILENCED.

Miss Leitch, a missionary in Ceylon, gives the following striking narrative of how an infidel lecturer, who came to the island for the purpose of speaking against Christianity, had his meetings stopped and the tide turned against him by a native minister bringing before the people the life and labors of Dr. Daniel Poor, the distinguished American missionary to Ceylon: "The mention of Dr. Poor's name turned the tide at certain meetings where the question was being discussed whether Christianity was the true religion. An infidel lecturer came for the purpose of speaking against Christianity. He took his stand in the heathen temple, which is on the other side of the street from our house. He spoke there night after night to large crowds. Our native Christians undertook to answer this lecturer. They appointed meetings, and they also were well attended. Mr. Rice (the native pastor at Batticotta) came to speak. After the introductory part of his speech he laid his hand on the Bible and said to those present, most of whom were heathen, 'You do not know what is within the lids of this Book, but one thing you do know, you know the lives of the missionaries who have dwelt among you.'

"Then, with a look of deepest love and reverence, he mentioned the name of Dr. Poor. He said: 'He was more than a father to the people in this district. There is not a house but he has visited again and again. [The district contains over 20,000 people.] When the famine and cholera raged, and the friends and near relatives of the sick and suffering forsook them, what did Dr. Poor do? Did he leave them? By no means. He took care of the sick, he sat by the bedside of the dying, he buried the dead. He gave his life for the people. Was it a good or a bad religion that could make a man do like that? He told many beautiful incidents about Dr. Poor. One was this: 'He had been out all day visiting in the village. It was a little later than he thought. The darkness came on and he lost his way. He called some one passing by to show him the way. The man went to light a torch, and when he returned he found Dr. Poor on his knees pleading for a blessing on Jaffna, and the preacher asked, 'Was it a good religion or a bad which could make a man forget his hunger and weariness in seeking a blessing for others?' The appeals turned the tide. The infidel lecturer had to stop giving his lectures. The people would not hear him, and the result of these meetings was that many became inquirers and have since been received into the church."

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