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# Northern Messenger

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## The Battle of the Clouds.

ON THE RIFFLEBERG IN A TEMPEST.

(Dr. F. E. Clark in 'Silver Link.')

One day in the holiday season three Americans might have been seen starting out from Zermatt, about eight o'clock in the morning, with stout alpenstosks and their inevitable Baedeker. They had been anxiously scanning the clouds and studying the mer-

out above, radiant in the sunlight. This was discouraging, but the Breithorn shone resplendent, without a cloud on her vast white bosom; the Weisshorn, too, was visible, from head to heels; Castor and Pollux, like two gigantic good-natured twins (each rises to an altitude of about 13,000 feet), beckoned us on; mighty Lysskamm promised a good day; and so we started.

In spite of Mark Twain's chaff, the Riffelalp is a very respectable hill; even for Switzerland. Up, up, we climbed, the zigzags

majestic grew that mighty mass of rock and snow.

We made our way past the old church where are buried two of the rash climbers who first tried, in 1865, to learn the secrets of the Matterhorn; over the bridge that spans the roaring Visp just set free from the icy fetters of the glacier; through the woods of spruce and hard pine, until, after two hours of tolerably hard climbing, we came to the Riffelalp hotel, one of the splendid hostelries that the canny Swiss have planted on every coign of vantage in their picturesque domain.

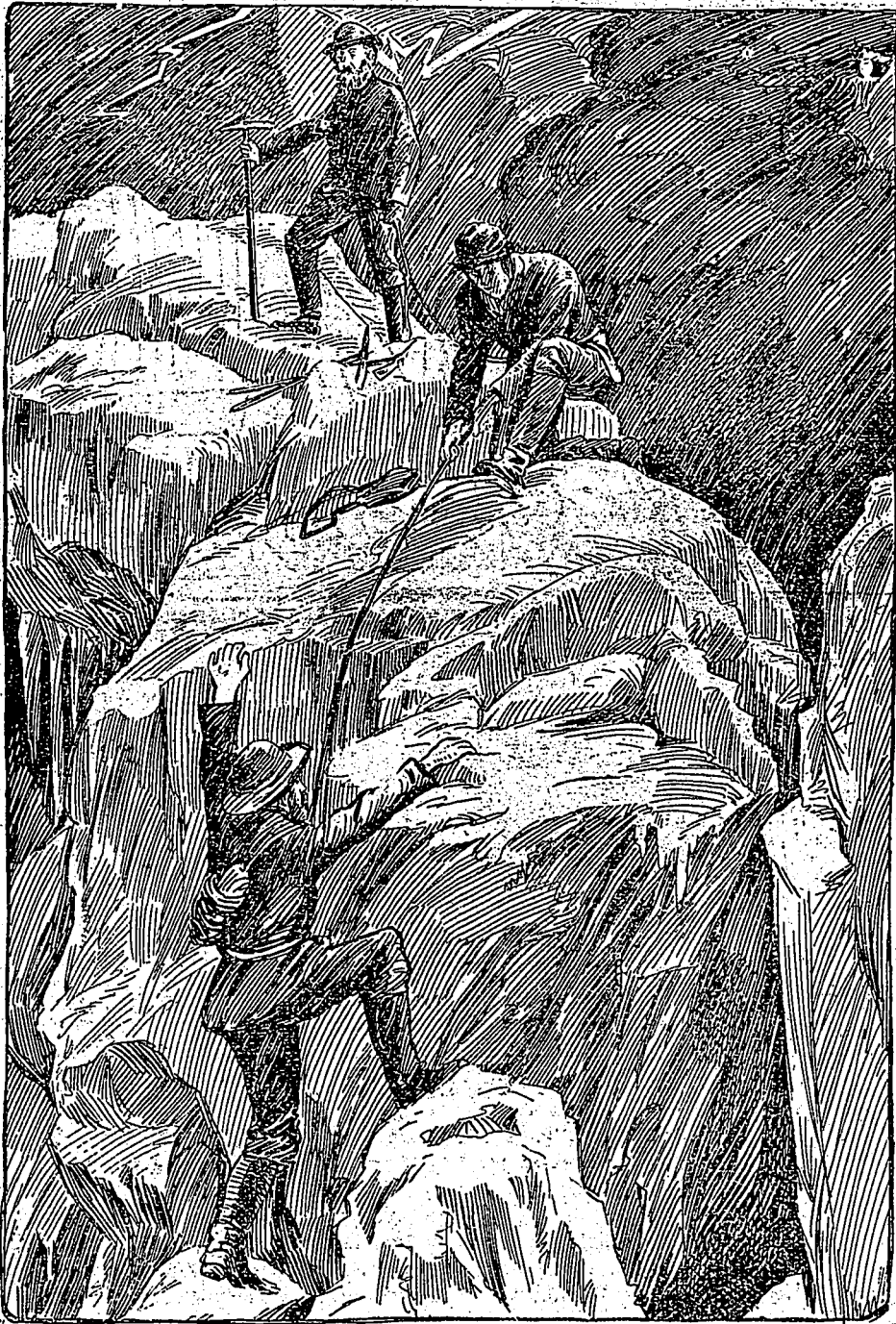
We press on more rapidly, for the clouds are coming down lower and lower on Mont Cervin, as the French call the Matterhorn. Not only his head, but his shoulders, his trunk, his hips, are covered now. Even the lower peaks put on their hoods; the wind rises and howls around our defenceless heads, as if it would blow us from the insecure ledge of rock around which we are trying to make our way, for we are far above the tree-line now. The rain begins to patter down; and as we get higher it turns to pellets of hail, which cut our faces and hands like minute bullets shot from an invisible catapult. But here we are at last, just as the storm begins in good earnest, at the Riffelhaus, another famous hotel, and one of the highest in all the Alps. Most grateful, too, is the warm fire and good cheer within.

From behind the ample vestibule, screened by glass on all sides, we watch the gathering tempest. Great billowy masses of storm-laden cloud sweep up from the Zermatt valley on the one side, and from the Zmutt valley on the other, while down from every titanic mountain peak other battalions of clouds rush to meet them. The Matterhorn wholly disappears from view; Monte Rosa vanishes behind her veil; even white-breasted Breithorn, nearest of all, is suddenly blotted out, as if it had never existed. All the world is without form and void. Chaos reigns supreme.

Louder and louder the demons of the air howl and shriek around us, but we can laugh at them behind the thick walls of our stone fortress. They cannot make it quiver. The rains descend and the floods come, and they beat upon that house; but it falls not. Then the snow drives down from the top of the highest Alps, where it has its perpetual home. A whitish tinge is given to the sombre cloud, and unfortunate tourists, who had set out for distant peaks before the storm arose, begin to struggle into the hotel by twos and threes, their faces looking red and parboiled by the snowy blast, and their coats covered with Nature's ermine.

Thus for four hours the storm rages, growing each moment more furious, and the cloud in which we are wrapped grows denser and blacker; when, look! look! by some invisible hand, in a single instant of time, quicker than on a mimic stage a curtain could be rolled up, the cloud curtain is rolled away, and in majestic splendor the Matterhorn and all his magnificent brethren of Valais shine out flawless, speckless, immaculately grand.

Below surge the baffled clouds, which the north wind is driving before him, filling the valleys, piling thick and deep upon the Gornier Glacier below. At once we started for the



A PERILOUS MOMENT ON THE ALPS.

curry, and though both insisted on going down, the one over the highest mountain-peaks, and the other below 'variable' in the barometer tube, they determined to start.

The Matterhorn, to be sure, persistently kept on his cap of clouds, most impolitely, considering the many tourists that had come to do him reverence that day. Monte Rosa was tipped with a cloud-fleck too, or rather wore around her neck a gauzy scarf such as, I believe, ladies used very appropriately to call a 'cloud,' while her silvery head peered

ever growing steeper and stonier, and the views ever more magnificent as each turn revealed some new glory. But always the Lion of Zermatt, the mighty Matterhorn was in our eye. We could not get away from it. Turn which way we would, it seemed to dominate the landscape. Like a mighty cathedral tower, fifteen thousand feet high, built by God of solid rock, we could seem to feel its presence even when we did not actually see it; and the higher we won our way up the Riffelberg, the more stupendous and

Gorner Grat, a rocky snow-bound peak, two hours' climb above the Riffelberg, a peak more than ten thousand feet above the sea. A little one, indeed, is the Gorner Grat among the thousands of Switzerland; but it lifts its modest head in the very centre of the mightiest mountains of Europe, and looks them all in the very eye.

As we climb the snowy, toilsome steep, we witness many a battle between the north wind and the sulky clouds, which refuse to give up beaten. Every few minutes they return to the attack, and apparently sweep all before them. One minute we are standing in brilliant sunlight; the next, in impenetrable fog so dense and dark that we almost fear we shall lose the path. Then the next moment the north wind 'cometh and cleanseth them,' and all is sweet and clear again.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight of all was when the wind began to gain the mastery, and the highest peaks, crowned with sunlight, would peer above the clouds enormously exaggerated, and looking fifty thousand, instead of fifteen thousand, feet high, seeming to hang and topple over us, almost from the zenith itself.

But old Boreas wins the day in the end; gloomily and sulkily the clouds retire; and by the time we reached the top of the Gorner Grat, every glorious peak in the magnificent circle from the knife-edge of the Matterhorn's summit, clear around the horizon to the Matterhorn again, stood out sharp and brilliant as when first from the chisel of the great Sculptor. It was a magnificent battle, and we are thankful that it was our good fortune to witness it.

### Be Cheerful.

Why do not people strive to cultivate cheerfulness, to gather sunbeams and not clouds into their hearts and natures? They surely could if they only would, for in no direction does the real force of 'will power' stand out more conspicuously than in this—a will to keep at bay that mental disease, 'the blues,' to see the light and not the darkness. More mental agony is really endured in dread and fear of what might happen, than on account of all that does actually happen.

Many a bridge is mentally 'crossed before we come to it,' the wise old adage to the contrary notwithstanding; and much needless worry and anxiety are fostered thereby. A large majority of most people's troubles are merely the anticipated ones.

Small matters, trifling surroundings, often cause really absurd despondency. Analyse the cause of mental depression, and often it is found ridiculous and groundless. Even the weather is a reliable thermometer of some people's mental condition—sunny or stormy, as the case may be; all life and exuberance in pleasant days, melancholy and 'blue' in stormy weather.

The companionship of those who are addicted to mental depression is anything but desirable. The very foundation of the happy home fire side should be cheerfulness itself. There all the holy joy and mutual love and affection should be cemented by the benefit and peace-giving bond of cordial, happy, hearty good-will.

When genuine sorrows do come, as to all they some time inevitably must, the heart is stronger to stand against them, and to endure, than if health and courage had been fretted away by imaginary troubles and by 'looking on the dark side,' and the glad thought is hailed with comfort that the good Father who carries us along in the sunshine will be at the helm in the shadow.—'Family Record.'

### The Family Pew.

By Ernest Gilmore.

Looking backward through a mist of tears I see the old family pew in the 'Old Brick Church,' with father at the end nearest the aisle. Father was an 'elder,' respected and beloved, a reserved, undemonstrative man, but abounding in love for his family and the 'cause,' and never failing in good works.

Mother, in her good leghorn hat and white crepe, silk embroidered shawl, was there, too, whenever possible, and so were the 'five steps'—we children, one boy and four girls.

In these dear old days the 'Family Pew' was the family pew, the children were not only expected to be in it on the Sabbath day but were in it.

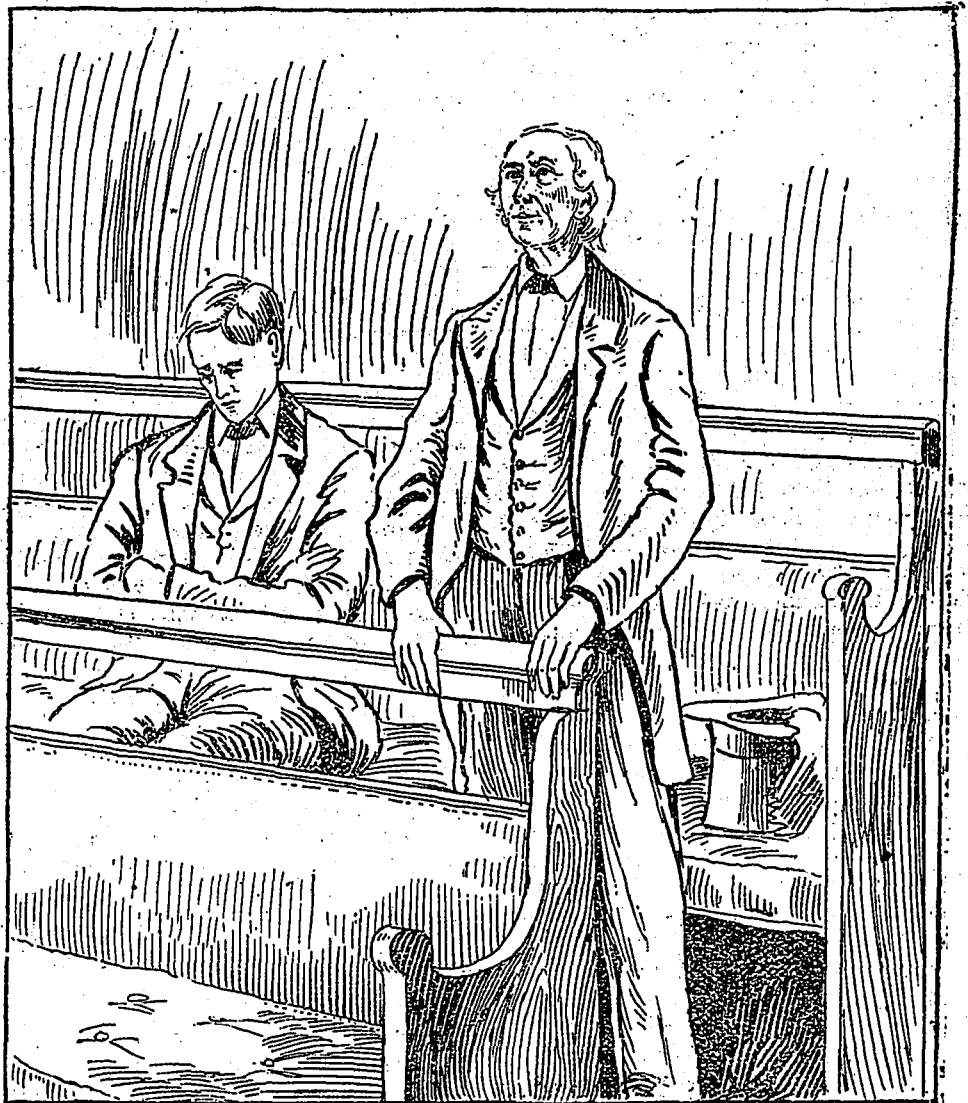
Were they always well behaved? Well,

graced. As for my badly behaved small sister, she learned how to act in church by going to church.

There was a pleasant stir in the old church when the plate was passed. I always used to watch father at such times; he always gave generously, but so quietly that I had to look closely to see how much it was. On 'Missionary Sundays' I cannot remember of his ever failing to take out of his pocket quietly a ten dollar bill, and folding it up into as small dimensions as possible, he put it on the plate.

Sometimes there is a call for a special missionary collection now-a-days, but I often wonder how many there are who put ten dollars in the box at such times.

A short time ago I had a letter from a lady in Nebraska, whom I do not know, but it seems to me she remembers me. She had been sad and lonely, and she wrote, 'It



THE FAMILY PEW.

perhaps not always, but generally. Truth compels me to say that there was a time when I thought disgrace had come upon our family pew.

I had taken a beautiful little sister to church—it was 'time for her to go to the "House of God"' they thought. She was a mischievous little one, always restless wherever she was. She fidgeted about until, at last, with her knees upon the cushion and her arms upon the back of the seat, looking toward the people behind us, I thought she was contented. Not so. Presently some movement on her part caused me to turn around. One little arm of hers was raised threateningly as if she would like to strike some one. An old lady, smiling serenely at her, had caused this momentary anger. I was confused and ashamed.

'You naughty girl!' I whispered; 'aren't you ashamed of yourself?'

But she was not, not a bit, and I discovered later that we, as a family, were not dis-

seemed a voice from home,' (something she had received), 'and brought to my mind the time when I saw you with your father and mother, your brother and the little girl, seated in the "family pew," in the dear old church. Far away and alone at home, if I may so call the forsaken house I live in, I perhaps can recall those early scenes more easily than you who have gone so gradually from the old to the new.'

The Church is a lighthouse, the children should all be there.

'It warns to shun the breakers near,  
Smooth into port the vessel guides,  
Points where a wider course to steer,  
Shows how to escape conflicting tides.

'Thus built upon eternal truth,  
High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,  
Christ's Church holds forth to age and youth,  
A beacon and a sanctuary.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## For Honor's Sake.

(E. Boyd Bayly in 'Sunday at Home'.)

### CHAPTER II.

Davie's father had been a much-respected tradesman, carrying on a small business in Christchurch. Calamities, of the kind that no foresight can avert, came upon him; and before he had time to recover from them, he took a fever and died, leaving five children, the eldest a boy of fourteen, and his affairs encumbered with debts. They were honest debts, such as come in the order of trade, and would have been cleared as he went along, but for his misfortunes. The chief creditor held a mortgage on the business and stock, which passed into his hands: the smaller claims were left—no one thought of pressing them. Kindly men felt for the widow, and hard ones said it was no use trying to draw blood from a stone. All agreed that Marriott would have done well and paid up, if he had lived. The widow gave up everything but the necessary furniture of a humble dwelling—left her comfortable home, and went with her children to a lean-to, on the edge of the town.

In England, we add lean-tos to houses already built. In the colonies, they begin with a lean-to, and leave space in front to build the house when they have prospered and can afford it. Some people never do prosper, and go on living in lean-tos.

Mrs. Marriott's had ground behind it as well as before, and a well at the back which never failed. These, with the comparatively low rent of an unpopular suburb, were her attractions to the place, since she had decided to try laundry-work. It was very different from anything she had been brought up to expect, for her father was a substantial shopkeeper in a country town in England, and her husband's prospects were very bright when she married him. But the work could be done in her own home, with her children about her. There was a demand for it: it was highly paid, and, as a rule, very badly done in Christchurch then; and she had the appliances her husband had bought for her own use in their happy home. There was nothing else which she could do as well which was equally well paid; so she brought her mind to it.

But when she left the dear and pleasant home of years, and came with her children to the three-roomed shed with a little washhouse at the back, her heart almost failed her. The children came running up to her, crying 'Mother, where shall we sleep?' 'Where can we put this or that?' For a moment she turned her face away from them, leaning on the mantelpiece, and wished she could lie down and die. The battle was too great for her.

'Our things never will get in here, mother,' said George, despairingly.

Then a thought came to her, like the cake baked on the coals which the angel showed to Elijah when his heart fainted.

'That's what I said to father, when we went into our little cabin on board ship,' she answered, 'and he said "Oh yes, they will,"—and so they did. This place is not home; it is only our little cabin on the voyage "Home," where he has gone on first; but he would want us to put it tidy. Has the cart gone, George?'

'Yes, mother.'

'Shut the door, then, and let us kneel down together before we touch a thing, and ask God to be our Father here, and tell us what to do.'

Her burden overwhelmed her: she could

not bear it any longer without help. They knelt down among the packages, and she began—

'Our Father, which art in heaven.'

There her voice failed: she could only pour out her tears before the Lord, her children sobbing round her. But again she quieted herself, and the sound of her voice stilled their weeping, as she prayed—

'O Lord God Almighty, come to us and be our Father here. Bless us in our little cabin. Tell us our duty, and make us strong to do it. Help us to earn our daily bread. Make us faithful here, and bring us all safe Home at last, for our dear Saviour's sake. Amen.'

They rose, and the four children clung round her. Davie was not there: he had gone to Rakawahi the day before.

'We'll make it home, mother,' said George.

'We will try, dear,' she answered. 'Now open the basket, and you shall have dinner before we do anything else.'

Children's tears dry quickly. The little ones were soon laughing over the picnic meal. They had scarcely finished when an old friend looked in to see if he could be of use. With the help of his strong arms, the goods were pushed into place; and as the rooms assumed a habitable look, with the remnants of her old home arranged in them, the strong temptation which had assailed the mother to loathe the place and feel she could never do anything but hate it, vanished away. She had come there, feeling as if they had nothing before them but one grinding struggle for bread; but while she prayed, that load was lifted. The Lord Almighty had taken charge of it. Bread would be given them, and water would be sure.

She began to take an interest in making the best of her little place. Friends had been kind, and she had a small sum of money to lay out in fitting up her washhouse. She spared a few pence for flower-seeds, and by Christmas, they had sprung up.

George went to work in a gentleman's house and garden, with leave to help his mother on Mondays and Saturdays, when clothes had to be fetched and returned. He sometimes had plants given to him, and the front garden became quite gay. Already, Mrs. Marriott's house was not like other lean-tos down that unfashionable road; it had a character of its own, received from its mistress.

So had her washing. It was hard work, even harder than she expected: but week after week, when she arranged her piles of linen white as snow, daintily ironed and got up—though every bone in her body ached by Friday night, she had the pleasure of success. She knew that her customers were satisfied, for more and more work came in. Nellie, the eldest girl, had left school to help her, and even the two little ones did their part; but the work became too much for the family, and yet not enough, as yet, to pay for constant help. The mother toiled on from day to day, pleading her daily prayer, 'Tell me my duty, and make me strong to do it.'

Saturday was her day for home, when everything was rubbed up and set in order; and on the Saturday morning before the Monday, which would be Christmas Day, cleaning was interspersed with a great many looks down the road to see if Davie was coming.

The kind stranger had never found his way to the house again. He had once driven down the Coxley Road, seeking it, but failed to find it. He always thought that he would

he happened to have something else to do, until months and years passed on, and it was too late to take up again the little link which had been forged by his meeting with Davie. The lives of two households had touched for an hour, and parted again for the rest of life. We are always forming such links and dropping them, along life's crowded way. If we tried to hold them all fast, they would strangle us. Enough if they are links of loving-kindness for the hour they last.

The stranger came as an angel of mercy indeed, to the boy and his mother. Sore as Davie was, he would have been much sorer still, but for that brief touch of love.

As Christmas approached, Ned had tormented him by telling him he had another card up his sleeve, to 'do' with him. Davie silently resolved that, whatever the card might be, if it were played, he would run away and never come back. He vowed vengeance and defiance, and when the day came everybody looked him up only too assiduously; and he found himself bowling along, on a glorious summer morning, his little legs dangling from the back seat, and Emmie, in the highest spirits, chattering to her father in the front. They were going in to buy good things for Christmas Day.

The Maori-heads were a wilderness of tawny gold, the sunshine glancing on them as they shook in the passing breeze. The beautiful tui-tui grass—like pampas grass, only taller and more graceful—stood guarding the streams. Skylarks poured out their song in the blue sky, and Mr. Foster grumbled at them, and said they were ruining the farmers; but he laid his head back to watch the black speck high above, and made Emmie and Davie see it too, for the sake of dear old England.

As they drew near the town, they drove for miles past pleasant houses standing far back from the road in their own grounds. Girls were in the gardens, picking lilies and roses for Christmas, and currants and raspberries for Christmas pies. Here and there a sweet scent of hay came wafted from some English-grown-sown paddock.

'Christmas is awkward, coming just in the press,' said Mr. Foster. 'All got to go skylarking, when we ought to be pegging away.'

He took Davie to his mother's very door, and called to her, 'Brought him all right this time, you see, and I never had a better little boy. Here,' reaching down to put an envelope into her hand. 'Good day, and a merry Christmas to the young uns.'

He would not wish her a merry Christmas, this year; but he had brought her what she hungered for—her boy. And at first she thought him a picture of health and spirits, all rosy and joyful as he was; but there was a clutch in his clinging hold of her, a quiver in his little face, that spoke of something too deep for a child to feel. Then she remembered that this was his first home-coming to find no father—and to this poor little place.

The linen-baskets stood waiting, and Davie was soon very busy and important, for George had extra work to do at his master's that day, and Davie took home the clothes in a hand-truck, Lily trotting along by his side to show him the way. His mother was astonished to see how his muscles had gained in strength with the ten weeks' out-door work. She was very busy herself with her preparations for Sunday and Monday, and had little talk with him through the day. It needed a strong courage for the tired woman, with a widow's aching heart, to rouse

herself to make any sort of Christmas for the children; and Davie's eager little face helped her to do it.

The active work was all done by tea-time, and after tea she sat down to sew. The children gathered round her, full of rejoicing that Davie was there too.

'How was it you could not come last time, dear?' she asked.

Davie colored up and did not tell, which made her anxious. She passed the matter over, at the time; but when he was in bed, before George had followed him, she went to his side in the dark, and drew the story out, her own heart shrinking and bleeding as she heard it. Davie had forgotten all his troubles in the bliss of being at home again, but they came back in all their vividness as he told his tale, and her arms held him closer and closer the while.

The story ended, and still he nestled to her, his cheek against her neck, and wished she need never put him down. She held him a long time in silence, then parted from him with a close, tremulous kiss, and he wondered to feel a tear upon her cheek.

The ice once broken, his brother and Nellie heard his troubles, and great consultations went on among the three. They went to church and school as usual, on Sunday. After tea, they all gathered round their mother again, and Nellie broached the subject on their minds.

'Mother, need Davie go back to Rakawahi?'

The mother started and pressed her hand tightly upon her heart. Davie's pleading blue eyes looked into hers.

'I could take all the clothes home, mother,' he said.

'I know you would, dear,' she answered.

There was a silence. The children heard their mother's hard breathing, and waited, afraid.

'I have been thinking of it, she said at last, 'and I see the time has come to tell you something none of you know, but George.'

Five eager pair of eyes were fastened on her.

'You know—you elder ones—that your father died in debt,' she continued. 'It was not his fault. He had to get things, to carry on the business, and he never lived to pay for them. There is money owed that he had not even an account for, except what he kept himself. His word was his bond, and every one knew that. There's not one of his creditors has pressed me for the money. They say, "We all know what your husband was, Mrs. Marriott, and we shan't trouble you. Don't you be afraid." They know I have given up everything but just what we must have to go on with, and they let us alone. But they've got the claim upon us all the same. And if they hadn't, I know what it means to forgive debts. I should have money enough from your grandfather to pay every penny owing of your father's, and start something for ourselves beside, if other people had paid him what they owed. There were some that wouldn't, and some that couldn't. But those that couldn't—that came to him in distress, and he took what little they said they could give him then, and crossed off the rest—I know what it was to see them afterwards, dressed so as we never were—going out for excursions and holidays we never took; we couldn't afford it—and never offering to pay up a pound. And I know what my father felt, when he saw his wife or children ill, and wanting things he couldn't get, because he couldn't pay for them, when those that owed him pounds and pounds that he had never crossed off seemed as if they could have anything

they wanted. Would you like any one to feel that of you?'

There was no answer, except from the little earnest faces upturned to hers.

'As long as we haven't a thing that we could do without, I shouldn't feel it,' Mrs. Marriott continued. 'But if we are prospered, and get on a little—every pleasure we took, every new thing you went out in, I should feel there were those that had a right to say, "There goes my money. I bore with their father, because I knew he would pay if he could. They're not their father's children.'

Again there was silence.

'Reach me down the Bible, George,' said Mrs. Marriott.

George obeyed. It was her father's family Bible, and the names of his brothers and sisters were written there—then his own children's—then, in David Marriott's writing, the names of the five children now looking at the page.

'You see those names—and those,' said Mrs. Marriott, laying her hand upon the first two sets. 'There's not one of them owed any man anything. They suffered by those that didn't pay their debts to them, but they paid their own. Would you like to be the first lot in the book to let your father lie in his grave with debts to his name?'

'No,' broke from every child.

'I have thought of this from the day when he was laid there,' Mrs. Marriott continued. 'I couldn't say anything till I saw whether I could so much as get bread to put into your mouths without coming upon anyone to help us; but from that day I have asked Almighty God that I might pay those debts, sooner or later. And I have one debt of my own.'

She paused, and drew from her pocket the envelope Mr. Foster had given her.

'In your father's illness,' she said, 'Mrs. Barton lent me a pound. I have never been able to pay her; and her husband has been ill, and the children had measles, and she must want it, I know.'

She took from the envelope a one-pound note and two half-crowns.

'That must go for your boots, Davie,' she said, laying down the silver. 'This'—taking up the pound-note, 'this is the first money I have had since that day, that I was not obliged to spend directly I got it, for something we couldn't go without. What shall I do with it, Davie?'

'Pay her, mother,' exclaimed all the children.

The widow's eyes kindled. 'I knew you would say it,' she said. 'I knew you would rather do that than have Christmas presents. We can't have a merry Christmas this year, but it will be a happy one, if we pay off the first of our debts. And Davie has earned the money.'

Davie's heart swelled with mingled pride and awe.

'It is four months now since we were left,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'It is a little over ten weeks since we came here. I have never spent a penny I could help. I felt I must have black for myself, but I have not bought even that for you. Friends were kind, and sent me the things you are wearing. And already, in these ten weeks, we have earned more than we need to spend for our keep and clothes. It's the new things I have had to get, in starting the laundry, that have kept us back. I think we are pretty well set up now. And if we can do as well as we have in the first ten weeks, we ought to do better as we go on. I believe God has heard my prayer, and that he means to help us to pay up all we owe.'

Another pause.

'Will it take long, mother?' asked Nellie. 'That's according to how we get on,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'Some day I will tell you older ones more about what there is to do, but not now. I wouldn't have brought this up on a Sunday, only we have so little quiet time, all together; and it does belong to our duty towards God and our duty towards our neighbor. But how we are to do it, belongs to the week's work; and if ye don't want to get like so many others, all taken up in getting money, we must keep it out of our Sundays. We won't settle, to-night, what is right to do about Davie. Leave it till to-morrow. See, it is just upon church-time, and we have not sung any hymns. Whose turn is it to stay in?'

'Mine,' said Ellen. She and George took it in turns to stay at home with the little ones on Sunday evenings, while their mother went out.

'There would be time for a short hymn,' said Mrs. Marriott.

'May we have "O God of Bethel," mother?' asked George.

For a moment she shrank before it, feeling as though her voice must fail her; but only for a moment.

'Yes, dear,' she answered. 'Get the book for Lily and Tottie; the rest of us know it. We'll stand up to sing that.'

They stood round the Bible open at the family page, and sang, in their little corner of the new land, the words which have been sung from generation to generation in God-fearing households in the old country:

'Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

'Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide:  
Give us, each day, our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

'O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.'

The widow walked to church with her two boys, and in the service that same hymn was sung. It came like a seal on their resolve.

### CHAPTER III.

Next day came Christmas—'Christmas Day, all in the morning,' and such an early morning, exactly at midsummer! No fumbling in the dark to feel if little stockings had filled out in the night: it was all broad daylight, and the sunshine streamed over roses and strawberries in leafy gardens.

No little stockings were hung up in Davie's home; nevertheless, five happy faces gathered round the cheap breakfast of porridge and treacle. Milk was scarce and dear in the towns in those days.

Mrs. Marriott had long dreaded Christmas Day; and after poor little Davie's outpouring to her, she had wept through the long night watches, not knowing how she could ever rise and meet the children with a cheerful face again. But in the day itself she woke with a feeling of perfect peace. The gift of gifts had come to her—Christ's peace, on this poor, dark earth. She lay thinking what it really meant, for the Lord Himself to have come and lived in a poor home, with parents who had to struggle and work hard; and that he had childish memories of his own, when he took the little children in his arms and blessed them! Surely he would be taking hers this day.

The light of peace was on her face when

her children greeted her that morning: they all felt it.

Nor was it long before they had tokens that earthly friends were very far from forgetting them on this Christmastide. Baskets and parcels arrived at the door, with gifts to keep and gifts to eat—roast ducks all ready for table, mince-pies and strawberries. They joyfully peppered their modest bit of beef, put it away, wrapped up in muslin, and all went off to church. The pudding had boiled before, and would only have to boil up again when they came back.

They had moved a long way off from old friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Marriott was glad of it. It is often said that in the colonies people can do any kind of honest work without losing position; and so they can—except taking in washing. Ladies may do their own washing, and do other people's too for love, but not take it in for a livelihood without being very much pitied. Mrs. Marriott had thought of all that when she chose her occupation, and yet she made the choice. She could no longer be on equal terms with her friends in outward things, do what she might: a little more or less difference hardly signified. She had never had time or means to keep up a large circle of acquaintances, or even to become very intimate with the few valued friends she had. These had grown nearer and dearer in the time of trouble, but not near enough for love to make all things equal now. Her chief concern was not to become dependent on their kindness; and George, who had most to suffer in the change, felt just as she did. He could bring his mind to meeting his old schoolfellows as he wheeled home the clothes, but not to carrying notes to their parents, asking for help either in money or in some kind of employment which would be given for the sake of helping the widow. Washing was in demand; people were glad enough to get it done. Still, he and Nellie were not sorry to live away down the Coxley Road now. They missed the river, though; and after their Christmas dinner, they locked up the house, and the whole family walked to the beautiful part of the town where the Avon flows past the College buildings, under the large weeping willows said to have grown from cuttings brought from the willow that grows beside Napoleon's empty grave in St. Helena. Mrs. Marriott left the others by the riverside, and took Davie with her to Mrs. Barton's.

The mistress of the house let them in, looking pale and careworn. Her husband, a banker's clerk, was at his post again, and able to go out with the children this afternoon; but he was still far from strong.

'And how are you getting on?' she asked, when she had answered her friend's inquiries.

'Better than we could have expected, for a first beginning,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'And having a holiday to-day, I thought we would come ourselves, and bring you back what you were kind enough to lend me in my trouble,' handing her the envelope containing the pound note.

The sudden flash across Mrs. Barton's face betrayed how glad she would be of a pound, but she drew back, exclaiming, 'Oh, my dear, I don't like to take it. You can't spare it yet, I am sure.'

'Yes, thank God I can,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'My little boy has earned it.'

Mrs. Barton laid her hand on Davie's shoulder. 'Thank you, dear,' she said, the tears coming into her eyes. Then she took his mother's hands and kissed her.

'You are the last person I ever should have thought could help me,' she said. 'God bless you. It comes just like a gift.'

Then Davie was sent into the garden, and the two women shared their griefs and comforts together.

'Oh, how you have lifted me up!' said Mrs. Barton when they parted. 'If the Lord can help you so, through your troubles, mine can't be too much for him.'

'There is nothing too hard for him,' said the widow; and she and Davie went their way.

When tea was over and put away, once more the children clustered round their mother—Nellie and Lily with garments of Davie's under repair in their hands; for they could not afford to play all Christmas Day long, when he was near coming to rags for want of stitches in time.

'And now about you, Davie,' said Mrs. Marriott.

He was sitting on the ground at her feet, his head resting against her knee. He raised it, and looking up with his wistful eyes, said, 'I don't want to stop at home, mother.'

The mother's heart throbbed with a sudden pride, relief, and pain, all strangely mingled. Now the brave child had made up his mind to go, she longed so to keep him.

'I'm afraid that it is right, Davie,' she said, laying her hand round his neck. He drew it close without speaking.

'It is not only for the money,' she continued. 'Mr. Foster knew nothing about us, except by being your father's customer—and he came out of kindness, to help us in our trouble. It wouldn't seem right to take you away, now you have learned to be some good, in the busiest time, when he mightn't get another boy.'

'Yes, mother,' said Davie. Mr. Foster's word of praise had been a great deal to him, although it made his sense of injustice all the keener.

'But couldn't we do something about Ned, mother?' asked George. He wanted to do a father's part by his little brother.

'I have been thinking that over,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'Get the Bible, dear.'

He did so, and the children who had no father on earth to guide them, waited to hear the Heavenly Father's word.

'There are three different places where the Lord says himself how we are to behave to those that serve us badly,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'You shall read them to us, Davie.'

She gave him chapter and verse, and he read first, from the 5th of Matthew, the passage ending, 'Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.'

'That is just exactly what you have been doing by Ned,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'He did you out of your holiday, and you did all his work for him.'

'I had to,' said Davie, opening his eyes wide.

'But you never made any fuss about having to, did you?' said his mother.

No, on reflection Davie could say that he had not.

'Then that was what Jesus told us to do, when we can't help ourselves,' said Mrs. Marriott. 'When we must be put upon, we are to take it cheerfully, for his sake. If we can help it, that mayn't always be the right way. Read on to the 44th verse.'

Davie read: 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you.'

'Do you think it was good for Ned to get off without being punished?' asked Mrs. Marriott.

'No,' exclaimed the two elder children, as if a new light broke upon them. Davie only looked up, puzzled.

'No, it was not,' said their mother, her needle flying, in her agitation. 'If it had

been George—there, I hope, for the Lord's sake, it never could have been! But if it had, I would have prayed on my knees that he might be thrashed well for it—thrashed so as he could never forget it. It would be the best thing to happen to him. And the worst—the very worst—would be to get him let off. You don't do good to them that hate you by letting them prosper in wickedness—if you can help it. Look in the 18th of Matthew, Davie, and see what it says there.'

Davie read the passage beginning: 'If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone.'

'"Thy brother"—that would mean your equal—some one you could deal with,' said Mrs. Marriott, 'and you are not to put up with anything wrong he does, without trying to stop it. If he won't stop—it doesn't say that it is your place to punish him: you might be very kind to heathen men and publicans; but you can't make a friend of him or trust him any more, unless he says he is sorry, or does something to show it. We are not to punish our own enemies. Over and over it says, "Avenge not yourselves." That is the Lord's work. We couldn't be trusted to do it rightly. But, all the same, we are not to sit down and encourage any one in doing wrong, if we can help it. You can't help it, Davie. It wouldn't be a bit of use your speaking to Ned—nor to his uncle either, unless he does something against orders that ought to be told of. If he does, you tell his uncle of it before his face—not behind his back. But I know just how Mr. Foster would feel about his going off that Saturday. He would think "It's something between the boys, and I don't know what led up to it: I'd better let it alone." And the way Ned has gone on since, which I call worse—it's nothing to tell about at all. The only thing you can do is to go on doing your best by him, no matter what he does by you.'

'He thinks I do it because I am afraid of him,' said Davie.

'Well, so you have to be,' said Mrs. Marriott sadly. 'He has the upper hand, and he knows it, and so do you. You must just do like a girl I read of in a story. She was a witness in court, and the lawyer examining her asked her a question that put her blood up so—she would have knocked him down for it rather than answered, if she could. But in a court of justice, you have to answer—you must. So she just turned her face away from him, and looked up at the judge, than everyone might see she was answering to him, not to that lawyer, and said what she had to say; and it was very well for her that she did! Look away up to the Judge, Davie. It's not his will that Ned should be unkind, but we all see it clear that it is his will for you to stop there and suffer it; so, for his sake, you are going to bear it, and do more than you are compelled.'

Again a sense of awe filled Davie's heart. George bent over the Bible, and turning the leaves, read: 'Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.'

'Ah, and look a little farther, George,' said Mrs. Marriott.

'I know!' exclaimed Nellie; and she repeated reverently: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

'Do you think that Ned loves his mother like you love me, Davie?' said Mrs. Marriott, laying her caressing hand again upon his neck.

'No, I know he doesn't,' said Davie energetically. 'She whacks him when he hasn't done anything.'

'That is what Neds says,' said Mrs. Marriott correctly, 'but we can tell, by his saying it, that he can't feel the same as you do

about your home. He didn't know what he did to you. Poor Ned.

'Ah!' Something between a pitying groan and a triumphant sigh broke from the children.

'Davie wouldn't change with him, would you, old man?' said George.

For answer, Davie proudly drew his mother's hand close round his neck again.

'No, yours are not the worst sort of troubles, after all,' she said fondly. 'You are not the first that has had something to put up with, Davie, and you won't be the last. Many a hard word I have heard said to your father; and he felt them, too; but he would only give a civil answer, and afterwards look round at me in his sly way, and say, "It'll all rub off when it's dry."'

Davie's little face brightened wonderfully, for he remembered his Sunday clothes. His father's name brought to mind the object he worked for, and he asked, 'Will my money always go to pay the debts, mother?'

'That will depend on how we prosper, Davie,' she answered. 'I hope it will, as long as you earn it. But you are only to stay for the summer, you know. You must go to school again in winter, and work hard enough to make up for lost time, or you will be sorry for it all your life. That's three things I have settled with myself. We are not obliged to pay this money by any particular time, and we won't work for it so as to hurt your future, or hurt our health, or forget our God. And out of every pound we earn, above what I pay for help, and the rent, we will take sixpence for God. Perhaps we can do a little more after this year; but that we will do for the first, if he prospers us beyond what we must spend to keep going.'

'Do you really think we can do it, mother?' asked George. He could see the difficulties better than the younger children did.

'I can only tell you what someone else did, George,' said his mother. 'I told you the other side last night. Now hear this. There was a young man left our town owing debts that came to over nine pounds all together. Some of it was to my father. He had been a bad-living young fellow, and your grandfather said it was what we might have expected. But by-and-by, the Lord changed his heart; and then he remembered the money he owed. I don't know what he was earning then, but I know at one time he had only eighteen shillings a week, and a wife and four children to keep. And yet he saved up nine pounds. It took him years to do it. And he came back and paid up every debt; and then he preached in the market place, and all the town turned out to hear him. If he could do that out of his money, we can pay our debts in times like these, out here, if our health and strength are spared to us, and God prospers us. At any rate, we'll try.'

There was a chorus of 'Yes, mother.'

Then Mrs. Marriott said they must have a story before Tottie went to bed, and George read from one of the dear old shabby books she had kept, the delightful story of 'The Kind Man who Killed his Neighbor'—of course, with kindness.

Next morning a happy little boy went jogging out of the town, on the top of the coach that passed through the Rakawahi. The clothes in his bundle were all mended, and the wounds in his heart bound up with ointment that was healing and tonic in its qualities. He had a reason for enduring hardness; he worked for the honor of his father's name. And he was going to try if he could kill Ned.

In this, I am sorry to say, he never suc-

ceeded. Ned's ill-will would sometimes appear to have had a deathblow, but it always came to life again. Before the end of the summer, however, Mr. Foster had quite made up his mind which of the two boys was the better worth keeping through the winter, and he offered that Davie should stay on, going to school at Rakawahi. His mother consented, on condition that he came home for Sunday once a month. Ned came back the following summer; after that, he went 'for good.' We will hope it was so, and that he came to a good end after all. If he did, I am sure he had what was equivalent to sundry good thrashings first. As Luther says, 'Hard heads need sound knocks.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

The New Year brought answers from England to the letters telling of Mr. Marriott's death. His wife's relations were anxious to help her, though their own means were limited. Mails came and went only

demand for washing in ladies' own houses. As time went on, however, good helpers came one by one. Mrs. Marriott always said God sent them. Some were widows like herself, or women with sick husbands, and her sympathy in their heavy task attached them to her.

As the third year rolled on, the workers began to ask each other how it was that a woman with a flourishing business like hers still lived so frugally, and never took a pleasure that would cost money. 'You can't say as she scrimps us,' said a candid washer-woman, 'but she do scrimp herself and them children!'

And 'them children' felt it sometimes, when they saw the children of women who came to wash dressed much more smartly than they were, and going out for jaunts and excursions they never thought of taking. They had their moments of sharp mortification; everyone must, who will not spend money as his neighbors do; but locked in the desk



TOTTIE PAYS THE LAST OF THE DEBTS.

once a month in those days. By the time the return mail left, it was evident that a laundry, well managed, ought to be a success. Mrs. Marriott asked her brothers if they could buy the piece of land on which her lean-to stood, letting her pay them five percent on the cost as rent for it, with leave to purchase it from them if she became able to do so. This would make her literally 'sure of her ground,' without loss to them.

They consented gladly—bought the lean-to into the bargain, and would take no rent for the first year. By the time Christmas came round again, all the little debts owed to poor people were paid off. Then came a hard struggle. It was necessary to add to the building, and to employ more helpers, at four or five shillings a day each. Even at that price, good workers were hard to find, for respectable women were in constant

their mother had brought out from England, was something that made up for it all—a little packet of receipted bills, lying beside the accounts still unpaid.

There are men and women who would gladly renounce or suffer anything to have that word 'Paid' stamped upon their bills, who will never live to see it—borne down by sheer misfortune, or the wrong-doing of others. Let not this story wound their wounds.

At last—it must have been about the end of the fifth year of her widowhood—Mrs. Marriott had but one more bill to pay. She had left it to the last, as the sum was large, for her—twelve or fifteen pounds—and the creditor, a corn merchant, was well to do.

Davie was still at Mr. Foster's, and very happy there. He was trusted like a son, and fortunately for him and her parents, his

friend Emmie had embarked on a long engagement which kept her at home. He earned good wages now.

There came a Saturday night when he brought home his month's money, and the family sat round to reckon what they had in hand and what expenses lay before them, and decided that, without imprudence, they could afford the luxury of paying that last bill.

It was a moment they had waited for, prayed for, longed for, all these years; and now, except that their hearts beat fast, there was nothing to mark it. The girls had their sewing in their hands, just as they had on that well-remembered Christmas Day. George, grown into a fine young fellow, sat with his account-books open before him; the mother had her desk open on her lap, and was looking over the papers in it.

'Yes, we can do it,' she said. 'And you have every one helped towards it.'

'Except me, mother,' said little Rhoda—the 'Tottie' of former days—looking up with tears in her eyes. 'I have never earned anything to pay the debts.'

'Oh, but you've helped!' exclaimed her brothers.

The mother put her arm round her. 'My little, good girl,' she said, 'there is no one could have done more than you, for you have done all you could, always. You have run about and helped us all to earn. And it is not only the earning that has done it, either; it was your not fretting to spend all we earned. Oh, I've felt it for you—you know I have!—what you have all had to give up, and not to do—and to live plainly and go shabby, that we might do this. I don't think I could have gone through with it, if you had been all coming round me, "Mother, do let us have this," "Mayn't we do that?" or "go there?" I haven't had that to bear. We have been of one heart and one mind all through; and if the bigger ones have earned most, Lily and Rhoda have done the most to make a pleasure of the trouble. You have been our little sunbeams.'

She turned to kiss the little daughter at her side, and said, 'You shall pay this debt, dear—the last. This clears your father's name. Thank God.'

Her voice failed. She had looked forward to this hour, and thought how she would kneel down with the children and thank God for granting the desire of their hearts; and now, she could not. She had mastered her grief to lead them in prayer in the time of trouble, but this joy was too much for her; the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving went up from their full hearts unspoken.

The corn merchant sat in his office on Monday afternoon. He had heard incidentally that the Marriotts were paying their debts, but never thought of receiving anything from them himself. He had never sent in his account a second time, simply writing it off as a bad debt, when he learned the circumstances of David Marriott's death.

It was a warm afternoon, and the door stood open into the outer office, which was empty, his clerk having gone out. A knock sounded at the outer door, and when he said 'Come in,' in came a little girl in a pink cotton frock, with a well-worn straw hat upon her head.

'And what do you want?' he said kindly. 'Please, mother sent you this,' she answered, putting an envelope into his hand.

The corn merchant opened it, and there was his long-standing account, with notes in full for payment.

It was he who told me the outline of this story, and he said, 'I never shall forget the

look of pride on that child's face when she gave me the money.'

That was the last I ever heard of the family. I have often longed to know what has become of them all since.

### All In Good Time.

(Eleanor Sutphen in 'Forward'.)

The morning was bright. The sun, creeping into the dark corners, made them cheerful with light and warmth. Buds and blossoms felt new life in the warm glow. A breeze stirred the leaves up in the trees, and the warm light filtered through, now here, now there, till each one had been kissed by the merry sunbeams. It was one of those mornings when it seems good to be alive; when it is a delight to drink in the fresh, sweet air, to hear the birds twittering, to see the beautiful finger marks of God all around us, and, best of all, to feel that we, too, are a part of this wonderful thing called life.

But clouds will cast their shadows on such days as this even. The happy sunshine did not find any answering brightness in Mildred Seymour's face as she walked briskly to school that morning. Her heart was heavy with a bitter disappointment; one which might seem trivial enough to many of her friends, but to Mildred it meant the giving up of much healthful recreation, which she had felt sure had been providentially planned for her for the coming summer. Her cousin had changed her mind. She was not going abroad, and the wheel which Mildred was to have had the use of would now be used instead by its dainty little owner, who had besides everything that heart could wish. Mildred had been so happy in looking forward to this pleasure. She had taken it as from the hand of her loving Father. She had thanked him for it so gratefully, and had loved him more truly than ever for this new blessing which she thought he was giving her!

And now? Now it was all different. Oh! why had he let her thank him for it, so full of love and joy for his goodness to her, when he had not meant her to have it, after all? Rebellious tears stood in her eyes as she turned to go into school.

She was a King's Daughter, this bright, warm-hearted Mildred, but she had not yet learned the lesson which we all have to be taught over and over again: that which seems the best thing that the King can give us is often what his farther-seeing vision clearly sees is not what will be best for us in the end.

A moment's struggle with self, a lifted prayer for help, and then the teacher turned a bright face to the little ones crowding around her; she was even more patient than usual in answering the many questions which greeted her entrance. The work of the day went on. Class followed class; still there was an ache at Mildred's heart, and, though she tried hard to prevent it, her eyes would persist in assuming a sad and wistful look. But at length, through one of the little ones before her, the King sent her a message. So, often in our daily tasks, the royal messages come to us, direct from the King, but often we miss them because our ears are closed to his voice.

On the desks before them, each child had placed a prism—a square prism of dark wood. The lesson was one which called for careful observation, and all were studying the prisms with interest.

'Now,' said Mildred, in the course of the lesson, 'tell me how many edges of the prism are on the desk. Look very carefully,' she added, as one hand after another was raised,

and the childish faces beamed with the joy of discovering a new fact.

'Well, Dorothy,' she said, when most of the class had counted.

'Four,' said smiling Dorothy, and sat down again, covered with confused delight at giving a correct answer.

'O, Miss Seymour!' exclaimed tiny Jack, whose lameness, perhaps, had made him more thoughtful than others of his age, 'your inkstand has four edges on the desk, too—and the dictionary. Why, Miss Seymour, we can make a lesson out of anything, can't we, if we only look at it.'

'Yes, dear,' answered Mildred thoughtfully.

Later, as she helped the little fellow to put on his coat, she kissed him tenderly, and returned his radiant smile with one as sunny.

'A lesson out of anything,' she repeated to herself, as she laid her books on the table in her own room. Taking up the letter which had been the messenger of disappointment, Mildred read it once more; having finished she bowed her head and prayed.

'Help me, dear Lord, to learn the lesson that thou art trying to teach me, and make me willing to do without this thing that I want so much, if it is best for me not to have it.'

Her heart went out toward the King whose handmaid she was; her rebellious mood was over; she was willing now to ask him to choose what was best for her, and she trustingly put her hand in his, and prayed him to stay close beside her all the way, and to make her a more faithful daughter.

It was some time before Mildred understood the lesson which this trial had been sent to teach; for, like the little ones, our lessons are not clear till they are learned and left behind.

One day, weeks later, when the King had sent Mildred her desire, in talking to a friend about it, she was asked, 'Mildred, why do you suppose God let you be so disappointed first, before he let you have your wheel? Why couldn't he have given it to you in the first place?'

'Jennie, I wondered myself at first,' she answered, 'but I knew that it was all right somehow, for he could see the end from the beginning. I left it all with him, and asked him to help me to learn whatever lesson he wanted to teach me. I think that it was meant to make me grow—soul-growth, you know. I believe that everything that comes to us in our lives, either happiness or trial, is just what we need at that particular time to make us "grow in grace," and if only we take our lives as he means us to, we can "make a lesson out of anything," as little Jack Brown said one day.'

### Girls in India.

All girls in India, says 'Our Young Folks,' are very fond of pretty and bright-colored dresses. The dress is simply five yards of muslin. When only three or four years old, a little girl begins to learn how to wind it gracefully around the body and over the shoulder. When she goes into the street she slips one end over the head as a veil. A little short-sleeved jacket is the only other garment she wears. This is a very cool and comfortable costume for the hot climate. Every family has a jewel-box full of 'cubby-holes' for each ornament. This is often buried in the mud floor of the woman's inner apartment. If you want to see their jewelry you must make an appointment beforehand, so that they can dig it up. Once in eight days the girls and women wash and comb and oil their hair, and have it nicely braided.



# LITTLE FOLKS

## Daisy's Bicycle.

(May Ballard in 'Early Days.')

'I do think this is the happiest day of my life,' said little Daisy Barton on the morning of her tenth birthday, as she stood beside a new bicycle, which had been hers exactly one hour, waiting for father to come and give her the first lesson in riding.

'Wait until you have had a tum-

her, and Mrs. Barton was afraid to let her venture alone.

'Do let me go, mother,' pleaded Daisy. 'I can't come to any harm if I just ride up and down in the road, and I promise I won't go out of sight of the house. I promise faithfully.'

On that condition Mrs. Barton consented, and for half an hour Daisy enjoyed herself immensely.

But the way lay downhill, and the bicycle began to go a great deal faster than Daisy liked. An old woman in a sun-bonnet and plaid shawl was coming along the road, and Daisy, anxious not to run over her, turned sharply to one side. In an instant there was a scream and a crash, and both bicycle and rider lay one on top of the other by the side of the road.

'Eh, dear! Here's a bad job,' cried the old woman. 'Why, it's Mrs. Barton's little girl! Are you hurt, missy?'

'It's my ankle,' sobbed Daisy. 'It hurts dreadfully, and I can't move.'

'Don't try to move, dearie. Lie still, and I'll go off home for help. I won't be long.'

Up the road she hobbled towards Mr. Barton's house, but fortunately she met a neighbor returning from market in his donkey cart. Him she stopped, and, telling of Daisy's accident, begged him to come to her help.

'Dangerous things them bicycles,' said the man. 'I wouldn't get on one if you was to pay me.'

But he galloped his donkey down to the place where Daisy lay, and, lifting her into his cart as gently as possible, drove her slowly home.

Many weeks passed before Daisy was able to mount her bicycle again and she suffered much pain meantime; but she will never forget the lesson she learned during her illness, that disobedience and a broken promise do not lead to happiness.



SHE MET A NEIGHBOR RETURNING FROM MARKET IN HIS DONKEY CART.

ble or two,' laughed Mr. Barton. 'Shall you feel so happy then?'

But Daisy was active and fearless, and though, of course, she had a few falls, she soon learned to manage her bicycle, and in less than a week was able to go short distances with her father.

Saturdays were whole holidays with Daisy, and on the first Saturday after her birthday she quite hoped to have a good long ride. But Mr. Barton was too busy to take

Then she began to grow tired of doing the same thing over and over again.

'It is such a bother having to turn back every other minute,' thought she. 'I don't suppose dear mother would mind if I went just a little farther.'

Alas for Daisy's promise! In a few minutes she was spinning along the forbidden road, only wishing that mother were there to see how well she could ride.

## Little Pink Frock.

'I am tired of school all the days in the week,'  
Said little Pink Frock with a tear  
on her cheek.  
'I want to stay home and play with  
my doll,  
And walk out under my new parasol.'

'All the folks in the world go to  
school every day,'  
Said mamma, 'even after they've  
grown old and gray.  
There is always, my darling, some  
new thing to know,  
And the lessons are harder the older  
we grow.'

Little Pink Frock, astonished, her  
sunbonnet took,  
And went down the street with her  
alphabet-book;  
And she said to herself, 'It's the very  
best plan,  
While the lessons are easy to learn  
what I can.'

—'Little Pilgrim.'

**A New Scribe.**

(Margaret W. Leighton in 'Popular Science News.')

Beside me on the table lies a little pen. It looks as if it were made of the daintiest glass. It is shaped like the old fashioned quills with which our grandfathers wrote.

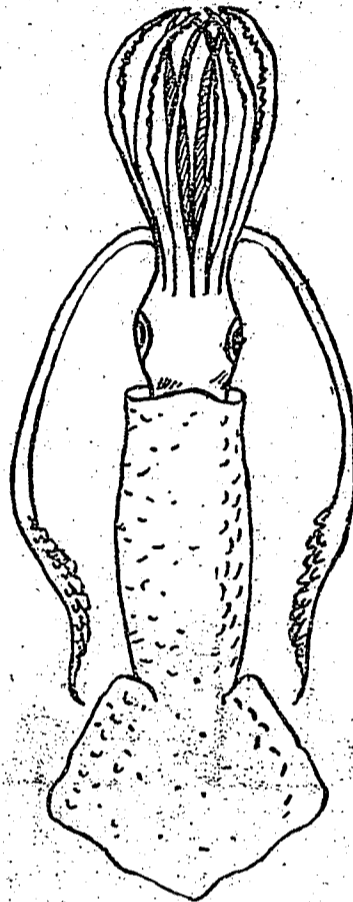
Would you like to hear its story? Near it in a bottle of alcohol is a strange looking animal with ten long arms covered with suckers that look like tiny pearl buttons. You would hardly think that this funny fellow and the little pen were closely related to each other, but such is the case. The animal is called a squid or arrow fish. We often find large numbers of dead ones in the bays and inlets on Cape Cod and southward. There are two reasons given for their dying in quantities. One is that they are so fond of gazing at the moon that while swimming they completely forget themselves and become stranded.

The other theory is much more probable. The squids are partial to mackerel, and in pursuing a school of young fish into shallow water, they often touch bottom, when they begin pumping from their siphons with great energy. In this way they are often driven so far inland that they cannot return to the water, and die by hundreds.

Around the squid's body is a sort of loose bag, which is called a mantle. He swims in a peculiar way. He fills the space between his body and the mantle with water, closes the slits at the sides, and forces the water out through his siphon, a tube opening at the top of his body. Each time he goes through the performance he is driven violently backward. When he wishes to go forward, he merely reverses the lever,

it not seem wonderful that nature should provide so humble a creature with pen and ink! And why does he carry this black fluid about with him, you ask. He makes good use of it, although it is not just the use that you or I should make.

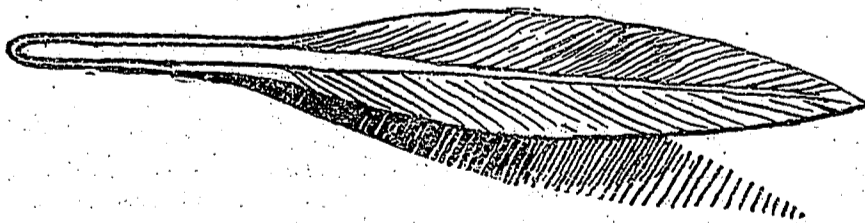
Perhaps he is gambolling about or having a game of tag with a dozen other little squids, when he sees an enemy in the shape of a large



THE SQUID OR ARROW-FISH.

fish approaching. Suddenly a cloud of dense blackness fills the water. The squids all scamper away under its cover, and when the water clears the astonished fish, half blinded by the inky fluid, looks in vain for his breakfast. It often happens that the squid throws out enough ink to destroy his enemy.

The squid's eyes are almost as perfect as our own. He is the only



THE PEN.

or in other words, turns his siphon round.

But what has all this to do with the glass pen? Carefully slit through the skin on his back and you will see a pen like the one on the table, which answers for his spinal column. Remove the pen and examine a little further; you will discover a veritable bag of ink. Does

animal below the vertebrates which has a distinct covering for his brain. His skull is formed of cartilage instead of bone.

You have read of the great octopus or devil-fish of southern seas which has been known to seize a boat full of men in its terrible arms, clasp it and draw it down beneath the water. Our little friend is a

near relation to this frightful monster, and is even superior to him in that he has ten arms while the octopus has eight, as its name implies. These arms form a circle, in the midst of which is a strong beak like a parrot's. Every arm is lined with sucking discs. When the squid seizes a fish he clasps it with his arms, and the discs all hold it firmly while he tears it to pieces with his beak.

Nature has been unusually kind to our friend. She has bestowed upon him a wonderful gift of changing his color whenever he wishes. His skin is transparent, but scattered all over it are tiny spots containing coloring matter. The arrowfish can expand or contract these spots to suit his feelings. When he expands them the pigment is spread out over so much surface, that it is very thin and the objects beneath are plainly seen through it: But when these little spots are contracted they become dark, for the color is all condensed.

The squid has a number of famous cousins. Among these is the paper nautilus.

The nautilus shell is an excretion from the mantle and the great sail-like arms. It is made by the mother to protect her eggs and herself from the many dangers which assail them.

A gigantic cousin, the Scandinavian octopus, has a body as big as a barrel. The sperm whales consider these enormous squid a great delicacy, but, like many other choice articles of food, they are very hard of digestion.

**'I Washed My Hands This Morning.'**

(Song.)

'I washed my hands this morning  
So very clean and white,  
And gave them both to Jesus  
To work for him till night.

Chorus.

Little feet, be careful  
Where you take me to;  
Anything for Jesus  
Only let me do.

I set my eyes to watch them  
In all their work and play,  
To keep them clean and busy,  
For Jesus' sake, all day.—Chorus

I told my ears to listen  
Quite close the whole day thro',  
For any act of kindness  
My little hands might do.—  
Chorus.

—'Sunbeam.'



LESSON XIII.—MARCH 26:

## Review.

John i. to x.

## Golden Text.

'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.'—John x., 27.

## Home Readings.

M. John i., 1-14.—Christ the true Light.  
T. John i., 35-46.—Christ's first Disciples.  
W. John iii., 1-16.—Christ and Nicodemus.  
T. John iv., 5-15.—Christ at Jacob's well.  
F. John iv., 43-54.—The nobleman's son healed.  
S. John v., 17-27.—Christ's Divine Authority.  
S. John viii., 12, 31-36.—Christ freeing from sin.

## Jesus Christ.

Lesson I.—The Word.—The long promised Messiah, the Son of God, the Maker of all things, comes to his own, and his own will not receive him. Christ the Anointed One becomes Jesus the Saviour, very God and very Man.

Lesson II.—The Lamb.—John the Baptist introduces Jesus as the sin-bearer, the Lamb of God long typified by the sacrifice of the Passover. The first disciples, Andrew and John, bring their brothers to Jesus. Philip and Nathaniel are also called, and leave all they have to follow Jesus.

In simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of their Lord,  
Let us like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.  
—Whittier.

Lesson III.—The Wonder-Worker.—Our Lord sanctifies human happiness. The bridegroom and bride are types of Christ and his Church (Rev. xix., 7-9). The common water changed to pure, rich wine typifies the glorious change which takes place in a common life when fully yielded to Christ. 'Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.'

Lesson IV.—The Manifested Love of God.—The language of love is sacrifice. God gave his only begotten Son to be sacrificed on the Cross that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish. Believing on Jesus means repenting and turning away from the old life and being born into the new life, into the family of God (John i., 12, 13). The children of God have eternal life, because Christ chose to give his life to save us from sin.

Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace.  
Or wash away the stain:  
But Christ, the Heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our guilt away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

Lesson V.—The Saviour.—Jesus speaks to a weary, sinful soul at the wayside, and offers her salvation, the water of life. He reveals himself to her as the Messiah and Saviour from sin, and wins her love and loyalty. She is not only saved herself, but hastens to bring the whole city out to hear him, and many are convinced and believe on Christ.

Lesson VI.—The Healer.—Jesus comes again to Cana, and with a word to the believing father, heals a boy who is dying in a town twenty miles away.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Lesson VII.—The Judge.—Our Lord heals an invalid man who had lain at the pool of Bethesda for thirty-eight years. The Jews find fault, because the healing was wrought on the Sabbath. Jesus is Lord of the Sabbath and works as God does. God has given to Jesus the right to judge men because he

was 'made in the likeness of sinful flesh,' and 'tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.'

'Tis the voice of that Saviour,  
Whose merciful call  
Freely offers salvation  
To one and to all;  
'He is now beck'ning to Him  
Each sin-tainted soul,  
And lovingly asking,  
'Wilt thou be made whole?'

Lesson VIII.—The Bread of Life.—Hunger cannot be explained to anyone who has never experienced its pangs. Only the soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness can be filled. Only Christ can really satisfy the longings of the human heart. 'I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger: and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'

Lesson IX.—The Water of Life.

O Christ, He is the Fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love—  
The streams on earth I've tasted  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fulness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's Land.

Lesson X.—The Truth.—Christ, and only Christ, can absolve and free souls from guilt. Whoever commits sin is the bondslave of sin. The light of God's word shows us the blackness of sin. The disciples of Christ must walk in the light of his word. 'Search the scriptures.'

Lesson XI.—The Light of the World.—Christ gives sight to the blind. The affliction of the blind man was for the glory of God, and for the ultimate joy and comforts of the afflicted one. 'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit' (Psa. xxxiv., 18). The man who boldly confessed Christ was at once excommunicated by the chief priests and Pharisees, but Jesus met him and revealed to him the wonderful love of God.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Wretched, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've hoped, or sought or known;  
Yet how rich is my condition—  
God and heaven are still my own.

Lesson XII.—The Good Shepherd.—Christ is the Door into life and love eternal. Christ is the tender Shepherd who gently leads his flock, and knows all about each one of the lambs. He gives life to his sheep, and he lays down his own life to save them from the cruel power of sin.

Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For His sheep He bled;  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood He shed:  
Then on each He setteth  
His own secret sign.  
They that have My Spirit,  
These, saith He, are Mine.

## C. E. Topic.

March 26.—True penitence.—II. Cor. vii., 1-11.

## Junior C. E.

March 26.—How does God provide for us?—Ex. xvi., 11-18.

The wheel of life goes round. Those who are at the top of society to-day, will be at the bottom to-morrow. But the converse of this is also true. We have recently had several remarkable instances of college honors won by men who were once Board-school boys. Many of our most popular authors of to-day were born and bred in the homes of the poor. Not a few members of Parliament, including the gentleman just elected for Sheffield, are sons of the peasantry. How many of our present Sunday-school boys may, if influenced now for Christ, in years to come, when they, too, occupy lofty social positions, let their light shine brightly for their Master. One of the most important qualifications for a Sunday-school teacher is the ability to appreciate the dormant possibilities in every child who comes under his control.—The Christian.



## The Catechism On Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON VI.—ADULTERATIONS IN BEER.

'Malt liquor is the chief article adulterated.—G. Ridley, liquor merchant.

When other substances besides malt, hops and yeast are put into beer, what are they called?

Adulterations.

Is the adulteration of beer commonly practiced?

So common that it is difficult to find any honest beer on sale.

What are the most frequent adulterations of beer?

Water to dilute it, and salt to bring up the taste.

For what purpose is salt put in?

To make the drinker thirsty, so that he will buy more beer.

This is a serious fraud, because beer is called refreshing and good to satisfy thirst. The free lunches offered in beer-saloons are usually highly salted to provoke thirst, and the 'pretzels'—salted bread doughnuts—are sprinkled with salt instead of sugar.

Experiment.—To find if beer is salted evaporate the fluids, and if the residue tastes salty the case is proven, for there is no salt in honest beer.

How is the amount of alcohol often increased?

By adding starch, sugar or molasses.

What other intoxicants are sometimes added?

Tobacco, opium, hemp, cocculus indicus, and other poisons.

What are often put in the place of hops?

Quassia, strychnine, and cocculus indicus.

Cocculus indicus is a poison seed or berry from the East Indies, where it is used to kill fish and birds, and experiments may be made with it to show its poisonous nature. One thousand and sixty-six bags of it pass through the London Custom-house monthly. This is mostly used for beer, though such use is prohibited by Parliament.

What is often used to increase the froth or 'heading'?

Alum and copperas, which are mineral poisons.

Do not all these make the beer poisonous and hurtful?

They do, but the worst poison in the beer is the alcohol.

Why is it the worst?

Because it kills more people than all other poisons.

One important reason why alcohol is so bad, is the desire for more which it creates. Dr. Edmunds says: 'We have a great horror of arsenic and fifty other things. The fact is, that all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol.'—'Medical Use of Alcohol.' Dr. Thorn says: 'Adulterants are not the most important thing in my estimation, but the beer itself.'—'Beer and the Body.'

Why then do people say that beer is worse now than formerly?

It may be worse, but they who say it do not always seem to know that the alcohol in the beer is worse than the adulterants.

The home-brewed beer without adulteration produces the same effect when it is equally strong—it makes the head rive again the next day. I solemnly believe that where salt and its worse companions have killed their tens, the alcohol has killed its thousands.—John Livesey, Preston, Eng.

Why do men drink such adulterated stuff?

Because the brewers and dealers continue to make each his own customer think that his beer is honest, and that it is only his neighbors who use adulterations.

The great Knox hat factory in Brooklyn, N.Y., has positively forbidden the bringing of beer or any alcoholic liquor into the factory buildings under any circumstances.

## A Word to the Boys.

(Mrs. G. S. Barnes in Michigan 'Advocate'.)

There sits near me, each day at the hotel table, a pleasant young gentleman. He is small and fair—looks scarcely more than a boy, but I learned incidentally that he is over twenty-four years old. Sometimes he is very pale and his breath short. One morning, when I chanced to be nearly the last one at a late breakfast, he came in looking so worn and white I was alarmed.

'I coughed so much during the night I am about worn out,' he said. 'My throat bled too,' and finding me a sympathetic listener, he continued: 'It is two years since it began; that is why I am here. I used to bleed seven or eight times a day. I've been better lately, but this cold has given me a bad set-back. Oh, I am not alarmed; my lungs are all right, the trouble is in the bronchial tubes, but the pain is hard to bear, and it isn't just pleasant to be away from home, and have to give up all my plans.'

'Do you smoke?' I asked.

He gave me a peculiar little smile. 'I stopped that the day my throat first bled, and haven't touched tobacco since. My trouble was caused by cigarettes, I haven't the least doubt of that. My friends all told me to stop from the very first, but I thought I knew it all, and he glanced across the table at a bright boy, who blushed a little, and at once became absorbed in disposing of his delicately browned waffle.

'Your experience ought to be a warning to other boys,' I said.

'Yes,' he said, 'if they would ever learn anything from anybody.'

'I am sorry for that poor fellow,' said a friend later. 'It is a good thing he doesn't know the suffering that is probably before him. Consumption of the throat is terrible. In the last stages even a swallow of water will cause such pain it will bring the tears.'

I turned away heartsick: Oh, the cost of cigarettes!

## Beer and Dyspepsia.

Malt liquors are one of the main sources of the indigestion so common in our midst. The continued irritation of the delicate lining membrane of the stomach by the alcohol in even the mildest beers, persisted in for a lengthened period, is extremely apt to give rise to a train of dyspeptic symptoms, which tends to make many an otherwise happy life miserable. A lifetime of total abstinence would, I am persuaded, have ward-ed off two-thirds of the dyspepsia I have been called upon to confront.

The liver suffers severely in many cases in which beer has never been taken to excess. I have frequently observed considerable enlargement of the liver in persons noted for their very moderate but constant drinking, who seemed the picture of health while alive, but whose sudden and unexpected death necessitated a post-mortem inquiry.

In nursing, stouts and beers are especially pernicious. Their use has wrought untold mischief to many mothers, and undermined the tender constitutions of a vast multitude of helpless and innocent infants.

I have said nothing whatever of the damage resulting from beer-drinking to excess, or of the appalling extent of mental and moral evil inseparable from the general social use of beer. My warnings are on purely scientific and dietetic grounds, against steady, limited indulgence in such liquors as are weakening to the system, and invite gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia, and other unhealthy bodily conditions.

There is no call for us to drink beer, however moderately. We can enjoy better health without intoxicating drinks than with them. Our Creator neither implanted a longing for them, nor provided a supply of them for our use. They are not, in the true sense of the word, a food. But though they can do us little, if any, good, they may do us much harm. Many are killed by them, both for time and for eternity, and even their continued moderate use tends in the direction of loss of health, lessening of strength, and shortening of life.

Let us all, who desire to avoid gout, rheumatism, and dyspepsia, shun ale, beer, porter, stout, and all other kinds of fermented and distilled liquors.—Dr. Norman Kerr.

## Correspondence

Maple Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not missed a school-day this year yet. There has been a house of refuge built in the county town of Bruce this last summer. It is a very large and a pretty building, about six miles from where we live.

BERTHA MAY (aged 11).

Dear Editor,—I live in a country village, and I have one sister.

SPURGEON (aged 8).

Blyth.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and two brothers. I live in a town of 1,100 inhabitants; it is situated on a branch of the Maitland river. I was born on the prairies in Manitoba, and I think I would like living there. I have been living here six years last December.

HENRY B. M. (aged 10).

Gowanstown.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about four miles from the town of Listowel. In the summer I go to Sunday-school there. I have no pets now, except a pair of rabbits. I wrote a letter to you before, but I did not see it printed. My mother took the 'Messenger' when she was a girl, and we take it yet. We have a whole year of 'Messengers,' from 1884. I got two subscribers for the 'Messenger' this year; one of them is a teacher. I was very much interested in the letter from Fred, of Listowel. I think his and mine are the only letters from the county of Perth.

For the two subscribers I sent you I got my Rodger's knife, and am much pleased with it.

WILLIE (aged 13).

Sawyerville.

Dear Editor,—I took the 'Messenger' last year, and am going to let my little brother have it this year. I have one sister and one brother.

HAROLD (aged 10).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from Cook's Church Sabbath-school, and cannot tell you how much I enjoy its splendid stories. As we live on the top of a seven-story building, we have no green grass to play on. I have a sister of eight, and a dear little brother two years old; we are very happy together. In the summer we go to grandma's in the country, and I can tell you we make good use of our time romping around in the open air. I quite agree with what Lulu S. says about signing our names to our letters.

BIRDIE J. (aged 10).

Kingsboro.

Dear Editor,—I live in a country place, about seven miles from the east end of Prince Edward Island. This is a very pretty place in summer, and many of our friends from the city come out here to spend their holidays with us. The Northumberland Strait is a short distance from our house, and it is a fine place to go bathing in summer. Although summer is so pleasant, I do not think that it is any nicer than winter, for I am sure that we can all enjoy ourselves very much in this season of the year. I have been taking this paper for a number of years, and like it very much, especially the correspondence page, which is always very interesting. There are not very many in this place who take the 'Messenger,' but I hope to get new subscribers for it soon. Enclosed you will find my renewal for another year.

BESS.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mamma reads the 'Messenger' to me. We have forty chickens and eight ducks. I go to school.

CHARLIE B. (aged 7).

Pownal, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. I also enjoy reading the Boys' Page in the 'Weekly Witness.' I live seven miles from Charlottetown, and we have the highest hill on Prince Edward Island, which commands a fine view of Charlottetown harbor and the surrounding country. My grandfather has wild geese; he has been raising them this eighteen years; he also has tame geese. He had two peacocks; one died this summer, and he had it stuffed. They are handsome birds, but make an ugly noise.

NELLIE K. J.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. We have three cats. I don't go to school now, but I think I will go in the summer. My sister wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' too.

FLOSSIE.

Lower Argyle.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for years, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence. I go to school. We have a skating pond quite close to the school-house. I have one little sister. My father keeps a hotel quite near the railway station. We see the trains go by every day.

ALFREDA B. M. (aged 8).

Dehner, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Dehner is a small village with only one store, the post-office being in that. There is one Methodist church, a very pretty cemetery, a blacksmith shop, a chopping mill and one of the prettiest brick school-houses in the county. There are two rooms and two teachers. Mr. Brown teaches the large room, where I study. He is going to give prizes to the pupils who come every day. For pets, I have a cat named Mitty, a dog named Watch, and two cows. They will follow me all over, and I often feed them corn from my hand; also a horse named Dick; I feed him apples. No matter where he is, if I hold anything for him to eat, so that he can see it, he will come right up to me. I also had several chickens, so tame, that they will eat corn from my hand. I have three brothers. The oldest is married, and has the sweetest little boy you ever saw. My youngest brother teaches school not very far away, and my other brother helps father on the farm. They work one hundred acres of land. I had seven guineas last summer, but one got drowned, three died, and after the rest were full grown, something got one, another disappeared, so I have only one left.

ELLA ALBEN H.

Chesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a very nice school, the best in the county of Bruce. There are ten rooms in it, but we are just using seven. We have great fun skating on the pond. I have three sisters and three brothers. We have a nice superintendent.

NORMAN W. (aged 9).

Shelburne, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa is an editor. Late-ly the 'Messenger' has been sent my brother Harry; he is very proud of it every time he gets it, and he takes great interest in reading it. We go to the Methodist Church and Sunday-school. I have a little sister aged six, and her name is Ida. Harry is eight. We have a nice cat, and when it wants anything to eat it will get right up on its hind legs.

PEARL S. (aged 10).

Maple Grove.

Dear Editor,—I read the correspondence first, and then read pages eight and nine. I was not absent one day from school last year. We live on a farm four miles from the nearest town. I visited my friends in Rockland last summer vacation, and enjoyed my visit very much.

H. L. S.

Aylmer, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty town on the east side of the Ottawa river. We have the electric lights and the electric cars and the waterworks here. I have three brothers and two sisters. I belong to the Mission Band and the Band of Hope. I got two silver medals for attending the Band of Hope. We are going to have a concert for the Mission Band next Friday.

L. JENNIE S. (aged 13).

Queen's County, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and the 'Witness,' and could not get along very well without them. I live on a small farm on the bank of the Washademoak lake. I have two brothers and two sisters. In summer we have fine fun fishing and boating, and picking berries. I go to school, and like it very much. We do not have to go far to school, as the school-house is on our farm. Father keeps the post-office. During the summer I was much interested in the Spanish-American war and Uncle Sam's treatment of Cuba, and later about the English under Kitchener up the River Nile. Also about the Plebiscite. May we not hope that we will have Prohibition in our much-beloved Canada?

FREDERIC J. P. (aged 12).

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Hints For the Sick Room.

A nurse who can sit still when there is no occasion to keep feet or hands busy, is invaluable in a sick-room. No matter how faithful or how capable one may be in other respects, the nurse who keeps her feet in motion, who rocks or plays a tattoo with her fingers, or 'fidgets' about the room, is not fitted by nature for her occupation, and certainly ought never to be allowed to attend a nervous person. Another of the discomforts many invalids suffer, is the habit people often have of eating a few nuts or an orange or an apple in the room.

No two invalids need precisely the same care, no two cases are identical. Each invalid has his or her especial needs, indeed, we may say no one person is the same under different attacks of illness. The woman who may under some severe illness be a marvel of patience and sweetness, may when suffering from some slow, nervous, half illness seemingly, be a trial to herself and everybody about her. So with nurses. There are those who during the severe illness of a patient are tireless, patient and helpful, who are the worst nurses possible where there are only little things to consider. They know them, but neglect them, as things of little consequence.

But to a nervous invalid, or rather convalescent—a really sick person being seldom nervous until convalescence sets in—a bed which has not been properly made, a wrinkle in the sheets, a spread put on awry, a window shade pulled a little too high or not exactly straight, a creaking door, or window blind—hosts of just such little things must be attended to quietly and at once, if one would hasten the recovery of her charge.

One great discomfort many invalids endure is the neglect which they suffer very often at night. It is seldom considered necessary for a person after recovery has fairly set in to take any nourishment after the light supper until breakfast time, unless the physician happens to think to speak about it. This is one of the greatest mistakes and is the cause of a great deal of the slowness to get well manifested by many people.

Not that solid food should be given, but two or three tablespoonfuls of hot milk or an egg beaten thoroughly, and mixed with a teacup of milk; a pinch of salt and heaping teaspoonful of sugar, and strained (this never to be neglected) into a pretty glass, may be given at intervals of an hour or two if the patient is wakeful. Some people dislike eggs, and in such a case, or where the yolk of the egg is too rich, the white alone may be beaten and added to the milk and sugar; it needs no salt. The albumen of the egg and milk renders this an excellent and very strengthening liquid food.

A jelly made with gelatine and beef, mutton or chicken broth, is very nutritious and served very cold is often more refreshing than drinks. To make it, soak one-third of a box of gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of cold water for fifteen minutes. Then pour over it a scant pint of boiling broth, seasoned with a little salt. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved and strain into moulds. It requires sometimes ten or twelve hours to harden, and should be kept very cold.

A bland, nutritious and delicious blanc mange is made from oat flour. Served with milk and sugar, or if the patient can bear it, a little whipped cream, it makes a valuable addition to the sometimes limited and monotonous bill of fare.

The coarse granulated wheat, another of our valuable 'Health Foods,' makes a very excellent blanc mange, delicate yet very nutritious. A cup of the wheat should be put with four cups of water and a little salt into a double boiler and cooked five or six hours. It should then be sifted and poured into small cups. When cold, place the cup in hot water just long enough to slightly warm the blanc mange. (both this and the oat flour blanc mange are best served warm, not hot) then turn out and serve with milk or cream and sugar. A bit of maple sugar or syrup gives it a delicious flavor. These are both very different from other blanc manges which are too often insipid to unpalatable-ness if not very cold.

Variety is one of the things which should be remembered in an invalid's diet. We do not tire when we are well, of nice bread and

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The best value for the money ever offered.



Alyssum, Little Gem, Aster—mixed, Calliopsis—mixed, Chinese Plinks—best mixed, Helichrysum—mixed, Marigold, Eldorado—mixed, Mignonette—sweet, Tall Nasturtium—mixed, Petunia Hybrid—mixed, Pansy—Royal Show, Phlox—mixed, Poppy Shireley, Schizanthus—Butterfly flower, Sweet Peas—finest mixed, Verbena—mixed. In all 15 full size packets; with free copy of "FLORAL CULTURE" for 25 cents.

FOR 12 CENTS and the name and address of 2 friends who grow flowers—10 Choice Annuals: (Everybody's favorite), all new, fresh seeds, sure to grow and bloom this season. Pansy, 40 colors and markings; Phlox, 20 colors; Verbena, 18 colors; 1 Inks, 10 colors; Petunia, 10 colors; Astors, 12 colors; Balsam, 8 colors; Sweet Peas, 12 colors; Mignonette sweet and Sweet Alyssum.—Send Silver, Odd Cents in Stamps.

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butter, but when we are not, when the changes are rung on oat-meal (indifferent often in quality and cookery) and toast, toast, and oat-meal, it soon grows tiresome.

A bit of juicy steak or broiled mutton chop, or in the season, a broiled quail or broiled trout may be served at dinner, remembering that all meat must be broiled. If impossible any other way, it can be broiled by holding over a bit of bright coals on a long carving or toasting fork. No butter should be added, a little salt is allowable, and the meat should be placed upon a warm plate and served immediately. A bit of steamed custard may be given occasionally if liked.

Drinks (with food) should be confined principally to hot milk, shells or cocoa; don't give chocolate, tea or coffee.

Fruit, food of any kind, and drink, should not be allowed to stand in the sick-room. Everything of the kind should be fresh and served as attractively as possible.—The Household.

## Selected Recipes.

Corn Cake for Breakfast.—Beat together one egg, two tablespoons of sugar, two of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teacup cornmeal, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon cream of tartar, mixed with the dry meal and flour, half teaspoon soda and two teacups sweet milk. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and add last. Bake in a shallow tin pan about fifteen minutes in a well-heated oven.



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