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A BALLAD OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

Three hundred years ago ! three hundred years ago !
 The Spaniard sailed the seas to work us ill and woe ;
 Three hundred years ago we fought the fleet of fame
 That sailed from Tagus mouth to do us hurt and shame.
 We fought them unafraid three hundred years ago—
 And Thou, O Lord, didst loose Thy winds and bid them blow :
 Shattered and torn was Spain ; O Giver of Victory,
 Because of Thy great Salvation we lift our hearts to Thee.

There were thirty thousand men that sailed that year from Spain ;
 There were twenty thousand men that never went home again ;
 And of those who breathed once more beneath their native sky,
 There was many and many a one who only came to die.

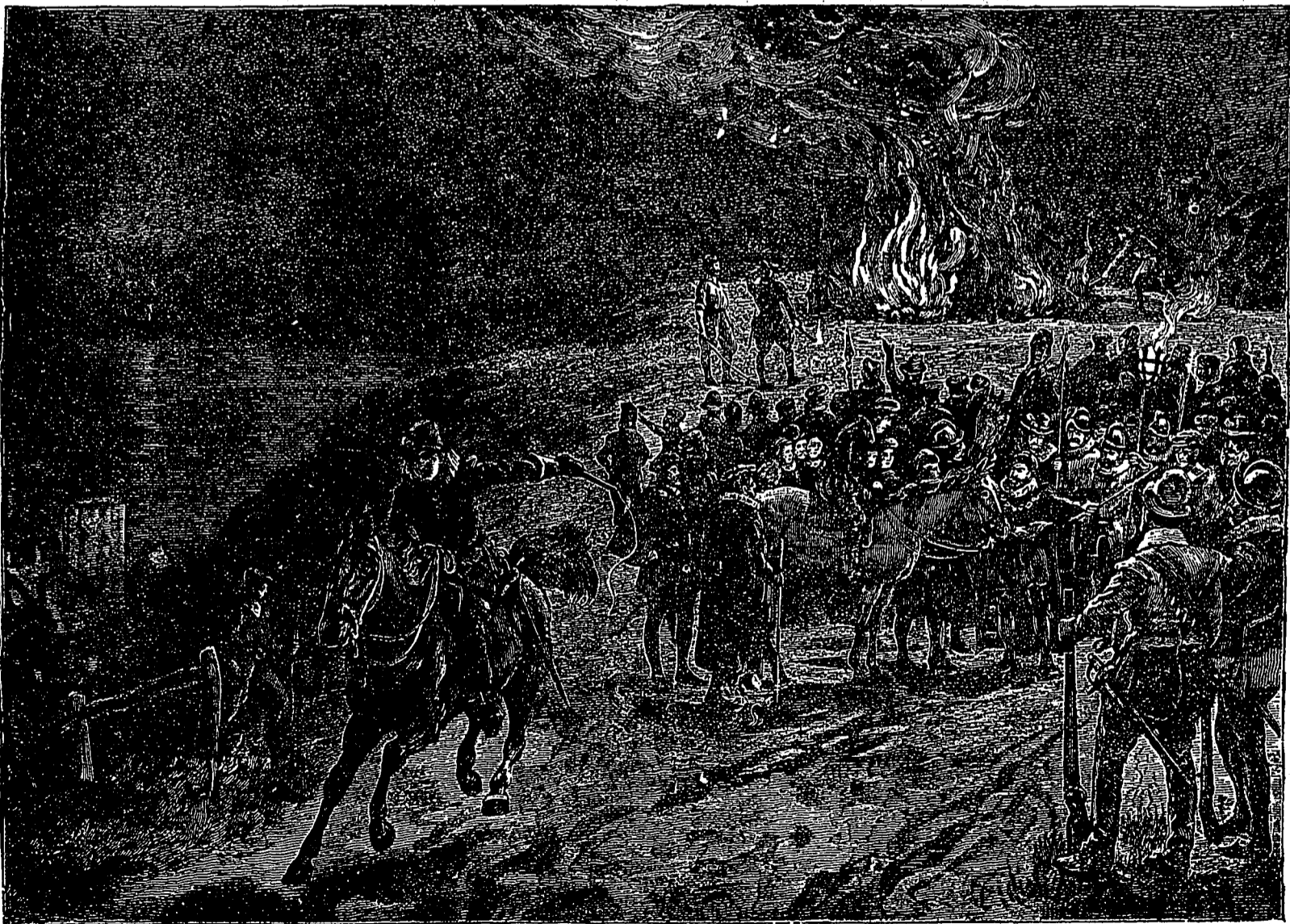
The flower of Spain was there, the strong, the young, the brave,
 Her glory and her boast—so soon to lie beneath the wave :
 And some of our kin were among them, who broke in God's own name
 Their faith to their land and Queen, and sought to do us shame.
 The peasants who cared no whit to fight or win, they took
 By force from their wives and homes, and the plough and the pruning-hook,

And kept them in guarded gangs lest any the host forsook.
 And many a slave was among them—Jew, Algerine, and Turk
 To row the galleys along—ill doom and ill the work.

But never a man with us, except whose heart beat high
 To guard his fatherland and, if so were need, to die.
 Quoth a Spaniard, " This English folk is free, and hath aye been free,
 And the freedom-owning folk, it doeth courageously."

Or ever they sighted our coast a taste of their bitter chance
 Befell them when galleys four they lost on the coast of France ;
 But on and on they came, and gallantly rode the sea,
 And at dawn on a morn of July the Lizard was under their lee.
 Up flashed the beacons to tell the news throughout the land,
 And village and town were alert, and ready in heart and hand :
 'Twas the twentieth day of July in the early afternoon
 We saw the enemy's fleet, in shape like a crescent moon.

It was well to see the foe we had skirmished with so long ;
 It seemed there would be no end to the bitter wrath and wrong.
 Now grapple, might and main, let petty conflicts cease,
 Unfurl the standard of war, no fight 'neath the flag of peace !



THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—LIGHTING THE BEACON FIRE.

" On the same day (Friday, July 29th, 1588) and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires, from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them."—MOTLEY.

W. M. P. 1888
 GALLON QUE
 ABBOTT

Eight years was the land a-preparing before her trial-day,
And Hawkins had dressed her fleet that floated in Plymouth Bay
"In royal and perfect estate;" the ships ne'er felt the sea,
For Hawkins had done the work, and done it perfectly.
Oh, never a parted rope, and never a spar with a sprain,
Good brain and hand were his, and ours were that heart and brain.

All praise to the daring heart, to the gallant arm of might,
To the quenchless fire of zeal that burns through the desperate fight;
And praise to the wisdom fair, the patience long and true,
That waiteth unchanged and strong till the time be ripe to do—
Charles Howard of Effingham, hail! We greet them both in you.

We name not name by name in the bead-roll long to tell
Of the gallant ones and great whom England loveth well,
Of those who nobly fought, and those who nobly fell.
O men who fought that fight, and fought it gallantly,
It was good to be English then, and best to be West Country.

All through a long forenoon the little English ships
Came hovering round the Spaniard—each one, as a bird that dips
A moment, then flies away and leaves no trace behind—
Dashed close to the galleons huge, and shot off in the eye of the wind.
All through that long forenoon the foe essayed to close,
Full fain "in the fashion of such as will sell their lives with blows."
Down came the even-dusk, up rushed the rolling brine,
And Valdez' Captain fouled the good St. Catherine;
And at morn, when Drake came up, she struck her flag, indeed,
And her powder loaded our guns, and her reefs helped our need.

Oh, the Spaniards fought and fought, but how could the day be won
In the teeth of our mad little ships, and the wind going round with the sun?
Then the one-week summer went, and all the wild winds' host
Leapt loose from the hand of the Lord to guard the English coast.
O God of freedom, we bless Thee, for Thou didst make us free;
O God of battles, Thou gavest our hands to victory;
O God of might, we kneel at Thy feet, and, kneeling, say,
To Thee be the glory and praise, Non nobis, Domine!
It is better to fight than to win; it is better to strive than to gain;
It is better to do the right than to save from death or chain;
But we fought and we won that day, and we conquered bonds and Spain.

We harassed them flank and van, with those swift little ships of ours,
Darting like birds in and out, among their moving towers;
And at last we drove them out of the Channel in the night,
For we sent our fire-ships down, a scare of flame and light;
And they set their faces to flee right up through the Narrow Seas—
Quoth Drake, "By the grace of God, we will wrestle a pull" with these.
And northward they fled and fled, before the southerly wind,
With English Howard and Drake, and their ninety sail behind.

They dared not face the terrible English ships again,
And they sailed away and away, by the north and the west for Spain;
And the wild wind shrieked in triumph to work the Spaniard woe,
And the dreadful North Sea waters wrought ravages on the foe.

They struck on the Irish coast, where the rock-wall rises sheer;
And O'Neill, "the Devil's son," he robbed and slew them there;
And some were caught and bound, and led through the strange country,
To die the death of shame upon the gallows-tree.
The Rata—that goodly ship, with the bud and promise of Spain—
"Where is the Rata?" ye ask. Look over the seething main.
"Where is Alonzo de Leyva?" Alas! thine eyes, Castille,
Must weep their bitterest tears; thy sons, the young and leal,
The flower of thy proudest blood, the best of thy faith and boast,
Lie low with Alonzo de Leyva upon the Irish coast,
Where twice they were wrecked and saved, and thrice they were wrecked and lost.

And the trouble was o'er, and the land was out of her fear at last,
And she drew her mighty breath as one whose peril is past;
And she knelt to her God and she blest Him and praised Him, her Buckler and
Shield;

And she smiled on the sons of her love; and, far over woodland and field,
The shout of her gladness went up, and the hymns of her triumph were pealed.
Oh, blithe were the hearts of her sons, and free was the hearth and the sward;
They had fought for their land and had saved her, and that was their need and
reward:

Full strong in the strength of her life-blood a-beating in every vein,
They had girt her around with their manhood, and kept her from slavery and
Spain:

They had fought for their God-given birthright, their country to have and to hold,
And not for the lust of conquest, and not for the hunger of gold.

O England, mother of might, O queen of the kingly sea,
The strong and good are thy sons, freeborn and ever free.
Lord Christ, if the hour of need come ever, as then, to her,
And tumult be all around of tempest and fear and stir,
We ask no better boon than hearts to beat and to glow
Like the hearts of Englishmen three hundred years ago.
—Emily H. Hickey, in *Leisure Hour*.

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them seems to show its head.
9. It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is wicked—violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.—*Exchange*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From *International Question Book*.)

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 16.

DEATH OF SAMSON.—Judg. 16: 21-31.

COMMIT VERSES 29, 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great men are not always wise.—Job. 32: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Judg. 13: 1-25.
T. Judg. 14: 1-20.
W. Judg. 15: 1-20.
Th. Judg. 16: 1-31.
F. Jas. 1: 1-27.
Sa. Rev. 2: 1-17.
Su. Ezek. 36: 16-32.

SAMSON.—Born at Zorah; of the tribe of Dan; father was Manoah. He was a Nazirite, i. e., one consecrated to God, and forbidden to drink wine or shave his hair. He was raised up to defend his people from the Philistines, whose country was on the border of Dan.

INTRODUCTION.—After many adventures for almost twenty years, in various contests with the Philistines, Samson fell before the temptations of Delilah, a Philistine woman. He revealed the secret of his strength, his hair was cut off by her, and the Philistines took him captive. See Judges, chs. 14-16.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. *Philistines*: a warlike nation south-west of Palestine, and from whom Palestine receives its name. *Grind*: turn a huge millstone placed upon another for grinding grain. It was regarded as a disgraceful work, the work of slaves or of beasts. 22. *Hair began to grow again*: implying that his strength also increased. In his trouble he renewed his Nazirite vow. 23. *Gathered together*: at Gaza (v. 21) where was one of the chief temples of Dagon. *Dagon*: an idol with the body of a fish, but head and arms of a man. 26. *Feel the pillars*: the two central pillars upon which one side of the roof rested. 28. *Remember me*: it was to avenge Samson. It was also to deliver the Israelites, and to honor Jehovah; for the Philistines attributed to their god what was due to God's punishment of Samson's sin.

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF SAMSON.

QUESTIONS.

I. SAMSON'S LIFE.—Where was Samson born? When? Who were his parents? To what was he consecrated? (Judg. 13: 5.) What is a Nazirite? What is it for us to be consecrated? Relate some of the events in Samson's life. What would you say about his character? How could God's Spirit come upon such a man? What was the source of his great strength? Was he doing God's work? Does God still use imperfect instruments? How long did Samson judge Israel? (v. 31.)

II. SAMSON'S FALL (v. 21).

(1) FROM WHAT HE FELL: From what privileges, blessings, and opportunities did Samson fall? Why is yielding to sin called a fall?

(2) THE MEANS OF HIS FALL: Who tempted Samson? How did he put her off at first? How was he finally induced to tell the secret of his strength? Did his strength really lie in his hair, or was this only a sign or symbol? How far was Samson to blame for his fall? Was Samson's fall sudden or gradual? What preparations for his fall do you find in his past life? Do most who fall into sin fall gradually at first? Give examples. How might he have resisted the temptation?

(3) TO WHAT HE FELL: Into whose hands did Samson fall? Who were the Philistines? How did they treat Samson? Why? At what work was he set? How was he scorned and dishonored? (v. 26.) Is this punishment of Samson a type of the fruits of a sinful life? Does the punishment of our sins often grow out of our sinful indulgences? Contrast what Samson might have been with his condition after his fall?

III. SAMSON'S REPENTANCE AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH.—What is said of Samson's hair? Why is this fact mentioned? Was it a sign of repentance? Is it probable from verse 28 that Samson's misfortunes were leading him to God? How did the Philistines celebrate their victory? What was Dagon? How many people were in the temple? What was Samson's prayer? Was

his feeling right? How were the Philistines destroyed? Did Samson wish to die, or was this an act of heroism? How would this event honor Jehovah among the heathen? What lessons do you learn from Samson's career?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—Of what is Samson spoken of as an example in the New Testament? (Heb. 11: 32, 33.) Were his deeds the fruit of faith? Is it our duty to be strong? (Eph. 6: 10; 1 John 2: 14.) Who is the source of true strength? (Col. 1: 11; 1 Pet. 1: 5.) How may we overcome temptations? (1 John 4: 4; Jude 24, 25; 2 Pet. 1: 3-8.)

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 23.

RUTH'S CHOICE.—Ruth 1: 16-22.

COMMIT VERSES 16-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—Ruth 1: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The reward of devotion to duty and to God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ruth 1: 1-22.
T. Ruth 2: 1-23.
W. Ruth 3: 1-18.
Th. Ruth 4: 1-22.
F. Rom. 8: 31-39.
Sa. Phil. 4: 1-13.
Su. Rom. 12: 1-21.

TIME.—Ruth lived probably at the time of Gideon, B. C. 1222-1182.

PLACE.—Bethlehem, six miles south of Jerusalem. The birthplace of Christ and of David, and the home of Ruth. Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and south of the river Arnon. This was the part where Naomi went. The whole of Moab extends east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan as far north as the river Jabbok.

THE BOOK OF RUTH.—(1) The author is unknown. (2) It was probably written during the reign of David.

THE STORY.—During the times of the judges a great famine arose in Israel, and Elimelech of Bethlehem emigrated with his wife and two sons to Moab beyond the Dead Sea. Here his sons married two Moabitish women. In the course of ten years all three husbands died. The mother, Naomi, proposed to return to her early home, and the daughters-in-law proposed at first to go with her, and went a little way. Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and returned home to her heathen worship and idolatrous friends. It cost too much to leave home and join her fortunes with a poor widow in a strange country, even though it be to do good and to serve God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

16. *Entrust me not*, etc.: Ruth chose the people of God and his service at every cost of self-sacrifice. Her choice was a type of the choice of all who become Christians. 20. *Call me not Naomi: i. e., pleasant, happy*. *Call me Mara: i. e., bitter*. 21. *Hath afflicted me*: for distrustful God and going to a heathen land for help. 22. *Barley harvest*: the middle of April. The story of Ruth goes on to relate how she was rewarded for her faithfulness in cleaving to her poor widowed mother-in-law. She marries a rich kinsman, and is the mother of the ancestors of King David and of Christ.

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE STORY OF RUTH.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE EMIGRANTS.—Who was Naomi? Her husband's name? Where was their home? Why did they leave it? Where did they go? Was this emigration to a heathen land a proof of their lack of faith in God? How long did they remain in Moab? What took place during these two years?

II. THE TWO CHOICES (vs. 16-18).—Who were Ruth and Orpah? Why did Naomi propose to go home? Why did Ruth and Orpah start to go with Naomi? Which one was persuaded to return? From what motives? To what did she return? What did she lose by her choice? What was Ruth's choice? Did it show faith in God? What would make it hard for Ruth to choose thus? Who, in relation to the Christian life, are like Orpah? How does each part of Ruth's reply to Naomi apply to those who choose the Christian life? "Where thou goest, I will go;" "where thou lodgest, I will lodge;" "thy people shall be my people;" "thy God my God;" "where thou diest, I will die"? What do we learn from Naomi's ceasing to object when she saw that Ruth's resolution was fixed?

III. BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHT CHOICE (vs. 19-22).—What were Naomi's circumstances on her return? To what would she change her name? Does she acknowledge that she had done wrong in going away? What qualities are shown in Ruth from her accompanying a sad and poor mother-in-law? At what time of the year did they reach Bethlehem? Relate the subsequent history of Ruth. Was she well rewarded? Do those who choose the Christian life ever regret their choice? What reasons would lead you to become a Christian? Can you use toward Christians the words of Ruth to Naomi?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What young man in Christ's time made a choice like Orpah's? (Matt. 19: 16-22.) Between what must we choose? (Matt. 6: 24.) What promise is made to those who make the right choice? (Matt. 6: 33; Mark 10: 28-30.) Is it just and reasonable that we should choose God as our portion? (Rom. 12: 1.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 1-9.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-9.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 1-28.
9. Dec. 2.—Israel under Judges.—Judg. 2: 11-23.
10. Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army.—Judg. 7: 1-8.
11. Dec. 16.—Death of Samson.—Judges 16: 21-31.
12. Dec. 23.—Ruth's Choice.—Ruth 1: 16-22.
13. Dec. 30.—Review, Temperance, Num. 6: 1-4.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM.

One of the most important things to teach a young girl is the care of her own room. With the exception of the weekly sweeping, usually done by the servant, she can be taught to take the entire care of her own apartment.

Teach her that "cleanliness is next to Godliness" and that her own room, like herself, must be pure and sweet.

After dressing herself in the morning, she should open her windows, throw back the covers from the bed, or better still take them off entirely—turn over the mattress, and place the pillows in the window.

After breakfast, when her room has been sufficiently aired, let her begin to make her bed by placing her mattress in position; next let her put on her sheets, being careful to have the wide hems at the top; then the blankets or comforts, as the case may be; then the counterpane which she must stretch tightly.

Make a pretty neat bag for her to hold her dusting cloth, from some of the pretty devices now so popular, and in her towel drawer place other dusters made of cheese cloth, or flour sacks hemmed at very nice and last longer than the cheese cloth.

Many children use combs and brushes regardless of the fact that they are leaving them in an untidy condition for some one else to take care of.

Another important adjunct to the towel drawer, is a supply of wash cloths. Three or four is enough for each room. Cut off turkish toweling, a quarter of a yard square and button hole around with tidy cotton.

Children are exceedingly imitative, and if the defects are pointed out and the right methods shown them they soon fall into the way of doing their work well.

Though she may have, when she marries, servants at her command, yet would it not be well for her to learn herself, so that she may be able to command others?

It requires as much brain work on the part of a woman to manage her home successfully in all its details as for a lawyer to untangle all the knotty points that arise in his profession or a merchant to keep the run of his profits and losses.

THE WUNDERKNAUL.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS.

The translation of this rather formidable-looking word is, "wonder-ball." The thing itself is one of the many pretty conceits which have had their birth in the German brain.

with mysterious depressions and elevations, and wonderful protrusions, and angles of degrees so unusual as would excite the curiosity of a geometer. It is quite heavy, too, and you will notice that the knitter treats it with a care and interest seldom accorded to an ordinary ball of wool.

Now comes a bit of French candy, which is nibbled at occasionally, and which serves to shorten the way to a package which, from the first, has excited curiosity by its angularity, and which has seemed to be the most disturbing element in the contour of the ball.

By this time the hour of retiring has come, and the stocking, with its ball of wonderful possibilities, is laid aside till the next evening, when a yard or so of thread lace, fine as a spider's web, is the reward of the first half hour's knitting.

Thus, as the work goes on, the treasures develop like the nuggets of gold in the vein of a mine, and the knitting Theseus, in slaying her monster of a stocking, is led through the labyrinth by the thread which love has provided; and, while following its windings, she is made happy by the suspicion that at its end will be found the greatest treasure of all, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

The reader can imagine the interest with which each parcel is watched, from the time one of its corners peeps out through the layers of yarn to the time when, the layers having grown thinner and thinner, the last turn is given to the ball, and the mystery is loosed from its moorings.

As we have said, the fortunate possessor of the ball we have been describing was a countess, the wealth of whose family would admit of valuable presents; but many a peasant knits through a "wunderknaul" which develops less of intrinsic value, but which is expressive of quite as much affection.

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

BEAN BAGS.

Have a board about two or three feet long with a hole in the centre the size of a breakfast plate. Place this slantingly against a chair or ottoman. Have four or six bean bags of two different sizes. Give each child one turn with all the bags at a distance of five paces or so, some one keeping account on paper.

DONKEY.

Draw, as you have ability, with a crayon, a tailless donkey three feet long on a sheet. Pin this to the wall a little distance from the floor. Provide each child with a tail of colored tissue paper, twisted and fringed at one end, and a pin for attaching purposes at the other.

from the sheet. Let them turn around three times and, with one arm extended and holding the tail by the pin, let them move forward in the direction they think the donkey is and pin the tail upon the first object they meet.

HOT AND COLD.

One goes out of the room. An article is hidden. The child returns and is guided in finding it by some one playing the piano—loudly when he is near it, or "hot," softly when away, or "cold."

POINTER.

All stand in a circle, with one in centre blindfolded with a pointer or cane. The circle moves around until the leader taps the floor with his cane.

A REMINDER.

BY CHARLOTTE W. KENT.

I always remembered to darn my stockings because I made it a rule never to put them away until I had examined them and made whatever repairs were needed.

What I failed to remember was, what I may call the "incidental mending." A slight rent, a scarcely noticeable rip, or the need of a button would be discovered in a dress or some other garment at a time when to mend it immediately was impossible.

Repeated instances of this kind sorely tried my temper, but improved my memory in not the slightest degree. At last I resolved to trust no longer to unaided recollection, but to endeavor, instead, to remind myself of what should be done.

Would not this plan of a reminder serve to help, not in this matter alone but in others also, those whose memories, like mine, may stand in need of some such assistance.

RECIPES.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar and three eggs, beat well, add one cupful of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder; mix well and bake.

SALMON SALAD.—To a can of salmon take eight or ten stalks of celery; cut the celery into small pieces and mix with the salmon, which should also be picked into small bits; sprinkle over a little salt and a very little pepper, and pour on some good vinegar.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of melted butter, one cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of strong coffee, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, one half pound each of raisins and currants, four cupfuls of sifted flour.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—In the morning take one pint of warm milk, one cup of sugar, one half cup of yeast, a little salt, and set a sponge, making it rather thick. At night add one cup of sugar, one half cup of lard, and two eggs; knead up and let

stand until morning. Then roll out thin, cut round, and let stand on the moulding board till night. Fry in hot lard.

SOUP APPLE SHORT-CAKE.—Paro and stew sour apples in a very little water until tender, then rub them through a sieve; use no sugar or flavoring, but spread over a cake made with one quart of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter; kneaded soft and baked quickly.

SAUCE FOR SHORT CAKE.—One pint and a half of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, three table spoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of vanilla. Let the milk come to a boil; then add the well-beaten egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla.

BROWN THICKENING FOR SOUP.—This is easily prepared, is always ready, and will keep a long time, besides which, it gives a far richer flavor than any other way of using flour thickening.

DELICATE PIE.—White of two eggs, four table-spoonfuls of cream, one large spoonful of flour, one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.

TARNISHED ZINC.—To one part of sulphuric acid, add three parts of water. Apply to the zinc with a swab. If this does not remove it repeat until it does. Then using a brush scrub with weak lye and dry with a soft, clean cloth.

PUZZLES.—NO. 25.

OMITTED QUESTION AND ANSWER.

The omitted rhymes give the answer; the other words omitted give the question.

I met a bonnie child one day
She smiled upon me as I passed,
Her hands were filled with autumn leaves;
"One more," she cried, "and that's *****"

"Please tell me, ma'am, ***** this?"
She asked, "I thought it must be curs' day,
I meet so many dogs," she said,
"Oh no," said I, "tis simply *****"

"And have you not a school?" I asked.
"Oh yes," she said; "I'm going * * *
And I shall study very hard,
For I so wish the prize to win."

Now that was near two months ago,
When the line gale blew in September,
***** day will find her glad;
She gained the prize eighteenth *****

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 9, 3, 10, 4, concealed.
My 1, 3, 6, 5, a definite amount of labor.
My 7, 3, 8, 11, to acquire.
My 11, 10, 7, 2, near.
My 6, 1, 3, 12, an animal.
Hope you have had a good time.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

I'm in body, bone and blood.
I'm in rivulet and flood.
I'm in every tree and nest.
I'm in sacred Sabbath rest.
I'm in sulphur, slate and sand.
I'm in water, air and land.
I'm in falcon, swan and wren.
I'm in window-blind and den.
I'm in curtail, cut and cure.
I'm in humble, careful, pure.
I'm in riot, rage and war.
I'm in setting-sun, and star.
I'm in meadow, dale and glen.
I'm in pencil, ink and pen.
I'm in fourteen, two and one.
I'm in pennyweight and ton.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

What river in South America has the name of a race of people?
What country in Europe has the name of a fowl?
What sea in Europe has the name of a color?
What lake in the North West Territory has the name of a big bird?
What lake in Manitoba has the name of a bird?
What Cape in the United States has the name of a fish?
IDA B. MARTIN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 23.

HIDDEN WORDS.—Brush, owl, awning, raven, apple, arvil, lady-bug, leaves, tiger, (pica, nap, vestige, grave, bugle, lawn, villa, shown).

ENIGMA.—Watch and pray.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

H O U B
O R N E
L O L L
L E G
A L B A N I
N A S S A U
D R U M

Primals—Holland. Finals—Belgium.

ENIGMA.—Afghanistan.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Negro, Turkey, Black Sea, Bittern Lake, Eagle Lake, Cape Cod.

WHAT CITY IS IT?—Liverpool.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 24.

See Ephesians 6, 11, 14, 16, 17.

PUZZLES HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been sent to puzzles No. 23 by Ernest A. Shoppard, and Hannah E. Greene.



The Family Circle.

MIRACLES.

"I go where reason leads," he said;
"I trust the record of my sight—
But human logic sheds no light
On miracles."

Above his head
The everlasting heavens were spread
With the fair miracle of night;
And in the darkness at his feet
A glow-worm lit its phosphor-lamp
And shed a ray across the damp
Lush grasses; all the air was sweet
With odor delicate, intense,
Blown from a field five furlongs thence;
And nestling at his side, there smiled
An angel in his little child,
Ah, slow of heart! ah, blind and dull,
To apprehend no miracle!

—*Ida Whipple Benham, in Youth's Companion.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

By *Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.*

CHAPTER I.

Just outside the town of Exmouth, there stood three hundred years ago—and it may be standing still in virtue of its strong walls and solid workmanship—a low-built, wide-roofed house, from whose windows one might see the whole beautiful width of the harbor on one side, and on the other the sweeping stretches of hill-side and valley, which make the county of Devon one of the loveliest in England.

A girl of about eighteen, tall and straight as the hollyhock stems beside her, was standing on the doorstep, shading her eyes with her hand, and peering down the hollow-way that led towards the town.

There was no one to be seen along the road; no one coming up the path through the spears of the rye that filled with its silvery rustling waves the fields beyond the road. The girl's foot tapped the ground impatiently as she waited and watched, and her left hand nervously broke the twigs of a cluster-rose that showered down petals from its open-eyed snowy flowers upon her hair.

"Doris!" it was a faint and rather tremulous voice that called through the open door.

"Doris!"

She turned, lingeringly, and entered a room—a long, low, oak-lined room—where a man sat within the wide chimney arch. Logs burned brightly on the hearth, and it was hot July weather, a mantle was folded across his shoulders, and a rug wrapped his knees, but he shivered as he said "Doris, you must close the door, my child; I feel chilly."

She obeyed him without a word. There was a look of suppressed excitement on her face; her lips were set tightly together; her eyes, bright hazel eyes they were, had an uneasy gleam in them. She moved to and fro restlessly, and at last took up her station by the farthest window and stared again at the road, and the town, and the sea.

"Is there any news?" asked the invalid presently.

"None. There is never any news now that Robert is gone."

"Dear Doris, it is natural that you should take anxious thought for Robert; but you should remember that, as it is a man's part to go forth to danger and to fighting for the honor of his country and his sovereign, for the safety of his home and his dear ones, for the defence of the right and true faith; it is a woman's part to cheer him and to help him, to bid him god-speed, and to hearten him by her ready self-sacrifice and courage. Robert will do his part—you and I are confident of that, Doris—and it remains for you, my child, to do yours."

"Oh, it is so easy—so easy to talk!"
"And you think that I can only talk?" he said, and a sad little smile crossed the pale, patient face. "Doris, in the stormy times before you were born—"

She turned suddenly and ran to him, kneeling beside him, and hiding her face against his arm. "Forgive me," she sobbed; "I know it—oh, I know it. I know what you did, and how you suffered long ago, and I am not worthy to be your child. But you see, my father, it is the uncertainty, the suspense, and the silence, and the waiting that are worse to bear than pain."

He smoothed her hair with his thin fingers caressingly. His heart ached for the girl. He knew, none better! what the misery of the "waiting time" can be.

"Where is Earle?" he asked, after a pause.

Earle was Doris's brother, a lad of fourteen, the merriest, most mischief-loving boy on all the shores of Exe. He had gone down to the town for news, and Doris said so in answer to her father's question.

"It is hard to know what share to believe of the reports which do come," the sick man said with sigh. "Doris, child, stir the fire; this ague-fit has hard-hold of me to-day. There—that will do; come here once more, and let me feel your warm soft touch. Tell me, how long is it since Robert left us?"

"It was Wednesday night, father; and to-day is Sunday."

"Wednesday night. There have been uneasy tales floating in the wind for twelve

Philip and his priestly crew? Do I not know, my father, what you endured in those dark days, for conscience's sake? What has been done once can be done again. Our ships may fight while a spar or plank of them can swim; but what can a handful do against a multitude? What can Robert, and men like Robert, do against the Invincible Armada?"

"You remember many things, my child, but one thing you forget. The battle is not always to the strong, the race is not always to the swift. Our God will help us in our need. We fight for our open Bibles, for our pure worship, we fight to keep—Hark, Doris! what sound is that?"

The soft evening sunlight came in at the open casement, with the twitter of the swallows in the eaves, the gentle monotone of the rustle of the breeze. One might hear, too, the distant stir of the town floating upwards on the air, and perhaps the long rush and wash of the tide rising against the shingle of the shore. It was the quietest hour of the summer-day, a Sunday evening-time, the season for peace and rest.

"Listen, Doris!"
She heard it now, the low distant sound—a mere moan and murmur of a sound—and she knew as well as her father did what it meant.

It was the hoarse voice of the Spanish cannon thundering at England's "wooden walls." It was the first shout of defiance of the Invincible Armada!

Then swift steps came up the field path, and Earle rushed headlong in.

"The Spanish fleet is come, it is round the Start!" he cried. "Father, I must

And so the father blessed him and bade him go. Could he refuse to do so? But the words of blessing died away, inarticulate, and the hand that lay on the sunny curls shook as if palsied. Earle was his only son, the last of the old line, the pride of his heart, the gayest, happiest creature that ever entered that room where the sick man passed his weary days. And Earle was going out in Lavin's sloop, going to help, if so it might be, to beat off the formidable array that was threatening the destruction of England.

"My son," he whispered, "may the God that helped David of old help thee now... Doris, give the boy my Psalter—my marked book—"

But Doris was kneeling at the window—weeping, and Earle was gone. And again, from the far distance, came the heavy booming of the guns.

(To be Continued.)

CONVERSION IN CHICAGO STREETS.

Open air services were recently held in the streets of Chicago, the speakers going from place to place in a large truck drawn by two bay horses. An organ and some chairs were in the truck, and Tom Wright, the colored cornetist, sat beside the driver. The meetings were not disturbed anywhere, and in some cases there were blessed results. One young man came to the superintendent and said, "I'd like to join your Mission Band, but before I give my name to the secretary, I feel that it is my duty to tell you, sir, who I am; then, if you will take me, I'll be glad." He continued, "I am not a drunkard; I look a little rough to-night, but I am not a drunkard. I'm a professional burglar, a safe-blower, a criminal all my life, and only out of goal a few weeks; but I'm a changed man to-night; I've given my life to Jesus Christ, and if you will let me join this band maybe I can do some good." He was assured that if he had given himself to Christ he was just the fellow that was wanted.

Another man, a large handsome fellow, who is employed in a dry goods house, was so affected at the street meeting that he sobbed like a child. He came to the superintendent after the above conversation and said, between his sobs, "Oh, sir, whiskey has nearly ruined me; my wife and family are separated from me; and I was fast going to ruin; but the singing in the street attracted me, and Oh, I'm so glad I came here to-night; I'm a changed man; I've started in a new life, and by the help of God I'll redeem the past." He was assured God would help him, and bring his family back to him if he was true to Christ.—*The Christian Herald.*

FIRMLY FIXED.

The memorizing of Scripture acquires additional importance in connection with the Sunday school, because, as a rule, that is the time and place in the life of a boy or girl when it must be done, if it is ever done at all. Youth is the golden age of memory; what is thoroughly learned in early life is not forgotten. Like an axe or other object imbedded in a young tree and bound there by all the subsequent growth, a great fact or truth once firmly fixed in the mind of a child will not be lost, and can never be removed by other and later influences. A sailor boy was once thrown on ship-board among a company of rough men who wanted to teach him to drink rum and chew tobacco and to swear, but he persistently refused. At last one of the men said to the rest: "We might as well give up; we cannot spoil the lad, for he is 'chuck-full' of the Bible." A little Irish boy had obtained a New Testament. The parish-priest learned of the fact, and coming to the cottage requested to see the book; no sooner did he get possession of it than he threw it into the fireplace. "You may burn the Testament," said the boy, "but you cannot take from me those first seven chapters of John's gospel that I have learned by heart."—*Rev. C. H. Morgan.*



SHE HEARD THE LOW, DISTANT SOUND, AND KNEW WHAT IT MEANT.

months or more; this alarm may pass as former ones have done."

"Father," and the girl's eyes flashed as she looked full at him, "every month every day, brings the end nearer; the gathering forces that are arming against us will strike at last, and the King of Spain is not likely to strike feebly or uncertainly when his chosen time arrives. And what can we do against such might as his?"

"My girl is eloquent!" he answered. "Who has taught you all this, Doris? Did Robert?"

"Robert? No. Robert is sure that we shall beat off anything and everything that can be sent against us; he talks of Agincourt where the French outnumbered us by five to one, and of Crecy where the archers stood their ground against enormous odds; and he laughs at the idea of that huge army in Flanders, and the hoards which King Philip has collected on board his warships. No, my father, it is not Robert, but you yourself that have made me see the peril that is closing about England now."

"Doris!"
"Do you think me deaf father, or indifferent? Have I not heard you speak of the times of your own youth when the land, from Scotland to the sea here, was bound as it were, hand and foot, and delivered over by Queen Mary to this same Spanish

some standing there before them; his eyes—they were the very counterparts of Doris's eyes—shining like stars, his fair hair flung back from his forehead, and his whole face and figure full of enthusiasm. And the falter in his voice struck on their ears like a knell as he said, "Good-bye, good-bye to you and Doris."

"Earle, my son, Earle, you are too young, too young to bear a man's part in this struggle! and I, God help me! am a wreck, a useless log! No, my boy, other hands must be stretched out for England now; the Clatworthys can do nothing."

The sick man bowed his head with a groan. It was a bitter thing for him to say such a word as that.

The boy came close to his father's chair, and his manner suddenly took to itself such pride and calmness that Doris looked at him amazed. Was this Earle, her heedless, careless, graceless brother Earle?

He laid his hand, a strong and steady hand it was, upon his father's shoulder, and his tones were clear and quiet as he said: "I am only a boy, but even a boy's service may be of value. I remember always how my forefathers lived and fought for honor and for freedom. You, too, my father, have done your part. Is it not my turn now? Do not say that we Clatworthys can do nothing. It is not true. The old race has not perished yet."

AT LAST.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenancy when its walls decay;
O love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and
shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace,

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,

And flows forever through Heaven's green ex-
pansions

The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

THE FUTURE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Only six years or so older than the young Spanish Monarch shown our readers a few weeks ago, is the young Princess Wilhelmina, but yet old enough to have a live pony of her own, and, if we mistake not, quite able to manage him too. She was born in 1880, and, owing to the death of her half brother the Prince of Orange, in June, 1880, has almost since her birth been looked upon as Holland's future Queen, for in Holland, as in England, no Salic law interferes to forbid a woman wearing the crown. Her mother, Queen Emma, is the daughter of the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont and younger sister of the Duchess of Albany, and was married to King William III. in 1879. The King is seventy-two years old and as his health is far from good very careful regulations for a Regency have been drawn up, giving to Queen Emma sovereign powers during the minority of the Princess. The original of our engraving is a recent photograph, and represents the Princess with her favorite pony.

THE MISSION OF PICTURES.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, the last Sunday morning in October, preached to a vast congregation at the Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N. Y., a remarkable sermon on "The Divine Mission of Pictures." His text was Isaiah ii., and parts of 12th and 16th verses:—"The day of the Lord shall be upon pleasant pictures." In opening he said:—

"Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes is a matter of divine observation and arraignment."

After an arraignment of evil pictures, he referred to the value and influence of good pictures in these words:—

"What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls 'pleasant pictures!' I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it, in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My

idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions!"

Going on to speak of the influential pictures of the world he thus referred to one which is known and loved by many thousand readers of the *Messenger*.

"I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Dore's 'Christ leaving the Praetorium.' Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and see no divine mission in art, and

hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, and what I am told John Wamunaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture 'Christ before Pilate' is going to do for Philadelphia?"

Here is an appeal for good pictures which should sink into the heart of every parent:—

"As the day of the Lord of Hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of wood cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on



H. R. H. PRINCESS WILHELMINA,
The Crown Princess of Holland.

acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?"

"It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skilful laying on of colors, or designs on metal through incision or corrosion."

After advising the wealthy men of his congregation to encourage artists who are left to suffer through want of appreciation he made an appeal for art galleries in cities, during which he casually mentioned a celebrated picture, in which the readers of the *Messenger* are now deeply interested:—

"Brooklyn, and all other American cities, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half

your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or was-sail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues, (Volapuk, many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language), and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures, but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a bar-room and they need to be con-

fiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity."

Dr. Talmage then teaches the value of word pictures in educating the young, and concluded his memorable sermon with a word picture as vivid as any of those of color that he previously referred to:—

"At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was, with his child, heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: 'Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?' 'Yes,' she said. 'Well,' said the blind man, 'is there a general on horseback leading them on?' 'Yes,' she said. 'Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And do there seem to be many dying and dead?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?' 'Yes,' she said. 'Stop right there,' said the blind man. 'That is the last thing I ever saw on earth! What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eyesight! But when you, having found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying: 'There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I last saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand there before the cyclorama of all the worlds while the rider on the white horse goes on 'conquering and to conquer, the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara!'"

"Furthermore, he says, let all reformers, and all Sabbath-school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his Sermon on the Mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a 'city on a hill that cannot be hid,' and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture, Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works, all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color."

A GOOD NAME.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to work for him on Sunday. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said: "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday; I know such an one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."—*Band of Hope Review*.

BOILING DATE-PALM JUICE.

This picture represents a thoroughly rural Bengal scene. It shows the boiling down of date-tree juice into goor, or coarse brown sugar. The date-palm is found in great abundance in Bengal. But what is strange, while dates are produced in large quantities, yet they are good for nothing and cannot be eaten. However, the natives have discovered a way of using the sweet juice which would otherwise be wasted in nourishing these uneatable dates. It is to collect it by tapping the trees and boiling it down into molasses. The time of collection is the spring of the year, when the sap flows most abundantly. The tree is cleaned by cutting off all the branches and bark on the side opposite to that tapped last year, and then a deep cut is made half round the tree. The middle part of the cut is a little lower down than the ends, so that all the juice runs from both sides down to the centre. Here a peg, made into a sort of trough, is fastened into the tree, and this carries the juice into an earthen vessel tied underneath. The best juice flows during the night. Hence the tapper goes round all his trees in the evening and empties out any juice accumulated during the day, and takes care that the peg is in working order and directly over the vessel. And, in addition, he must keep watch all night, otherwise his juice would be all stolen and his vessels broken by thieves. Thefts of this kind do very frequently take place.

In the early morning the tapper ascends the trees again, and takes down the vessels full of sweet, frothy sap. This work of tree-climbing is very laborious, because most of the trees are very lofty and the cut is made directly under the head. While the man is at work upon the tree, the whole of his weight rests upon a band tied round the trunk.

The juice makes a very pleasant drink while fresh, but, if allowed to stand some time, ferments and becomes intoxicating.

The furnace, where the boiling process takes place, is a very rude affair, but at the same time very effective. A deep hole is dug in the ground, and at the top a framework, made of clay, with holes in it, is placed, on which the earthen cauldrons stand. In the picture are two such furnaces. The one in front is not being used just now, only the one behind. Both of them are fed by holes in the side. The man squatting down

on the right-hand side is employed in pushing fuel, which consists of palm-leaves, straw, and grass, down through the hole into the furnace under the pots. There are four cauldrons on this, filled with juice, which has already been greatly reduced by long boiling. At first the quantity of juice is so large that many cauldrons are required, but by degrees the boiling diminishes it, so that few are needed. At last it becomes quite thick, and on cooling resembles dark, wet sand. Great quantities of it are eaten in this state by the natives, and are also sold to merchants, who take it away to refineries near Calcutta, where it is made into pure white sugar. The sugarcane, as well as the date-palm, grows abundantly in Bengal, and the juice of this is used in the same way by the natives for making sugar.

To the left of the furnace is a woman standing very eagerly watching the boiling process. She has her dress well drawn over her head, hiding completely her face. It would be considered very improper for any woman, and especially for a young wife, even in country districts, to remain with her head uncovered in the presence of strangers. Further to the left is one of the sugar-makers, sitting down to have a few delicious pulls at his dearly beloved hookah. A native when at work seldom drinks much, as is the custom of laborers in England; but when tired and thirsty squats down and takes a few long pulls from his pipe, and rises refreshed and strengthened by his work.

Standing by his side is his little son,

looking on with great interest, no doubt with his mouth watering at the thought of the feast he will have when the boiling is over. In the left-hand corner, in front, is a tiny babe too young to take any interest in the proceedings, lying in the warm sunshine upon a cloth spread on some dry palm-leaves.

Visits among the quiet country people are always much enjoyed by missionaries. We find them much more straightforward and simple than the townspeople. They listen with very great interest to the Gospel, but are afraid to act upon it without the consent of their priests and teachers, and of course these do all they can to keep them under their influence. However, it was to the poor chiefly that our Saviour preached, and it is from amongst the poor in India that we have the largest number of converts.—T. R. Edwards, in *Missionary Herald*.

LOUISE'S VICTORY.

BY MRS. W. D. BROWN.

It was a warm, rainy afternoon in September. Mrs. Meade was busy in her sewing-room, cutting, basting, stitching, while baby Howard was amusing himself with clothes-pins and building-blocks on the floor beside her. The window was open a little and there was a pleasing harmony in the patter of the raindrops upon the large leaves of the grape-vine which grew just outside, the busy clicking

"At school; a penny rolled down the floor under my seat; I picked it up, and Sadie French told teacher I had got her penny, and teacher asked me for it, and I told her it was mine. I said papa gave it to me, and he didn't, mamma, 'twas Sadie's penny, and I—I—told a lie. Oh, dear!"

"Did the teacher punish you or why did you come home?" asked mamma.

"She talked to me, and I gave her the penny, but I couldn't stop crying, and she said I had better come home, and I ran all the way, and cried awful loud, I was so afraid."

"Why were you afraid?" asked mamma.

"Oh, because I told such a lie!" and tears and sobs poured forth afresh.

Mrs. Meade did not speak for some minutes. She had a great horror of untruthfulness. If there was one thing she had watched more carefully than another in the character of her children, it was truthfulness. If there was one sin more hateful than another in her sight, and that she had tried to teach them to hate, it was falsehood, deceit. She had always won from them the truth, and taught them constantly that "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord." It had been taught them in a way which they clearly understood, and the good seed had fallen in good ground. The children had been truthful. Their parents could trust their word, and gain from them the truth, even though it revealed their own faults. Never had Louise been known to tell an untruth before, and

sob, Mrs. Meade told of the love and pity of her Heavenly Father that could put this wicked thing all out of her mind, and love her just as much as before, and would blot from her life-book the sad story.

Slowly rest and peace came to the troubled heart.

"Now," said Mrs. Meade, "would you not like to tell your teacher all about it, and ask her to forgive you?"

There was nothing in the world so sweet to Louise, just now, as forgiveness, but she was a little girl and very tired; besides, she had never walked alone from her home to the schoolhouse, and as the mother saw her willing spirit and weak flesh, she quickly put on waterproof and rubbers, and taking Louise by the hand went with her to the schoolhouse.

"I ran all the way home, mamma, just as fast as I could, and cried awfully, I couldn't help it; when I was right along here I hollered," said Louise, as they crossed from the sidewalk.

The teacher met them in the hall, and must have read something of their errand in the sad expression of the two faces before her.

"Louise tells me that she told you a falsehood," said Mrs. Meade. "I think she is truly penitent and wishes to tell you so. I am very sorry, we had thought her a truthful child."

"I am sorry, too," said the kind teacher. "I have always depended on her word nor has she deceived me in any way until to-day. I am surprised and pained."

"Teacher, I am sorry; will you forgive me? I never will do so again if I can help it," sobbed Louise, throwing her arms around her teacher's neck. Tears and kisses and whispered words of love and trust were her answer.

"I will not detain you from your duties, Miss Grant, and Louise, you may return to your school. I wish you might feel to tell the scholars you are sorry, for they all heard the untruth you told your teacher, and knew about the penny," said Mrs. Meade, as she turned to leave.

It was a large primary school. Of the seventy pupils, a few looked lovingly at Louise as she entered; some smiled mockingly, while the many were indifferent, for they had no regard for their own word, and thought little or had been taught little of the sin of lying. Could this timid little girl speak to all these?

When the lessons for the day were recited, and books put in order for the night, Miss Grant looked at Louise with a tender inquiring glance. She came forward and stood by her teacher's side, and, turning her face toward the school, said, "I told teacher a lie about the penny. It was Sadie's all the time. I'm sorry, and I don't mean to lie no more," and the little face hid itself upon the teacher's shoulder.

When Louise came home that night there was a smile upon her face which still told its tale of the chastisement of suffering through which she had passed, and there was a look of serious earnestness in her eye which her mother well understood.

Five years have passed away since that day. Sometimes something has transpired that has recalled the event to Mrs. Meade and Louise, but it is never referred to, save that Louise says, I never have since that day, mamma," and mamma answers with trust and confidence in her tones, "No, Louise, never," for this is a true story.—*Golden Rule*.

So tired; yet I would work
For Thee, Lord, hast Thou work
Even for me?

Small things, which others, hurrying on
In Thy blest service, swift and strong,
Might never see.

So tired; yet I might reach
A flower to cheer and teach
Some sadder heart;

Or for parched lips perhaps might bring
One cup of water from the spring
Ere I depart.

—Selected.



BOILING DATE-PALM JUICE.

of the sewing machine, and the noisy glee of little Howard over some triumph of building or ruins of his lofty tower. Suddenly there came a sound which did not harmonize. It was the loud crying of a child, and looking out, Mrs. Meade saw her little Louise running past the window and into the house. She rose to meet her, and the frightened, screaming child ran into her mother's arms. Now, Louise was a little seven-year-old girl; a merry, happy child, always full of fun and play, and it was altogether a strange thing to see her in such distress. She had tripped off to school an hour before, happy as a lark, and now her face was red, her eyes swollen, and her little form trembling with emotion.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Meade, as she threw back the hair from her hot face, and tried to soothe by loving tenderness her excited child.

Louise did not speak, but cried harder than before.

"Are you hurt? Has anything bad happened to you? Tell me why you cry so!"

But Louise was crying so hard she could not speak.

"Are you sick? Do you ache anywhere?"

Louise shook her head.

Mrs. Meade said no more, but held her in her lap, and soothed her into quiet, while little Howard, standing by his mother's knee, patted the tear-stained face.

"Oh, mamma, I lied! I told a lie!" sobbed out Louise.

"Where? To whom?" asked mamma.

now that she had done it so deliberately and decidedly the mother's heart was pained, for this, to her, was trouble, and silent tears coursed down her cheeks, and dropped on the fair hair of her sinning child. Louise saw her mother's sorrow, and the look of pain deepened in her eyes.

"Did you ever tell a lie before?" asked mamma.

"No, ma'm," Louise answered.

"This is very sad," said mamma. "It has made you suffer, and me, and your teacher, and one who heard it first, and knew it was a lie before it passed your lips, feels how sad it is more than any of us. It is a very wicked thing, my child, but the sin is against God, and the dear Jesus who loves you so dearly. Are you sorry for this great wrong, my darling?"

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry, and I never will do it again if you'll only forgive me this once!"

"Do you feel just like that to God, and can you tell him just the same?"

"Yes. I want to now."

Mrs. Meade led her little girl into the sitting-room, closed the door, knelt by the side of her child, and prayed that this sin might be forgiven and forgotten, and that the heart and mouth that had been so polluted might be made clean and pure again, and then Louise prayed, confessing her sin, and asking forgiveness with the simplicity and trustfulness of a child in whose mind there has been no conflict with doubt. Then they sat down side by side, and with her arm around the little form that now and then shook with a convulsive

ANIMALS WITH MORE THAN TWO EYES.

Yes! animals with more than two eyes. But are there really such creatures? you will ask. Do we mean real animals and real eyes, or allegorical animals and allegorical eyes? We have certainly heard of such creatures in ancient mythology. Argus is said to have had as many as a hundred eyes. These eyes were afterwards said to have been transferred to the tail feathers of Juno's favorite bird, the peacock, and people sometimes pretend to see the traces of them in the peacock tails of to-day.

We do mean real animals and real eyes. And the extra eyes in the living creatures are no mere casual occurrences; they are not "freaks of nature," such as the accidental malformations we sometimes see preserved in museums, or shown in popular exhibitions.

The myriad-eyed animals are neither myths nor monsters. They are examples of the beautiful and symmetrical in nature, and not of the uncommon and repulsive. They live in our world of to-day, fellow-tenants of the beautiful earth, peopling the air, the dry land, and the seas. They are marvellous, yet multifarious members of the zoological cosmos, the fearfully and wonderfully made animal world.

There are many-eyed animals both of the sea and of the land. They vary greatly in size, from the little fairy fly the fiftieth part of an inch in length, to reptiles measuring nearly eighty feet.

Strange to say, not all these curious animals have their eyes on their heads. Indeed, many of them have no heads, and yet they have hundreds of eyes. Others have eyes on their backs as well as upon their heads. Some kinds of shell-fish have thousands of eyes, and these are situated not on the animal's body, but on its hard, stony shell!

Again, many of these multitudinous eyes are very curiously shaped. It will surprise you to learn through what wonderful windows with variously shaped panes and minute partitions these many-eyed animals look out upon the wide world around them.

Let us begin with the humbler forms of life. We will take the scallop family as an example. We all know the scallop shell. It has become historical, used as it was as a drinking-cup by the pilgrims to the Holy Land in the time of the Crusaders. We see the scallop in the fishmonger's shops, but how many of us know anything about the curious animal within! The creature is absolutely without a head, and yet it is possessed of nearly one hundred eyes.

Lift up the doubled-edged fleshy "mantle" or envelope which forms the outer covering, and you will find the inner one drooping like a curtain finely fringed. At its base you will see a row of conspicuous black dots, surrounded by tentacles. These are the animal's eyes, which you may count by scores. These eyes have been very carefully examined by zoologists. They are somewhat rudimentary in structure when compared with the eyes of man; but they possess a "cornea" or transparent membrane in front of the eye like our own; a lens for forming the picture of outside objects, an optic nerve, and other accessories for the purposes of vision.

Very remarkable in so humble a creature is the protection of the lower sides of the eye-ball with a dark colored pigment, which prevents the access of too much side light. The microscope tells us much more about these eyes of the scallop.

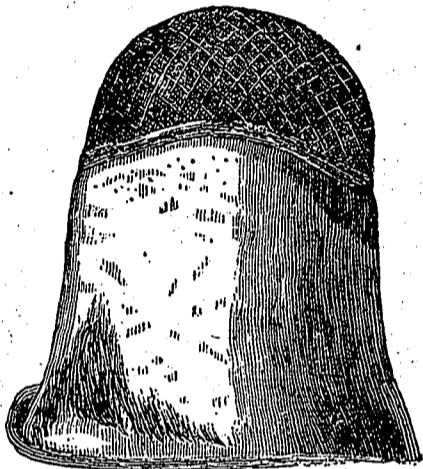
Another animal endowed with more than two eyes is found amongst the various creatures known as onchidia. These animals, which are sea-slugs, live exclusively on the sea-shore or in brackish marshes. They are found in the Philippine Islands, and in certain parts of the southern coast of Australia. For our knowledge of their structure and the strange position in which their extra eyes are placed, we are chiefly indebted to Herr Carl Semper, Professor in the University of Wurzburg.

Onchidium, like other slugs, has two eyes on its head, in the usual place; but it also possesses a large number of eyes on its tough, leathery back! These dorsal eyes, as they are called, have been found in more than twenty species of onchidia. Professor Semper has counted as many as ninety-

eight on the back of a single inch diam. These eyes on the back of the animal occur in groups in some species, and singly in other species. The younger specimens have the greatest number. When the skin of the animal is rough, and raised into little hills, the eye or eyes will be found at the summit. In these cases the eye is retractile; that is, it can be drawn in so as to avoid the dangers to which its elevated position exposes it.

The onchidium, then, is better off than the scallop, inasmuch as it has a head, and a multiplicity of eyes in addition. But why should it have eyes on its back? Such eyes are chiefly directed upwards to the sky, and are quite useless for looking down on the earth, where the food of the animal lies. But it is fairly certain that these dorsal eyes are no purposeless "freak of nature." There is very good reason to believe that they serve to warn the animal of the attacks of a fish which seeks to prey upon it above, leaping upon it through the air.

But some shell-fish greatly excel the onchidia in the number of their eyes. The so-called coat-of-mail shells, or chitonidae, are perhaps the most marvellous myriad-eyed animals we know of. Some of them



Loxster's Eye.

have as many as eleven thousand eyes. We may well smile at the comparative poverty of the mythological Argus in the matter of eyes when we look at one of these coat-of-mail shells. But the strangest thing about these thousand-eyed animals is yet to be told. Their eyes are not found on the body, as in the case of the scallop; you will look in vain for them upon its head or mantle, or broad, creeping disk. Then, if not upon the body, where can the eyes possibly be? The question has only been answered within the last three years, for up to that time all the chitonidae were described in the text-books as eyeless. It was Doctor Moseley, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Oxford, who made the discovery. Whilst washing the shell of one of these creatures with spirit, he noticed that it sparkled here and there as if set with small crystals.

Further and prolonged investigation let him into a secret which has astonished the whole world of zoologists. The surfaces of many of these coat-of-mail shells are really full of eyes. They glisten at us like diamonds in their calcareous setting, as we view them with a hand-lens of moderate power.

On taking up an oyster-shell, or, indeed, any shell you may have as an ornament in your house, and examining it, you would hardly expect it to have any power of feeling, any more than a stone, so utterly inorganic and devoid of anything like nervous structure does it seem to be. Yet in the coat-of-mail shells, this stony-looking armor which covers the back of the animal is so thickly set with eyes and touch-organs that in many cases you can barely place a pin's head upon it without touching some of these organs of sense.

I have before me as I write a corephium shell which has at least eleven thousand five hundred eyes on its surface. These eyes have their nerves running down through the shell into the body below, and the outer sensations are thus transferred along the telegraph nerves to the brain.

In the centre of the eye we see the outline of the iris. A perfectly transparent and strongly double convex lens is found behind the iris-aperture. So there is no room left for guess work about these

glistening objects which we found in such enormous numbers on the coat-of-mail shells. Their structure and function has been fully made out.

Before we take leave of these wonders of the shore, and come to the scarcely less wonderfully gifted animals of the land, let us mention, in passing, one or two other marine examples of the many-eyed. Have you ever looked with a magnifying glass at the eyes of the lobster? If not, I would advise you to do so. The lobster's two eyes are made up of many smaller eyes, more, indeed, than you would care to count. Moreover, each of these many eyes has its own cornea, lens, optic nerve, and other accessories which go to make up a separate, yet complete organ. Every one of these separate eyes is set diamond fashion, and on the face of each diamond is a cross.

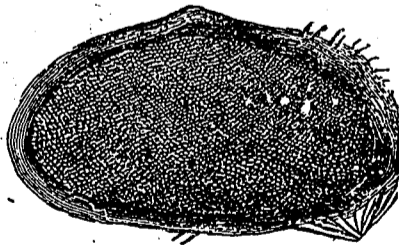
This singular and beautiful pattern is repeated in hundreds of these component eyes, so that the lobster looks out upon the world from a very curiously decorated window indeed.

Our green fields and woods in summer are gay with creatures endowed with more than two eyes. Soaring on gauzy or painted wing, in the sunshine, or making the light air luminous in company with leathern-winged bats as large as themselves, they look upon the world through not merely hundreds, but thousands of eyes,—wonderfully latticed windows and panes of many patterns. The world of moths and butterflies, of bees, ants and beetles, of winged visitants to our gardens and study windows, is an inexhaustible treasury of animals too commonly thought to exist only in fable. At home, indoors in the winter months, the cricket on the hearth, that merry little minstrel, looks upon us with hundreds of curiously shaped eyes.

Among the smaller creatures, the ants of our gardens, conservatories, woods and fields, afford interesting examples of the many-eyed. Some kinds of ants have no eyes at all, but only eye-sockets. The males have generally the largest number of eyes; as many as twelve hundred have been found in a single individual. In the less bountifully endowed species, the eyes are found to vary from one to five in number. Each eye is hexagonal, or six-sided, in shape.

These six-sided eyes are the form most commonly found in insect-life. Bees, butterflies, beetles and ants afford good examples of them. The compound eye of the living bee, when examined under a lens, shows them in startling numbers. As many as twelve thousand six hundred six-sided eyes have been found on the head of a single worker bee.

But another fact remains to be told. Mr. Frank Cheshire, one of the most successful "workers" of the London Royal Microscopical Society, has carefully measured the diameter of one of these twelve thousand six hundred eyes; he finds it to be a little more than the thousandth part of an inch. Do not forget that each of these six-sided panes is really a separate eye, with its own lens, crystalline cone, and microscopic telescope behind, running back to the retina, where the picture is formed.



Eye of a Fly.

There is reason to believe that one use of this vast multiplication of eyes is to enable the insect to see with tolerable clearness in what would be to us darkness. Nearly all the operations carried on in the hives are done during the day time, in very dim light; and in the night time, when work is by no means intermitted, there would be to our eyes absolute darkness. To the bees, however, the scanty rays received by so many sensitive points of sight may be sufficient to enable them to see with comparative clearness.

As we have said, the hexagon is the form most commonly found in insect eyes. But there are some very curious exceptions to

the rule. The thousand-eye drone-fly and the house-cricket are instances in point. We shall find the drone-fly, known as *Bristalis tenax*, hovering over or alighted on a head of flowers in full bloom. He is sucking the juices from the petals or eating the pollen from the anthers. He is a stout, pitchy-black, hairy fly, more than half an inch in length. Notice the tawny spots on the abdomen, and the triangular spots of the same color on the side, and you will remember him.

The two compound eyes, projecting on each side of the head, are easily seen; half globular in shape, they are relatively immensely larger than the eyes of the higher animals. I take a dead specimen, and tenderly remove the front membrane of one of these compound eyes. I carefully remove the dark coloring matter at the back, using a soft camel's hair brush for the purpose; and, after washing the membrane in spirit, I put it on a thin slip of glass, and then look at it, or, rather, through it, with a hand-lens.

What do I see? The cornea proves to be a beautiful transparent lattice, fitted with thousands of six-sided window-panes. Is any cathedral window, however vast, half so wonderful? I can count the number of these separate window-panes, each of which, again, is a complete eye. There are more than four thousand of them. But, as I trace them downward, I notice a curious change in their shape.

They gradually pass from hexagons into squares—from six-sided panes into four-sided panes. The upper half of the window, as I have called the compound eye, is filled with panes of one pattern, and the lower half with panes of another pattern. This is a very remarkable occurrence. As far as I know,—and I have examined some scores of insects' eyes of different species,—it is confined to the drone-fly.

The "portecullis eye" of the house-cricket is an example of the square-shaped eye-facet, in which the lens is framed; but in this case all are squares, and none of them hexagons. If you examine this cricket's eye, you will find hundreds of eye-facets arranged in rows. Each facet is barred off from its neighbor by a thick, horny partition, giving the whole the appearance of the heavily-timbered framework which used to be let down before the entrance of old castle gateways. Hence the name "portecullis" eye.

We have next to deal with much larger kinds of animals than those hitherto mentioned. The discovery that lizards have a third eye, now in most cases buried beneath the skin, but formerly situated at the top of the head, is one of the very newest and most startling achievements of zoological investigation. In some of the smooth-skinned lizards, this third eye, though no longer in use, is still visible on the top of the scaly head, being placed just under a large transparent scale, which serves to protect it. All the lizards are found to possess this third eye at the crown of the head, the other two eyes being in the usual position. The giant lizards of geological antiquity were also three-eyed. Some of them, like the mososaurus, were as much as seventy-five feet in length.

The zoologists tell us strange stories about the wonderful forms of life which existed in the times of the mososaurus. Yet it is well to know that we are living amongst the descendants of these three-eyed giants, and that in almost any museum the skull of the commonest lizard of to-day shows the socket for the accommodation of this extra eye.

The world of to-day is quite as wonderful as that of the past. Every winged creature that flies in the firmament, except birds and bats, and untold millions more that creep on the green earth, are equipped with two beautiful, geometrical windows, in which are hundreds or thousands of complete and perfect eyes.

In the ocean, too, as we have seen, argus-eyed creatures abound. Strango, yet true, is the conclusion at which the zoologists have arrived. Animals with more than two eyes, so far from being rare and exceptional productions of nature, are actually in the majority. They vastly exceed in numbers those which are endowed with no more than two. The story of Argus is indeed outdone by the story we may read for ourselves in nature's ever-open page.—Henry Walker, F.G.S., in *Youth's Companion*.

THE QUEST.

There was once a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,
To the little brown house,
To the old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

—Eudora S. Bumstead, in St. Nicholas.

WHAT TO TEACH YOUR BOYS.

Teach them how to earn money; to be strictly truthful. Teach them shorthand and typewriting, economy in all affairs, to be polite in their manners. Teach them arithmetic in all its branches, history and political economy. Teach them, by example, how to do things well. Teach them the care of horses, waggons and tools, and to avoid tobacco and strong drink. Teach them habits of cleanliness and good order, to ride, drive, jump, run and swim. Teach them careful and correct business habits, and how to get the most for their money. Teach them to avoid profane and indecent language, to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive. Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.—*Truth.*

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6. THE KINGDOM OF SAUL.
7. EMPIRE OF DAVID AND SOLOMON.
8. DIVISION OF SOLOMON'S EMPIRE.
9. THE SYRIAN PERIOD.
10. THE RESTORATION OF ISRAEL under Jeroboam II.
11. PALESTINE UNDER THE MACCABEES.
12. THE KINGDOM OF HEROD THE GREAT.
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Question Corner.—No. 24.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

63. Name four Israelites who left Egypt with their brethren and who afterwards entered the land of Canaan and settled there?

The Picture of the Day.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

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The publishers of the *Northern Messenger* believe they have secured for their subscribers this year the most popular picture of the time, "Christ before Pilate," by Michael von Munkacsy. This picture was purchased by John Wanamaker, the merchant prince and philanthropist, of Philadelphia, for \$120,000, and is now on exhibition in the United States, where it has been visited by hundreds of thousands of people. In Europe, before it was brought to America, it was visited by millions of art lovers. The publishers of the *Messenger* have secured a photogravure reproduction of this picture, made for themselves, which is a marvel of beauty, and they offer it to their subscribers on the terms given below.

Copies of these pictures may be obtained by sending with the subscription price of the *Northern Messenger* for one year (30 cents) twenty-five cents in addition, that is, the *Northern Messenger* for one year and a copy of the celebrated picture, "Christ before Pilate," for 55 cents.

An old subscriber who obtains a new subscriber may send \$1.00 for the two copies of the *Messenger* for the year and the two copies of the great picture "Christ before Pilate." The new subscriber will have the paper to the end of the year free, so the sooner his subscription comes in the more he will receive for his money.

The size of the picture is 19 by 24 inches, and it is printed on heavy etching paper.

We hope that the readers of the *Messenger* will appreciate this effort to obtain for them so notable a picture at so small a cost.

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