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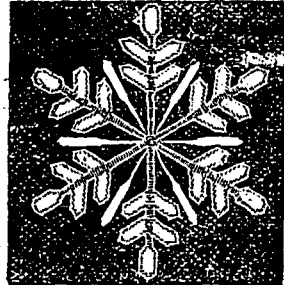
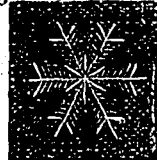
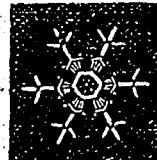
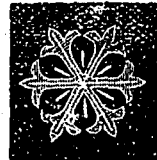
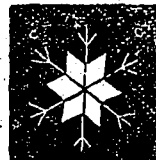
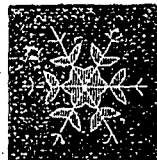
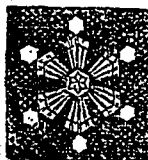
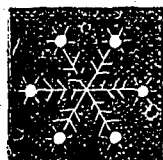
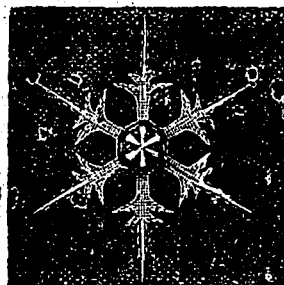
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SNOW-FLAKES AND HOW TO SEE THEM.

Armed with a piece of dark fur, black cloth, or the crown of a black hat, previously cooled below the freezing point, and a strong magnifier, an observer will have plenty of opportunity of examining things of beauty, there is a snow shower at the time, and the temperature is below the freezing point.

We say snow shower because there is a difference between a snow shower and a snow storm. In the snow shower the air is filled with light, fleecy flakes, which descend gently and noiselessly through it, and either melt away and disappear as fast as they alight, or else, when the temperature is below the point of freezing, slowly accumulate upon every surface where they can gain a lodgement, until the fields are everywhere covered with a downy fleece of spotless purity, and every salient point—the tops of the fences and posts, the branches of the trees, and the interminable lines of telegraph wire—are adorned with a white and dazzling trimming. In such a fall of snow as this the delicate process of crystallization is not disturbed by any agitations in the air. The feathery needles from each little nucleus extend themselves in every direction as far as they will, and combining by gentle contacts with others floating near them, form large and fleecy flakes, involving the nicest complications of structure, and filling the air with a kind of beauty in which the expression of softness and gracefulness is combined with that of mathematical symmetry and precision.

In a snow storm the force of the wind and the intensity of the cold usually change all this. The progress of the crystallization, which to be perfect must take under the condition of repose, is at once hastened by the commotion in the air. Across the broad expanse of open plains, along mountain-sides, through groves of trees, and over the smooth surface of frozen lakes and rivers, millions of misshapen and broken crystals are driven by the wind, piled up in heaps, or accumulated in confused masses under the lee of every obstruction, having been subjected on the way to such violence of agitation and collision that the characteristic beauty and symmetry of the material is entirely destroyed.

While the snow is falling gently, then, let us sit at an open window and catch the feathery flakes on our piece of black cloth, and examine them through the microscope. It will be observed that there is a marked peculiarity common to them all. They consist of a star of six rays, or a plate of six angles. There is a well-known property of ice in respect to its law of crystallization, which throws some light on this. Water in

freezing assumes the form of hexagonal (with six sides and angles) grains. These in turn combine in the light falling snow in similar shapes and angles, the six-rayed stars being three elongated hexagonal prisms, crossed at the centre. Rarely this arrangement is doubled, making twelve points in the circles, and this is sometimes again increased. It should be remembered also that the snow stars range only from one-thirtieth to one-third of an inch in diameter, and are made up of almost infinitesimal crystallized particles.

It will not require much perseverance to catch enough to make a good selection of beautiful forms, which will be usually similar in character during the same shower, owing to the fact that all have been subject to the same crystallizing influences; but, sometimes, a change from one style of flake to another takes place before the storm is ended and during the period of transition both varieties fall together from the air, while each different snow fall seems to have its own special conformation.

Drawings of the different forms of flakes may easily be made with a pen, and a curious collection will soon accumulate. The most striking of the methods adopted for the inspection of ice crystals is one discovered by Professor Tyndall, and consists of melting the ice from within. This is done by means of a lens, by which the sun's rays are brought to a focus within the mass of ice, so as to liquify a portion of it in the interior without disturbing that at the surface.

While considering the beauties of the snow flakes, it is impossible to neglect their uses when combined. "Snow like wool," says the Psalmist, and is it not strange that this snow

which covers the more northern countries in winter time is used as wool—which it resembles in whiteness, "fleeceiness" and softness—to keep warm and protect the roots of the trees, bushes and plants from being killed by the biting frost. It is a strange fact that snow, which, of itself, is cold, is one of the best protections from cold. Thus in the Arctic regions the Esquimaux lives in a snow hut in winter, and when a liab begins to freeze it is rubbed with snow to bring the heat back to it again. It is stated by naturalists that the

secret of this warmth is that there is a saline spirit, which is hot, in the snow, and thus keeps all it covers warm; it is the same saline spirit that makes the snow cause thirst when eaten, instead of quenching it. Another use of snow is the medicinal one, it being stated that a salt extracted from it has been found to be a remedy against both putrid and pestilential fevers. Snow being both beautiful and useful, it is

no wonder that it should be a favorite subject for poets. We will give but one selection, which is by an anonymous writer:

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Gently falling from their cloud-home,
Singly to our earth they come—
The feathery snow-flakes—
Softly resting—whether cresting
Lofty pines or lowly brakes.

Little stars—without the glory,
Shining through, of Heaven's own
light,
But all its purity—
Singly falling—quick uniting,
Drifting to obscurity!

Losing all their star-like semblance,
As each mingles into each—
Most tenderly they spread,
Coverings down, soft and
fleecy,
Over every flower-bed.

So they fall—and I sit watching,
Till my eyes grow dim with tears—
Fast coming from a thought,
Which the gently falling snow-flakes,
On their noiseless way, have brought

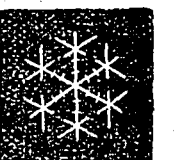
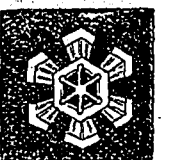
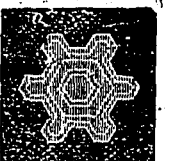
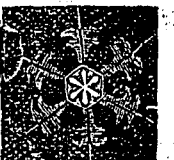
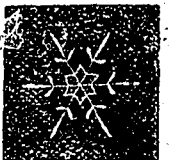
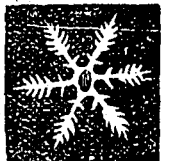
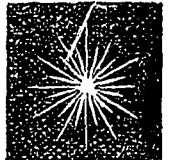
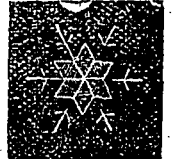
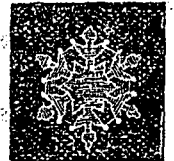
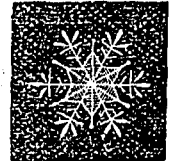
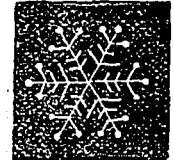
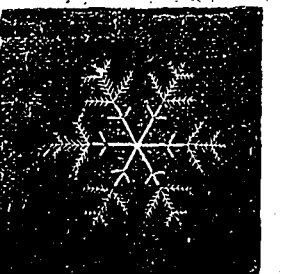
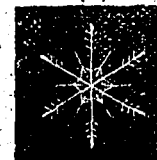
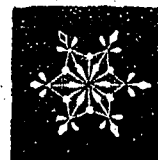
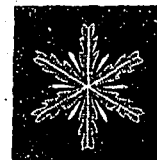
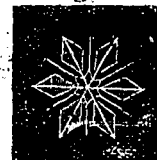
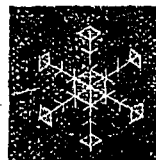
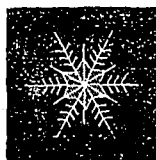
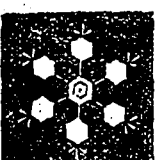
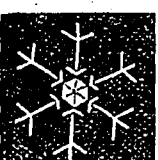
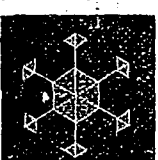
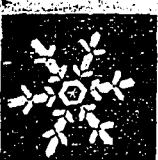
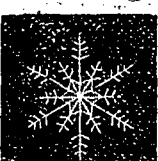
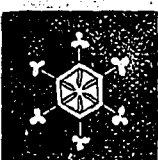
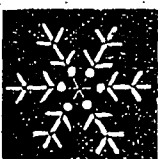
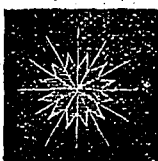
It is of that blessed promise,
Giv'n to every loving heart,
That comfort in our woe!
"Though your sins be red like
scarlet,
I will make them white as snow."

Oh, the tender, touching, "Come, now,"
Spoken by the Lord Himself,
Spoken as low and soft
As the falling of a snow-
flake—
(And he speaketh it full oft.)

But the world's gay music drowns it,
Though no cadence half so sweet,
Or melting, can be heard—
And the heedless heart forgets it—
Loves it not—the Father's word.

For my heart, so often straying,
From the Lord, who, loving,
calls—
Oh, bitter tears, still flow—
Till within the fount of healing
Christ shall wash it white as snow.

The silvery snow! the silvery snow!
Like a glory it falls on the field below;
And the trees with their diamond branches
appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere;
While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they
flow;
Oh, who has not loved the bright, beau-
tiful snow!





Temperance Department.

TOBACCO—SOME REASONS WHY A CHRISTIAN SHOULD NOT USE IT.

BY T. G. DAVIS.

1. The practice is unchristian. It is the gratification of a self-formed, unnatural, depraved appetite. No person has a natural appetite for tobacco, unless upon the principle on which God visits the sins of the parents upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. That is, unless the appetite is hereditary. God has given us as many natural appetites as it is good for us to indulge.

2. It is useless. Any person is better off without it than with it. Beyond all doubt, the balance of good health and long life is in favor of those who do not use it. The rule of health then is "touch not, taste not, handle not." The exceptions, if there are any, I stop not to meddle with at present.

3. It is filthy. And Christians ought to be pure. "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit." Its filthiness makes it very annoying to those who do not use it.

4. It is expensive: An unnecessary waste of money. Perhaps you will say, "My money is my own; I have a right to use it as I please." But what does God say? We are to "glorify him with our substance." Do we glorify him in polluting his atmosphere with the stench of our offerings to the god of a depraved appetite? If the money that is wasted on tobacco, in the Christian churches, could be diverted from its present channel and made to flow into the various missionary treasures, how soon the world might be flooded with the light of the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

5. The use of tobacco in smoking, chewing and snuffing is absolutely hurtful to body, mind and soul. The physical, mental and moral, are so intimately conjoined in the constitution of one person that what affects the one favorably or adversely must necessarily, to some extent, affect the whole. From the little experience I have had in the administration of medicine I have come to know that two or three times the amount of medicine is required to produce a desired effect upon a habitual tobacco user, than on one who has never used it; and that the non-user of the noxious weed is much more likely to recover from sickness or accident than one who is addicted to its use. In confirmation of the opinions here advanced, I will bring the more valid testimony of some of our most noted physicians.

W. Beach, M. D. [*American Practice*, Page 67-71], says:

"Tobacco is an actual and virulent poison. One drop of the chemical oil applied to the tongue of a cat produced violent convulsions, and caused death in one minute. A thread dipped in the same oil and drawn through a wound made by a needle in an animal, killed it in seven minutes." "Smoking and chewing tobacco cause the saliva to be spit out, which should be swallowed for the digestion of the food; and so saturate the tongue and mouth with tobacco juice as to vitiate the saliva that remains, which, in this poisonous condition, finds its way into the stomach, fixing its deadly grasp upon the organs of vitality, gradually undermining the health, and sowing the seeds of disease, which are sure, sooner or later, to take root and spring up, carrying away its victim to an untimely grave. The use of tobacco, in many instances, causes indigestion, dyspepsia, epilepsy, apoplexy, cancer, scrofula and many uncomfortable and alarming symptoms."

Henry H. Brown, M. D., says:
"The use of tobacco produces a dryness and huskiness of the mouth, thus creating a thirst which in many instances is not satisfied with anything short of alcoholic drinks. In this way is laid the foundation of drunkenness. I have known several who from smoking have become mere sots."

J. C. Gunn, M. D., in his *American Medicine*, Page 501 and seq., says:

"I regard the use of this narcotic (tobacco) in smoking, chewing and snuffing as danger-

ous and greatly destructive to the constitution; and obviously injurious in their effects on body and mind. Is it not a fact that consumers transmit to their offspring a perverted appetite, which becomes more and more intense? Are not the physical sins of the parents visited upon the children? Are not many of the ills and much of the disease by which we are afflicted, the result of using tobacco? Tobacco is well known to be a powerful vegetable poison. Many persons have been killed by an injudicious use of it for medicinal purposes. A few drops of the essential oil will kill a strong man. The smoking and chewing of it, by rendering water and simple liquids insipid to the taste, disposes very much to the stronger stimulus of ardent spirits. My candid opinion is, that the use of tobacco is the greatest obstacle existing to the progress of temperance, and never will this cause triumph, never will alcoholic drinks cease to be used as a beverage until tobacco ceases to be used as a luxury."

Christians ought to be the Lord's free men. "Whom the Son makes free, is free indeed." But I regard the confirmed tobacco user as verily a slave to this vile custom as is the confirmed drunkard to the intoxicating cup. And it is a lamentable consideration that many church members, and even some ministers, are involved in this dreadful slavery.

Dr. Gunn relates the following story:
"A clergyman of high respectability informed me that he had often put a quid in his mouth, and wept like a child under a sense of his vile bondage to that contemptible weed! For some time he continued these ineffectual efforts to break from these fearful bonds. At length, in the strength of the Lord, he protested he would be free, and he was free."

The Doctor goes on to say:
"Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys; inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weakening the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, the brain and the whole nervous fluid.—With very few exceptions, every drunkard is a tobacco user, for the hankering for one generally leads to the other; and sooner or later, step by step, these stimulants destroy the health—physical, moral and intellectual."

I could summon much more evidence in favor of the ideas herein advanced, but this article is already too long. I will close by saying, There is no valid argument why a Christian should abstain from the use of tobacco, which is not equally valid against its use by any other person.—*Morning Star*.

A HUMOROUS CURE FOR INTemperance.

The father of a late earl of Pembroke had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular. His lordship thought of an ingenious expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him; and this was to feign himself deaf; and thus, under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his own answers, not by what was said to him, but what he desired to have said.

Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity in several capacities, till at length he became coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking for which his lady often desired he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant." "I say," replies the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and therefore desire he may be turned off." "Ay," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us."

John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park. Though not much hurt, yet when she came home she began to rattle the earl.

"Here," says she, "is that John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged he will one day break our necks." "Ay," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas! I am sorry for him." "I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me." "Ay," replied my lord, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice."

My lady, finding it useless to remonstrate, went away in a passion; and the earl, having ordered John into his presence, addressed

him very coolly in these terms: "John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family. My lady tells me you are taken ill, and, indeed, I see you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice."

John, being thus dismissed, was carried to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process and the reasons on which it was made. He had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have endured ten blisters than lose his place. His lordship sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated his lady upon John's recovery, whom he directed to be fed only on water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman who acted as his nurse.

In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, his lordship thought fit to understand the messenger, and said he was extremely glad to hear the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When John came in, "Well, John," says his lordship, "I hope this bout is over."

"Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." "Ay, ay," replied my lord, "you say right; nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be ill again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall have always the same advice and the same attendance that you have had now." "Thank your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need." "So do I," says the earl; "but as long as you perform your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear."

John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had undergone that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.—*Hand and Heart*.

A GLASS OF WINE DID IT.

In a work by Dr. Matthew Hale Smith, the following incident is recorded: "A New York house went down the other day. In answer to a question how it happened, one of the firm said, 'A glass of wine did it.' The house did a large business south and west. It employed among others a young man of talent and smartness. He was entrusted with the collection of heavy sums. He was as sober as clerks generally are, and enjoyed the confidence of his employers. He was very successful in his tour, collected large sums of money, and reached New Orleans on Saturday night on his way home. He telegraphed his success, and announced his intention of leaving on Monday morning. Sunday dawned on him; he was alone in a strange city. Some genteelly-dressed persons, apparently gentlemen, made his acquaintance, and after general conversation invited him to take a glass of wine. He was accustomed to do this with his employers, and it would seem churlish for him to refuse so courteous a request. If he had gone to church he would have escaped the temptation. He went to the bar with his new-found companions. He knew nothing more till Monday. His money, watch, and jewellery were gone, and he found himself bankrupt in character and penniless. He had been drugged. He telegraphed to his house. The news came in a financial crisis and the loss of the money carried the house under."

HIS LAST CIGAR.

Mr. Goodfellow is a well-known Sunday School Superintendent in a flourishing city in one of our Prairie States. He is head and front of the temperance movement in his town, and an uncompromising enemy of tobacco; nevertheless, within the memory of many living witnesses, he used to love a good cigar as well as any one. He tells how he was finally cured:

"On leaving my office one evening, in accord with my usual custom, I lighted a fragrant cigar which I proposed to enjoy as I pursued my homeward way. I had advanced but a few steps, when I saw sitting on the curb, puffing away at the stump of a villainous cigar, a youngster whom I recognized as a member of my Sunday-school. A quick disgust filled my soul, and words of reproof rose to my lips; but how could I

utter them with the weed between my teeth. The disability was not nearly so apparent in its physical as in its moral aspect. Clearly the cigar must be gotten from sight, or my lips remain sealed and the boy left to follow the bent of an evil inclination, and doubtless become the victim of a pernicious habit. Quick as thought, I whipped the cigar from my mouth and held it behind my back, while I administered a merited reproof and timely warning. The boy threw away his stump, and promised not to try another, and I backed around the corner fearing to turn lest my own sin should be discovered, and my influence destroyed. When fairly out of sight, I threw my cigar into the gutter, inwardly vowing before God never again to touch the weed; and I never have."

How many fathers are ready to make a like sacrifice for the sake of their sons? How many teachers, that they may consistently warn their pupils of evils likely to follow in the wake of this habit? How many pastors, that they may present themselves undefiled in the sight of the youth of their charges, and lead them in the ways of purity and true temperance?—*Church and Home*.

SHOULD MINISTERS SMOKE?

This question is suggested by what has recently come to my ears. May I repeat, without exaggeration or abatement, two or three facts? A brother said of a minister from a board, who had been preaching in Boston pulpits lately, that on one Sabbath he heard two excellent sermons from him, which he very much enjoyed. "But," said he, "he spoiled it all when he came into my store the next day with a cigar in his mouth." Again, two brethren were speaking of another minister who has lately been preaching in this vicinity, and to the question of the one as to what the other knew of him, the latter replied, "I don't know anything against him except that he smokes, and that is enough for me." In this connection I have also heard of a third minister, well-known in this community, who confesses that he is ill at ease under the habit of using tobacco; that he has once or twice attempted to give it up, and apparently well-nigh succeeded, when upon passing a shop, the temptation has proved too strong, and immediately all was adrift again.

Church members who are themselves smokers are not likely to be much troubled that their ministers smoke; but the great majority of our membership, who do not smoke, are tried about it. Occasionally it happens that the feeling finds expression, as in the cases cited above; but it is often suppressed lest the influence of the pastor should be lessened. If ministers could but know how the people feel about their indulgence in this habit,—how it injures their personal standing, impairs their usefulness, and detracts from the dignity and sanctity of their sacred office,—it would seem that the indulgence would be at once and forever discarded. The apostle says, in the true Christian spirit, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth;" and again, "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." The prophet also says, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."—*The Watchman*.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of a person who lived soberly. Now and then he could congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time he effects that object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer-like tissues still throb with the pulse of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the God-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feelings, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life, leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone?—*Scientific American*.



Agricultural Department.

POULTRY RAISING.

Where so many find it difficult to make a mere sufficiency for life's support it seems unaccountable that the pleasant and profitable business of poultry raising should be so seldom resorted to for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, and establishing a permanent and paying business, while an eager and struggling crowd are jostling each other in every other avenue of industry, no matter how difficult or how meagre and uncertain the remuneration promised.

Poultry raising requires but a modicum of real work, with, of course, the regular and ceaseless attention that must be given to any enterprise to ensure success. The risks attending it are not greater than those appertaining to any other business, if as much. Thoroughness is the great secret to success. The coops must be kept clean and well ventilated; the chicks must have ample room for exercise, and to reap the fullest measures of success, be supplied with comfortable, sheltered and sunny quarters. If they cannot have the run of a grass plot, green food should be given daily, and when practicable, a few feet of earth should be spaded up occasionally, in which they delight to hunt for tit bits of food. Even in large cities it is not impossible to keep a few of the feathered pets; sufficient to furnish the breakfast-table with a delicacy that will harbor none of the distressing doubt that always haunts a market supply, nor any chance rout and ruin of the appetite that always follows the breaking of an aged one. —*Pet Stock and Poultry Bulletin.*

CAN HORSES GO SAFELY UNSHOD?

The feasibility of using horses unshod is being discussed in England. It is ever maintained by some that unshod horses would go better and be surer-footed on London asphalt pavements than shod horses; and an American writer holds the same opinion in regard to the smooth pavements of our Western and some of our Eastern cities, care being taken in first toughening the hoofs. The hoofs are said to harden much as do the at first tender but soon horny feet of barefooted boys. If the shoes have just been taken off, or if in the spring when the hoofs are sensitive from constant moisture soaking, or if they are only used to soft land, which always contains some moisture, the horses must be carefully handled when first driven over hard roads, on which, when unaccustomed, they may become dead lame before travelling a mile. But their hoofs rapidly harden, and, sometimes, according to the experience of one gentleman, become at last so tough that in paring them a drawing knife will not cut them, but steel nippers must be used. It is believed that between July and October, farm teams with a little care, can do the ordinary travel over hard roads with more comfort unshod than shod. As to the objection that draught horses in starting a heavy load have to dig their toes into the ground, one writer maintains that when unshod, they can start the heaviest loads with ease from the flat of the feet; but most horsemen will probably accept this theory with limitations. —*Owenco.*

SOWING GRASS SEED.

The production of domestic animals and manures depends so largely upon our grasses, that the necessity of their cultivation is universally recognized. There are several considerations which give to this branch of husbandry more importance of late years than previously attached to it in the Western States. The wild and nutritious grasses, which occupied the land in its virgin state, have gradually disappeared. Like the Indian and the buffalo, these grasses do not take kindly to civilization, but recede upon the advent of the white man and his methods in agriculture. They are no longer spontaneous, for the changed conditions which a settled population produce are inimical to their growth, hence tame grasses become a necessity.

The rapid increase of dairying in the

North-Western States, and the increased attention given to live stock within the past few years in many localities invest this subject with additional importance, both as regards meadow and pasture. There is room for much improvement in the cultivation of the grasses, and a better acquaintance with the habits and requirements of different kinds; and we may profitably investigate the varieties cultivated, and the methods employed in older countries, whose experience may serve a useful purpose.

In England over thirty distinct species are employed for different soils and purposes. In this country the number sown scarcely exceeds half a dozen. The advantages of the larger number are, that mixed grasses are found to feed animals more profitably than one kind, and that a greater weight can be produced per acre. Some kinds are of temporary duration, while others are permanent; the period of maturity differs, so that when mixed, some are always in the best condition for pasture, and some for meadow, and some prosper best in one kind of soil and some in another. These, and other considerations which might be mentioned, show the advantage of cultivating a greater variety than is usually found in the pastures and meadows of the United States. That a greater variety can be grown successfully in the North-West with proper treatment, has been fully demonstrated in our neighboring State of Wisconsin, under the supervision of our friend W. J. Burdick.

The time for sowing seed will soon be here. Although very much has been said by the advocates of fall seeding to prove that that period possesses advantages over any other, the fact remains that spring seeding is preferred and practised by far the greatest number of farmers throughout the country, and, as we believe, with them rests the weight of the argument. A wide difference of opinion also exists in regard to the quantity of seed per acre. Extreme opinions obtain on either hand; but the proper quantity to sow is governed largely by circumstances. Thin seeding, when the seed is fresh, may succeed well on rich and deeply pulverized soil, while with poor seed on light, thin land, failure and disappointment would be the result. Safety in any case lies in a sufficient quantity of seed to ensure a catch, else weeds will be likely to usurp vacant places and injure the grass. Early seeding is important in obtaining a good catch. Fall preparation of the land enables the farmer to sow early and obtain a good crop of hay. None but fresh, bright seed should be sown whatever may be the kind or mixture. Much of the failure that attends this branch of farming is the result of using immature, foul and comparatively worthless seed, a large portion of which fails to germinate while the land is overrun with noxious growths. Clean culture is a prerequisite of good farming, and the use of foul seed generally results in requiring, at the farmers' hands, a vast amount of additional labor year after year in efforts to exterminate the pests thus introduced. However good the appearance of seed may be, it may be expected that all of it will not germinate because of a lack of vitality, and besides this some that is good will not come, on account of being covered too deeply, hence the utility of sowing a sufficient quantity to insure a catch. As a rule, the depth at which the most seeds of different grasses germinate is half an inch. Circumstances, however, of season and soil, exert more or less influence in this matter. —*Prairie Farmer.*

To BIT A COLT.—The true way to bit a colt is not to bit him at all; that is, let him bit himself. When my colts are one year old, I begin to teach them to hold a bit in their mouth. The bit is of pine, some half-inch in diameter and five inches in length. This piece of soft wood is held in the mouth by a cord tied to either eye and passing over the head, back of the ears. The colt loves to have this in his mouth, because it enables him to bring forward the teething process. He will bite it, and work it over in his mouth and enjoy it hugely. He will welcome it, and will actually reach out and open his mouth for it, as a trained horse will for a bit. After a few days you can tie strings, making miniature reins, to this bit, and teach the colt the proper use of it. When this is done, he is ready for the regular steel bit. Put your bridle on with a leather bit, large and pliant; throw your check-line, if your bridle has one attached, into the pigsty; get into your waggon and drive off.

This is all the "bitting" a colt needs. Treated in this way he will have a lively, yielding sensitive mouth. He will take the bit bravely when working up to his speed, but yield readily to the driver's will. A horse bitted in this sensible way can be driven a forty clip with the lines held in one hand, or be lifted over a five-barred gate with the strength of a single wrist. If you do not believe it, try it and see. —*From W. H. H. Murray's "Perfect Horse."*

MILKING.—The faster and more gentle a cow is milked, the greater will be the amount given. Slow milkers always gradually dry up a cow, and for the reason that if the milk be not drawn about as fast as it is given down, it will subsequently be withheld, and that withheld is as a matter of course what is known as the strippings, in fact, the upper surface of milk in the udder. Many milkers draw the milk with a strong downward pull, in fact with a jerk. This should never be allowed; it irritates the cow, and often injures the bag. Fill the teat, and with a firm pressure of the last three fingers, empty it, drawing slightly on the teat and udder at the same time; so proceed alternately with each hand until the milk supply is exhausted. Many milkers get the habit of slow milking because steady, firm, quick milking tires the fingers and wrists, until by practice the muscles get used to the work. Until this use comes naturally the individual should only milk such a number as they can without severe cramping of the hands; what are milked should be milked fast, increasing the number until at last there is no tiring whatever. Five minutes is about the limit that should be allowed for milking a cow. There is another thing well worthy of being remembered. Cows should be milked as nearly at a given hour morning and evening as possible, since undue distention of the udder is always injurious. —*Ex.*

MINIATURE HOT-BED.—A flower-pot eight inches in diameter was filled one-third full of coarse gravel or pebbles, finishing with finer gravel or coarse sand. Then it was filled to the brim with a mixture of leaf mold (decayed leaves), old manure, and sand, in about equal proportions, all pressed through a fine sieve. This was made moderately firm, and the seeds were pressed down an eighth of an inch and covered. The pot was then placed in a pan of hot (not quite boiling) water, and there left until the surface soil was wet, and then placed upon a store mantel over the kitchen range. The plot was then nearly covered with a pane of glass, a half-inch space being left for ventilation. Simple as is this contrivance, it furnishes every advantage of a hot-bed of the carefulest construction, the stone slab, which is always hot, supplying the bottom heat, which in a hot bed is supplied by the fermenting manure. We advise our friends to try this "epitome" hot-bed. Grass or common seeds of any kind may be used at first to experiment with. —*Rural New Yorker.*

SELECTING GOOD COWS.—There are scores of poor milk cows that are kept actually at a loss to their owners from year to year. There are well-known points by which a prospective good cow may be known, while yet young, and these should be studied, and the poor heifer calves gotten rid of. A cow with her second calf that gives no more than 300 pounds of milk a year should be fattened and killed without delay, for her keeping is costing more than the value of the milk. A cow that pays anything should give from five to six hundred pounds of milk per year. It will pay any farmer to study the points of good cows. The promising calves at ten months or younger by the Guenon method may be selected with certainty from the poor ones. —*Ex.*

COAL ASHES AND CURCULIO.—I have for several years saved my plums from the ravages of the curculio, by the use of coal ashes. They become so completely disgusted with it that they leave for other parts. Just so soon as the blossoms fall I commence with my ashes. I take a bucketful of the ashes under my arm, and with the other hand I dash the ashes all over and through the trees, covering the plums completely with ashes, and go round every few days and give them another dose. If the rain washes it off, I renew the dose and keep at it till my plums are ripe when I am well paid for my trouble. —*Worral in Ohio Farmer.*

GUINEA HENS.—If a man can fill his ears with cotton or move out in the prairie where he has no neighbors, it will pay to

keep a few Guinea hens. They lay more eggs than the common fowl. It is also claimed that one of them will keep one half an acre of potatoes clear of beetles, &c., and at the same time answer the purpose of a barometer in predicting the changes of the weather. If their merits balance their music get some eggs and hatch some; they are good eating, and very pretty. —*Ex.*

DOMESTIC.

STEWED CELERY.—When eaten raw celery is, it must be confessed, rather indigestible; but not so when it is stewed; and not every one knows how good it is stewed. It is very wholesome, and offers an agreeable variety at a time of year when the choice of vegetables is rather limited. It is a good plan for the sake of economy, to use the inner part only of the celery (the heart) for cheese, and to boil the outer sticks, serving them like sea-kale on toast, and pouring melted butter over them; or if the bunches are boiled entire, a little more "trouble and charges" may be given. Celery that is not over-thick is best for stewing, and it is well to trim off the very outside sticks, which will perhaps be rather discolored and coarse. After washing the celery, thoroughly cut off the tops so as to leave the sticks about as long as sea-kale, and trim the roots to a point. Put the celery into boiling water for ten minutes to blanch it, cool it, tie it in bundles of a moderate size, and boil it very gently in salted water till it is tender. It will take about an hour and a half. Take it up and drain it. Make the sauce that is to be poured over it. This may either be good brown sauce, made of stock flavored with carrot and onion and herbs, and thickened with brown thickening; or white sauce,—that is, white stock mixed with cream, and thickened with flower and butter. Lemon-juice is a pleasant addition to the brown sauce, and the yolk of an egg will improve the white sauce—care, of course, being taken to let the sauce cool a minute before the egg is stirred in, and to avoid letting it boil afterwards. I think any one who has taken celery prepared in this way will not be content to dispense with it for the future. It is rather strange that, though in England excellent vegetables are plentiful, they are always put in a subordinate position. The weak point of a dinner in middle-class houses is generally the vegetables; and as to taking vegetables alone without meat, any one who did it regularly would be considered almost an object of charity. The great French cook was right who said that "the greatest single step in advance for the English family dinner would be to decree that regularly every day, either in addition to the pudding or instead of it, there should be one dish of vegetables nicely prepared." —*Phyllis Browne, in Cassell's Magazine.*

BOILING HAMS.—Soak over night in warm water a ham of about ten or twelve pounds weight. In the morning scrape and clean perfectly. Then put it into a large ham kettle filled with cold water and let it simmer, not boil at all, for half an hour. Then pour off the water and put to it more cold water. When it gets hot add a pint of cider vinegar. For a ten pound ham, reckoning after it begins to boil, allow three hours for cooking, and a half an hour for every additional pound; don't let it ever boil very hard—at any time. When done take it out, remove the skin, and stick whole cloves into it, cover with fine bread crumbs and bake a half hour. Put a cut paper frill around the bone, and cover with current jelly and parsley.

CUSTARD PIE.—Beat the yolks of four eggs very light, then the whites, then both together. Spill a level tencupful of sugar into the eggs and beat all well. Add gradually a quart of the richest milk, if it is half cream all the better, and stir thoroughly together, add a level teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful or more of any flavoring essence. If spice is used it should be beaten into the egg before the milk or sugar is added to them. Put the deep pie plates (cover with paste before the eggs are beaten) into the oven, and with a cup or ladle fill them carefully to the rims. Bake till the custard is firm. Cover if necessary with a pasteboard or thick paper if the oven is too hot.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—One quart of milk; four tablespoonfuls of rice; sweeten to your taste; flavor with nutmeg, and put in butter half the size of an egg; bake in a moderate oven three or more hours. It is an improvement to stand over night.

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Clack. They had turned into the streets, and the rattle of wheels, and the tramp of horses about them made her feel as if she could not make her new friend hear her feeble voice. She glanced up at him in silent admiration, nodding and smiling whenever she met his eye, and putting out her utmost strength to keep pace with him. It was a marvel that such a man should not be married.

When they reached Kensington Gardens, Abbott hesitated a few seconds, balancing the basket in his strong hand, and looking down at Mrs. Clack's small, spare figure.

"About as little as my mother," he muttered. "I'll step across the Gardens with you," he added aloud; "it's many a month since I've been here, and it will be quite a treat. I used to come sometimes with my mother."

"And she's dead?" remarked Mrs. Clack, with timid pity.

"Yes," he answered.

"Dear! dear!" she said, "it 'ud be a bitter trouble to her to leave a son like you. I never knew anything of men, except quite the outside till lately, and now those I come across seem as good as good! I've just been visiting a good man down in the country; and it all comes of Don picking up a blind old man and a little girl in these very Gardings, and bringing them home to me. I said I'd rather have ten dogs than a man; but I didn't know what a blessing a man could be."

"A blind old man and a little girl!" cried Abbott; "not old John Lister and little Dot?"

"Why, you know them!" exclaimed Mrs. Clack, her face beaming with surprise and delight. "Ay, Don found them here last November—a dreary night it was. Don is my errand-boy, and sleeps on the premises, and he brought them home to me. And the little girl does answer to the name of Dot, which isn't her christen name, I'm sure. The old man had been left by his daughter in the Gardings; he didn't know whether it was a purpose or not."

"Thank God!" said Abbott, standing still in the path, and lifting his hat from his head.

"You know them?" continued Mrs. Clack.

"I know Hagar," he answered; "and she's breaking her heart after them. Thank God I came with you, and did not leave you

before you told me this! Where are they—in your house still?"

"The poor blind old man's dead and buried," she answered, bursting into tears. "I bought him a fine, new suit of clothes—a great bargain—and it was a fever suit as I knew nothing about; and he took the fever badly, and died. Oh, I wish I'd never done it! It were that as killed him; and he'd have been so happy now. He was always mourning for his daughter Hagar."

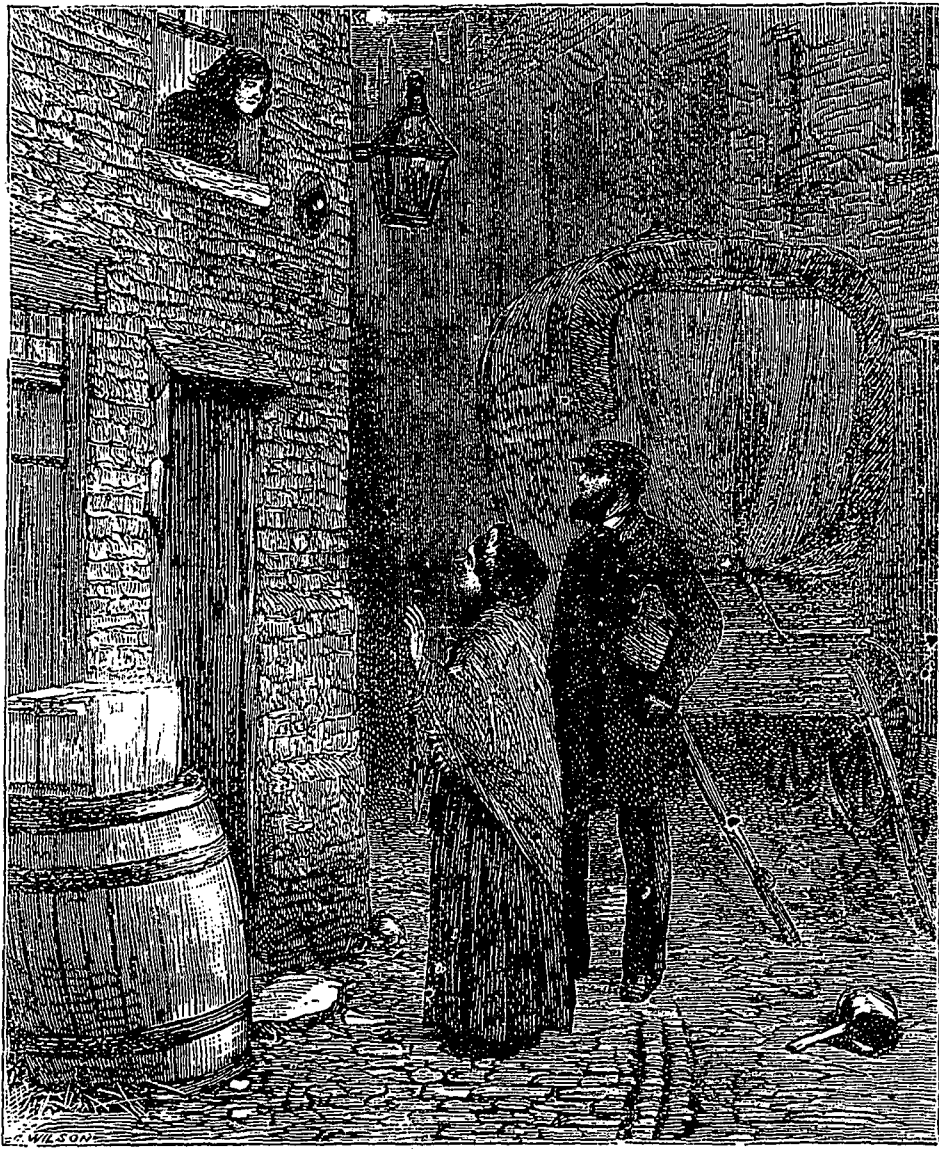
"Poor Hagar!" said Abbott, in a low tone. It would be a bitter grief to her, he knew; and his heart ached for her. She had been cherishing a hope of finding her father and Dot again, as a sign that God had forgiven her,

never said a miss word; never." "I must come home with you," said Abbott, "and we will take poor Dot to her mother at once, this very night. She is almost broken-hearted, poor thing!"

It was quite dark in the narrow mews as they passed into it, for the single lamp in the midst of it had not been lit, as the glass had been broken the day before. Mrs. Clack knew her way perfectly in the dark, but Abbott stumbled over the uneven pavement as he followed her. At the further end a dim gleam of candle-light shone faintly through a dusty window in the Watson's dwelling-place where Dot was to be found. They made their way toward it, and Mrs. Clack knocked hurriedly at

covering his former health. He had not written to Mrs. Clack, because he could not write, and had only taken his first lessons in that useful art in the Home he had just left. But he was not troubled with any doubts of Mrs. Clack's giving him a welcome when he returned to his old haunts. He felt as certain that she would be overjoyed to see him again, as he could be to see her. Whole years seemed to have passed over him since the day old Lister had died and he had sunk under the fever himself. He had grown a good deal during his illness, and his clothes were uncomfortably short in the arms and legs, though he had chosen them much too large, to give him plenty of room to grow in. But he could trust Mrs. Clack and her wisdom to set this little difficulty right.

He had a thousand strange things to tell her; especially of the wonderful sights to be seen on the sea-shore; and the marvellous stories he had heard of the same Lord Jesus Christ, whose name she had spoken to the poor blind man, as he lay dying. He could not believe that Mrs. Clack knew all those beautiful stories, or surely she would have told them to him long ago. For they were true; that was the chief beauty of them. The mother of the Convalescent Home had read them to him out of a book, as he lay on the sea-shore; and had even taught him to read a few words to himself. He had brought a little book of texts back with him, and he would ask Mrs. Clack to hear him read every night, till he knew every word, and could read them to himself or to any poor creature that lay a-dying, not knowing where they were going to, or what Jesus Christ had done for their sakes. His heart was very full when he turned into the mews once more. He was ready to cry with joy, and a few tears actually escaped from under his eyelids to be brushed away



MRS. CLACK'S RETURN.

and he could not persuade her to trust in God's love and pardon without a sign.

"But there is Dot," he added, after a pause.

"Oh, yes! she's all right and well," replied Mrs. Clack. "I left her with my neighbor's daughter, Peggy Watson. I'd been nursing Mrs. Watson through the fever she caught from poor old Mr. Lister, and she would not have nay, but I must go down into the country with her. I'd been nursing the old man before that, and never did I think a man could be such a harmless creature. He lived with me three months, and

the door. The casement overhead was opened, and Peggy craned over her dirty face, and rough, untidy head to see who was below.

"I'm Mrs. Clack, come home," she said, "and I want Dot."

"Oh, Mrs. Clack!" she cried, "we lost Dot yesterday, and she's not been heard of again yet. None of the p'leece has seen her."

CHAP. XI.—BAD NEWS FOR DON.

Don had been sent down from the fever hospital to a Convalescent Home at the seaside for a week or two, till he could return to his life in London, strong enough to have some hope of re-

quickly lest anybody should see them. He was going to sit down in his old seat by Mrs. Clack's fire, with little Dot on his knee, and Mrs. Clack in her rocking-chair opposite to them, listening to all his wonderful news. He had learned how to sing "O let us be joyful!" and now he and Mrs. Clack and Dot could all sing it together.

It was dusk, the very hour of his usual return; and he knocked his one, single, quiet tap at Mrs. Clack's door. There was no answer. After a while he knocked a second time, and stepped back to look up at the window. There was no light. That was not un-

usual, for he knew she loved to sit in the twilight; but there was a white blind across the window; and there was a strange stillness, and a sense of emptiness about the closed house, which struck him forcibly. He tried the latch, but that was fast, and though he knocked a third time, no notice was taken of him.

Don sat down on the low door-sill, somewhat dulled and sad at heart, as one whose first gladness had received a chill. He could hear voices and see lights in other houses, whilst this one was so dark and still. Mrs. Clack had always warned him to keep himself to himself in the mews, amongst her neighbors; and he obeyed her now as he had always done before. He did not go to enquire after her, but waited patiently at her door till something should happen.

At length he heard the crutches of Cripple Jack coming limpingly along the court. Jack caught sight of him in the dusk, and stopped, leaning against the wall, as if ready to hold conversation with Don.

"She's gone," he said, nodding toward the empty house.

"Dead!" cried Don, in a tone of profound terror. It struck Jack's mind that it would be worth while to see how far Don could be made a gull of, and he answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ay, dead!" he repeated, and buried a week last Tuesday. She were raving and wandering just like the old man was before her. You could hear her across the mews, and she were calling for you over and over again, like this, "Don! Don!" and Jack imitated Mrs. Clack, as if she had been in the habit of shouting in a very loud voice.

"Dead!" uttered Don, thunder-struck with grief and dread.

"And buried the very next morning," continued Jack, "the fever was so very strong on her, and the doctors had all the stores burned up, and the house locked, and the keys kept by the parish, so as nobody is to go into it for nobody knows how long. Some folks say the fever's got into the walls, and it's to be pulled down to the ground, but I don't know as that's true."

"And where's little Dot?" asked Don, rousing himself from his stupor a little.

"She's stopping a bit with the Watsons," he answered; "but you should only see Peggy thrashing her! It's only for a while though, for she's to be sent to the workhouse. I'm sorry for that, Don, I'm really sorry. She's a nice little thing, and very good; scarcely ever whimpers so you can hear her, no! not when Peggy whacks the hardest, and, my! she can whack."

"She shan't ever go to the workhouse," said Don, in a low voice of resolution.

"Oh, I remember," went on Jack, chuckling to himself over Don's credulity, "the officer is coming to take her to-morrow at nine o'clock. There was nothing left from Mrs. Clack, after her funeral was paid for, and all the stores burnt up. So that made an end of everything, except Dot. Is there nothing more you'd like to ask me?"

"Nothing," answered Don, in the sickness of despair, "I wish you'd go away and leave me."

"Oh! I'll go," said Jack; it's none so pleasant standing here, when you may catch the fever from the walls. So good-bye to you."

Don could not speak. The sudden calamity that had befallen him was too dreadful for words or tears. He had lost everything at one blow; and he felt bewildered and amazed at the sudden ruin of all his plans; his home was gone, and his only friend. It did not occur to him to move away from the door-sill his feet had crossed so often, because it was infected and under a ban. Where was he to go to? Where else could his weary limbs and heavy heart find a resting-place? He heard Jack's crutches clicking over the pavement, and then he was alone. Now Mrs. Clack was dead, he was utterly alone in the world.

By-and-by his ear caught the sound of a child crying in the dark, somewhere near at hand—of little Dot crying, for no other child in the mews cried softly and quietly like she did. He lifted himself up, and shook off the bewilderment of his sorrow; a new plan was already coming into shape in the lad's active brain. They should never carry off Dot to the dreadful workhouse, to be brought up with workhouse children. He thought of Peggy thrashing her, and his blood boiled. But he must keep himself quite still, and on the alert, unseen by anybody, if he was to carry out his scheme. He crouched down again in the darkness, and waited to find out where Dot was. Before long he discovered that she must be sitting at the foot of the narrow staircase leading up to the Watson's rooms, and he crept silently that way, and as silently unlatched the door.

"Dot!" he breathed, in a very quiet tone; "hush, here's old Don."

"Don!" whispered the little creature, half afraid of him in the darkness.

"Ay! come along with old Don," he said, "and buy some sweeties. I've money in my pocket."

He puthis arm gently round her, and she let him lift her up; and carry her away without a sound. Dot was accustomed to quiet movements and low voices, for blind grandfather could not patiently endure any noise that could be spared him. And Don's

manner toward her was very tender; he kissed the soft cheek next to him again and again, and he clasped her fondly in his arms. His heart sank as he passed Mrs. Clack's closed door, but he knew he had no time to linger. Cautiously he crept along the darkest side of the mews, where no lamp had been lit because of the broken glass; and he kept as much as possible in the dark along the streets, until he reached a distant place, where he could look at Dot in safety.

He sat down on the curbstone in front of a brilliantly illuminated spirit-vault where the glare of light fell full upon Dot's pretty face. It was dirty and unwashed, and her curly hair was in knots and tangles, through which he could scarcely pass his fingers. The tears had made little channels down her cheeks; and the red cloak she had been so proud of, was bespattered with mud. But she was laughing merrily now, as she looked into his sorrowful face; and her little arms fastened round his neck again.

"Old Don!" she said, "old Don!"

"Ay! it's Don, little Dot," he answered, "and you belong to all me now. I'll take care of you, never fear. They say Jesus Christ is fond of little children, and He'd never like them to be beaten, or sent to the workhouse, I'm sure. You shan't go, though Mrs. Clack is dead."

His voice faltered as he uttered these last words, and the tears glistened in his eyes as Dot patted his cheek with her small hand.

"She's tomin' back aden," lisped Dot.

"No, never!" cried Don, breaking down into a passion of weeping, and hiding his face on Dot's curly head, "nobody ever comes back from where she's gone to," he sobbed. "But oh! she knew about God and Jesus Christ, and she wouldn't be so frightened to go, Dot. When I know all about God, I'll teach you and everybody else, so as nobody 'ul be afeared to die."

"She's tomin' back aden to-morrow," persisted Dot "She kissed me, and said good-by, and went away, a long, long way off, where dere's flowers, and everything; but she said she'd come back aden and take me some day. It's a bootiful place, old Don, and folks is kind to her dere. You shall come too, old Don."

"Ay, ay! we'll go, he said, with a heavy sigh; "but oh! it may be a long while first, and I've lots to learn before I'm fit to go to such a beautiful place. I know scarcely nothing yet, and I must set about learning all I can, though Mrs. Clack is dead."

It was time to seek a refuge for the night, but there was no difficulty about that, as Don had half a crown in his pocket, which had been given to him by some of his short-lived acquaintances at

the seaside. Don was only one among many who spent a few days at the Home, and then were lost again in the great multitudes that thronged London streets. With this half-crown, prudently laid out, he could provide food and lodging for himself and Dot, at least for the next two days and nights; and on Monday morning he must set to work somewhere, at something. He bought some little pies for their supper; and in the quietest corner of a crowded lodging-house, he fell fast asleep, worn out with grief and fatigue, and with little Dot safely protected by his arm.

CHAP. XII.—COMING HOME.

When Mrs. Clack and Abbott, standing under Mrs. Watson's window, heard Peggy say that little Dot was lost, they felt the shock and chill of disappointment more for Hagar than themselves. Abbott did not know the child at all; and Mrs. Clack's mind was full of the poor mother's broken-heartedness, described to her by him. They asked Peggy again and again when and how the child came to be lost, till the girl grew quite angry with their questioning.

"I'm sure I was as kind as kind could be," she said. "I was always giving her taffy and peppermint, and it was too bad for her to stray away, and get herself lost. But there! you know as much as I know, and I can't tell you no more. Father flogged me last night, and he says he'll flog me every night of my life till she's found. And she didn't belong to nobody that they should make such a fuss."

Peggy slammed the window down in her anger, and then opened it, and flung out Mrs. Clack's key without uttering a word. Abbott caught it in time to save Mrs. Clack's head; but her hand shook so much she could not fit it into the lock.

"Let me do it for you," he said, putting her on one side.

It was a very miserable coming home after the week's pleasure in the country. When the gas was lighted they could see how thickly the dust had settled upon everything, so that she was compelled to wipe a chair before she could ask Abbott to sit down. She had stowed away most of the drapery which usually hung about the room, before she left home, and the bare walls and bed-posts looked comfortless and strange to her. Besides, the bad news about Dot, and the stormy interview with Peggy, had quite upset her, coming after the tranquillity and peace of her holiday. She sank down on one of the dusty chairs in a fit of great trembling.

"I did hope as God would have taken care of Dot for me" she faltered. It seemed very hard.

(To be continued.)



The Family Circle.

BOYS' RIGHTS.

I wonder now if any one
In this broad land has heard
In favor of down-trodden boys
One solitary word?
We hear enough of "woman's right,"
And "rights of working-men."
Of "equal rights" and "nation's rights;"
But pray just tell me when
Boys' Rights were ever spoken of?
Why, we've become so used
To being snubbed by every one,
And slighted and abused,
That when one is polite to us
We open wide our eyes,
And stretch them in astonishment
To nearly twice their size!
Boys seldom dare to ask their friends
To venture in the house;
It don't come natural at all
To creep round like a mouse!
And if we should forget ourselves,
And make a little noise,
Then ma or auntie sure would say:
"Oh, my! those dreadful boys."
The girls bang on the piano
In peace; but if the boys
Attempt a tune with fife and drum
It's—"Stop that horrid noise!"
"That horrid noise!" just think of it:
When sister never fails
To make a noise three times as bad
With everlasting "scals."
Insulted thus, we lose no time
In beating a retreat!
So off we go to romp and tear,
And scamper in the street.
No wonder that so many boys
Such wicked men become;
'Twere better far to let them have
Their noise and fun at home.
Perhaps that text the preacher quotes
Sometimes—"train up a child"—
Means only train the little girls
And let the boys run wild.
But patience, and the time will come
When we boys will be men,
And when it does, I rather think
Wrongs will be righted then.
—Selected.

THE FLOWER OF AN HOUR.

"Can't you choose, Floy?" said Mrs. Temple. "I'm sure I never saw a more beautiful collection of plants. I can hardly blame you for hesitating, with such roses, fuchsias and geraniums to tempt you; but as you can buy only one, you should make a judicious choice."
Floy moved slowly down the long ranks of potted plants, pausing first at one and then at another with such a doleful look of indecision in her face that her mother laughed outright.
"Don't be wretched because you can't take all of them, Floy. Fix your mind upon the fact that you can have but one."
"Yes, I know, mamma. Isn't this the loveliest carnation?—but then it's such a tiny plant."
"Tiny plants have a habit of growing," her mother answered. "Come now, make haste, for I've been a whole hour waiting for you. A little girl twelve years old ought to know what she wants without taking so long time to decide."
Floy uttered an exclamation of delight. "I've made my choice, mamma. Isn't it the most splendid plant you ever saw in your life?"
It was a hibiscus, covered with double blooms of a rich dark crimson. Mrs. Temple did not look charmed.
"It's a hibiscus, Floy," she said; "the 'flower of an hour.' It has no odor, and the flowers will wither and fade before night. Besides, it is a coarse flower, and not satisfactory to any sense, unless it may be that of the sight, for those who like glaring colors."
"But it's so beautiful!" Floy cried enthusiastically. "Mamma, I'd rather look at it for one hour, if it lasts that long, than any other flower for a week. It doesn't need perfume, it's so enchantingly lovely!"
Of course there was nothing more to do

but to pay for the flower and have it sent home. It was intended as a reward to Floy for the good lessons of a school term, and if she had taken a fancy to a weed, no one had a right to object.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple were not wealthy people, and their little presents to their children were simple; but they understood one thing that richer parents would do well to learn. A gift, to please children or to profit them, should not be hampered by restrictions, and if they are to choose for themselves, they should, beyond necessary limitations, have full liberty of choice.

The hibiscus came home, and was promoted to the place of honor in what Floy called her "bow window"—a kind of recess or shelf which extend beyond the window-sill.

She spent the day admiring her flowers, and when they dropped off the stalks that evening, she was comforted by the number of buds which would bloom the next day.

But somehow the second crop of flowers, though as brilliant as the first, did not give her the same pleasure. She could not help thinking how soon they would fade, and she wished they had perfume; and now that she had time to examine them, she saw the flower was far from perfect in its form; that it had, in fact, nothing but bright coloring. Other girls gave bouquets to their friends, but of what use was a hibiscus for that purpose?

In two weeks the poor hibiscus was neglected and forgotten.

"So your hibiscus is dead, Floy," Mrs. Temple said one day.

"Oh yes! I didn't like it a bit, it was such a poor useless flower. I see you smile, mamma. Yes, I remember how crazy I was about it, but I've learned a lesson since then. I'll never be so attracted by mere looks again."

"A very good lesson, my dear. But see here, I have a surprise for you; an invitation from the Wilson girls to join them in a picnic to Montclair to-morrow. And here's a note from your Uncle James, asking you to come the same day and help him unpack and arrange his books and pictures, which have just arrived from Europe."

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "A picnic at Montclair is the most delightful thing in the world. All the girls will be there, and O, mamma! the Montclair gardener lets anybody have fruit out of the orchard, for it's just decaying on the ground. But then Uncle James's books and pictures, that I've been longing to see ever since he came home! Why can't I go to the picnic and to Uncle James's the day after? One day will not make any difference."

"It certainly will," her mother answered drily. "If you prefer going to the picnic, Helen can go in your place to your uncle's. She will like it better, I am sure."

"Of course she will," Floy answered quickly; and if she is younger than I am you say yourself she is more active and useful. She doesn't care a straw for amusements of any kind. Besides Uncle James isn't going to run away with his collection. I can see it at any time; but the picnic is to-morrow or never for me."

Left to herself, Floy began to think that perhaps she had not made the wisest choice. Uncle James was a bachelor and something of an artist, with means enough to travel and taste enough to pick up hundreds of pretty and artistic things.

What a dear helter-skelter house his was, where his nieces could roam unchecked and listen to the stories attached to his curiosities and hear of the foreign lands where so much of his life was passed. But then that pleasure would not be lost entirely by going to the picnic—only postponed. Besides, the Montclair fruit.

Floy went to the picnic. Nothing was quite as charming as she had anticipated, though everything went off well. The fruit was certainly fine, but she ate too much of it, and after dinner felt uncomfortable and very impatient for the time to come when she could return home. It was dark when she reached the house and she was more than half sick, vexed and cross. Helen was talking to her mother in an excited manner.

"Oh, such a charming time as I've had, Floy! I've been telling mamma all about it. And look at this book of drawing lessons Uncle James has given me. He's going to have me taught by Prof. Knox, and I'm to begin my drawing-lessons to-morrow. Uncle James says I have quite a talent for draw-

ing and I told him you had more than I; but he said he guessed not. If you had really cared for works of art, he said, you would have preferred helping him to-day to going to a picnic."

Floy sank into a seat feeling her heart very heavy. She had a decided talent for drawing, and it had been a cherished hope for the last year that Uncle James would give her the advantages that had now fallen to the lot of her fortunate sister. She knew that he would not do it for both and she had twice the taste and capacity of Helen.

It was very hard and the thought of the picnic which had caused this disappointment became disgusting to her.

"Did you have a pleasant day, dear?" her mother asked, with sad pity in her kind eyes. She had known her daughter's hopes, and she sympathized in her disappointment.

"I suppose so; I don't know. Oh, I'm so awfully tired, so worn out, that I believe I'll go to bed."

Six years rolled over Floy's head, bringing with them no pleasant changes. Her father and uncle were dead, and Mrs. Temple's means were so straitened that it was only with the most rigid economy that she could provide for the daily wants of her family.

Helen, slow and plodding as she was, had attained some reputation as an artist, and the sale of her best sketches eked out their scanty living. Floy, brilliant and accomplished, seemed unable to turn her abilities into any profitable channel. In fact, she frittered them away on a thousand useless trifles.

She attempted to give music-lessons; but the stupidity of her scholars disgusted her. She wasted her time at the houses of wealthy people, who invited her to make use of her talents, and thought themselves really charitable for inviting "poor Temple's daughter" to their homes or social gatherings.

"Shockingly reduced," they would whisper amongst themselves. "But poor Temple was of a good family, and she sings and plays remarkably well too. Useful to have some one to play dance-music of an evening; and then you can put her anywhere, you know."

One morning Floy entered her mother's room flushed and excited.

"O mamma, Mrs. Gray wishes me to go with her to-morrow to Sedgebrook Hall! The Sedgebrooks are going to have a concert, and tableaux, and a play, and other nice amusements. They have some relatives staying with them and they wish to give them a good time. Mrs. Gray says we will be there at least a week, if not longer. Now, mamma, pull out your old finery, and let us see what we can find presentable in the wreck."

Mrs. Temple turned a troubled face to her daughter. "Have you forgotten, Floy, that to-day is the 10th, and that on the 20th the concert comes off?"

"Forgotten nothing. Of course I remember, when the nice little sum of six hundred a year depends upon my playing to please the fastidious ears of Signor Stefani. Why on earth couldn't the rector have chosen an organist for his own church without calling upon the great man to choose for him? A perfect stranger, too."

"For that very reason, Mr. Helmley told me, so that he would not be likely to have his judgment warped by any personal consideration. He is a severe critic, I am told, and a fanatic about church music. He says the worship of God should have the highest talent employed in its service."

"That's all right," remarked Floy complacently. "I believe I represent the best musical talent in this place. This city professor will have to take me, whether I please him or not."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Temple dubiously. "The Ellis girls and Mary Beale are practising their parts all the time. If you go to Sedgebrook for a week, you will only get here a day or two before the concert."

"Plenty of time for me. I only need to run over my part once or twice. Let them wear their fingers and their eyes out. I will still triumph. I declare, mamma, I'm surprised you feel afraid of girls with such moderate musical capacity."

"And such strength of will, and such determined application, Floy! I entreat you to stay at home, so very much depends upon your success. I cannot have you risk a chance."

"I won't," Floy answered, laughing. "I promise you, mamma, I'll not risk the chance in the slightest degree. I'll take my music to Sedgebrook and practise it there, though there's not the least use in it. I never fail in music, do I?"

With that promise Mrs. Temple tried to content herself, and Floy set off in the highest spirits.

There was much to be done when she reached Sedgebrook, and she threw herself with such enthusiasm into the enjoyment of each day that the concert almost passed from her mind. Her acting and her singing and playing gained her a great deal of attention and flattery. I am afraid that I must say her foolish little head was quite turned.

She remembered her promise to her mother once, and took out the music she had brought, but the solemn fugue somehow jarred upon her light mood, and she threw it aside.

"I have to be in the humor for these slow old things," she said to herself. "It is more difficult than I thought, but I'll master it as soon as I get home."

But she got home so weary from the dissipation of the week, so fretful and discontented at the contrast of her humble home with the luxurious, easeful life she had left behind her, that she could not settle herself to uncongenial work.

"I don't play it well, mamma," she said the evening before the concert, "but I think I know it, and the good playing will come as soon as I am inspired by the crowd. I always am at my best then, you know."

Poor Mrs. Temple shook her head sorrowfully. She was prepared for frequent mistakes, but Floy had a way of covering these mistakes by some brilliant musical interpolation of her own which drew attention from them.

But she was not prepared for a total and ignominious failure at the concert, which nevertheless took place.

Floy's first mistake so bewildered her that to retrieve it she made a greater one. Conscious of her ignorance of the music, with burning cheeks, unseeing eyes, and hands trembling so much that she could hardly strike a note, she rose precipitately and left the room.

Mrs. Temple hurried home to find her in the depths of despair and humiliation.

"My poor child!" she said tenderly.

"Don't say a kind word to me, mamma!" she cried, with tears streaming down her pale face. "I deserve it all, all and worse, only you have to suffer. I've always been just what I am from a child. I chose the 'flower of an hour' then against your advice; I've been doing it ever since. O mamma, mamma, it would be better for me to die at once, and get out of all my weakness and humiliation! I cannot resist temptation when it comes."

A good woman and a loving mother can bring comfort to the most erring child. Mrs. Temple was both, and she only dealt upon the great fault of her character that she might point out the best way to remedy it.

Under no other circumstances would Floy have been impressed by good advice. Now it seemed to burn into her soul. The next morning she put on her bonnet, saying, with a faint smile:

"I'm going to try to get back the Beckfords as pupils, mamma. I remember what you told me last night about taking up each duty earnestly. I daresay they're not half as stupid as my disinclination to teach them made them appear. I'm going to force myself to like what I ought to do. But there's some one at the door. Who can it be at this hour?"

It was Mr. Helmley and Signor Stefani.

"I've brought the Signor to hear you play this morning, Floy," he said kindly. "I suppose you were sick or nervous last night, and you surprised me terribly by breaking down. I do not wish him to leave here after all I've said of you fancying you can't play at all. Give us something of Chopin's."

Was Floy inspired that morning? I think so, for she forgot herself, her fears and anxieties, and played as she had never done before in her whole life.

"Mademoiselle was not herself last night," said Signor Stefani, smiling, as she finished. "She is a musician, and her genius should not be so capricious as to desert her entirely. She must study and master it."

He bowed himself out, but said a few

words in a low voice to Mr. Helmley, as they crossed the threshold. The good rector ran back with a beaming face and caught Floy's hand.

"I congratulate you," he cried. "You are to be the organist of St. Luke's. I told him you were the best musician here, and now he knows it."

The mother and daughter, left alone, threw themselves into each other's arms. Lifted from want by this providential succor, what words could they find to express their gratitude?

"I'm very weak," Floy said between sobbing and laughing. "I was half disposed to give up teaching the Beckfords when this lucky windfall came. And I'm going to begin trying to do things that are not pleasant to me from this happy day, just because they are things that ought to be done. Then, mamma, I'll be able to resist the 'flower of an hour.'"—*Youth's Companion.*

RELIGION IN TRADE.

BY A BUSINESS MAN.

It seems to me that Christian business men are doing a much greater injury to the cause of Christianity than they imagine, in their tendency to separate religion and business. Bible teachings are very decided in declaring that we must place religious before secular duties. But anyone who will watch the average Christian trader cannot fail to see that his actions and words indicate that he is much more interested in laying up treasure on earth than in heaven; whereas, if the spirit of the Gospel were manifested in his daily life he would show that his religion was uppermost in his thoughts, and that his business life was in all respects in accord with his Christian profession and of secondary importance to it. Christianity requires that a man be "not slothful in business," as well as it requires that he be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." If a Christian will go farther to make a dollar than to save a soul, his religion is of much less account to him than any heathen or other system of religion is to its votaries.

A true Christian trader cannot but be industrious, temperate, and honest, and unless all my experience and observation are at fault, these are the three great requisites to success in business. Justice and equity must be the controlling motive in everything that a Christian dealer says or does, or reproach is brought on the cause he professes. A minister called upon a lady a short time since who said she was a member of a Christian church, but because of her husband having been swindled out of \$3,000 by a leading member of that church, that he was opposed to religion—would not go inside of a church, and it was but rarely that she could; and she requested the minister not to call again, as her husband would be angry if he knew it, and would probably forbid her going to church entirely in the future.

That \$3,000 unjustly gained will be the price, in all probability, of that husband's immortal soul, and if I understand God's Word aright, his blood will be required at the hands of the church member who gained the \$3,000, but lost a soul that Jesus died to save.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of his Throne.—*N. Y. Witness.*

"LEFT NOTHING TO HIS FAMILY."

How often is this said of a man who dies, owning no property! How often in their ignorance, are good men saddened by the thought that, having no money to bestow, they can bequeath nothing to their children. But every child is an heir, and his inheritance is indefeasible. First of all, are his memories of his parents and home. Ah! if men and women could dictate to their lawyers, on paper or parchment, what memories they shall leave behind them, how differently would the record read, in so many cases! But memory is a record not open to amendment, nor subject to obliteration by another's will. We shall be remembered chiefly for what we are,—happy if there be even one who will think of what we wished or tried to be. Every day and year, therefore, adds to the possessions of our children and friends, in their memories of us. How inadequately does money represent one, when compared with one's self! The trite truth that it is not what a man has, but what he is, that measures him, never seems less trite than when one thinks what

he will be to his friends when he has been ten years dead!

And so a man who has no property to devise, should not be unhappy. "I give and bequeath to my dearly-beloved wife and children a good name." Isn't that a good start to a last will? If a man can honestly and proudly write that, and then descend to possessions that are expressed in figures, so much the better. But there is the best authority for giving the preference to the intangible bequest. And if in his inmost soul the father feels that among the unenumerated legacies, each dear one left behind will have a memory of him as kind, thoughtful, generous, amiable, loving, tender and true, how dare he think that he shall die poor? These are treasures that no heirs quarrel over, and that require no probate outside of the sanctuary of the heart. They are veritably "laid up in heaven." Why do the errors of the old spiritual materialists still keep men looking beyond the stars as the place where "their possessions be?"—*Golden Rule.*

A PIECE OF GOOD ADVICE.

There is a class of girls ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age, who, living in villages, where the "humdrum" alluded to below is a regular thing, hail with joy, and no little public demonstration, the advent of any stylish young man to the place, and make indecent haste to form his acquaintance. These girls belong to respectable sometimes the most respectable—families, and are well-meaning young women; and, so far as that goes, respectable themselves. But curiosity—love of "a good time," unwillingness to be "dared," passion or something else—sometimes all of these—leads them to surrender by degrees all those points of reserve which set off womanly character, and before they fairly know it they have lost what they can never regain. They become flirts; and when a woman has reached that stage, she has sadly sealed her fate. In view of this condition of things, we gladly reproduce the following from the *New York Herald*—a paper which, in spite of its infamous practice in publishing "personal" advertisements intended to corrupt the very class it advises and warns, sometimes preaches so well that we wonder why it does not suppress three-fourths of these "personals." "If young women would extract the greatest possible happiness out of life, let them never exchange the pleasures of their own social circle, humdrum though they may be, for the society of bright young men who can give them suppers and invite them to balls, drives and excursions. Men whose intentions are honorable woo girls at their homes, not by stealth and in out-of-the-way places."—*The Methodist.*

TAKING THINGS FOR GRANTED.

Half the failures in life result from the habit so many people have of taking things for granted. The business man assumes that his credits are good, or he takes it for granted that his wife knows what style of living his income will warrant, until the logic of addition, subtraction and multiplication proves too much for him, and down comes his business in ruins. The young professional man takes it for granted that veneering instead of solid acquirements will enable him to succeed, because there are so many notorious examples of men's rising and maintaining themselves in public life through pure audacity, native wit, and an utter lack of conscience. He will find too late that it won't do to plan and risk a career by the exceptions rather than the rule. The farmer keeps no accounts; crops his farm according to the season, or last year's markets, or his neighbor's success; takes it for granted that the laws of nature and of trade will accommodate themselves to his necessities; sinks deeper into debt, wonders why farming doesn't pay.

And so on to the end; men everywhere want success without paying its price in thorough preparation, honest hard work, intelligent calculation and foresight, patient attention to details. They take for granted things which it is their business to know, and trust that to fortune which common sense and experience should teach them is controlled by law.

In domestic life the same fatuity is felt. The unhappiness unconsciously and thoughtlessly inflicted aggregates a good part of the total felt in the average life. How many

husbands take it for granted that their wives know they love them, and so never show it in the old lover-like way! How many take it for granted that wife will ask for money if she needs it,—heedless or ignorant of the pain it gives a sensitive woman to ask for every dollar she receives! How many fathers take it for granted that daughters need nothing but a home and clothing,—that boys cannot suffer for want of amusement, recreation, sympathy or companionship,—that the tired mother would herself plan and execute a vacation rest if she needed it!

There is of course something to be said on the other side; but as a rule women are much more thoughtful in such matters than men are. If, however, any of them who read this conclude, on reflection, that they are receiving a little too much as a matter of course the results of a husband's toil and fidelity, they will know how to make amends. The splendid devotions and sacrifices of manly men, illustrated every day and in all walks of life, are not matters to be accepted in an unsympathetic, listless, matter-of-fact way. It is not enough, in this world, to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces. Alike in the fine things of life, and in its common work and duties, let us not take—or leave those whom we love, to take—too many things for granted.—*Golden Rule.*

THE OUTLOOK.

"The *Congregationalist* very wisely suggests to parents that the fact that their children may be "great readers" may not necessarily be a cause for congratulation, unless they know what kind of reading they indulge in. It truly says that "reading has been the first step to ruin with many a child." Our daily papers have furnished many painful instances of this. A policeman up town, on his round at two o'clock one morning last week, met three little boys marching along in Indian file. One was seven years old, another twelve, and the other, who was thirteen, had two six-barrel revolvers, some ammunition, and copies of sensational weekly papers. The second boy had one six-barrel revolver and several cakes of plug tobacco, and the youngest had his revolver, a large clasp-knife, and \$8.52. They had run away from their homes in Worcester, Mass., where the youngest boy had stolen \$12 from a store in which he was a messenger, that had paid their fare to this city. They confessed that they had left their homes for the purpose of going West and fighting the Indians. One wanted to be a "Buffalo Bill," another a "Texas Jack," and the other a "Dick Deadeye." Even the Superintendent of Police was astonished at their coolness and deliberation. The pestilent seed sown by the "Boys' Papers" had taken root. Other parents who in their joy that their children are "great readers" may find it turn to grief unless they supply them with safer and more wholesome food. *Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

DOING BUSINESS.—When will Christians learn to do business on Bible principles? We met a lady the other day, who, with her husband, is in the decline of life. They had been diligent in business, industrious, and frugal. At the same time she has always been liberal in her benefactions to the cause of God. But now, when they are about to retire from business, they have lost their all. How? By signing for others. Those who wished to be accommodated were old neighbors and friends from childhood. It seemed almost unkind to refuse them assistance—especially when so positively assured that no loss, nor even inconvenience would result from it. But the neighbors failed—with a good deal of property in their possession, so held that it cannot be touched by the creditors, while our aged, conscientious friends commence life again poor. Many are every year reduced to want from this very cause. And yet the Bible is very explicit upon this point. "Be not thou one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts." Prov. xxii. 26. "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it, and he that hateth suretyship is sure." Prov. xi. 15. "A man void of understanding striketh hands, and becometh surety in the presence of his friend." Prov. xvii. 18.—*Earnest Christian.*

HINTS on household health are as plentiful as blackberries this season, and if one does

not know all about the sewerage, and ventilation, and other hygienic machinery of his house, it will be from no lack of popular attention to the subject. One hint may properly be added to this body of good advice—that an occasional overhauling be given to the cellars of Sunday-school rooms and churches. Even where the building stands in a healthy neighborhood, and is well swept and aired before occupancy, it sometimes is permitted to stand over a wretched hole, given up to darkness, and dampness, and decaying wood, and even dead animals. If you do not want people to study the Bible in a whitened sepulchre,—or what is still worse, a sepulchre that isn't even white-washed,—see to it that church-goers and children be not compelled to sit an hour or two over an impure and unwholesome crypt, containing nobody knows what.—*S. S. Times.*

Question Corner.—No. 6.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

61. Where is the command "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man?"
62. To what tribe did Caleb belong?
63. Where did Aaron die, and who was successor as high priest?
64. By what death did Balaam die?
65. By whom and for what reason was the altar Ed built?
66. What nation oppressed Israel during the time of Gideon?
67. To what tribe did Gideon belong?
68. How many judges were there between Gideon and Jephthah?
69. From what people did Jephthah deliver the Israelites?
70. Who were the last three judges of Israel?
71. To what tribe did Naomi, the mother-in-law of Ruth belong?
72. Why did she go to the land of Moab?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Afar they watch my whole arise,
Its summit seems to touch the skies;
"When all is done," the crowds exclaim,
"Then shall we make ourselves a name!"

Remove a letter, and behold!
A shepherd issue from his fold,
With blood devoutly draws he nigh,
Himself, alas! how soon to die.

Remove a letter still, and now
Before an idol-god they bow;
To wood and stone is worship paid,
And men adore what men have made.

Remove a letter yet once more.
We see an altar stained with gore;
And he who built it named it thus,
To teach a precious truth to us.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 4.

37. Matthew ix. 13; Hosea i. 6.
38. The turning water into wine, John ii. 7, 10. The feeding of the multitude on two occasions, Matt. xiv. 15, 21; xv. 34, 38.
39. Eleazar, Num. xx. 26, 28.
40. Gehazi, 2 Kings v. 27.
41. In the reign of Hezekiah, because the children of Israel did burn incense to it, 2 Kings xviii. 4.
42. Ezra, Neh. viii. 4.
43. Forty-eight cities, Josh. xxi. 41.
44. Moses, Ex. xxxiv. 28; Elijah, 1 Kings xix. 5, 8.
45. Abner in Hebron, 2 Sam. iii. 27.
46. David before Achish king of Gath. 1 Sam. xxi. 12.
47. Captain of the host of Jabin king of Canaan, Judges iv. 2.
48. Jonah to the people of Nineveh, Jonah i.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

GAMALIEL.—Acts xxii. 3.

1. Elim—Exod. xv. 27.
2. Gaal—Judges ix. 14.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 4.—William Walsh, 8.
To No. 3.—Claude Johnson, 12; Thomas Watson, 9; Flora Estella Bell, 10; James Morton, 11; William Wickham, 10; William Walsh, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XII

MARCH 21.]

[About B. C. 4—A. D. 28.]

REVIEW—Matt. 2: 1-7: 25.

The lessons of this quarter may profitably be reviewed by considering them in two main divisions, thus:

JESUS: HIS EARLY HISTORY. JESUS: HIS SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Then the facts of the first division will be most easily recalled and impressed upon the mind by grouping them around the prominent persons and places of the history, with leading questions about each.

QUESTIONS.—Who wrote the book from which our lessons are taken? For whom was it primarily written? When? What place had been foretold as the birthplace of the Messiah? By whom? Where was it? What had brought Joseph and Mary there? Who was king at the time of Christ's birth? What year was this? Tell five facts about Herod. Who first told Herod about Jesus? Where were they from? Why had they come? Where did they first go? Describe Jerusalem. How did the wise men find where Christ was? Whom did they find him with? Who was she? What was her husband's name? Why did the holy family leave Bethlehem? Where did they go? What did Herod do? When did they return? Where did they settle? What do you know of this place? Why did they not go to Bethlehem? Who prepared the way for Christ's coming? Who were his parents? When and where was he born? What was his mode of life? The substance of his preaching? From where did he make his public appearance? Where did he preach and baptize? What was the Jordan? Whom did he rebuke? What do you know of each class? When did he baptize Jesus? What manifestation of God took place? Why was Jesus baptized? What became of John? When and where? Where did Jesus go after baptism? Why? Where was this? What did he do there? Who tempted him? How? How did Jesus overcome him? Why was the temptation? Give the principal events between the temptation and the Sermon on the Mount.

QUESTIONS.—Introduction.—Where was the Sermon on the Mount spoken? To whom? Recite the beatitudes. What seven blessings are promised? Why are Christians compared to salt? Why to light?

Explanatory.—What is meant by "the law and the prophets"? What is Christ's relation to them? Who professed to know the Scripture in Christ's day? What four specimens did we study of Pharisaic interpretation of the law? How did Christ interpret the law against murder? How say we should fulfil it? How did he interpret the law against swearing? How should we fulfil it? The law of retaliation? How shall we fulfil it? The law of love and its Christian fulfilment?

Practical.—What four duties are treated of in ch. vi. ? How was almsgiving regarded in the Jewish religion? How should beneficence be esteemed among us? Upon what does its worth depend? How did the Pharisees do? How should Christians do? How did the Pharisees pray? How the heathen? How should Christians? What is the character of the first three petitions of the Lord's Prayer? Of the next one? Of the last three? What should be the spirit in which we work to make a living? What should be our most important work? Why need we have no anxious care?

The Sum.—What must be the spirit of all our judgments about our fellowmen? What is the Golden Rule? Against what kind of teaching and example are we warned? How can we recognize them? How will men know the reality of our professions? What is the great principle of distinction between the true and the false? What is life like? How so? The only true foundation? Is your life built upon it?

LESSON XIII.

MARCH 22.]

A MISSIONARY LESSON.

READ Matt. 10: 1-16; Luke 10: 1-12, 17-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil.—Acts 10: 38.

TOPIC.

Jesus our example in missionary work.

PLAN OF THE LESSON.—An interesting and profitable way of conducting a class exercise on the topic of missions is to adopt the conversational method. The teacher, however, should not do all the talking, and to help the scholars to say something which will aid in deepening their interest in missions, they may be divided into groups of twos and twos; each group of two being requested to come prepared to give information on some particular branch of mission duties and work.

The subject of missions may be treated under three heads:

- I. THE COMMAND FOR MISSIONS. II. THE FIELD OF MISSIONS. III. THE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

I. THE COMMAND FOR MISSIONS.—Some passages of Scripture can be read, setting forth the biblical idea of mission work, and the duty Christians to engage in it. In the younger classes this may be most effectively done by giving the names of those noticed in the Bible as engaged in missionary service, as Peter, Stephen, Philip, Paul, Barnabas, Mark, Timothy, Apollos, and especially the Lord Jesus. Call on the class to recite the Golden Text, the Topic, and the great command of Christ (Matt. 28: 19, 20). Give a brief sketch of the missionary labors of any of

the apostles or their co-laborers, noticing the encouragements and the great difficulties and discouragements they had as compared with modern missionary workers.

II. THE FIELD OF MISSIONS.—The scholars will be glad to look up and group the facts under this head. For example, one group of two scholars may be asked to ascertain the number of professing Christians in all the churches of this country. From this it will be partially seen how large is the field of home missions.

But to complete the view, another group of two may be required to ascertain the probable number of scholars in the Sabbath-schools of this country, and how many are not yet gathered into them. This will show the extent of the Sunday-school mission field at home. A third group of two may present facts to show the extent of the mission field in Europe, Asia, and Africa; another group, the same facts in regard to North America and South America, and still another, the mission field of the Islands of the Sea.

III. THE SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.—The gleanings of facts respecting the success of missions will be a most interesting work for older scholars. One can gain the results of home mission work for the past year, or for ten years; another, those of any one of the leading foreign missionary societies, or all the principal ones; another, those of the chief British missionary organizations; a fourth, those of Continental societies; while a fifth may give some special facts as to the remarkable results of missions in the Sandwich Islands, or in Madagascar.

THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Sixteen American societies have more than 7,575 missionaries, besides 5,000 native helpers; and expend upwards of \$1,800,000 annually in their work. Seventeen Continental societies sustain about 550 missionaries, and over 2,000 native helpers, and receive for the yearly support of missions \$300,000. Twenty-one British societies are represented in the foreign mission field by 1,078 missionaries, and over 10,000 native helpers, and expend in work on mission fields abroad not far from \$3,000,000. All these bodies have 500,000 church members, and 400,000 pupils in schools.

LESSON I.

APRIL 4.]

THE POWER OF CHRIST.—Matt. 8: 18-34.

[About A. D. 28.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 23-27.

18. Now when Jesus saw great multitudes about him, he gave commandment to depart unto the other side.

19. And a certain scribe came, and said unto him, Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

20. And Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

21. And another of his disciples said unto him, Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father.

22. But Jesus said unto him, Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead.

23. And when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him.

24. And, behold, there arose a great tempest in the sea, inasmuch that the ship was covered with the waves; but he was asleep.

25. And his disciples came to him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us; we perish.

26. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.

27. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!

28. And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed of devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass by that way.

29. And, behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?

30. And there was a good way off from them a herd of many swine feeding.

31. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine.

32. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine; and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters.

33. And they that kept them fled, and went their ways into the city, and told everything, and what was befallen to the possessed of the devils.

34. And, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus: and when they saw him, they besought him that he would depart out of their coasts.

GOLDEN TEXT.

What manner of man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey him!—Matt. 8: 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ has divine power in himself.

NOTES.—SCRIBES, a learned order among the Hebrews. We cannot tell from the Bible the exact nature of their duties but it is known that they were both lawyers and school masters, whose duty it was to make transcripts of the law, to expound its meaning, and to teach its doctrines. SHIP, a small fishing boat. GERGESENES, the inhabitants of the country lying on the eastern border of the Sea of Galilee.

DEVILS, demons or unclean spirits. Persons possessed with demons were often afflicted with some bodily diseases; the exact nature of "demoniacal possession" is not definitely known. Whedon says of the demoniac of Gadara: "It is impossible to account for his strange consciousness of a wonderful power in Jesus, or for the utterance of a language which comes, as it were, from a being within the man, or for the departure of the devils out of the man, into the swine by the express permission of Jesus, on any other hypothesis than the existence of beings superinduced upon men."

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Find and read the parallel accounts in Mark and Luke. Find on a map of the Holy Land the sea of Galilee and the country of the Gergesenes. Think of a "whole city" praying Jesus to leave the place! What would be the condition of your own city or town should Jesus take his departure—to have no church, no Sunday-school, no Sabbath? Would you be glad to have it so?

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPIC.—(I.) POWER OVER MEN. (II.) POWER OVER NATURE. (III.) POWER OVER DEMONS.

I. POWER OVER MEN. (18-22.) Now, toward evening on the day in which Jesus spoke the parables; GREAT MULTITUDES, who thronged about Jesus to be healed and to hear his gracious words; GAVE COMMANDMENT, to his disciples; OTHER SIDE, east side of the Sea of Galilee; CERTAIN SCRIBE, probably one of his disciples (see v. 21); SON OF MAN, Jesus, not where, no place, a homeless pilgrim; ANOTHER, Luke suggests that the scribes of v. 19 is Judas Iscariot, and the disciple of this verse Thomas; this, however, is speculation; SUFFER, allow; BURY MY FATHER, among the Jews it was considered the duty of sons to bury their parents; DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD, "Let those who are dead in spirit bury those of their relatives who are dead in body."—Schaff

II. POWER OVER NATURE. (23-27.) HIS DISCIPLES, the twelve; FOLLOWED HIM, "there were also with him other little ships" (Mark 4: 36); GREAT TEMPEST, terrible wind-squall; COVERED, waves beat into the ship; HE WAS ASLEEP, tired like other men; CAME TO HIM, not knowing what else to do (see Ps. 55: 15); SAVE US, no other power could; INTENSE ANXIETY; REBUKED, first the disciples, then the wind and waves; GREAT CALM, perfect quiet; fear and danger depart; MARYELLED, wondered; MANNER OF MAN, a problem they could not then solve; WINDS... SEA, the elements serve the Lord.

III. POWER OVER DEMONS. (28-34.) TWO, Mark and Luke only mention one; they specify the boldest one; TOMBS, natural or artificial caves; NO MAN, people were afraid of them; THEY CRIED, men completely under the power of demons; SON OF GOD, the devils recognized the divinity of the Lord; TORMENT US, drive us out of men; GOOD WAY OFF, on the mountain-slopes adjacent; SWINE, to the Jew an unclean animal; DEVILS, their number was legion; FLED, the swineherds hastened to the city with the strange news; WHAT WAS BEFALLEN, how they were in their right mind; WHOLE CITY, great numbers of the inhabitants; RESORTING... DEPART, more concerned in the loss of swine than in cure of demoniacs.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

Our recruiting-sergeant has been so busy with other matters during the last two months, that he has been unable to give due attention to the new volunteer regiment. But he has now woken up to his duty and proposes to devote special attention to it. In the last number of the NORTHERN MESSENGER for 1870, the MESSENGER army was first mentioned. It was then stated of this army that "unlike other armies, we want the younger soldiers to be the officers, and the greatest innovation, we want the ladies and little and big girls to do some of the fighting. We will allow anybody who likes to enlist to be a private, and we expect all our soldiers to be abstainers from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. This army is like the other ones, in that promotion is gained by good service and good conduct. Our good service is to be work. When any member of this volunteer army gains two new subscribers to the MESSENGER he will be promoted to a corporal, and be sent a New Testament. If he should gain four new subscribers, he will be made a sergeant and be presented with a beautiful pyramid ink-stand. The next highest office is an ensign, which may be gained by obtaining five subscribers, when he will be presented with a portrait of the Marquis of Lorne, or the Princess Louise. A lieutenant must obtain ten subscribers, when he will be entitled to the two pictures, or one of Queen Victoria. A captain must raise a company of twenty to obtain his position, when he will be rewarded by a beautiful pocket Bible, or any prize of the same value he may choose."

The following is the list of officers so far:—

CORPORALS:—S. H. Flayler, Wellington, Ont.; (promoted) Eveline Varcoe, Ont.;

Victoria Dalmas, Ont.; Maggie McKinnon, N. S. (died Jan. 6th 1880); R. H. Baker, Ont.

SERGEANTS:—Maggie Brown, Ont.; Alice West, N. S.; W. R. Howell, Mich. U. S.; Taylor Crowe, Ont.; S. H. Flayler, Ont.

ENSIGNS:—Josephus Yourex, Ont.; Alfred P. Fisher, Ont.; John Graham, Ont.; Malcolm Bruce, Ont.; R. D. Hanson, N. B.

LIEUTENANTS:—Maria L. Potter, Fulton Co. N. Y. U. S.; Robert Storie Jr., Ont.; John Robertson, Ont.

THE PRIZES.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your very handsome Bible, and am well pleased with it. It is far better than I expected, and I would recommend any one getting up a club, to get one like it. I feel that my labor in getting subscribers is well repaid; and all those who have received the papers are highly delighted with them. My father has taken the WEEKLY WITNESS eight years and the MESSENGER fourteen, and he thinks the WITNESS is the cheapest and best paper in Canada. I will try and get some more subscribers for your valuable papers. Wishing you success. I remain

Yours truly, MALCOLM BRUCE.

Berkeley Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I had much pleasure in receiving the prize you kindly sent. It is splendid for school and I think it is one of the handiest penholders ever invented. It is very useful for rubbing out marks, and the knife is very useful too. I will ask you how many subscribers it will take to get the WEEKLY WITNESS. We have taken the MESSENGER for eleven years, and want to take it as long as we can, and get all to take it we can. I wish it would come every week; it is a very good paper. I will get all the subscribers I can for you, to help it to increase as fast as it can.

Yours truly, ELMER MILLER.

Pelham, Feb. 9th, 1880.

Any person sending us \$5.00 in new subscriptions to our papers at the full price is entitled to a copy of the WEEKLY WITNESS for one year; any one sending in \$2.50 under the same conditions, to a handsome Bible, and any one sending in \$2.00 under the same conditions, to a Lloyd combination pen holder.

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