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DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X., NO. 23.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 10 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

— Progress of the MESSENGER for six months :—

| | |
|----------------|--------|
| April 1st..... | 18,200 |
| June 1st..... | 20,500 |
| Aug. 1st..... | 23,900 |
| Oct. 1st..... | 27,000 |

Many names have unfortunately been dropped from the list simply through neglect to subscribe; this has been especially in the case of clubs which it requires a good deal of effort to keep up. If those who have thus dropped were to renew the increase would be much greater.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

This Danish poet and story-teller died at Copenhagen on the 4th August ultimo. He was thoroughly a Dane, having been born on the 2nd of April, 1805, at Odense, Denmark, and spent a great part of his life in Copenhagen, where he was known, loved and revered, not only by every family but by almost every man, woman and child—and especially by the children, for he was the children's friend and was all his life himself a child in almost every way except in years. His father was a poor shoe-maker, and the one room where Hans was born served alike for his house and his shop. Young Andersen grew up a tall, ungainly lad, and with so little schooling that he long afterwards suffered for the lack of such common knowledge as even how to spell. In "The Story of My Life" he tells the following little incident, which is an indication of his poverty as well as of his simple-mindedness; the occasion was his confirmation, and he says :—

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had, also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore, I drew them over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought of my new boots."

He left his home and native town at the age of fourteen and set out for Copenhagen with "a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, and unbounded confidence in everyone." He had to struggle hard to maintain a position in the world as an author; but when people found that he had gifts of an unusual and attractive character, his stories, which were all written in a peculiarly simple and quaint style, were eagerly looked for and read. Their author, too, was a no less welcome visitor to every household in the country, and he became so ingratiated into the affections of the people of Copenhagen, that he might almost be considered as having been a member of each family, and playfellow of every child. He was universally known in that city as "Dear And'sen." What was most remarkable about his character were his childishness and frankness, and these very

peculiarities, for which he was at first blamed, were afterwards recognized as his good qualities in literature. He never married, but led a rambling sort of life, having travelled much in Spain, Switzerland, Germany, France, England, and Italy. And these travels furnished the poet with an inexhaustible fund of material, which he has used in his numerous volumes of travel and sketches of many of the great litterateurs, musicians and statesmen of those countries.

As we have already said, he was remarkably fond of children, and they of him. To children he yielded place which no "big people" ever expected from him, and he would attentively listen to, and patiently answer their questions. It is said that he loved children, storks and flowers with something approaching passion, and these and other commonplace things very generally formed the subjects of his stories.

By the child-world at least "Dear And'sen's" loss will be mourned.



Temperance Department.

THE TAKING UP OF BARNEY O'ROURKE.

"There are lots of people who think they know all about us police, and, perhaps, about everything else, too," said police constable X. Y. Z., one evening, to a benevolent gentleman who dropped in on him after the day's duty was done, to ask him about a case in which he was interested. "Lots of them, sir; they think when they see our coat and helmet, 'There goes a policeman; his business is to take up thieves, drunkards and the like.' They think we are not like other folks at all, in feelings, and that we're as hard as the truncheon we carry at our sides, or the handcuffs—there's no denying it—that we have in our pockets. There's no denying it, sir, that there are some rough ones among us, as there must be in all large bodies of men; but take my word for it, many of us have feelings, and a deal of trouble they give us at times."

"Aye, indeed," chimed in his wife, who was always proud to set off her end of the alphabet in the most attractive light—"feelings feelings—when I sometimes. I don't mean the like everything else that's good, they're not cheap; my good man's feelings cost him a shilling last night—in the dead of the night; and you know, sir, that though a shilling is nothing to some folks, 'tis a good deal of money to others."

"That's neither here nor there, Mary," said the policeman.

"Well, tell the gentleman how you took up little Barney O'Rourke last Monday week; he and his brother only cost you fourpence between them—you needn't be afraid you're praising yourself too much, if you tell him that."

"Does it show a particularly soft heart to take a man up?" asked Mr. Halliday, in surprise. "I thought you laid a pretty heavy hand on a man when you did that."

"Well, sir, even that may be done two ways; but certainly I couldn't put a very heavy hand on Barney when I took him up, when he was only five years old. Yes, 'twas Monday week that I took up Barney."

"Up in his arms, sir," said Mrs. X. Y. Z., for fear that for a moment her visitor would think hardly of her husband for taking up such a child: "I'll be bound he took him up as tender as if he was his own child."

"Yes, 'twas Monday week," continued X. Y. Z., as if he had not heard or heeded the interruption. "I was walking along on my beat in Jellyfish lane, moving the coppers along, and just giving a general look about, when a young woman with a tattered shawl, and a battered, broken look, comes up to me, and just as she's passing, says loud enough for me to hear it: 'Policeman, look in at Brokenbone Rents, No. 1, attic.'"

"She was away and lost among the courts hard by, before I could overtake her; and besides, there might be something going on at Brokenbone Rents, which might make it advisable that I should not delay."

"So I quickened my pace, and in five minutes' time I was in the Rents. 'No. 1, in the attic,' the young woman said, so I made my way up stairs, until I came to the flight that led up to the attic. There it was as dark as night, and the smell was awful, of rotten vegetables and the like. I listened for a moment to hear if there was any scuffling going

on; but I heard nothing but two little children talking, and one of them now and again, as if it had been crying. "Well," said I, "there's no murder or violence going on, at any rate, and if anything bad is going on, no one can come out without passing me;" so I sat down on the last step of the stairs, and began to listen. Presently I saw that I could peep through a slit in the door; so I could see as well as hear.

"As far as I could see, there were only two children in the room—one of them about eleven years of age, and the other five. Well, I listened a while, to try if I could get any clue from what they said which might be useful to me afterward; and after two or three minutes they began to talk.

"Barney," said the biggest boy, "I don't think father will ever come back."

"I want mother," said the little chap.

"God has taken mother away," said the biggest.

"I don't like God to have mother," says the little one.

"Do you know what mother said before she went away, Barney? Mother said God will send some one to look after Teddy and Barney and to be good to them. You aren't afraid?" said Teddy.

"I'm afraid of the policeman," said Barney.

"You aren't as much afraid of him as of father."

"No," says Barney: "father would kill us, and the policeman would only take us up."

"I wouldn't mind the policeman," said Teddy, valiantly, "only I took that cabbage the other day. It was half rotten, and I was very hungry, and you know, Barney, I gave you half, and I put a piece to mother's mouth, but she couldn't open her lips or speak, only I saw the tears fall down her cheeks. I held it to her mouth a long time, and I think she went to sleep with it there. It was the best bit of the cabbage," said Teddy O'Rourke, "and I wish she had awoke to eat it. When she did not, you know I gave it to you, Barney; but I left a bit close to her lips, so that she may bite it easy if she awakes. I wish we had another like it now, only I wouldn't like to steal it. I'm afraid of the police, and I'm afraid of God."

"Well, sir, I'm not ashamed to own it, the tears came into my eyes; and I said to myself, 'I see the whole story now. The mother is dead, and the children are deserted and starving; and the husband has been a drunkard. She has died of neglect and want, and he has left them to die here, too. And so the drink would have made thieves of these two poor children, or starved them, and I'm glad I'm here in time to stop it.' Aye, sir, thieves don't grow; thieves are made. For one that grows there are twenty made. And you'd have thought so, too, sir, if you heard how these

"Barney," says Teddy, "I'd rather work than be a thief. The people that work aren't afraid of the police; but, Barney, I'd rather steal a cabbage, and be took up, than see you starve."

"Well, sir, 'twas very shocking to hear a young one talk about stealing; and I wouldn't defend it on any ground; and had I caught this young one stealing, I must have taken him; but when I saw through the chink how determined he looked, and saw him take the smaller one in his arms and kiss him a dozen times, said I to myself—and a cold shiver ran over me—Surely this boy is good for something more than to be forced to be a thief."

"Well, sir, I listened on, for I thought I'd find out more of the rights of things that way, than if I knocked at the door and frightened them. I thought I could leave the costers to themselves for a while, and that it was my duty to follow up this case for a bit.

"I'll go and see if she's going to awake," said Teddy, "or if she's picked at the bit of cabbage. I'm afraid she won't wake any more. I tell you what it is, Barney, I'd steal another cabbage for her, if she'd only wake, although I'm afraid of the police, and I'm afraid of God, too. I don't know whether I would or not, until I was tried."

"Ah," thought I, "I see it all." You know sir, 'tis our business to see as far as possible into the whole of things. It won't do for us to be dilly-dallying; and if we're sometimes out in our reckoning, we're often in. "Now," says I, "as sure as I'm X. Y. Z., so sure those children's mother is lying dead, up in that corner of the room that I can't see through the chink. She's died of starvation, or it may be of violence. The man has absconded. He has locked the door, and left the living and the dead shut up in this lone attic, and here's the making of two young thieves; but they don't want to be thieves—and they shan't be thieves," says I, "at least not if I can help it. Don't you think, says I to myself, 'that something can be made of all that love to a mother and out of that fear of God?' And now," says I to myself, "if those boys are taught to love God as well as fear Him, that will not only keep them from stealing, but will, perhaps, make something good out of them by-and-by."

"By this time Teddy O'Rourke had come

back from his look at whatever was in the corner, and he says to Barney, 'she's not touched it, and she's not looking like what she used to do at all. I wish we could get out, Barney; but, perhaps somebody will come and let us out soon.'

"Now," says I, 'is my time; so I knocked at the door, as gently as I could, and Teddy answered, 'Who's there?'

"Perhaps 'tis father," said Barney; 'and I saw he began to shake.'

"No," says Ted, 'if 'twas father, he'd burst in the door with a kick; and then the next kick he'd make would be at mother.'

"Say, come in," says the little fellow.

"So Teddy says, 'Come in,' and I tried to open the door, but found 'twas locked."

"Don't be frightened," said I; 'the door is locked, and I haven't the key so I'll push it in; and with that, I gave it a push with both hands, that broke the poor, cheap lock.'

"You see," said Mrs. X. Y. Z., "he's a fine, powerful man, sir; there's not a man in the force could knock him down."

"They were frightened when they saw I was a policeman," said X. Y. Z.; "and the one made off as fast as he could, and get under the bit of a rag that was covering what in the corner of the room? It was what I suspected it to be, sir,—a dead woman."

"As to Ted, the young chap stands up before me like a young lion; he had fire in his eye; and although he was a hungry-looking little chap, and his hair all matted, he looked like a boy that something might be made of. Well, sir; he stands stiff straight before me, not slinking away, as most boys would do, and faces me, and says, 'I suppose you're coming to take me for that cabbage; 'twas a-most rotten when I took it, and we was all hungry.'

"I didn't take any notice of the cabbage, but said, 'Is that poor mother in the corner?' I said it as soft as if I were talking to my good wife, and to my own little child."

"With that, sir, the tears rolled down the poor boy's cheek, and though he stood opposite to me at first like a little lion, he melts up all at once, and says, 'No one ever called her poor mother before: father starved her, and beat her.'

"She is 'poor mother,'" says I; 'let me look at her.'

"Of course, sir, she was dead—as far as I could make out, about two days. I looked at the body, and soon knew all about it. It was the old story over again—a starved and beaten wife, and a drunken husband. I don't believe you could have made up the sixteen ounces of flesh on her whole body that would go to make a pound; and there were marks on her plain enough to tell me how it was."

"Come here," said I to the young ones, as I sat on the top of an old basket that was wedged in the only furniture in the room."

"Come here, Barney and Teddy."

"You won't take up Barney, sir, will you?" says Teddy; "if any one's to be taken up, 'tis me, for 'twas I took the cabbage, though 'twas half rotten; indeed it was."

"I'll only take him up in my arms," said I; "that won't hurt him, Teddy, will it?"

"No, sir; and he didn't take the cabbage—'twas I."

"Now," says I, "Teddy and Barney, listen to me. Poor mother won't wake up any more; she won't want the bit of cabbage or anything else from anybody. All mother would like now, if she were here, would be that you should be good children; and I'll help you along, and get you something to eat." As soon as I said this, Barney O'Rourke catches me by the whisker, and says, 'I like you.' I couldn't but laugh when I thought how few young ruffians there were in London who would dare to pull a policeman's whisker; they might almost as well pull him by the nose—a thing, I venture to say, unheard of, sir, in all the experience of the force."

"Now," says I, "Teddy, if I give you a penny, and Barney a penny, will you just stay quiet here for an hour?" They were only too glad, sir, to promise, and I went to my beat again, for 'twas time now for me to be relieved; so I gave them each the penny. Then as I was going out, I thought to myself, 'What good is that penny, except to play with? and perhaps 'tis long since they had anything to eat, and I may be detained; so I ran out and got them a penny loaf each, and left them there till I was relieved, and reported the whole matter at headquarters.'

"I took a great fancy to that boy, sir; and heard something always whispering in my ears, 'There's something better to be done with that boy than to let him be a sharp and daring thief. I like the way he stood up and owned that 'twas he that took that cabbage. I'll see if I can't get him into something better than the work-house—though that's a blessing for those who have no other place to go to.'

"I got permission to see what could be done in the way of getting the boys into a refuge kept by a gentleman not far from our station, and I had the satisfaction of handing them over to him that night."

"When I went on duty again, the first thing

I did was to fetch them away and give them up to the gentleman at the entrance to the Kents.

"I was prouder, sir, walking out of that place with Barney O'Rourke up in my arms, and Teddy clinging to my coat, than if I were the owner of the place, and were walking out of it with the week's rent in my pocket. I felt my heart beating under my coat in a particular way while Barney was there—the way it does only when we feel we have done what God approves. And I took my own child up all the happier for it, sir, when next I lifted him in my arms; and I said: 'Would that every one who has money, or influence, or time, would do something to taking up the cause of the poor creatures who are often made what they are by temptation, or poverty, or the awful circumstances in which they are placed.' Sometimes I think, 'Surely they might be more people who have nothing to do, and whose time hangs heavy on their hands, who might be one of God's police to take up those who are having their feet set in the way of sin, and to stop their becoming what brings them into our hands and into prison, and perhaps to the gallows at last.'

"I hope that that boy Teddy will grow up to be a fine fellow yet—perhaps a policeman himself—and perhaps his brother, too. Anyhow, sir, I hope they're saved from becoming thieves. And that's the story of my spending the fourpence and of the taking up of Barney O'Rourke."—Selected.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR SMOKE.

"'Tis but"—the cost of smoking. I read, with much satisfaction, the late Dr. Arnot's "Earnest Thoughts" on smoking, in your paper of July 19th last, and your own able article, in your issue of July 28th, on "Something alike Unhealthy, Expensive and Filthy."

There is a row of good brick houses in New York (I saw them to-day), understood to have been built by an active Christian mechanic, years ago, by small savings well cared for, which he accustomed to call his "'tis but's"—i. e., "'tis but 5, 10, 25 or 50 cents; spend it? No! I'll save it, if 'tis but the trifle of a few cents."

Some may ask, "What has that to do with smoking?" I will tell you:

Over 17 years ago, I became satisfied that the cost of smoking, at compound interest, on a long term of years, would be an amount to most people perfectly astounding.

I made the figures at that time—those of whom I enquired freely admitted that the cost, at one dollar per week, was certainly within the amount expended by most smokers; and that young America—young men—often, if not generally, began to smoke as early as fifteen years of age!

Since, or about that time, I knew a youth, who learned to smoke before he wore pantaloons, i. e., when he was a baby!

Subsequently seeing a young fellow handling his cigar with the easy grace so peculiar to "old smokers of good cigars," I asked him how old he was. He promptly told me five!

And I will now tell you, confidentially, that a well-known, heavy business man of New York, a devoted Christian philanthropist, told me that years ago he was very much devoted to smoking; but that in view of its cost in money and time, and the bad effects of his example upon others, and especially upon his own children, he was induced to give it up. I have no doubt that many of your readers acquainted with New York can guess who that man is.

Having often thought upon this subject (although I never smoked) I concluded to go over the figures of the problem of the direct cost of smoking, at \$1 per week, the amount, \$26, being brought in as capital at the end of every six months, at 7 per cent. per annum, compound interest. The result, errors excepted, is as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| At end of 5 years it amounts to.. | \$304 96 |
| At end of 10 years it amounts to.. | 735 15 |
| At end of 15 years it amounts to.. | 1,341 97 |
| At end of 20 years it amounts to.. | 2,197 94 |
| At end of 25 years it amounts to.. | 3,405 37 |
| At end of 30 years it amounts to.. | 5,108 56 |
| At end of 35 years it amounts to.. | 7,511 08 |
| At end of 40 years it amounts to.. | 10,900 07 |
| At end of 45 years it amounts to.. | 15,680 59 |
| At end of 50 years it amounts to.. | 22,423 98 |
| At end of 55 years it amounts to.. | 31,936 19 |
| At end of 60 years it amounts to.. | 45,354 11 |
| At end of 65 years it amounts to.. | 64,281 41 |
| At end of 70 years it amounts to.. | 90,980 22 |
| At end of 75 years it amounts to.. | 128,641 54 |
| At end of 80 years it amounts to.. | 181,773 12 |

No doubt, some people will say "I don't believe it" to these I reply, enquire into this expensive subject, and figure for yourselves, and then save the money, and keep it earning interest.

Others will say, "I won't endure so many years of privation, denying myself the comfort of a smoke, for the sake of the money, even if you are right about the amount"

Yes, that is just the point! the comfort or

satisfaction in the indulgence of a habit alike unhealthy, expensive, and filthy, and alike injurious to yourselves and everyone that goes near you. Very truly yours,
—N. Y. Witness. E. B. WATROUS.

DRINK AND ACCIDENTS.

The late Mr. Robert Kettle, of Glasgow, became an abstainer in consequence of the following circumstance:—He was on one occasion enjoying an excursion on board a steamboat along with some friends, and they all partook of a little strong drink. On afterwards passing along the deck he missed his footing, and fell down the trap into the engine-room, and made a narrow escape from falling into the furnace. The only injury he sustained was a bruise on the knee. The circumstance, however, impressed him deeply, and brought him instantly to decide on behalf of the temperance cause. Relating the accident one day he observed: "Had I been killed no one would have attributed it to the drink which I had taken, and yet I am firmly convinced it was the drink that did it..... My conviction is that hundreds of accidents are the result of drinking alcohol, without alcohol ever getting the blame of it."

The late Professor Miller says he was assured by an intelligent engineer that the greater number of railway accidents were attributable to drink; but the men could rarely be convinced of actual drunkenness at the time of the offence. The railway companies are coming more and more to see this, and are holding out stronger inducements to sobriety to their employees.

Mr. Hoyle was told by the goods manager of one of the Manchester railways, that his company paid £5,000 a year in consequence of accidents clearly traceable to drunkenness, and Mr. Hoyle adds truly that this is but a sample of what is occurring over the entire country. Everywhere there are railway collisions, colliery accidents, boiler explosions, and numerous other accidents; while cases of personal violence, or murder, or premature death, are so common as almost to pass unnoticed.—Rev. James Smith.

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged, in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money.

It don't pay to have these fifty working men live on bone soup and half rations, in order that the saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags and starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecrows and living in hovels in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin and her children grow fat and hearty and live in a bay window parlor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have ten smart active and intelligent boys transformed into hoodlums and thieves, to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to give one man for \$15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend \$20,000 on the trial of Tim McLaughlin for buying that liquor and then committing murder under its influence.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of disorder and misery in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a larger fortune.

It don't pay to keep six thousand men in the penitentiaries and hospitals and one thousand in the lunatic asylum at the expense of the honest, industrious tax-payers in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey.

It never pays to do wrong; your sin will find you out; whether others find it out or not, the sin knows where you are and will always keep you posted of the fact. It don't pay.—California Rescue.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—How often do the answers and sayings of our little ones teach us some lesson of faith and trust! One evening I was about to close up the house early, and my little three-year-old daughter asked permission to accompany me, and together we went through the basement, seeing that windows and doors were securely fastened, and, reaching the main hall above, I bade her stand still until I had turned out the gas, fearing, as she was toddling along after me, that she might stumble and fall in the dark. The gas out, I asked, "Darling, where are you?" not knowing the spot where she might be standing. The baby answer came, full of love and faith, "In de dark, papa!" And, guided by her voice, I took her hand, and we went up stairs. God calls to us when we are perplexed with worldly cares and troubles: "My child, where are you?" And when we answer: "In the dark, Father!" He takes us by the hand and leads us to the light.—S. C.



INVASION OF POISONED AIR AND THE REMEDY.

If heavy showers of rain are a cause of much health by cleansing the air and the streets they are also a cause of much sickness. They fill the sewers suddenly with water and force up the fetid gases through the traps of the soil pipes into offices and dwelling houses. During a heavy shower, especially if the tide be high at the same time, the water in the pans of water-closets is agitated with little bubbles as if it were beginning to boil, and if the shower be very heavy the bubbles are big and burst with a dull sound. The gases thus forced up are rank poison to the lungs, and if the houses they invade are not well ventilated they continue to poison the air for hours and perhaps days. Grown persons who are going out and in may resist this poison, though it will be injurious to them, but it is very fatal to infants. Hence a great increase of infant mortality has been remarked.

The remedy for this great and general danger to the health of the city is very simple, but neither architects, sanitary associations, nor health boards seem to have discovered it, or, at all events, to have paid any attention to it. A small pipe leading from the upper curve of the trap pipe to the chimney would let off easily all the gas that comes up the soil pipe without its having to force its way through the trap.

This escape pipe would serve another purpose not less important. In heavy showers the rush of water through the drain pipes and sewers is so great that it causes a vacuum, which has to be filled with air drawn down through the water-closets, and this is only obtained by first emptying the traps of water. In other words, the downward rush of air forces the water in the traps down with it, leaving them empty to send up as much foul air as the rising flood in the drains may force upwards. As traps are at present, they should be filled after every heavy shower, but the pipe we suggest would supply the air to fill the vacuum in the drains caused by a rush of water, and the traps would be left full.

This small pipe leading from the upper curve of the trap to the chimney in each house would, we are assured by an expert in such matters, be a perfect safeguard against foul air from sewers and drains, and if so, it would unquestionably be the means of saving thousands of lives annually in this city.—N. Y. Witness.

CARE OF THE TEETH—SUGGESTIONS.

No matter how well they may be made, artificial teeth are always a source of discomfort. Hence the importance of great care to preserve every tooth possible. A natural tooth should be kept useful by filling so long as it can be operated upon. Filling is too important an operation to be trusted to any but the best operators. The proper care of the teeth will do much to preserve them, and it is a great mistake to neglect the teeth, as many do, with the idea that when they are gone, they can afford to buy a new set. The teeth of children, after they get their second set, should be carefully looked after, and in old and young, the first signs of decay should be arrested by the care of a skilled dentist. Insist upon proper care of the teeth; few persons are so careless as not to brush them once a day—in the morning usually—but it is quite as important to brush them at night also; and besides this, every particle of food should be carefully removed from between the teeth. Never use a tin, or a metallic tooth-pick, but one of wood or quill, and small enough to go between the closest teeth. Food left between the teeth at night ferments and causes decay. Use only a moderately hard brush and water as a general thing. The tooth-powders and washes are for the most part worse than useless—some being positively injurious; the teeth should never get into such a condition as to need a harsh scouring with powdered pumice or powdered charcoal; when this is the case, the cleaning should be done by a dentist, and the teeth kept clean afterwards by the frequent use of the brush. Many persons think that, unless they use a powder of some kind, they are not doing their duty; let such use powdered orris-root, or some fine toilet-soap. If the gums are in a spongy, soft condition, use a few drops of tincture of myrrh in the water, or make a cold infusion of white oak-bark to use as a wash; the strength is not important. To sum up—use the tooth-brush morning and night—all the better if after each meal; use a wood or quill tooth-pick thoroughly, especially before going to bed; avoid all "boughten" and much advertised tooth-powders—and especially, at the first signs of decay, consult

a competent dentist, and hold on to every natural tooth so long as it can perform service. —Agriculturist.

EFFECTS OF SCHOOL LIFE UPON THE EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

BY DR. C. R. AGNEW.

This paper was read by Dr. Webster, a co-worker of Dr. Agnew, and illustrated by diagrams.

Dr. Agnew states that Herman Cohn, of Breslau, published in 1867 the results of observations made upon the eyes of 10,060 school children. He established the fact that school life in his country was damaging the eyes of scholars to a most alarming degree. He was followed by Erismann, of St. Petersburg, and others who showed that elsewhere the same results were being produced. The broad fact was evidently demonstrated, that wherever children were brought under observation, and the effects of the use of their eyes on minute objects carefully noted, nearsightedness, a grave malady, was found to exist. That this malady was found less frequently, and then generally only in a mild form, in young children, but that it increased rapidly in frequency and gravity, as these children were pushed forward in their education from the lowest to the highest schools. Cohn, for example, found that the nearsightedness rate in the village schools was less than 2 per cent., that it had increased, however, to more than 26 per cent. in the gymnasium (schools about the grade of most of our colleges in the United States), and that in the Breslau University, out of 410 students examined not one-third had normal eyes.

Observations were recently made upon 2,884 eyes in this country. The plan followed is essentially that of Cohn, so that the results might be compared with those of so industrious and careful an observer. The sources from which the data have been drawn are the district, intermediate, normal and high schools of Cincinnati, Ohio (the examinations made by Drs. D. B. Williams and Ayers), from the Polytechnic School in Brooklyn, N. Y. (examinations by Dr. J. S. Prout and Dr. Arthur Mathewson), and from the New York College, New York (examinations by Dr. W. Cheatham).

The following is a summary of tables accompanying this paper: In the Cincinnati schools, the number of eyes examined was 1,264. In the district schools 13.27 per cent. of the scholars were near-sighted. In the intermediate schools 10.67 per cent. were near-sighted, and in the normal and high schools 22.75 were near-sighted. In the academic department of the Brooklyn Polytechnic 9.15 per cent. were near-sighted, while in the collegiate department of the same school, 21.83 were near-sighted. In the introductory class of the New York College 21.86 per cent. of the students were near-sighted; of the freshmen, 26.2 per cent. were near-sighted, and of the sophomores 22.72. The summary of all is that, of 2,884 eyes examined, 1,886 eyes had normal refraction, 538 were near-sighted, 227 were over-sighted, and 152 astigmatic, and of 81 the refraction was not noted.—Sanitarian.

TYPHOID FEVER.

That this disease may be defied in almost every instance by observing proper precautions, there is no doubt at all. All admit that it has its origin in decaying animal or vegetable matter; probably the former, possibly both. This fact was forcibly impressed on our mind during a late trip in the country. In a remarkably healthy neighborhood we found two families, quite a distance apart, too, both having several members down with this disease. One glance at the location of each, instantly told why they were thus attacked while their immediate neighbors escaped. The houses in both instances were old and decaying, and stood in such a position that all water that fell near, and all refuse from the houses, flowed directly to them, and were absorbed by the soil underneath. Here the accumulations of years, perhaps, were rotting; both places had a damp, foul smell about them and the cause of the fever was at once apparent. Farmers are too apt to think that drainage is all well enough for large cities, but of no use about a farmhouse whatever. This is all wrong; and the first desideratum in choosing a location for a dwelling ought to be that there shall be sufficient slope or elevation to secure good drainage. If this is not practicable, then the structure should be placed at a sufficient height from the ground to allow free ventilation beneath; and this should always be left unobstructed; securing the warmth of the buildings by very tight floors. Another simple precaution of great value is to have the pit or sink, which almost every family has for the reception of refuse matter, so arranged that no foul vapors can escape. This can be arranged by having a double elbow in the pipe leading to it, so that there will be a constant stratum of water in the elbow, to intercept any nauseous or unhealthy gases, as

they escape. By allowing no animal or vegetable matter to decay around the house, and by keeping the ground dry by proper drainage, with such other little sanitary precautions as will suggest themselves to the ordinary thinking mind, this dreaded, lingering, prostrating disease might almost be banished from the land.—Mining and Scientific Press.

WORK OR IDLENESS—WHICH KILLS?

An interesting paper, by Dr. Samuel Wilks, Physician to Guy's Hospital, has lately appeared in the *Lancet*, on "Life at High Pressure," and the effects generally of the overstrain to which public men and other men are often exposed in these times. Without entering on particular cases, each of which must be regarded on its own merits, Dr. Wilks declines to admit the truth of the common impression that disease and death are making splendid harvests out of the overwrought bodies and overstrained nerves of large numbers of persons. "If the question be put broadly, Are people suffering from overwork? I for one should have no hesitation in saying, No; but on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say that the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work. Medically speaking, I see half-a-dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors."

In the case of girls, instead of work being injurious, he could instance numerous cases of recovery on the discovery of an occupation. A large proportion of their ailments is indeed due to the want of occupation. Let a girl occupy herself neither with amusement nor with useful work, she falls into bad health, becomes a prey to her own internal fires or forces, and every function of her body is deranged, as well as her moral nature perverted. These cases are very difficult of cure; mothers are terrified to let their daughters do anything, they are so delicate, work would kill them; what they need is doctors' visits, physic, and alcohol. This is ruinous. It is quite remarkable what a delicate young lady can do under the power of a stimulus; as, for example, a gentleman lately expressed his surprise to see how his daughter who could not walk many yards for a long time, owing to a pain in her back, was soon able to walk many miles a day when she procured the support of a lover's arm. Dr. Wilks would gladly give employment to the half million of unmarried women. The human body is made for work; the amount it can do is proportioned to the power of the machine; but unlike other machines, it can be kept in vigor only by use; it is sure to rust and decay from disuse.

These views are of supreme importance at a time when growing wealth is so quickly adding to the number of those to whom work is not a necessity. A well-known writer on the poor some time ago divided the community into four classes: those that can't work; those that won't work; those that do work, and those that don't need to work. These last are apt to be supposed to be the happy few, and many is the effort made to get into the favored class. Science, however, is reversing the popular impression. We are learning from experience what was so long ago shown in the case of Sodom that fulness of bread and abundance of idleness are too often the parents of grievous evils. "Better to wear out than to rust out" is finding a new verification. If it were for nothing higher, our flower-missions and singing-missions are doing important service to the health of many a hitherto unoccupied girl. The dignity of labor is getting a fresh illustration, and we may quote with increased confidence, the lines of a song of labor—

"O while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

—Sunday Magazine.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF DRAINING.

Within the last five years we have watched with interest the progress and effects of draining a large farm. When it came into the possession of the present owner, some six years since, it was mostly covered with "hard hacks" and other useless vegetation, and in many places cattle were in danger of sinking into the sloughs. Very little of it was considered fit for tillage, as the horses could not make their way through the bogs. Miles of tile drain have been put under this farm, and its character has been completely changed. Most of it has been ploughed and brought into the highest state of cultivation. The grass starts a fortnight or three weeks earlier than on neighboring fields, and continues green for a correspondingly later period in the fall. The soil is found to be of the strongest kind, as is attested by the luxuriant crops of grass, grain, roots, and, we are sorry to add, tobacco. The land has become firm and fertile.

Drawing the water off from the soil also fa-

cilitates the disintegration of the inorganic or mineral substances in it, which are equally essential to fertility with the organic compounds. But these mineral compounds must not be comminuted. Roots cannot feed on solids, and pulverization is most effectually accomplished by letting heat and air into the soil, accompanied by a suitable amount of moisture. Drains also render the soil more compact, enabling teams and vehicles to go where otherwise they would be swamped.

Another advantage of drainage is the increased warmth which it gives to the soil. Much of our land is shivering with cold, like a boy just out of bathing, from the evaporation constantly going on from the surface. As water changes from liquid into vapor, its capacity for heat increases a thousand fold; and of course it must absorb heat at a tremendous rate, and cause a low temperature on the objects from which it is evaporated. Hence the cold produced by wet clothes and perspiration, and the suffering from cold hands by the washer-woman as she hangs out her clothes to dry in a winter's day. When water assumes the form of gas or vapor it occupies more than a thousand times its usual space, and although the vapor may not indicate a higher temperature than the water, still, in the same degree that the bulk has been enlarged, heat has been absorbed. The cooling of the soil is, therefore, in a great measure prevented by draining the water from the bottom instead of allowing it to evaporate from the surface. How great the value of bottom heat is to vegetation any one who has tried a hot-bed knows.

Draining greatly aids the decomposition of organic and the disintegration of inorganic matter in the soil. The most casual observer must have noticed that in a wet soil old roots, logs, leaves, &c., remain for almost an indefinite time undecomposed, forming what farmers call muck, a black vegetable mold, with but little to furnish new life to other vegetation, because only partially decomposed. Drain off the water, and let in light and air, and this mucky soil rapidly decomposes, and gives splendid crops of potatoes and grass. If the muck is superabundant it may require a top-dressing of alluvial or sandy soil to make it produce grain or even grass.

Draining also renders the soil capable of absorbing the fertilizing material brought down from the skies by snow and rain. The atmosphere is a great storehouse of ammonia, carbonic acid, and other fertilizing gases which are absorbed by vapor, and brought down to the soil. If the ground is already saturated with water, these rich gases can do little good. In order to accomplish their full mission, the rains must percolate through the soil which "will strain out the goodness and let the leanness slide away."—Times.

ANILINE PENCILS.—These new pencils are announced at the same time, both in Paris and Berlin. The French pencils are made in grades, according to the hardness, very much like common lead pencils. The materials used are aniline, graphite and kaolin, in different proportions. Made into a paste in cold water, they are pressed through a screen that divides the mass into the slender sticks used in filling the pencils. When dry, the sticks are fitted to the wooden parts, and these are glued together very much in the usual way. They may be used in copying, marking in permanent color, and in reproducing writing or designs. In copying a thin sheet of moistened paper is laid over the letter, design, or document, and the lines are traced with the pencils. The action of the water on the aniline gives a deep, fast tracing, resembling ink in color. The German makers also employ aniline in the manufacture of these pencils. On ordinary dry paper they give a well-defined mark that cannot be removed by India-rubber. When the paper is dampened with water, the markings assume the appearance of ink. Moistened sheets laid over the writing, under a slight pressure, will transfer good impressions, that do not blur, and that resemble the original in every respect.—Scribner's Monthly.

—An easy method of breaking glass to any desired form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron about the same size, red-hot in the fire; apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass, in any direction you please. A crack will be made in the glass, and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened on the glass.

—A new process in the manufacture of plaster of Paris is announced, that is said to give excellent casts that set slowly, and are of a pure white color, instead of the usual grayish-white. The unburnt gypsum is first immersed for fifteen minutes in water containing ten per cent. of sulphuric acid, and then calcined.

LUCY ARDEN.

BY C. E. ROWEN.

AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," &c., &c.

(From the Family Friend.)

Thus, partly by teasing, partly by coaxing the thoughtless Mrs. Mortimer gained her point, and Mrs. Gardner was weak and strong enough to undertake what she knew could only be done by breaking on the sacred rest of the Sabbath day.

After the departure of the ladies Mrs. Gardner stood for a few minutes in deep thought. She was considering what would be the best way of getting her new order executed without exciting Miss Lunn's displeasure, so as possibly to cause her to throw up her work in a fit of ill-humor. All the young people she employed were worn out with close confinement and long hours, and were looking forward to the next day's rest and fresh air with an eagerness those only can understand who have to commence anew their life of toil and weariness on the Monday.

We have said that Mrs. Gardner rather prided herself on the respectability and good order of her establishment. She would not have liked it to be thought that she ever kept her young folks working so late that they encroached on Sunday morning. Whatever might be her motives it was a point on which she was particular. But she had brought herself into a dilemma from which it is no easy matter to escape. Her brother came in to tea at this juncture and she told him her difficulty.

"The affair is easy enough," said he; "you must keep one or two of the girls at work to-morrow; pay them double and they'll do it."

"But I should not like it to be known," said Mrs. Gardner. "If Mrs. Lorimer heard of it she would give up employing me directly; so would Mrs. Curzoni, the rector's wife."

"Just like their nonsense," remarked Mr. Gardner; "where's the harm of working one day more than another in reality?"

"You must remember people in general do not hold your opinions, John," replied his sister. "If you had not taken up with those shocking notions of yours you would think more about Sunday than you do."

"Well," said Mr. Gardner, "I confess I do not see any such great difference between my opinions and those of lots of other



folks. I say I don't believe in religion and the Bible; you and half the world beside say you do, but act as if you don't. Now you say you believe in God and in His commandments, one of which tells you to keep holy the Sabbath day, but tell me honestly now, my good sister, do you avoid working then generally because you are afraid of making God angry, or because you fear displeasing Mrs. Lorimer and the rector's wife? Eh, Margaret?" and John Gardner, who was the best-humored fellow in the world, looked roguishly into his sister's face as if waiting her reply.

But Mrs. Gardner was far from being a good-tempered woman and did not at all like her brother's close questioning. Perhaps conscience told her that sceptic as he was he had just asserted some home truths which were not pleasant to look into. At all events she did not choose to do so, but with an air of apparent disdain at his words she turned the subject to her immediate difficulty, the finishing of the work.

"Lucy and I could manage to do Miss Wingham's dress between

us," said she, "if we worked late to-night and for a few hours to-morrow. It is a case of necessity, but I would rather not keep Miss Lunn or any of the others—it is quite a different thing with Lucy, one's own niece."

Mrs. Gardner did not choose to see the arch smile that came over her brother's face as he cut a slice from the loaf whilst she thus argued with her conscience. Nothing more passed between them, and in a few minutes John, having finished his tea, left the table, and, installing himself in an easy chair, became absorbed in the pages of a free-thinking publication he took in.

In consequence of their relationship Mrs. Gardner had arranged that Lucy should take her meals with her and her brother, and she now entered to snatch her evening meal as hastily as possible. Her aunt at once began to speak to her on the subject uppermost on her mind.

"Lucy," said she, "I have been obliged to take an order for another fancy costume. Mrs. Mortimer has a young lady come unexpectedly to see her who is

wild to go to the ball, and they have got her an invitation; but she cannot go without a dress. Mrs. Mortimer would take no excuse, and I thought it would not be wise to offend her, so I promised it should be done."

Lucy looked perfectly aghast. She knew that they had already more than work enough to employ every hand till the last moment, and also that they had tried in vain to get extra help.

"Do not look so horror struck," remarked Mrs. Gardner; "we shall be able to manage it with a little contrivance, but it will depend chiefly on you and me. Miss Lunn is in no humor to put herself to any inconvenience at present, and the other girls look tired out; but you seem to keep up famously, Lucy."

"I am quite fresh still," said she smiling; "you need not care how hard you work me, aunt; but indeed I am afraid that, do what we will, we shall not be able to complete another dress. Miss Lunn was saying just now that we shall scarcely get all the others done in time for the ladies to dress for the

ball even, if we work half Monday night."

"Miss Lunn is right enough there," replied Mrs. Gardner; "but as I said before, Lucy, you and I must manage Miss Wingham's dress between us. We must begin it directly and work away long after the others go home, and for once we must sit at it to-morrow. If we give all the morning to it it will be finished by the afternoon, and you can go to church in the evening as usual."

Lucy's face, throat, and even hands became crimson as she listened to her aunt's words, so great was her emotion at the proposal of thus desecrating God's day. Surely she must have misunderstood her, she thought; yet that could not be, as she had spoken of her going to church in the evening.

Mrs. Gardner took her compliance for granted. Lucy had been uniformly accommodating and anxious to please her ever since her arrival. She never doubted but that a girl so amiable and gentle, and moreover so dependent on herself, would

cheerfully comply with her wishes on the present occasion.

She was therefore somewhat taken by surprise when Lucy said, very respectfully but decidedly—

"I hope, aunt, you will not expect this of me. I will gladly sit up all night any other day in the week, but I cannot do my every-day work on Sunday."

"That is a strange way to speak to me I think, Lucy," replied her aunt. "You say you cannot do what I say is necessary to be done; what is to hinder you, I beg to ask?"

"I must not break God's day, aunt."

"Fiddle-de-de child, don't talk cant. I am no fonder of breaking the day than you are. No one can accuse me of making my folks work on it. But this is an extra occasion such as may never happen again in a lifetime—in fact a work of absolute necessity, and it is not for a girl like you to dictate to me."

Poor Lucy! nothing was farther from her intention than to dictate, except her resolve not to break God's commandment.

"Pray forgive me, aunt," she said humbly. "I did not mean to displease you; but if you please do not ask me to make the dress on Sunday. I dare not do it."

"And pray why not?" asked her aunt, who was working herself up into a state of great anger.

"Because, aunt, I am quite sure I should displease God by doing so—it would be breaking the commandment."

"I think you are an extremely self-willed and impertinent girl," said Mrs. Gardner. "You seem to forget that I have taken you out of pure charity, and that I can send you away to-morrow if I choose—and choose too I shall very soon unless you agree to do what I wish. I will give you ten minutes to consider of the matter—that will be time enough to waste over your obstinacy."

So saying Mrs. Gardner left the room, giving the door a bang which showed how greatly she was displeased.

Lucy sat perfectly still. She was so distressed and absorbed in thought about what had just passed, that she entirely forgot the presence of Mr. Gardner, who was at the other end of the room partly hidden from her sight by the tall back of the chair in which he was sitting.

Her first impulse was to burst into tears as that angry bang of the door grated on her already



excited nerves, but by a desperate effort she drove them back and sought aid and comfort from Him whose presence she had come to realize so completely under every circumstance.

John Gardner was looking at her with considerable pity. He had heard all that had passed, and mistaken as he considered Lucy's scruples, he admired the respectful firmness with which she had replied to his sister.

Touched with the expression of misery on her face when Mrs. Gardner left her, he was about to try and say some words of comfort when he saw her cover her face with her hands, and intuitively he felt that she was engaged in prayer to the God she so fully believed in and so firmly refused to offend. In a few minutes the hands were withdrawn, and he observed how great a change had in that short interval taken place in her countenance. Agitation and distress were gone, and in their place was a look of such composure and serenity that he was startled. "What had had the power to produce such an effect?" he asked himself. Was it her imagi-

nary realization of a God's presence and answer to prayer? Or—(John was provoked with himself for the weakness of the thought, but it would come)—was it because she had received comfort from a real existing God!

He waited for a few minutes, and then, anxious to keep peace between her and his sister, he said—

"You had better not irritate your aunt, Lucy, she will not be turned from her point. You will find, that, sooner or later, you will be compelled to do what she desires, so you may as well not hold out."

Lucy started when he spoke, having as we said forgotten his presence; but she replied in the same respectful but firm tone she had used to her aunt,

"Indeed I cannot obey her in this thing."

"But," said he, "do you know that Margaret Gardner is just the woman to send you about your business if you displease her? She can be kind enough so long as she gets her own way; but I tell you plainly that if you try her on too far she will not

stand it. What should become of you if she were to bid you seek another house? After all it is not so very much she asks, considering how pressed she is about this work."

"There is nothing I would not do for her," said poor Lucy, "if only it were not wrong."

"And do you think then it is so very wrong to work on Sunday?"

"Yes," replied she, "for God has desired us to do no manner of work on that day."

"But some work must be done—necessary work?"

"Yes, but this cannot be called that," said Lucy.

"Mrs. Mortimer would never have forgiven her if she had refused to make the dress; would you have had her lose her custom?" asked John.

"I think God would make it up to her in some way," said Lucy; "it is better to offend man than God, my mother used often to say with great earnestness."

At this moment Mrs. Gardner entered. She still looked angry and excited, and at once asked Lucy whether she had come to any conclusion about

working the next day. Respectful as before but without hesitation, she replied she could not consent.

Her manner showed her aunt that she was possessed of far more decision of character than she expected, and the discovery was not a pleasant one to her, especially in the present instance. She was one who could not brook opposition to her will with a good grace at any time, but to meet with it from the girl whom she had received into her house under such dependent circumstances aroused her pride. She persuaded herself that Lucy was setting herself up as superior to her, or perhaps, what was secretly more galling still, she felt that she was superior in her conscientious resolve to keep holy God's day.

She saw that the girl was determined, however, and that even her threat of sending her away to find another home would not turn her, so she said no more at present, but took care to let Lucy feel her displeasure was not of a kind to be easily dissipated or forgotten.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

OUR LITTLE MAN.

BY MRS. F. A. PERCY.

Would anybody like to know
Why it is we call him so?
Why we call him "our little man"?
Merry, jolly, seven-year-old Dan?

'Tis because he's so willing to do
Everything that we ask him to;
Never pouting or making a fuss,
Always cheerfully helping us.

Ever ready to leave his play
When he's wanted in any way;
Often asking for something to do,
Saying, "Mamma, I love to help you."

Picking up things about the room,
Sweeping the steps with his little broom;
Playing with baby, shelling the peas—
How he helps mamma in things like these.

Watering the garden, pulling up weeds,
Running on errands for what mamma needs,
Making the yard lock tidy and neat—
Thus he spares his dear papa's feet.

Then of himself he takes so good care,
Even brushes and combs his own hair;
Keeps his hands and his face so clean,
Never a neater boy was seen.

Useful and happy through all the day,
Ready for work or ready for play;
Do you wonder that dear helpful Dan
Goes by the name of "our little man"?

—N. Y. Independent.

"TIS ONLY A PENNY."

"Tis only a penny," said Anthony Archer to himself; and he put it into his pocket instead of putting it into his master's till. The penny lay very temptingly in his way, behind a cask of rice which the boy was moving. The cask of rice was under the counter of his master's shop. How the penny got there Anthony did not know. It might have been there for weeks, or months, or years. Perhaps it had; for it was in a dark corner, and was green with verdigris.

"Losings seekings; findings keepings." 'Tis only a penny; if it were a sovereign now, or even a shilling—but 'tis only a penny.' And in it went.

Anthony had not long been an apprentice. He was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Not a rich widow; but a respectable character had stood her and her two children in good stead; and Anthony had profited by it so far as to get a start in life beyond his mother's expectations. And thereupon the widow Archer was building fond hopes for the future. A mother may be pardoned for indulging in a day-dream now and then. This mother's dream was of a pretty little shop in one of the streets of her native city; this same shop being well stocked with all manner of groceries, and having the name "Anthony Archer" prominently appearing over the shop window. She dreamed, further, of Anthony himself, grown to be a fine young fellow, standing in apron and sleeves behind the counter from morning to night, packing up tea and sugar, coffee and spices, or dealing out butter, bacon and cheese, till his arms ached; of money jingling on the counter all day long; of a neat back parlor, or a front room overhead, may be, as a work-room for Anthony's sister, the milliner and dressmaker that was to be; and of her own self, Anthony's mother, keeping house for son and daughter, and as happy as the days should be long. This was one of Anthony Archer's mother's day-dreams. She had others.

"Tis only a penny," quoth Anthony; and he slipped the stray coin into his pocket.

Ah! widow Archer, had you seen that simple but indicative action, where would your day-dream have been? Or what would it have been? But the widowed mother did not see it. None saw it but He whose eyes are "in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Anthony was safe then. And the penny was safe in his pocket. He bought an orange with it the next day. Very sweet and luscious it was, no doubt; for even "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."

Anthony was an industrious boy, clever and willing. He was up in the morning early, brushing about, sweeping the shop, putting the goods in order. No need ever to call him twice out of his bedroom; no need to call him at all. He was, moreover, a good-tempered, merry boy; the customers soon got to like Anthony to serve them, he was so quick, and handy, and obliging. But there was "the dead fly," as Solomon says, "in the

ointment"—the secreted penny; though nobody suspected it then.

Anthony became a youth of sixteen. He was kept very short of money. His mother could not help that. Nobody could help it. It was as much as his mother could do to keep him respectably clothed; she had to deny herself to do that. And then there was Annie Archer, Anthony's sister, a year younger than himself, who had just been apprenticed to a milliner and dressmaker; the premium paid with her had exhausted all the mother's savings, and Annie, as well as Anthony, had to be clothed.

But the poor widow held on cheerfully. She left off eating butter to her bread; she left off drinking sugar in her tea; then she left off buying the halfpenny-worth of milk every day; then she left off drinking tea altogether; she left off dealing with the butcher, she could do very well without meat, she said to herself; but she didn't leave off wearing old garments, and mending them over and over again, till they would not bear another stitch, though she took care never to look shabby. What did it matter to her, or to anybody else, what she wore, or what she did not wear—what she ate and drank, or what she did not eat or drink? Nobody need know how she pinched herself for her boy's sake and her girl's.

And she did not leave off day-dreaming either, this widowed mother. Every day brought her nearer to the consummation of her wishes—the pretty little shop, with all its accompaniments. It would be years and years, certainly, before Anthony would be out of his time; and the years added to those before he would have earned money enough, and saved money enough out of his earnings, to add to the hundred pounds that his grandfather had left him, and that would come to him when he was of age, to set up in business for himself, in a shop of his own. But the time would come, no doubt of it—in the dream; no more doubt of it than that Annie would by that time have set up in business for herself, and attracted the custom of ladies innumerable, by her taste, and skill, and good conduct.

But the youth Anthony had not much money to spend, and he had a growing inclination to spend more than he had got. A very common case, we believe.

As we have before said, the stain of the stolen penny had fastened on Anthony Archer's heart. The "Tis only a penny" had become "Tis only a shilling." Nobody knew it; nobody suspected it; but so it was. Anthony had, at first, no settled intention of being dishonest. When he adroitly slipped aside the shilling, and afterwards conveyed it to his trousers' pocket, he only thought that his master could very well spare the shilling, and that he himself very much wanted it. He meant, as far as he knew his own meaning, to stop short at that shilling, and at every successive shilling. More than this, perhaps, he meant to pay them all back some day, when his apprenticeship was out, and he should be receiving a salary.

"Tis only a shilling!" said Anthony Archer; "and 'tis only borrowing it!"

Anthony was prudent, nevertheless; that is, he was prudent in a small way. Understand this, that no man, woman, or child, who lives in the practice of any unrighteousness towards God, is anything but immensely imprudent. They who have become reconciled to God in His own way of reconciliation, who have repented of sin, fled to Christ for salvation, and who, being born of His Holy Spirit, keep God's commandments from a principle of love, these only are the prudent ones.

But with his terrible imprudence Anthony mixed up a small flavoring of prudence. By little and little, step by step, he got to persuade himself to think lightly of his unfaithfulness and dishonesty. But the money that he thus obtained he did not spend wantonly. Now and then, perhaps, he surprised his mother by some little youthful extravagance, for which his very small means would, she thought, have been inadequate. But such an idea as that he had stolen, or would steal, even a penny, never entered her mind.

Anthony's master, again—an easy, unsuspecting little tradesman, in comfortable circumstances, and conducting his small business in an old-fashioned, slovenly sort of way—he could see nothing in his apprentice—"the best apprentice he had ever had, the most industrious, and the most obliging"—that savored of dishonesty.

Anthony knew all this of his master and mother, and the opinion they both held respecting him; and he had the prudence to act so as not to forfeit that opinion. He practiced self-denial so far as not to seem to have more money at his command than he ought to have; or if he indulged himself, he did it with systematic secrecy. Nevertheless, shilling after shilling was jerked out of the till, and found its way, by a round-about process, into Anthony's pocket. "Tis only a shilling, and will never be missed," said Anthony to himself.

The youth of sixteen and seventeen is bordering upon manhood at twenty. And at twenty, Anthony thought himself a man; or, if not, his mother and his sister thought so for him.

Annie, just out of an apprenticeship shorter than her brother's, was beginning to fulfill her mother's day-dream. She had skill, and taste, and industry, was earning her own living as journeywoman and shopwoman in "the first concern" in her native place; and in two or three years would begin business on her own account. She was very proud of her brother, and their mother was proud of them both.

The shillings had become half-crowns now; or, if still shillings, they were oftener abstracted. By this time Anthony's conscience had become almost silent. He had no occasion to lull it to rest with a "Tis only." But still, no one suspected him.

Another year, and young Archer was out of his apprenticeship. His employer, Mr. Hacket, did not wish to part with so useful a servant, and offered a salary larger than Anthony could have got elsewhere, and he agreed to the proposal. And will he not begin now to pay back, secretly, the pence, shillings, and pounds, of which, during the seven years past, he had robbed his master's till? Do you think he will? Have you never read or heard such words as, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked?" It is a dreadful thing to be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. Anthony Archer was.

Three more years passed away; and the day-dream of Anthony's mother seemed to be near upon its fulfillment, in part at least. Annie, for instance, had set up in business for herself, in a small way, and was justifying her mother's expectations of her taste, and skill, and steadiness, insuring patronage. For the present, the business was carried on in Mrs. Archer's small house, and produced profit enough to afford housekeeping on a more liberal scale than that to which the widowed mother, when alone, had unmercifully submitted, for her children's sake. Anthony was off his mother's hands, too; and like a dutiful, affectionate son, contributed something to her comfort. There was no need, now, for her to patch and darn till one garment after another would bear patching and darning no longer.

There was one particular, however, in which the mother's day-dream became somewhat obscured. She had never calculated upon Anthony's "falling in love." She had never thought of that. But he did; that is to say, he formed an engagement with Miss Hacket, his employer's only daughter, and his housekeeper, for he was a widower.

"Of course," thought Mrs. Archer to herself, when she found this out, "that will put a stop to my keeping Anthony's house for him when he has one, and to Annie's living with us; but no matter; it will help him all the sooner to have a house and business of his own, or to be taken into partnership, perhaps, with Mr. Hacket himself, who can tell?" And then the widow went on dreaming about that. Her dream had been disturbed, but her rest was not broken; and the fragments of her dream reassorted themselves, with wonderful facility, into a prettier picture than before.

Dream on, fond mother; dream on while you may. A rough awakening is at hand. Mr. Hacket, the easy, unsuspecting grocer, had readily given his consent to the connection young Archer had formed with his daughter. He looked upon Anthony as a steady young fellow, with a good tact for business, and likely to succeed. He liked him, too, and had liked him all the way up from boyhood. So "the course of love" in this case did run smooth, in spite of the old saying.

And now, perhaps, Anthony began to find out that, after all, honesty would have been good policy, as regarded his own position and prospects; that, in fact, his "pleasant vice" had become a scourge for his own back; for, unsuspected as he yet was, the consequence of his guilt began to recoil upon himself.

"I don't know how it is, Anthony," said Mr. Hacket, one day, when they were talking about future plans, "I don't want to put off your marriage; but, somehow, I have not much money to spare, and beyond your hundred pounds, you, of course, have none."

Anthony did not speak, and Hacket went on.

"I never had so much difficulty in keeping my accounts straight and well-paid up; and the fact is, I don't think I can spare anything out of my business to set you and Kate up with."

"I would not want much, sir, to begin in a small way," the young man ventured to say.

But Mr. Hacket would not listen to this. "You young fellows," said he, good humoredly, "think you are going to drive everything before you. If you can but get married, that's all you want; you can live upon love afterwards. But it won't do; you can't go into business without capital; and where that is to come from is the question now. I can't think how it is," he continued, rubbing his head, like a man perplexed; "I used to think I should have five hundred pounds to give the

girl when she married, if 'twas according to my liking; but I can't do it, Anthony; and without something like that, you can't begin business."

Anthony knew where to put his hand upon two or three hundred pounds, at once; but to have tried to say so would have choked him.

"We'll see about it, Anthony. We'll take stock, my boy, and then see what's to be done. I ought to be pretty well off," he continued, speaking more to himself than to young Archer; "but somehow, business doesn't seem to be so profitable as it ought to be. I can't make it out."

Anthony was glad to get away, after that. Hardened as he was, he could not stand it; and on the evening of that same day, as it afterwards proved, he paid his mother and sister a visit.

"Here, Annie," he said to his sister, as they were by themselves, "I wish you would take care of this for me;" and he put into her hand a small packet, closely sealed.

"What is it, Anthony?"

"Nothing but a book. I—I don't want it opened till the day I am married. I'll ask you for it then."

And Annie, thinking it to be, perhaps, a wedding gift intended for Kate, or it might be for Anthony's mother or herself, put the book or the packet in one of her drawers, locked it up, and thought no more about it until—until her brother was forever lost to her, and she and her mother were broken-hearted and desolate.

I have said that Mr. Hacket was a slovenly tradesman. He rarely took stock; it was such a disagreeable job, that he was in the habit of putting it off from time to time. But now he set about it.

"I can't make it out," he said again, when all was over, and his books were balanced; "I am poorer than I thought I was;" and he looked the picture of perplexity, as he sat smoking his pipe by the fire, with Anthony and Kate as his companions.

"Perhaps, sir," faltered out Anthony, "there may be a mistake in the books."

"Go over them yourself, then, Anthony."

The young man pretended to do so; but while his eyes were wandering over volumes of figures, his thoughts were turned inward. "What a fool I have been! What a labyrinth I brought myself into for nothing!" He may well imagine that these were his reflections.

"I tell you what, Anthony," said Mr. Hacket, at last, as though an idea had entered his head; "you see, the business is no great thing; not so profitable as it ought to be; but it may be made better, I think; and if you and Kate like to marry out of hand, and on the strength of it, I'll take you in as partner, and we'll rub on together for a while."

What a relief was this to the guilty young man! It did not require many words to conclude the bargain; and that evening all preliminaries were settled—time and everything. But while everything seemed bright and promising to the infatuated sinner; while poor Kate was thinking of bridal dresses and wedding favors; while Annie Archer was rejoicing at the thought of her brother's prospects; and while their mother, now that her long day dream seemed ready to be accomplished, was flattering herself with other bright visions of the future—a storm was gathering and ready to burst upon them all.

As not material, hitherto, to our story, nothing has been said of old Ambrose, a poor half-witted man, who had, more than a quarter of a century, filled the position of porter, shoe-cleaner, gardener, and general jobber, in Mr. Hacket's small establishment. He must come forward now. A little, hump-backed, monkey-faced, club-footed, and sadly distorted piece of humanity was old Ambrose. Ignorant, in many things, as an infant he was, too; and, like an infant, he could not speak plainly. He loved his master, however, who had, in kindness and charity, first employed him; and though his wages were small, his wants were as limited as his knowledge.

One day, it might be a week after the summing up of the stock-taking accounts, young Archer went out for the day, on business, and Kate "minded the shop," while her father was superintending old Ambrose whom he had sent to knock up some old sugar hogheads, and with the staves to construct a new pigsty. For a while the work went on in silence. At last the old porter looked up in his master's face; "Missy Kate isn't-a be Missy Kate much longer. Her a-be Mrs. Archer? he? Old Ambrose know all about it."

Mr. Hacket nodded and smiled.

"Missy Kate lucky; marry rich man, gentleman. Old Ambrose know."

"Not so very rich, Ambrose; but that's neither here nor there."

"Plenty of money, he Mr. Archer, master. Ha! ha! Old Ambrose know."

"Not too much of that, Ambrose," returned Mr. Hacket, who had no objection, on the score of dignity, to chat with the old porter; "not too much money, Ambrose; but a good clever lad."

"Very clever; he, Mr. Archer; very good

natured, too. Rich, too; plenty of money, a great bag. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know."

"Nonsense, Ambrose! you know nothing about it."

"What you say, master?" said the old man, suddenly standing as upright as he could, which was not very, and looking provokingly knowing. "Old Ambrose know," he added, as usual.

"I don't lay wagers, Ambrose, you know; but I'll lay a farthing cake, and have the first bite, that you know nothing of what you are talking about."

"Done, master!" shouted the poor idiot, with sudden alacrity. "Come along with me. Old Ambrose know." He threw down his hammer, and led the way to the corner of the warehouse in which the conversation had been carried on. It was a crafty hiding-place. None but a half-witted being, with the prying faculty of a magpie, or a police-officer, would ever have discovered it. Shillings, half-crowns, crowns, half-sovereigns, and sovereigns, there they were.

The idiot chuckled out, "There! Old Ambrose know! Mr. Archer rich man. Miss Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know!"

But it was lost upon the bewildered grocer. Muttering a prayer that his wits might be preserved, he turned to old Ambrose: "What do you know about this, old man?"

Terrified by this unexpected change in his master's tone and aspect, old Ambrose explained, as well as he was able, how that he had a month or two before, found out this hoard, ingeniously as it had been hidden; that he had watched, and more than once had seen Mr. Archer resorting to it.

"But don't tell of me, master," said the old man; "Mr. Archer, he-a-be mad with me, mayhap. Rich man, he, master. Missy Kate lucky. Old Ambrose know." A blank look then came over his countenance. "Another nest some-a-where, master. Old Ambrose don't know."

"Another!" gasped the poor grocer, holding in his trembling hand the recovered treasure. "Where? and what do you mean?"

"There was, more than a month ago," old Ambrose said, "another bag."

I need not describe, I could not if I were to try, the distress of mind which fell upon Mr. Hacket, on making these discoveries.

"Say nothing about it, Ambrose," he gasped; and hastening to his chamber, he shut himself in. He tried to count the money, but he couldn't, and he threw himself on his knees, in an agony of grief.

An hour or two later, and he was in close conference with his daughter.

"Kate," he said kindly, but peremptorily, "Anthony shall have fair play; but if it is as I fear it must be, there must be no marrying."

A few hours later and Archer returned. It was early in the evening, but the shop was closed. He went round to the back door and entered the parlor that way. Mr. Hacket was there alone.

"My dear sir, is anything the matter?" asked Anthony. He might well ask, such a change had a few hours' agitation of mind wrought in the usually calm and undisturbed old man.

"Do you know anything of this, Anthony?" hoarsely whispered the grocer; and he uncovered a heap of money on the table, and held up a thick canvas bag.

No need for another accuser. Pale as a corpse, the unhappy young man staggered to the door, and essayed to speak, but his bloodless lips refused their office, and his tongue seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He opened the door.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed his employer, not unwilling, even then, to be deceived, if he could be. "Stop, Anthony, stop!"

But Anthony was gone. He never came back again; but a week or two afterwards came a letter from him, written apparently in an agony of remorse and despair, which put the question of his delinquency beyond a doubt. The first act of dishonesty, he declared, was when he pocketed a penny which he found behind a tub of rice, under the counter. There was a packet, he said, in his sister's keeping, containing some bank notes between the leaves of a book; but she did not know what was in it. That, and the hoard which Mr. Hacket had found, was the bulk of what he had ever taken; and, if not quite all, there was the hundred pounds, his grandfather's legacy, which was in his mother's hands, that would more than cover it. There was a scrap of writing, almost illegible, enclosed for Kate. That was all.—*Day of Days.*

THE IDEAL HOME OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

The parents in this home believe that it is the true mission of a home to raise up as many children as possible for the glory of God and the good of the world. They give their home a distinctively religious character. The little ones know that father and mother are interested in the prayers at the family altar. They

take time enough and go about this service in a leisurely and restful way, never hurrying it, though the time given it may sometimes, of necessity, be very brief. They sing as well as read and pray, when they can, and repeat the Lord's prayer, so that the children may join in it.

Cheerfulness will fill such a home till it is the gladdest, happiest place in the world to the boys and girls who live in it. The parents will taboo everything that has a bad tendency, but will let their children know why they disapprove; and they won't call people names who do the things which they disallow. The home may be made such that the boys shall boast of it as "the jolliest place" when father and mother are there. It won't hurt the father's standing with his boys to romp with them. They will honor him quite as much, if he be sometimes a boy among them.

This home will minister to wise practical life. The children will be taught how to get a living; how to do useful things in the house, that they may know how to use life. The Sabbath-school lesson will be studied for a little time every day. The ten-year-old son in one family could say all the Golden Texts for a certain quarter, having practiced every morning at the breakfast table. His little brother only four years old had caught them, and he too could repeat them.

In this ideal home everybody goes to church—servants, babies and all. The housekeeper considerably plans for the Sabbath, so that the servants are not kept at home to prepare a dinner as for a feast day. Suppose the little two-year-old does trouble the people in the pew behind, who have no children, it's not the least matter in the world. If he cries and it troubles the young minister, take him out and bring him back again; the minister will become reconciled and used to it, if he live long enough. Never let a boy stray away from church as long as he eats at his father's table. Of course all in this home will attend the Sabbath-school.

This home has in it the holy of holies which enters into the life of each child as one of the most sacred things in his experience. I give to my mother's memory the gratitude of a son who lives every day under a sort of inspiration given by her. Every Sabbath evening after family prayer, she used to take her children to a private room, and there talked with them about the deep things of life, while the hot tears sometimes rolled down over her children's hands clasped in hers. Then how she prayed! It helps a mother to live consistently during the week, when she meets such responsibilities on Sunday.

Care will be taken that no carping words are spoken about any minister, or about Christians of other denominations. A beautiful spirit of charity for all will be the atmosphere of the ideal home.—*From a talk of Dr. J. H. Vincent.*

"THE NEXT IS YOUR TRAIN, SIR!"—"The next is your train, sir!" So said an official at the Aldersgate street Railway Station, and relying upon his word, I took my seat, and was being conveyed along—station after station having been passed—when, from some incidental remarks of my fellow-passengers, I found that I was in the wrong train, and I had to alight and wait for the next, which carried me to my destination. "Ah," thought I, "how sad, how awfully sad, to think of the consternation, fear and alarm that will overtake those who, at the end of life's journey, will find, to their eternal loss, that they have (either from their own willful ignorance, or through trusting to a false guide) been travelling through Time, in a wrong train, to eternal happiness! "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." The Saviour also said, "Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—*Episcopalian.*

PLUCKING OUT THE RIGHT EYE.—Miss Eastman writes that the mission school at Toungoo embraces 125 pupils, of whom forty are girls. Many of the pupils are from heathen villages. Lessons in the Old and New Testament and Catechism form part of the instruction of every day. Nearly an hour every forenoon is devoted to music. The Karens, when trained, sing beautifully. An interesting notice is given of a Red Karen boy, a Christian, who, on being asked his idea of the meaning of the passage, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out," said he thought he could illustrate it, which he did as follows: "I love my father and my mother, but they are heathens. I cannot persuade them to become Christians, and I cannot worship God if I stay with them; so I have left them. I think this is plucking out the right eye."

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1875 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON XVII.

OCTOBER 24.] THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES. [April, A. D. 30.] READ JOHN XV. 1-8.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By their fruits ye shall know them.—Matt. vii. 20.
CENTRAL TRUTH.—Fruitfulness flows from union with Christ.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Ps. lxxx. 8-19. T.—Isa. xxvii. 6-13. W.—John iv. 2-21. Th.—Gal. v. 1-25. F.—Matt. iii. 10-17. Sa.—Col. i. 10-21. S.—John xv. 1-8.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Jesus here shows by a beautiful comparison how close that union between himself and the Christian must be. A branch cut off from the vine dies. So a Christian apart from Christ must die. Abiding in Christ he has life, and bears much fruit. Are you thus in Christ?

HISTORICAL NOTES.—The vine is frequently spoken of in Scripture. Vines and vineyards were very common and productive in Palestine. The fruit (grape) was eaten fresh, dried as raisins, made into syrup of honey (Gen. xliii. 11), now called dibs by the Arabs, and also made into wine. The comparison Christ here makes may have been suggested by the "fruit of the vine" of which they had just drunk, and shows the living and necessary union which must exist between Christ and every Christian.

EXPLANATION.—(1.) true vine, real vine, not a shadow, imperfect, or typical one (Ps lxxx. 8); husbandman, not only the vine-dresser, but the owner. (2.) Every branch (see Rom. vi. 5, 11, 17, 18); taketh it away, as Judas (John xiii. 26-30; see also Matt. xxv. 29); purgeth it, pruneth it. (3.) ye are clean—i.e., pruned, purified. (4.) Abide in me, take care that ye abide in me and I in you (*Abide*); except ye abide in me, ye shall not bring forth much fruit. (5.) the vine . . . the branches, Christ the vine, his people the branches; without me, or apart from me fruitless as the broken branch. (6.) cast forth . . . withered . . . burned, awful words, showing the final end of all apostates and false professors. (7.) ask what ye will, all prayer answered if we abide in Christ. (8.) much fruit, the most fruitful most glorify God; so shall ye be, and thus ye shall remain my disciples.

ILLUSTRATION.—It was a beautiful saying of a little child of eight years, "Jesus is the vine, grown-up people are the branches, and the children are the little buds." Do older heads understand the truth of this comparison any better?

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) THE TRUE VINE. (II.) THE BRANCHES.
(III.) THE FRUITFUL BRANCHES.

I. What does Jesus call himself in this lesson? Why true vine? What may have suggested this illustration to Jesus? Of what had the disciples just drunk? Who is the husbandman? State some of the duties and rights of a husbandman.

II. What is done with the fruitless branches of the vine? What does the Father do with fruitless branches in the true Vine? Who are probably meant by fruitless branches? [False professors.] What would be done to those who refuse to abide in Christ? v. 6.

III. How does the Father treat the fruitful branches in this true Vine? v. 2. How may Christians bear much fruit? v. 5. What might those abiding in Christ ask? v. 7. With what result? By what would the Father be glorified?

Which verses in this lesson teach us—
(1.) The need of abiding in Christ?
(2.) The danger of being fruitless branches in this true Vine?
(3.) The good results of abiding in Christ the true Vine?

FRUITFUL LESS BRANCHES PURGED. PERISH.

LESSON XVIII.

OCTOBER 31.] FRIENDS AND FOES OF JESUS. [April, A. D. 30.] READ JOHN XV. 11-19.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.—James iv. 4.
CENTRAL TRUTH.—The world hates Christ's friends.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John i. 1-10. T.—1 Cor. xiii. 1-13. W.—James i. 17-27. Th.—Mark. xi. 12-24. F.—Matt. x. 16-39. Sa.—1 John iii. 8-24. S.—John xv. 11-19.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how clearly Jesus teaches that Christians should love one another, and foretells the certainty of hatred and trouble from the world, and why it hates the good.

HISTORICAL NOTES.—*Servant or slave.* The Hebrew servant, or slave, worked in the house, the field, or waited upon his master, as ordered. He could know nothing of his master's plans (Lev. xxv. 39). Hebrews might become slaves by (1) poverty; (2) theft; (3) sale by their parents. War captives were usually made slaves

also by the Hebrews. Love.—Jesus gives the highest standard of Love for Christians: "Love one another as I have loved you."

EXPLANATION.—(1.) these things, these words of comfort; that, he gives his reason for speaking this discourse: my joy, the joy of the son in the love of the Father (see v. 10); remain in you, or "be in you" be full, filled with divine joy; what happiness! (12.) love one another (see Notes). (13.) greater love . . . life, life the most valuable earthly possession; giving it requires greatest love. (14.) if ye do, obedience to Jesus proves we are his friends. (15.) servants (see Notes). (16.) chosen you, to be apostles and friends; ordained, literally, "placed" or "appointed" you; bring forth fruit (see last lesson); remain, we see now the fruit of their labors; whatsoever ye shall ask (see v. 7). (18.) the world hate you, sun hates holiness; ye know, or imperatively, "know ye"; hated me, if they kill you so they do me (1 Pet. iv. 12, 13). (19.) of the world—i.e., had its spirit; selfish love only prevails in the world.

ILLUSTRATION.—*Love for friends.* Damon and Pythias of Syracuse are noted examples. Pythias, unjustly condemned to death by the tyrant Dionysius, was allowed to go home to settle his affairs, promising to return on a fixed day, Damon taking his place in prison, ready to die if his friend failed to return. Pythias was delayed, and Damon led forth to execution; but on the way Pythias arrived, rushed through the crowd to save his friend. As each asked to be permitted to die for the other, the people melted into tears, and the tyrant pardoned both, and desired them to admit him into their friendship.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) THE FRIENDS OF JESUS. (II.) THE FOES OF JESUS AND HIS FRIENDS.

I. Why did Jesus say these things to his disciples? What does he mean by my joy? Whose joy would be full? What commandment did Jesus give to his disciples? What was to be the measure of their love to one another? What is the greatest proof a man can give of his love for a friend? How could the disciples prove that they were the friends of Jesus? v. 14. Why would not Jesus henceforth call them servants? For what had he chosen and appointed them? What might they ask of the Father? How would he answer them?

II. Who would hate the disciples? Whom had the world hated before it hated them? Whom would the world love? Why would the world hate his disciples?

Which verses in this lesson teach us—
(1.) That we should love one another?
(2.) To what extent we should love one another?
(3.) Why the world hates Christ and his friends?

ARE WE FRIENDS OF JESUS?
OR
FOES

LESSON XIX.

NOVEMBER 7.] THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT. [April, A. D. 30.] READ JOHN XVI. 7-14.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He shall teach you all things.—John xiv. 26.
CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Holy Ghost witnesses for Christ.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—John xiv. 16-31. T.—1 Cor. ii. 4-16. W.—Heb. v. 5-14. Th.—Acts ii. 1-40. F.—Rom. viii. 1-17. Sa.—Acts x. 24-48. S.—John xvi. 7-14.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The disciples filled with sorrow because Jesus is about to leave them, are assured of the gain to them, since the Comforter will then be sent to abide with and teach them. This lesson shows the tenderness of Jesus in dealing with his disciples.

HISTORICAL NOTES. *Comforter, Holy Ghost, Holy Spirit, Spirit of truth, the third person in the God-head.* The name *Paraclete* means not only Comforter but also advocate, counsellor, defender. As Christ represents the interest of our souls with God, so the Holy Spirit explains to us the work of God in Christ, and shows us our need of it, and counsels us to accept it.

EXPLANATION.—(7.) nevertheless, though not asked I will tell you (see vs. 5, 7); expedient, it is better—i.e., the invisible presence of the Spirit better for the disciples than the visible presence even of Jesus; the comforter (see Notes); I will send him (see John xiv. 16-26); the Spirit sent of the Father and the Son, showing that he is a distinct person, for "one does not send himself" (*Hohey*). (8.) when he is come, or "and he having come," not his first coming into the world; reprove, or refute, convict, convict; sin . . . righteousness . . . judgment, reprove of sin, course of righteousness, convict for sentence or judgment. (10.) righteousness, that Christ's truly righteous, and the world's righteousness false. (11.) of judgment, the world condemned, the sentence and execution delayed; prince of this world, the devil. (12.) many things, deeper, fuller, higher views of salvation, yet gradually taught; cannot bear them, disciples not strong enough yet, for these truths sorely troubled them. (13.) guide you into all truth, the Spirit to become the great instructor in spiritual truth; things to come, as in the case of Peter, Paul, and John. (14.) glorify me, the Spirit exalts Jesus; receive of mine, not his own, but the truth of Christ.

ILLUSTRATION.—*Facing the truth.* When Daguerre was working upon his sun-pictures, his greatest difficulty was to fix them. The light would imprint his image, but as soon as the tablet was taken from the camera the image vanished. At last he discovered a chemical

solution which would fix the image and give him a permanent picture. So the truth is hard to fix in man's heart.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

- (I.) THE SPIRIT COMFORTING. (II.) THE SPIRIT REPROVING. (III.) THE SPIRIT TEACHING.
- I. Whither was Jesus going? How did the disciples receive the news? v. 6. Why was it best for Jesus to go away? Whom would he send to them?
- II. State the three things of which the Comforter would reprove the world. Why of sin? Why of righteousness? Why of judgment? Who is the prince of this world?
- III. What had Jesus yet to say to disciples? Why did he not say them at this time? Who would guide them into all truth? Whose things would he tell to them? What other things would he show them? Whom would the Comforter glorify? How?
- Which verses in this lesson teach us—
- (1.) The blessedness of the Holy Spirit's presence?
- (2.) The work of the Holy Spirit upon the mind of the world?
- (3.) The work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of Christians?

THE HOLY SPIRIT COMFORTS REPROVES GUIDES US. TEACHES US.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876 OF THE WITNESS.

IN OPENING this year's campaign for the renewal and increase of our Subscription List, we have to express our gratitude first to Him who overrules all things for good, and secondly, to the readers of the paper who have carried it forward on their shoulders to the front rank among newspapers. If there is anything in which we rejoice it is in the co-operation of so many in an effort to replace pernicious reading throughout the land with what they believe to be healthy.

The past year has not been all sailing through summer seas. Canada has been plunged into the greatest commercial embarrassment she has ever known, and we still wait for the time when the head will be again above water. The postal laws have been altered in a manner which must tend greatly to the extension of newspaper literature, but which, as all changes do, must necessarily interpose a temporary check on advancement. Moreover, the most powerful moral opposition that could be organized on earth has for six months used every means and the most untiring effort to break the WITNESS down. Although it has not as yet been wiped out, this opposition has had a visible effect on the circulation of the DAILY WITNESS, which had a very large number of Roman Catholic readers, and still has a great many. We must frankly say that one of our greatest desires has been to reach Roman Catholics of both races, and anything which checks the frank good-will which has long existed between us and very many of them we heartily deplore. The diminution of readers is, however, very small, comparatively speaking, and does not harm us, in a business point of view, as it involves no pecuniary loss, and we can still claim a circulation equal in volume to that of all the rest of the daily city Press. On the other hand, the general effect of "The Ban" has been like that of former assaults upon the paper on the part of those who had reason to wish its influence less. The special prominence into which, during each of the last three years, the WITNESS has been brought, has been by no means of its own seeking. The proprietors had certainly no wish to figure before criminal courts, in connection with tavern orgies, nor was it their desire that the paper should be denounced as unholy to a large class of its readers, but the figures which we give below will help to show that we have not lost friends by these attacks. On the contrary, many have in each case been gained.

| | Cir. Daily, 1st Sept. | Cir. Semi-Weekly and Tri-Weekly, 1st Sept. | Cir. Weekly, 1st Sept. |
|----------|-----------------------|--|------------------------|
| 1871.... | 10,700 | 3,000 | 8,000 |
| 1872.... | 10,700 | 3,600 | 9,000 |
| 1873.... | 11,600 | 3,600 | 10,750 |
| 1874.... | 12,900 | 3,300 | 17,000 |
| 1875.... | 12,400 | 3,200 | 19,700 |

The figures of the WEEKLY WITNESS are particularly encouraging. We look for the time when the circulation of that paper will be the highest in Canada, and we hope the next three months may put us a long distance on in the way to this goal. At the present juncture good literature must win in the race, or be left behind. The increase in the number of trashy papers is rapid, and in the United States one or two of this class take the lead of all others in circulation. The appetite for reading trash grows by indulgence, until it sometimes becomes as incurable as the love of strong drink, and almost as deadening to the moral nature. Postal Reciprocity with the United States will fill the country with this, and what is worse and viler still. Those ministers who are much among the people know that this is no false alarm. It becomes every man who has the good of the community in mind and satisfactory. We have, however, good reasons to be specially desirous to reach the whole country this winter, and have the WITNESS presented earnestly to the notice of every family. To this end we have determined to depart from the usual course of allowing our publications to commend themselves on their merits alone, and to inaugurate on a large scale a competitive effort on the part of all our subscribers to increase the subscription list. This competition will last during the month of October, and will be open to all. The list of prizes will be found below.

If this comes to any who are not familiar with the WITNESS, we may say that for twenty-nine years it has labored for the promotion of evangelical truth, and for the suppression of the liquor traffic. Our effort is to produce a CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE NEWS, which he lives at heart to do what he can to develop healthy reading by planting good periodical literature in every family. We know of no other way of doing so much for the future of a neighbourhood. A clergyman, who has himself, within a few months, added, we suppose, hundreds to our subscription list, says he means to keep up this effort in the present or in any other community to which he may be called, believing that much of his time could not be better occupied for the good of the country. Assistance, based on such motives, greets us on all hands, and is by far the most encouraging, unattached to any political party or religious denomination, seeking only to witness fearlessly for the truth and against evil doing under all circumstances, and to keep its readers abreast with the news and the knowledge of the day. It devotes much space to Social, Agricultural and Sanitary matters, and is especially the paper for the home circle. It is freely embellished with engravings.

- THE WEEKLY WITNESS has been enlarged twice, and nearly doubled within four years, and is the very most that can be given for the price.\$1.10 per an.
- THE MONTREAL WITNESS (Tri-Weekly), gives the news three times a week and all the reading of the DAILY WITNESS, for.....\$2.00 per an.
- THE DAILY WITNESS is in every respect a first class daily, containing much more reading matter than the papers which cost twice as much, for.....\$3.00 per an.
- ALL of course are *post-paid* by Publishers.
- SUBSCRIBERS remitting *new* subscriptions besides their own are entitled to the following discounts on such subscriptions:—
- DAILY WITNESS.....50c.
- TRI-WEEKLY.....35c.
- WEEKLY.....25c.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876

"CANADIAN MESSENGER."

THE PIONEER PAPER.

The MESSENGER is designed to supply the homes of the Sunday-school scholars of America with family reading of the most useful and interesting sort at the lowest possible cost. It consists of eight pages of four columns each, and contains a Temperance department, a Scientific department, a Sanitary department and an Agricultural department. Two pages are given to family reading, two to a tale in large type for children, and one to the Sunday-school lessons of the International Series, and a children's column. The paper is magnificently illustrated. There has been a very rapid increase in its circulation during the past year, namely, from 15,000 to 25,000, and the ratio of increase rises so rapidly that the proprietors have sanguine hopes of doubling the latter figure before the end of next year. There has been, as a result of this prosperity, some improvement in the style of the paper, and it will, of course, be possible to introduce more and more improvements as circulation grows. Most of the growth of the MESSENGER has been by the voluntary recommendation of it by friends who have formed their own opinion of its worth, and by the introduction of it into Sunday-schools. Young correspondents say that their Sunday-schools are more interesting and better attended since it has been introduced.

The following are the prices of the MESSENGER:—

| | |
|-------------------|---------|
| 1 copy..... | \$ 0 30 |
| 10 copies..... | 2 50 |
| 25 copies..... | 6 00 |
| 50 copies..... | 11 50 |
| 100 copies..... | 22 00 |
| 1,000 copies..... | 200 00 |

Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, twelve dozen for \$1.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1876

OF THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

IN general style and appearance the DOMINION has, during the last few months, very considerably improved. The change has been gradual, and perhaps little noticed; but those who compare the Magazine of to-day with that even of last year, will find in clearer type, better paper, and increased number of pages, a good deal of ground for satisfaction. And it is intended to improve on the present as much as the present is an improvement on the past, and the Magazine of next year will be read with an ease and pleasure greater than hitherto. When we say these improvements are not to be marked by any change of price, we refer to the full price of \$1 50 per annum. Hitherto the DOMINION has been clubbed with the WEEKLY WITNESS at \$1 00, which it will be simply impossible to continue, now that one-fifth has been added to its bulk, along with better paper and printing. The DOMINION is henceforth to be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1 25, and is better worth its cost than ever before. Twenty-five cents, instead of fifty, will be the discount allowed to friends obtaining for us new subscribers at full rates, the inducements to subscribers being now put into the Magazine itself. The object of the Publishers of the DOMINION is to develop a native Canadian literature, and very much has been accomplished in this way during its history of nine years, the age of the Magazine being that of the Dominion of Canada. Those interested in the same object will not, we think, waste their efforts if they do what they can to make the

Magazine a pecuniary success, what we presume no Magazine in Canada has ever yet been for any length of time.

LIST OF PRIZES:

- 1. To the person sending the largest amount of money on or before 1st November, as payment in advance for our publications.....\$ 50
- 2. To the person sending the second largest amount..... 40
- 3. do. do. third do. 30
- 4. do. do. fourth do. 20
- 5. do. do. fifth do. 15
- 6. do. do. sixth do. 10
- 7. do. do. seventh do. 10
- 8. do. do. eighth do. 5
- 9. do. do. ninth do. 5
- 10. do. do. tenth do. 5
- 11. do. do. eleventh do. 5
- 12. do. do. twelfth do. 5

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.

MANNERS.—Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners for home. We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home, "You are greatly blessed in your son, he is so attentive and obliging." "Yes," she said, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me." She said this as if it did her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son. The best manners cost so little and are worth so much that every boy can have them.—*Children's Advocate*

—That teaching is not recognized as a profession is the opinion of the *Brooklyn Journal of Education*, which wisely adds that the right to teach should be made contingent upon the possession of needed scholarship and a special training to correspond with the conditions under which admission to other professions is controlled. It says further: "There is no profession in which so many seek to obtain a livelihood with so little preparation. It has been for years the last resort for all sorts of people, many very worthy ones too. The remedy, or at least one of the principal remedies, is to invest the office of teacher with more dignity, by raising the standard of qualification, so that notwithstanding the fact that many may be called, the fewer will be chosen, in consequence of the existing necessity for a training for special work, and the accomplishment of a scholarship of a grade far above that of to-day, in many cities, and which virtually detracts from the high office which it should be the object of every true teacher to maintain.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA —GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, 48 Threadneedle Street, and 170 Piccadilly; Works, Euston Road and Camden Town, London."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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