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THE CANADIAN MESSENGER

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Temperance Department.

THE TRAGEDY—ACTED EVERY NIGHT.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., NEW YORK.

SCENE FIRST.—A dingy room, with a dull light in it; on an old and ill-used sofa a pale, jaded woman in a half-asleep. We may study the room till she awakes.

Something of former respectability in it. Bookcase, for example, with glass doors—now a general depository of odds and ends; carpet of nice pattern, but sorely faded, and worn into ragged holes near the windows; window-curtains once there, as appears by the poles, once gilt, now disclosing their native pine; chairs unstable, and of several patterns; a small clock on the mantel-piece, the newest looking thing in the place, that strikes with a quick, whizzing sound, as if it had caught cold and rushed through its striking nervously, as if agitated of itself, and glad to be gone with it. But it wakes up the woman from her dog-sleep.

"Twelve o'clock, and Tom's not home yet. Well, I wonder where he is. What am I to do? I'm dead tired; I wish I could go to—"

Ring at the door bell violently and continuously, and she goes to open the door; returns accompanied by a youth of about fifteen.

While the poor mother, in evident fear, lays out a supper, let us take a survey of him. His face is the oldest of him, two or three years older than his body; traces of good features—eyes for example; lips thickened and swollen, and cheeks flabby and tallow-colored. Clothes unmatched; part shabby, part flashy; all smelling strongly of tobacco smoke.

"Where were you, Tom?" timidly said the mother.

"Oh, enjoying myself."
"I know; but where, Tom?"
"Oh! at Hallack's; all the fellows were there."

"And where then, Tom?"
"Oh, nowhere; took a walk."
"Tom, you were somewhere else; you were drinking; I know it."
"Oh yes! the fellows turned in at the corner and had a drink."

"Tom dear, I am—you'll break my heart."
"Come now, stop that, mother. If a fellow works hard all day he must have some fun when he can, without being cross-questioned; and pushing the empty plate away, and rising with a movement that upset his chair, Tom slams the door after him, and goes to his bed.
"God help me! what can I do?"

Yes; God help you, poor weak mother! You gave up the reins to a headstrong boy too soon. And now you cannot get them back.

SCENE SECOND.—The same room, darker and more dismal, bookcase and clock gone; no carpet; a woman, old and feeble, with a look of constant terror. Long past midnight. Several times she has moved about, started, listened, drawn her old shawl around her bent shoulders, and then flung herself down again. At length there is knocking, and Tom comes in. He is a man now, in size and years, but with a defiant and dare-devil look that makes you turn away from him. His breath is heavy with drink and his clothes look as if he picked them on chance out of a heap.

"Tom dear, you're killing yourself, and you're killing me too. It's past three o'clock, and I'm—"



REV. JOHN HALL, D. D.

"Come now, shut up, old woman; I know all that by this time pretty well, I guess. You just get to your bed, and I'll take care of myself."

"Tom, I don't want to go till you're ready. I'll wait."

"Come, old woman, here's your candle. I'm old enough to mind Number One."

And the poor mother goes. He would abuse her, strike her, as he has many a time done, when quite drunk, if she did not. She goes to bed, but not to sleep—to think and weep. Yes! she thinks. Tom is not her oldest child. She had another, Willy, who died at the age of two. She remembers the little curly head, the smooth brow, the waxen hands that lay in the small coffin, beside which she and her husband stood and wept bitterly. She was broken-hearted. All the world looked like a grave to her. It was many a day before she was content to think that God should take her child. And then Tom came. She thought of him as a baby, of his baby tricks, of his boyish ways, of her pride in him. And now! Ah! she thinks there are heavier blows than death can strike. There are greater griefs than a child's dying. And the poor crushed, confused spirit wanders to and fro, from the coffin of dead Willy to the living sorrow of her life; and then come broken thoughts of God. Perhaps she had been wrong to Him. Perhaps she was seeing it now. Perhaps He would pity her. He knew a parent's heart. He was "Our Father;" and then she thought of her mother, and remembered her mother teaching her "Our Father." Oh! how long ago and far away that appeared! Ages of sorrow lay between. And she went over "Our Father" to the very end. Thus diverted from her griefs, and soothed and worn out, the poor

gray-headed, heart-broken old woman went to sleep.

As for Tom, when his mother left the room, and was quiet, he produced a bottle he had brought in; he raked up the coals in the stove; he drank again and again; and then flung himself on his bed and slept the drunkard's sleep.

SCENE THIRD.—The same room, better furnished; some things in it, and a sewing-machine in the space by the window. The old mother gone—dead and buried. Tom has married. That is his wife, with a print gown of flaming color, and enormous ear-rings. She had been a domestic, but got tired of her stint, saved money, and set up a sewing-machine, and thus was free to go to the theatre, where she met Tom, walked with him, received his proposals, and at length married him, a year ago. It is past eleven o'clock when Tom comes in, to find his wife's brows black as night, and an ominous silence, threatening a storm.

"Got any supper for a fellow, Bess?" is Tom's introduction of himself.

"Get your supper where you spend supper-time," is the snuff response.

"Get me my supper, Bess," he shouts out, stamping his foot, and trying to look the bully.

"Not if I know it," is the stolid reply.

He raises his hand, as if to strike her.

"Don't do it, Tom, I advise you; if you hit me you'll rue it. Isn't your old mother you have to knock about, mind you?"

Tom is a coward at heart. He dare not strike her; but he takes up his hat, slams the door, and goes to a basement saloon close by; and it is not till dinner-time next day she sees him again.

SCENE FOURTH, AND LAST.—The same room, but very dreary and empty. The sewing-machine has been pawned; the new things are

gone, and the old look older and older. Bessie is a mother, with a pale, sickly baby; she was long ill—is weak yet; and she has been in the womanly weakness of these mournful months completely beaten down and cowed by her brutal husband. Poor Bessie! she was not radically bad; only gay and foolish. She did not respect Tom, but she wanted to "change her life, and she thought she liked him," and could get on with him. But Tom has grown worse—much worse. He is hardly ever quite sober. His associates are the vilest, male and female. He has just been in a dance-house, where some maudlin compliments to a frequenter of the place are flung back to him with contempt, for he is known to be without a cent. "Get away; what business have you here? Go home to that washed-out rag of your own."

In the temper this stinging insult produces Tom tumbles home late at night to find Bessie asleep; no coal for the stove, and no supper. There is an altercation; abusive language; fierce retort; blows. If the demons can get any peculiar joy out of human sin and woe, it must surely be when they see the sweet wine of married life turned into the bitter vinegar of hatred and strife; when they see a man's hand uplifted to fell to the ground the trembling woman he swore to love and cherish. And they saw this in Tom's room—they, and the old man, with his grandson, that sold newspapers and apples, and lived in the opposite room. The old man and his grandson saw that poor creature knocked down with his clenched fists. They called out to him. Her very helplessness angered him. "I will kill you outright and be done with it!" and he took up a chair and aimed a blow at her. She thought, "He will not hit the child," and held up her babe. Too late; the blow had been aimed at the child; the child was dead, and fell too. The old man and the boy saw it. They brought the police. Bessie they found sitting on the ground bleeding, hugging to her bosom the little body, groaning out at intervals as if nobody was there. "Oh, my murdered child! my murdered child!"

Yes; murder, with the extenuating circumstance that he was drunk. Curtain falls upon Tom on his way to prison for ten years.

As you did I, reader, turn from the tragedy, we moralize: "Something very wrong in the social mill that grinds out results like that; wonder could we do anything to mend it? At least we can dedicate this outline to all the unsuspecting young women who are thinking of marrying drunkards, and all the mothers who are spoiling their sons by giving them their own way."

THE LANDLORD'S VOW.

BY MRS. M. A. HOIT.

Late one evening in December there came a feeble knock at our door, and I hastened to open it, half expecting to find some shivering beggar waiting for admission. But what was my surprise to find little Nellie Perry, a child scarcely three years old, who was the daughter of our nearest neighbor. How she came to our door was a mystery that I could not solve, for poor Nellie had been an invalid for many a day, scarcely able to walk across the floor of her own little room. But there she stood in the darkness, shivering like a leaf in the autumn winds; and as the lamplight fell upon her pale face, I discovered an unnatural wildness in her large, black eyes, and she seemed paralyzed with some terrible spell. I seized the child and lifted her into the room; and as I placed her in the arm-chair by the glowing fire, I tried to find out the secret of her visit. But the child only stared wildly about the room, and not a word came from her pale lips. Just then a thought occurred to me, and in a moment I comprehended the truth. I called out in a startled tone to my good husband, who was quietly dreaming upon the sofa, and he sprang up, half bewildered, and enquired what was the matter.

"Go over to Perry's quick, John; for I know that they are in trouble." And I pointed at the child, who was seated by the fire.

He needed no second bidding, but, hastily seizing his heavy overcoat, rushed out into

the darkness, murmuring threats of vengeance upon the village landlord. After his steps were no longer heard, I turned to see what I could do for the frightened child, who still remained motionless in the old arm-chair. I removed the thin shawl that had been but a slight protection to the little, frail form out in the chill night-winds. Gently I took the still trembling child in my arms, and tried to soothe her into slumber. I made her understand at last that her mother and little sister baby would be cared for, and then a sigh of relief came from her quivering lips. Soon she fell into a restless slumber, and I laid her gently away upon the sofa.

"There has been some terrible scene enacted over at Perry's," I said half aloud; for I knew that no ordinary transaction would so bewilder little Nellie.

I opened the door and peered into the darkness that hid the home of poor Mrs. Perry from my view. At last I heard the sound of voices in the distance, and in a few moments a sleigh appeared in the dim darkness, which halted at our door. Mrs. Perry, with her baby clasped in her arms, was half lifted from the seat, and borne by my husband and a neighbor into the house.

"Go for the doctor—quick, Smith," said my husband; and the neighbor jumped into the sleigh, and drove swiftly away.

"The baby is seriously injured," said John, in answer to my questions. "I just got there in time to save them both from being murdered by the drunken madman. In a moment more the child would have been crushed beneath his heavy feet. Landlord Jones has accomplished his desires at last!"

A faint cry from the wounded babe came to our ears, and the pale, frightened mother lifted the shawl from its face. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes as I looked upon the bruised and bloody face. The wretch had seized the little baby form from its mother's arms, and dashed it upon the hard floor, and just as my husband entered had raised his heavy boot to crush out its brains. The doctor came, but could not do much for the little sufferer. We dressed the wounds as best we could, and then the medical man went away with a sad look upon his face. "The child will die," he only said, and then I detected a half-hidden tear in his eyes.

All through the long night we watched by the side of the little, moaning sufferer with aching hearts. I could not offer a word of consolation to the distracted mother, for every time I attempted to speak my voice became hoarse and unnatural, and I was forced to deprecate that I may never experience such a weight of sadness as then!

The pale light of morning just began to break over the hills in the east when the baby-spirit took its flight away from the mangled casket, and passed up to the better land beyond the fading stars. We dressed the sweet babe of one bright summer in spotless white for the quiet stillness of the grave.

Then our attention was called to little Nellie, who had just awakened with a sad cry. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were the same unnatural brightness. She looked wildly around the room, and did not seem to recognize her own mother. Reason was dethroned, and the child was an idiot!

When the father became sober, we called him in to look upon his dead child. He looked upon the pure, sweet face, wrung his hands in silent agony, and turned away without a word. We led him into the presence of little Nellie; but as she looked upon him she gave one loud shriek, and fell to the floor. The broken-hearted man rushed out of the house, and when we saw him again he was cold and dead. He went to the icy river, and plunged down into the cold, deep water, and before he could be rescued from its depths he was dead.

Only a few words of explanation, and then my story will be ended. George Perry had been a victim of rum for several years, spending his money for the fiery poison. Poor Mrs. Perry had suffered only as a drunkard's wife can suffer. But brighter days came at last, for a secret temperance society had been formed in the little village, and her husband was persuaded to join the same. For a whole year he had kept his vows and pledge, and happiness came again into the little cottage.

But the landlord, a base wretch, made a terrible vow that he would have George Perry in his clutches again, though it cost him his soul's happiness in the future world. But George resisted nobly, and only fell when a cunningly-devised plan was executed to entrap him. The cruel landlord did not reap so great a harvest as he anticipated, for only one evening did poor George spend money at his bar; for ere the next day was ended his victim was a corpse.

The landlord knew that he was the cause of all the misery that I have recorded; but still he kept on in the old evil way. No sign of repentance he betrayed, no look of remorse came o'er his face; and he once made a sneering boast that he had kept the vow he made in regard to poor George Perry. Fearful will be his reward at last!—*Temperance Advocate.*

APATHY THE GRAND ADVERSARY OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

BY REV. W. GOODELL.

This apathy is painfully evident in the backwardness of almost everybody, rich or not rich, to contribute any money, or any amount worthy of the object, for the funds necessary to forward this enterprise. Men who give for every other good enterprise find nothing to bestow on this. Taxpayers, groaning under their burdens, and who (as is known by statistics) might soon cut off seventy-five per cent. of them by closing up the liquor-saloons, will not contribute even five or ten per cent. of the same for that object. Churches surrounded by liquor-saloons that annually destroy thrice the amount of property that would sustain the churches, and that keep away half the community from attending them, find no distinctive temperance church work to do as churches, and their congregations think they can spare little or nothing for reformatory efforts outside of the church, because (to use the language heard whenever contributions to temperance funds are solicited) "we have as much as we can possibly do to sustain our church institutions, with their auxiliaries, the missionary, Bible, tract, ministerial, education, and church-building societies." Just as though the temperance enterprise itself were not, or might not be made, one of the most powerful of these "auxiliaries," being necessary to the increased resources of all the others.

Nearly half a century ago the total-abstinence enterprise, originated by Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Hewitt, Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards, Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, John Tappan, and others, and organized in the "American Temperance Society" (predecessor of the "American Temperance Union" and of the present National "Temperance Society and Publication House"), was launched forth upon its great experiment. At that time it was confidently expected that the churches would give it a place by the side of their Bible, missionary, tract, and kindred auxiliaries, and entitle it to a place in their list of objects for the annual contributions of Christians. But owing to the distrust, the sectarian jealousies, and the apathy of many who were revered as religious leaders, it was never done. Had it been, it cannot be doubted that the cause of temperance would by this time have been vastly in advance of its present position, religion and its institutions would have been signally honored in the sight of the world, thousands now in drunkenness' graves, or still wallowing in drinking-infidelity would have been

deadliest shafts, hundreds of millions of dollars would have been added to the nation's wealth, and millions to the funds of the church and its evangelizing auxiliaries. As it now is, an increased apathy to the claims of the temperance enterprise has settled over the churches in large portions of our country; their membership are unpledged to total abstinence, and are voting against liquor-prohibition, and, surrounded with liquor-saloons, and consequent poverty and squalor, are struggling hard to support a minister preaching to vacant pews.

Apathy among sober, respectable citizens, church members, and ministers is apparently a more formidable impediment to the progress and success of the temperance cause than the bitter opposition of the liquor-dealers themselves, with the whole army of their deluded victims, the drunken, the vicious, the vile, and the defiantly lawless. The cure of that apathy, could it be discovered and applied, would well-nigh ensure the speedy triumph of our enterprise.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

In the course of temperance work we learn many significant facts which need no comment.

"I might easily have been led away by this exacting appetite," said a lady, "but for God's mercy. When I was young, I was at one time out of health, with a feeble digestion, and my physician ordered a glass of porter daily with my dinner. It seemed to do me good. One Sunday I was a little belated for Sunday-school, where I was a teacher, and, hastening through my dinner, forgot my usual tonic. When I arrived at my class, I felt so languid and miserable that I thought I should have to go home. I could not understand the cause of my indisposition until, in a moment, it came to me that I had forgotten my porter. And with the recollection the thought flashed upon me that I was already a slave to appetite, and what would the end be? My resolution was instantly taken that, God helping me, I would never taste porter again or any other similar medicine. And I never have, and I praise God continually that in that moment he mercifully rescued me from a debasing and enslaving appetite."

This lady is now an earnest advocate of total abstinence from principle, the outgrowth of experience. Such, we believe, are the very best workers in the cause.

Another says, "The Lord made a total-abstinence woman of me by the teachings of his Spirit. I thought it no harm to take a little wine, brandy, or ale when my physician recommended it, or when in the company of those who used the social glass. But when the Lord Jesus came to abide with me, the Spirit brought to remembrance these words: Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? Indeed I knew this, for the leadings and teachings of that Spirit had become most precious to my soul. Then how could I dare to interrupt that communion, for even a moment, by wilfully numbing my faculties and clouding my reason? Never since then have I been willing to grieve the Holy One by touching or tasting the evil thing."

This young Christian woman is using her influence, too, from the most solemn convictions of the Spirit and earnest love for Jesus, to discountenance the use of stimulants as a beverage and as a medicine.

We knew a reformed man who stood well for over a year. In that time he had found good employment, was reunited with a lovely wife, and, to all appearance, was safe. One day he was seized with pain while at his place of business, and an associate, unthinkingly—should we ever be thoughtless of our brother's weakness?—advised him to take a dose of Jamaica ginger. The potion removed the pain, but aroused a slumbering fiend within him, and the next thing we knew, business, wife, principles, new-found friendships and happiness—all were sunk, and the poor victim was wallowing in the gutter. Have we not a duty to those around us, when we know their danger to scrupulously guard them from the spark that will set them on fire of hell?—*National Advocate.*

WINE AT COMMUNION.

At the recent Women's Christian Temperance Convention, held in Brooklyn, the subject of "What wine shall be used at communion?" was discussed. Mrs. Phillips, of Binghamton, presented some thrilling facts. After referring to the fact that the word "wine" was never used in connection with the Lord's Supper, that it was "The juice of the grape," "The cup of blessing," etc., she claimed that it could not be intoxicating wine.

Intoxicating wine was not "blood," neither could it make blood, nor could it represent blood, in giving weakness, not strength. She related the sad instance of an instance of a reformed man, who, after a long abstinence of a reformed man, and looked upon as a place of safety. At first he remained away from communion, fearing to taste the wine; but he was urged to partake, as it was a church ordinance, and "strength would be given him." He partook of the wine, which was fermented; but it aroused the old demon, and the struggle commenced. He was overpowered, became a drunkard, took his own life with his own pistol in the presence of his family, saying he had no desire to live. The grace of God will not keep us from being burned if we put coals of fire to our bosom. Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Losee, Mrs. Hutchison, and Mrs. Potter, all gave instances where reformed men had been slain by the demon in the cup upon the sacramental table. Rev. Fred. Bell, who was a notorious drunkard before his conversion, said he dared not touch the intoxicating cup at the sacramental table. They would use nothing but the pure juice of the grape. Those who heard these thrilling accounts will not soon forget the deep impression made upon the large audience present.—*National Advocate.*

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STIMULANTS.—"I never was the worse for liquor in my life," is the frequent and honestly meant declaration with which the physician is often met in the frequent cases in which it is clear to him that polite tipping is the source of fatal disease. At the Medical Society of London lately, in the course of an interesting discussion on a frequent form of dyspepsia and brain disease, Dr. Theodore Williams observed, says the *British Medical Journal*, that most of these cases occurred among people with tipping habits, whose practice it was to take stimulants between meals whenever they felt what they call "low." The result was bad in two ways. Firstly, the alcohol introduced into the stomach caused a large secretion of gastric juice, which, having no food to act on, irritated the mucous membrane, and gave rise to flatulence, distending the stomach, and thereby disordering the heart's movements; hence, palpitation and irregular supply of blood to the brain, with its accompanying symptoms. Secondly, the waste of gastric juice prevented a proper amount from being forthcoming at meals; the food was only partially digested, and escaped assimilation; hence, starvation of the blood and consequent anemic symptoms. The treatment most successful, therefore, in these cases was careful combination of food with stimulants, and a reduction of the latter as much as possible.

Dr. Routh agreed with the author (Dr. Throgood) as to the common occurrence of these cases among women. Chronic alcoholism he noticed chiefly among matrons, and he treated it by two methods. The hankering after stimulants he satisfied by a harmless one in the form of aasfetida or valerian; or he gave raw beef-juice prepared by rubbing beef through a sieve, and flavoring it with a little celery. Three claret glasses a day of this juice were given, and it allayed the desire for spirits.

CIVIL DAMAGE VERDICT.—A verdict of \$750 and costs has just been rendered in the Supreme Court at Troy, N. Y., to Mrs. Elizabeth Blondin against George Albertson, proprietor of a saloon in Congress street, Troy, for damages sustained in consequence of the continual sale of liquor to her husband. The daily papers give the following account: "According to the evidence, Blondin, prior to the 1st of August last, was a sober, industrious man, and an earnest and consistent church member. He provided liberally, according to his earnings, for his wife and three children, and lived happily with them. In an evil hour he visited Albertson's saloon and commenced drinking, since which time he has neglected his family and abused them. He would go to his once comfortable and happy home under the influence of liquor, and no matter what was done for him by his wife or children, he would be abusive. Since the 1st of September last he has contributed but \$8 to their support, and, to procure the means to gratify his appetite for Albertson's rum, he sold his tools, and even some of his household furniture, leaving his family entirely dependent on charity for their daily subsistence. This is the first action ever brought in the Supreme Court in this country under the Civil Damage Act of 1873, and we shall not mourn if in the ends of justice old King Alcohol shall be made to realize that although 'the mills of the gods grind slowly, they grind exceedingly fine.'"

MEDICAL PRACTICE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.—In a private letter of recent date a Penn Yan, N. Y., physician writes: "There is one thing I have used my influence and all my endeavors for since I came to this country; that is, showing my brother physicians the folly and absurdity of administering liquor in any form to their patients, either as a medicine or beverage. I had in 1872 and 1873 no less than ninety-six cases of typhoid fever, from the mildest form to typhus gravior, and I treated every one without a drop of liquor, and, strange to say, not one died, and their ages ranged from a child eight years of age to an old man eighty-seven, who is now—can testify on oath his narrow escape from death or poison. Such experience as this in the treatment of fevers is without precedent, and if physicians will only try to treat their patients without the cursed stuff, they will save 75 per cent. of those they now lose by its use."—*National Advocate.*

THE CHILDREN OF SLAVES WILL BE SLAVES.—There are few tobacco-using-fathers who are pleased when their sons follow their example in that regard. But how can they expect youth to have moral purpose sufficient to resist the temptation to the "manly vice" unless maturity is strong enough to conquer an appetite which can only be excused and cannot be approved. Many a father counsels his son against smoking and confesses his regret at having formed the habit: but such precept is not sufficient to outweigh a daily example.

THE SMOKER.—The smoker is the drunkard's younger brother. The habits are twin giants; they are both alike detestable, alike degrading; both have the same tendencies. They are soul-deceivers, mind-murderers, conscience-searers, time-wasters, health-destroyers, misery-producers, money-squanderers; and the sooner both are scouted into oblivion, the better.—*Mechanics' Organ.*

—To those who like from time to time to enquire, "Does prohibition prohibit?" the late annual address of Governor Dingley to the Legislature of Maine, and the report of the Attorney-General, would be very instructive reading. We especially commend these documents to the thoughtful consideration of the *Evening Post, Times, and Tribune*. In "four-fifths of the State" the Governor testifies that there has been a "very general suppression of known dramshops," and a "marked mitigation of the evils of intemperance." In some of the larger cities "the results are not so satisfactory, although even there, as compared with the condition thirty years since, there has been an improvement." There is "increasing efficiency in the enforcement of the law against dramshops," and it is added, quite naturally, that "the number of convicts in the State prison has fallen off more than one-fourth." That is the way "prohibition falls" in Maine while license, in New York and elsewhere, "succeeds" in crowding the prisons to repletion, and in making their frequent enlargement a necessity.—*National Advocate.*



LIGHT FOR THE SICK.

Miss Nightingale in her "Notes on Nursing" points out the great importance of admitting sunlight freely to all rooms occupied by the sick. As this is a point often entirely overlooked in the construction of hospitals and in the selection of the sick-room in private houses we call special attention to her remarks:—

It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room. And that it is not only light but direct sunlight they want. I had rather have the power of carrying my patient about after the sun, according to the aspect of the rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. This is by no means the case. The sun is not only a painter, but a sculptor. You admit that he does the photograph. Without going into any scientific exposition we must admit that light has quite as real and tangible effects upon the human body. But this is not all. Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially of direct sunlight, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick room or a bedroom there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, i. e. unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease is all-important.

A very high authority in hospital construction has said that people do not enough consider the difference between wards and dormitories in planning their buildings. But I go farther, and say, that healthy people never remember the difference between bedrooms and sick-rooms, in making arrangements for the sick. To a sleeper in health it does not signify what the view is from his bed. He ought never to be in it excepting when asleep and at night. Aspect does not very much signify to a sleeper (provided the sun reach his room some time in every day, to purify the air), because he ought never to be in his bedroom except during the hours when there is no sun. But the case is exactly reversed with the sick, even should they be as many hours out of their beds as you are in yours, which probably they are not. Therefore, that they should be able, without raising themselves or turning in bed, to see out of window from their beds, to see sky and sunlight at least, if you can show them nothing else, I assert to be, if not of the very first importance for recovery, at least something very near it. And you shall therefore look to the position of the beds of your sick one of the very first things. If they can see out of two windows instead of one, so much the better. Again, the morning sun and the mid-day sun—the hours when they are quite certain not to be up, are of more importance to them, if a choice must be made, than the afternoon sun. Perhaps you can take them out of bed in the afternoon and set them by the window, where they can see the sun. But the best rule is, if possible, to give them direct sunlight from the moment he rises till the moment he sets.

Another great difference between the bedroom and the sick-room is, that the sleeper has a very large balance of fresh air to begin with, when he begins the night, if his room has been opened all day as it ought to be; the sick man has not, because all day he has been breathing the air in the same room, and dirtying it by the emanations from himself. Far more care is therefore necessary to keep up a constant change of air in the sick-room.

It is hardly necessary to add that there are acute cases (particularly a few ophthalmic cases, and diseases where the eye is morbidly sensitive), where a subdued light is necessary. But a dark north room is inadmissible even for these. You can always moderate the light by blinds and curtains.

Heavy, thick, dark window or bed curtains should, however, hardly ever be used for any kind of sick in this country. A light white curtain at the head of the bed is, in general, all that is necessary, and a green blind to the window, to be drawn down only when necessary.

One of the greatest observers of human things (not physiological), says in another language, "Where there is sun there is thought." All physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys, there is cretinism. Where are cellars and the

unshaded sides of narrow streets, there is the degeneracy and weakness of the human race—mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale withering plant and human being into the sun, and if not too far gone, each will recover health and spirit.

It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light; a patient will even complain that it gives him pain "lying on that side." "Then why do you lie on that side?" He does not know,—but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window. Walk through the wards of a hospital, remember the bedsides of private patients you have seen, and count how many sick you ever saw lying with their faces towards the wall.

CORUNDUM.

This mineral, when it occurs in blue crystals is known as sapphire; when pink or red, as ruby. It consists of nearly pure aluminum, and the varieties not precious as gems are valued under the names of corundum and emery, for their superior hardness, by virtue of which they can be employed in polishing or reducing to powder all substances save the diamond. Corundum or its gems have until recently been looked for in mountain torrents or beds of alluvial gravel. An impure variety occurs at the Chester mine in Western Massachusetts; and a very remarkable deposit was discovered in 1861 by Colonel C. W. Jenks, of St. Louis, near the head waters of the Tennessee, in Southwestern North Carolina, at a place known as the Culsagee Corundum Mine, Macon County. Here the corundum occurs in beds associated with ripidolite and between a strata of serpentine. The largest crystal known was taken from one of these veins, and is now the property of Professor Shepard, of Amherst College. It weighs 312 pounds. The most interesting feature of this deposit is the discovery in the veins of vugs or geodes containing dark green chlorites in which are crystals of corundum, sometimes blue and white, and in a few instances of ruby color. None of those hitherto found were perfectly transparent, except such as were colorless; but there can be no doubt that they are true gems. Some of the large ones, indeed, have been broken up, and portions of superior purity and color cut or setting. The association of chromic iron in the serpentine with the aluminous minerals of this deposit, taken in connection with the similar occurrence of this substance in the clay and gravel deposits of Ceylon, whence the best sapphires of the world have come, led Mr. Sorby to attribute the color of the red and of the green sapphire to chromium.

It suggests that the blue sapphire could be colored by protoxide of iron or possibly uranium. This interesting discovery in situ of gems which have only hitherto been found in a water worn state is described in the *Popular Science Monthly* for February, 1874, and more particularly in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Geological Society of London for August. The theories of Judge Mitford, of Ceylon (one of the leading authorities), as well as those of Buffon, Baker, Bruce, Hamlin and others, concerning the origin of these gems, will have to be revised and corrected in view of the new evidence furnished by the results of Colonel Jenks' operations in North Carolina. This gentleman, now residing at North Brookfield, Mass., would be glad to hear of newly discovered American localities of corundum.—*Christian Union*.

HEALTHY DWELLING-HOUSES.—In a recent noteworthy and very elaborate paper on the proper mode of building houses so as to insure health, read by Dr. Hayward before the Liverpool Architectural Society, he enumerates various conditions essential to that purpose, the more important of which are a due exposure to fresh air and sunlight, positive freedom from damp, a large cubic space for air, and abundant means for the escape of foul and the admission of fresh air. Dr. Hayward argues that it is essential that the air should be warmed previous to admission, and that ventilation is the great and main necessity of house-building; that whatever be left undone this should be especially attended to. In regard to the temperature of the admitted air, he says that bedrooms are often very improperly constructed and arranged, so that in winter the sick occupant has to be in a current of air passing between the doorway and the fireplace—from 28 to 35 degrees temperature—while that of his body is nearly 100. To these bedrooms, says Dr. Hayward, very many cases of consumption, bronchitis, and asthma may be traced; furthermore, in fever cases much fresh air is required, and sometimes endeavor is made to obtain it even by opening the doors and windows, so that many typhus fever patients die of pneumonia and many rheumatic fever cases also are prolonged and complicated. Drafts are equally pernicious in sitting-rooms, where persons may be roasted on one side and frozen on the other, resulting in neuralgia, rheumatism, colds, coughs, asthma, consumption, and a long train of similar ailments—the

chilly lobby contributing materially to these results. Dr. Hayward urges the importance of a thorough reform in architectural construction in order to avoid these and other objections.—*New York Tribune*.

SPREAD OF CERTAIN DISEASES.—It is to be regarded as a settled fact that diseases of a contagious nature are caused and spread by influences largely within the sphere of our control. This fact has recently been strongly urged by Dr. Symes Thompson, a well-known English physician, in a lecture delivered by him in London. Every form of infectious fever, he asserts, has its idiosyncrasy. Thus enteric fever and cholera tend chiefly to disseminate themselves through water passing into wells and fountains of daily supply; scarlet fever hibernates in a drawer, and after long months, comes forth with some old and cast-aside garment, to be thrown with it around the throat or head of some new victim, and so start thence upon a fresh career; typhus fever crawls sluggishly from hand to hand and mouth to mouth; typhoid fever generates itself where filth, overcrowding and impure habits of life prevail. So well known are these idiosyncrasies, and the means of control, that the existence or spread of such disease is directly attributable to neglect of the most simple laws of prevention.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly beneficial; it prevents the gnawing of an empty stomach, with its attendant restlessness and unpleasant dreams, to say nothing of probable headache, or of nervous and other derangements, the next morning. One should no more lie down at night hungry than he should lie down after a very full dinner; the consequence of either being disturbing and harmful. A cracker or two, a bit of bread and butter, or cake, a little fruit—something to relieve the sense of vacuity, and so restore the tone of the system—is all that is necessary. We have known persons, habitual sufferers from restlessness at night, to experience material benefit, even though they were not hungry, by a very light luncheon before bed-time. In place of tossing about for two or three hours as formerly, they would soon grow drowsy, fall asleep, and not awake more than once or twice until sunrise. This mode of treating insomnia has recently been recommended by several distinguished physicians, and the prescription has generally been attended with happy results.—*Scribner's*.

TYPHA LATIFOLIA.—The cat-tail of our swamps, scientifically known as *Typha latifolia*, is susceptible of being used as food, for which purpose it is highly esteemed in some countries. The plant is perennial, and propagated by the formation of underground stems, containing much starchy matter. In Southern Russia the young shoots, when they push up in the spring, are cut and tied up, as asparagus for our markets, and sold in all the markets. Boiled as asparagus is boiled, and seasoned with salt and spice, it is pronounced quite delicious by all who have partaken of it. This plant is found, in more or less abundance, in swampy places all over the United States, and may very easily be introduced in places where it does not grow already.

THE PRACTICAL SPEED OF TELEGRAPHY.—The velocity of the electric current is not the measure of the actual rate of communication by means of it. The time required by the operators in adjusting and manipulating their instruments, and in transferring messages from one circuit to another, is the controlling element in the case. A few weeks ago, it is reported, a telegram was sent from New York to London and an answer received in thirty minutes, actual time. The distances traversed were: From New York to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, 1,300 miles; by cable to Valencia, 2,000 miles; Valencia to London, 300 miles. Each of the telegrams, therefore, travelled 3,600 miles, and passed through the hands of 18 persons.

AN EXPERIMENT.—A French naturalist, M. Margelidat, has just published the results of an interesting experiment in natural history. On the 15th of January, in the year 1870, he caused a cavity to be hollowed in a large stone, put a toad into the cavity, and then sealed up the mouth of the cavity with impermeable cement. The other day, on the 15th of this month, five years, day for day, since he put the poor creature into durance vile, he broke open the cavity, at the Museum of Natural History, and found the toad within alive and well, though in a torpid condition. Nor has it, since its release, taken any nourishment whatever.

—A writer in the *Full Mail Gazette* draws attention to the seldom considered fact that infection is frequently introduced into houses through the means of domestic pets. For the propagation of fever, the *Gazette* says, a dog is sometimes as bad or worse than a drain. A case is quoted from the *Sanitary Record* in

which scarlet fever was carried from one child to another by a favorite retriever. The woolly coat of the animal, it is alleged, had become so charged with morbid matter as to render it a source of disease and death. Although it is possible that the seeds of disease may have been transferred by some other cause, yet it seems quite reasonable to suppose that both dogs and cats and other animals, treated as companions and playmates, occasionally assist in the dissemination of infectious maladies. To these innocent carriers of disease and death may be added books, paper money, letters and newspapers, and although there can be nothing more reprehensible and injurious than to contribute needlessly and heedlessly in the causing of panics with regard to epidemic and other diseases, it is nevertheless important and necessary to be acquainted with all the media of infection. Persons living in disease-stricken houses are often far too careless in unnecessarily seeking communication with their friends, and frequently, we have no doubt, men, women and children are smitten down by the hands of those who would be the last in the world to knowingly injure them. Another means of spreading the disease is the habit—too common among ladies—of kissing children, who thus, by an act which is considered the very symbol of affection, are made to inhale a poison of disease, which in its effects is worse than hate.

—The English people seem just now to be devoting a great deal of attention to a subject which might be profitably discussed on this side of the water. We refer to the pollution of rivers, for in England, as well as in America, rivers are made the final receptacles of sewage, garbage, and the waste-water of factories, even although the drinking water of large towns is drawn from these same streams. It is claimed that many small rivers are but little better than large sewers, and are more objectionable than sewers because the latter are generally covered. There is no doubt that contagious diseases are often communicated by sewage not properly disposed of, and when we read of the inability of fish to live in the water of certain streams, we naturally wonder what the final effect of the same fluid will be upon the human beings who drink it.—*Christian Union*.

—Professor Gabba has been examining the effects of ammonia on the color of flowers. It is well known that the smoke of tobacco will, when applied in sufficient quantity, change the tint of flowers; but Professor Gabba experiments by pouring a little ammonia liquor into a saucer and inverting a funnel over it. Placing the flowers in the tube of the latter, he finds that blue, violet, and purple-colored blossoms become black, white, yellow, and parti-colored flowers, such as red and white, are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will return in a few hours. Professor Gabba also found that asters acquire a pleasing odor when submitted to the fumes of ammonia.

—Dr. J. S. Camden publishes in the *Medical Times and Gazette* information very important to surgeons who are not cognizant of the fact, that the application of a white-hot iron to the body is absolutely painless, while only red-hot it is an extremely painful operation. When operating with a red-hot iron on men screeching was fearful, while when the iron was white-hot not a murmur was heard; and when he operated so upon a horse the animal seemed scarcely to be aware of what was being done. He proposes to use for actual cautery a large spirit blow-pipe.

—At an international agricultural exhibition in Bremen was a collection representing the adulteration of seeds. It contained a sample of sand carefully washed, colored, and put up in the best manner for sale as clover seed, under which name it brought three and one-half cents a pound. Seeds of weeds used for adulteration were numerous.

—The Jardin d'Acclimatation have lately received two running oxen from the Island of Ceylon. They are of diminutive size, not larger than a very small donkey, but are of great utility in that country, where the mail service is performed by them. They are active, bear great fatigue, and can travel a very considerable distance at a regular, rapid pace.

—The President of the Royal Society of London has received intimations that the British Government is prepared to grant \$5,000 to secure observations of the total eclipse of the sun in April next. The King of Siam has invited the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society to appoint some of their members to go there as his guests with a view to observing the eclipse.

—Mr. Muller, a member of the Russian expedition to Northern Siberia, has stated to the St. Petersburg Geographical Society that the North Pole is not an isolated point, but a territory of a certain extent, toward the whole of which the inclination of the needle is the same, and of this territory he hopes to make the tour.

DAPH.

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The children, who had been at first struck with silent astonishment, now began to realize that Daph was actually going from them. Louise burst into a violent fit of weeping, and clung to the unfortunate negress, while Charley, with an uplifted wash-basin, made a sudden attack upon the slender legs of Dr. Bates, which broke up his dignified composure, and made him give a skip that would have done honor to a bear dancing on a hot iron plate.

"Now, Mass' Charley, I'se do be shamed," said Daph, subduing the grin that had suddenly overspread her face. "De young genman don't know no better! 'Taint likely he ever had body to teach him! You jus' let him be, Massa' Charley, and tend to your own sister, Miss Lou, here. Don't cry, pretty dear, Daph will be back soon! De Lord won't let 'em hurt Daph! You be jus' good children, and dat sweet Miss Rose will comfort you till Daph comes home."

The last words were hardly uttered when the negress was forced into a long, covered wagon, and rapidly borne away from the door. At this moment Mary Ray ran, breathlessly, up the steps, exclaiming, "Where have they taken Daph, mother? Mother, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" said Mrs. Ray, vehemently; "who could have told it would have ended that way! I am sure I never meant any such thing. Daph's gone to prison; and just as likely I shall never hear the end of it, and have the children upon my hands, into the bargain. Well, well; I wish I'd never set eyes on that bad man, Dr. Bates!"

The bitter reproaches that rose to Mary's lips were hushed at the mention of the children; and she hastened to comfort them, as well as she could, while Mrs. Ray went back to her kitchen, in no very enviable frame of mind.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER FRIEND.

"Dis don't be de cleanist place in de world!" said Daph to herself, as she looked round the small, bare room, into which



POOR DAPH HURRIED OFF TO PRISON.

she had been thrust. "Well," she continued, "de Lord Jesus do be everywhere; and Daph no reason to be above stayin' where such as He do set foot. But den de children! What's to become of de children?"

Here Daph's resolution gave way, and she had a hearty cry. "Daph, you do be a wicked creter," she said to herself, at length. "Jus' as if de Lord Jesus didn't love little children ebber so much better dan you can! He's jus' able Hisself to take care ob de dears; and Daph needn't go for to fret herself 'bout dem."

Thus consoled, Daph was prepared calmly to wait whatever should befall her. The stream of sunlight that poured through the small window slowly crept along the floor, and the weary hours passed away.

The new and beautiful truths that had of late been brought home to the soul of Daph were much in her thoughts and full of comfort.

"I do be afraid," she said to

herself, "Ise did not act so bery Christianable, when dose big men did catch Daph by de shoulder. Dere's somewhat in Daph mighty strong dat don't like folks puttin' hands on wid-out tellin' what's de matter. Well, well; I spose Daph will get like a lamb, sometime, if de Lord helps her. Ise do wonder what the dears is a doin', jus now. Maybe that sweet Miss Rose is jus' speakin' to dem beautiful words out ob de blessed Book. How Daph would like to hear dose same words her own self!"

Daph's meditations were interrupted by the sudden turning of the key in the lock, and then the door of the small room was thrown open to admit the entrance of a stranger.

The new-comer was a short, stout, elderly man, with a dignified bearing, and a calm, kindly expression in his round, unfurrowed face.

Daph looked at him with entire satisfaction. "He do be a real genman, and dat's a com-

fort," she said to herself, as she dropped a curtesy, and waited to be addressed by the stranger.

Daph's favorable impressions were increased by the mild manner and clear voice in which she was addressed. She soon felt sufficiently at ease to comply with the request made by the gentleman, that she would tell him, frankly, all that she could remember of her life for the last few years, and explain how she, a poor negress, came in possession of jewellery fit for a duchess to wear.

Daph began in her own simple way, and described those pleasant home scenes on that far southern island. Her heart grew light at the thought of the happy family circle in those good old times. It was with difficulty she brought herself to speak of the sudden destruction with which that home was threatened. She touched but lightly on her own efforts to save the little ones, when there was no earthly friend but herself between them and a bloody death.

From time to time her listener questioned her suddenly; but she answered him with such apparent frankness and simplicity, that he felt ashamed of the momentary suspicions that had crossed his mind.

When Daph came, in the progress of her story, to the captain's late visit, and to the day of dark, hopeless despair that followed it, the eyes that were fixed upon her slowly filled with tears.

Those tears suddenly gushed forth, as with the eloquence of a grateful heart Daph described the face, like that of an angel, that bent over her in her distress, and told of the Saviour, who is the friend of sinners, and the comfort of all that mourn.

"God bless my sweet Rose!" murmured the stranger. "This was an errand of mercy, indeed!" After a moment's pause, he added, aloud, "You need say no more, Daph;" and, as he spoke, he put out his hand to take that of the humble negress.

She did not notice the movement; for she had lowered her eyes as she dropped her modest curtsey, and relapsed into silence.

Diedrich Stuyvesant loved his daughter Rose as the apple of his eye; but he thought her a little too enthusiastic in her desire to do good; and he trembled lest her warm feelings should lead her judgment astray.

When she had burst into his library that morning, her face flushed with excitement and unwonted exercise, he had met her with more than his usual calmness and consideration. The hasty outline she gave him of the story of her new charge seemed to him strange and improbable; but he could not resist the earnestness with which she besought him to hasten to the release of an innocent and injured woman. Rose felt a little relieved when she saw her father take his golden-headed cane and walk forth with the deliberate air of one who has important business on hand. She would gladly have hurried his steps; but she knew that, though slow and cautious, whatever he undertook would be kindly and wisely done, and in this belief she forced herself to wait patiently for his long-delayed return.

Good Diedrich Stuyvesant did not go directly to the prison, as his daughter had advised. He first called on Dr. Bates, heard his pompous statement of the grounds of his suspicions, and received from him the troublesome gold chain, that was deemed of such importance.

Having agreed to meet the little doctor at a certain hour, at the place of Daph's imprisonment, he proceeded to the red house with the blue shutters, and enquired for Mrs. Ray. That personage was thrown into a fit of mortification to be found by so grand a gentleman in a deshabille, plainly intimating its recent proximity to the wash-tub; and her curiosity alone prevented her absolutely refusing to be seen in such a plight.

It did not take Diedrich Stuyvesant many minutes to fathom Mrs. Ray, and to give to her



DAPH VISITED IN PRISON BY MR. STUYVESANT.

mean and idle curiosity the contempt that even she herself felt that it deserved. "All accounted as she was," she found herself obliged to accompany her new acquaintance to the prison, where she and Dr. Bates occupied a room near that in which Daph had been placed, while Diedrich Stuyvesant proceeded to converse with the prisoner. The time seemed long to the little doctor; for he had the full benefit of all the abusive epithets in Mrs. Ray's vocabulary, which was by no means a limited one in that department. On him she vented all the dissatisfaction she felt at having been led "into," as she exclaimed, "the worst, the very worst, piece of business I ever put my finger in!"

Daph had completed her story, and was standing, silent and humble, when Diedrich Stuyvesant summoned Dr. Bates and Mrs. Ray.

The doctor, small in every respect, entered with an air of triumph, while Mrs. Ray followed; pity, self-reproach, and curiosity strangely blending in

the expression with which she looked upon her lodger.

Daph met their glance with quiet composure. In her heart she had been giving thanks to the merciful God who had raised up for her a new and powerful friend, and, fresh from the presence of her Divine Master, she could look on those who had injured her without one taint of bitterness.

Diedrich Stuyvesant had spoken often in the councils of his country, and to his clear, calm voice none had failed to listen, for he ever spoke with the power of reason and truth. Now, he stood with the dignity of one accustomed to be heard, as he looked for a moment in silence on the accusers. Then, in a short, clear statement, he told the story of the humble negress, who listened with wonder, as he named with admiration and respect the acts which she had performed, guided by her own loving heart, and upheld by simple faith in "the great Lord" of all.

Sternness and contempt struggled for mastery in the voice of

Diedrich Stuyvesant, as in concluding, he turned towards Dr. Bates, and said, "As for you, young man, look at that dark-skinned, ignorant woman, from whom you would have lightly taken her only wealth—her good name—which is above all price!"

"Think of your own fair skin, you deem so superior—of the education you rightly value—the Christian teaching that has been sounded in your ears since childhood, and then say what good work you have done in this world! What have you to bring forward in comparison with the heroism and self-sacrifice of this poor woman, whom you despised? Young man, think twice, if you are capable of thought, before you again peril the good name of the industrious poor, who are under the especial care of the great Father in heaven! Explore the secrets of your profession, but honor the sanctity of every humble home, and pry not into those things which a lawful pride and an honorable delicacy would hide from the eye of a stranger. Know, young man, that you have this day broken the laws of this free country, where no honest citizen can be deprived of liberty on bare suspicion, and you yourself merit the punishment you would have brought on the guiltless. But go; I would do you no harm. Go, and be a wiser and better man for what you have heard today!"

Dr. Bates, with a crest-fallen air, turned in haste to leave the room, but his better feelings prevailed, and stepping back he said, "I am young, foolish, and conceited, I know, sir, and I hope I have learned a valuable lesson this day." Then going up to Daph, he added, earnestly, "I have wronged you, good woman, and from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for it. If it should ever be in my power to serve you, I should be glad to make amends for what I have done."

"Now don't, sir! don't, please!" said Daph, dropping curtsey after curtsey, and murmuring, "The young gentleman meant no harm, I'm sure," while Dr. Bates slowly left the room. As soon as the doctor was out of sight, Mrs. Ray took Daph by the hand, and humbly asked her forgiveness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

--We are now prepared to send the first four instalments of "Daph" to any persons who have not received them.



The Family Circle.

THE IMPORTANT WORD.

Fourteen pairs of sparkling eyes
Gazed into my stranger face,
Showing wonder and surprise,
That I filled their teacher's place.

And I told them how it came
That I taught their class that day,
Told them who I was, my name,
Asked who had a "verse to say."

Thirteen little hands were raised,
Fourteen little hearts were brave,
And I stood almost amazed
At the Scripture which they gave.

The Good Shepherd came as one;
Mercies manifest by God;
David's tender, loving tone
Passing underneath the rod.

Paul's admonishing was heard
In a child's sincerest tone,
And my being was so stirred
That I felt the need my own.

Little curly-head, whose hand
Was not raised, watched every one,
And I tenderly had planned
To help him when these were done,

But ere I could give a line,
Hesitating not a minute,
"I forget a part of mine,
But I know that 'God' was in it."

Oh, this lesson was to me
More than all the rest I heard!
In life's lessons may I see
Which is the important word.

Day by day the lessons given,
Though they're hard when first begun,
Give me thoughts that reach to Heaven,
And there's "God" in every one.

A TEACHER.

—Standard.

MERCY FOR MARY MARY.

As the sun was setting, on the evening of which we write, "Miss Mary" passed through the long hall and the dining-room with its sombre drapery and faded furniture; and seating herself in a vine-covered arbor in the rear of the house, dropped her hands helplessly in her lap, and sighed out, "Oh, my poor, tired heart."

"In a moment Nancy, her humble friend, was at her side; and, with a look of surprise, she exclaimed, "Why, Miss Mary, what on 'airth brought you out to my little arbor, when you've got such a nice piazza on the front of the house?"

"I am trying to run away, Nanny," replied the lady, with a weary smile.

"Who from?"

"From myself, Nanny!"

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Mary? Them letters hadn't no bad news in 'em, had they?"

Miss Mary then suddenly remembered that those letters ought to have brought her joy; so, with a smile, she replied, "Oh, Nanny, I forgot to tell you that Julia and the boys are coming home to stay six weeks with us—coming to-morrow."

"Goody sakes alive!" cried Nancy. "Mrs. Howard ain't a comin' home so quick agin, with them rarin', stavin' boys, and that are tippy nuss-gal o' hern! What-sarvice is a 'home' to her?"

"Her husband is going away, and she thought she ought to come to comfort poor father."

"Well, I can tell you them boys won't comfort him much! They nigh about finished him up last time! Don't you remember, his head felt so that he got a conceit that it was yorn that was unsettled, and sot out to bleed you for rash o' blood? If it warn't for your sake, dear, I'd run away and hide myself till they was off! What does Mrs. Howard think you and me's made on, that we can stand them boys and that nuss-gal beside the doctor? Goody, how he will feel his pulse and look at his tongue, and make you mix messes, when the uproar begins!"

"We must keep them all quiet," replied Miss Mary.

"Yes, and we must stop the risin' o' the tide, too, if we can," retorted Nancy, sarcastically. "Can't you write and stop 'em, and so save life and limb for yourself and the rest of us?"

Miss Mary did not write; and in a few days "Sister Julia" appeared with her twin boys and nurse, and half a dozen great trunks, which Nancy and Miss Mary had to unpack in the lower hall, and then transport with all their baggage up stairs. This "rain," as Nancy called it, more than doubled the work of the family, and increased to an alarming degree the restlessness of the old gentleman.

By and bye all was quiet in the house, and the sisters were alone in what was long their mother's room.

"Well, Molly, dear, it does seem so good to be at home again!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard, as she twisted and twirled the diamonds in her ears and on her fingers. How I do envy your peace and rest! all is such noise and hubbub in the city—such a whirl of society that it half bewilders me!"

"Why don't you keep out of it, and devote yourself to the boys?"

"Mercy, I give my whole life up to them now, and there's a care you are saved, dear. I tell you, Molly, those for whom heaven has kept the early home and the largest share of a father's love, and saved from the cares and bustle of a mother's life, are blessed women!"

"You are not tired of Henry, and the boys, and your fine house and horses, and diamonds, and the other good things Heaven has sent you, I hope?" said Mary with a smile.

"No, but I was just thinking that you might realize your mercies."

"I thing I do, and that I am submissive to my trials."

"Your trials? Oh yes. That reminds me now, that we saw an old friend of yours lately, who had just returned from San Francisco."

"Yes?"

"Well, why don't you look surprised?"

"Because I am not surprised."

"Why, has he written you?"

"No."

"He certainly has not been here?"

"But he has."

"Well, now, that was really treacherous in him, for we charged him not to write or to visit you, lest it might call up old 'sentiment,' and make you unhappy again."

"He is not a boy, to be ordered or bidden by any one. We have both come to years of discretion, or ought to have done so, for his curls and mine are both grey now, as you see."

"What in the world did he think was to become of father, if you married and went so far away?"

"He said you and Emma could take your turns nursing father, and that a change would be good for him," replied Miss Mary, with a smile.

"The heartless man! He knew our hands were more than full; and I am sure a change would kill father, and—break your heart, too!"

"And yet it may come to that. I am not immortal, Julia; but I pray heaven every day that I may outlive him."

"I hope you may, dear, for he could not live long without you. The friend we are speaking of surely did not try to tempt you away from your duty?"

"He thought that, in going with him, I should be doing my duty. He reminded me that fifteen years ago you all said, 'if it were not for mother, we should say go,' and that I did not say 'no' for ten long years, and then another care came upon me which forced me to say it. He thought he had waited long enough, and it was now for you and Emma to make some sacrifice for dear father, and to allow me a little rest and change."

"Why, Mary, how can you speak of leaving father as 'rest and change,' or call the care of him a 'sacrifice.' Remember what he has always been to you, Molly."

"He has been a loving and tender father to us all, and I mean, God helping me, so to care for him as not to shed one remorseful tear on his grave," replied Miss Mary.

"That's a dear, faithful creature. I had begun to fear that your friend had wiled you away from your duty. Depend on it, dear, the path of duty is the path of peace. God rewards those who walk in the way He marks out for them."

"I firmly believe that."

"I hope you will not allow letters from San Francisco to come and annoy you?"

"No."

"Well, dear, don't reply in monosyllables. Tell me how matters were left."

"They were left."

"How?"

"Just left; that is all."

"I suppose old True-Heart promised to wait till father's death, and then come back and fulfil the dream of fifteen years?"

"I make no bargains for death to seal. I should feel as if some one was watching for father's last breath, and that would make me wretched while I am struggling to prolong his life."

"You didn't want to go, I'm sure, dear. When a woman reaches forty without marrying, the romance of life is gone, and she is happier taking care of herself, petting kittens and raising canaries," said Mrs. Howard with a light laugh.

"I hope I shall never be content with such a life."

"Let me ask you one question, Mary. If father had been gone when this visitor came, would you have left this dear home to go off among strangers with him?"

"Most certainly I should."

"O Mary! How the world would be changed for all of us, if you and Nanny should desert the old home! It doesn't seem as if I could live without this refuge; I enjoyed such perfect peace about the boys when I was in Europe, and they were under your wings; and Emma never could go to the springs or the mountains with any comfort if she had to drag her little tribe after her, or leave them at home with unfaithful servants. O, Molly, the blessing of a father's home is a great one! If poor, dear father should leave us soon, you could keep the home as your own property, and live here in summer, and in winter Nanny could keep house while you visited us."

"Well we are not obliged to lay plans for the future to-night; and I'm glad of it; I'm so tired," replied Miss Mary.

"Yes, you've had a real hard time lately; but you shall rest now. Oh, I forgot to tell you that Emma and the three children will come up next week to meet me, and then you can have a nice rest! Her house is going to be painted and papered."

There was a dead pause. This was adding only seven members to a family already as large as old Nancy could well serve. But this was part of Miss Mary's discipline; so she made no reply, but, kissing her sister, said, "Good night."

"One word more, Molly; promise me, now, that you will not leave here while father lives."

"I shall not make any such promise."

"But, Molly, it would be morally wrong in you to leave him."

"Certainly it would, if no one relieved me; but I have not a thought of going away."

"Then why not make the promise to relieve our minds?"

"Because I do not choose to make any pledge for the future. I shall try to do right in the fear of God."

"If you should leave home, of course the little property father has would be divided among us all, instead of wholly going to you."

"I don't care for property."

"But we all mean you shall have it, in return for your faithfulness here, dear."

"I shall try to make good use of it then. Good-night, dear."

Five years of care and sleepless anxiety passed away, during which the grave closed over the two objects of this patient woman's love. The lonely man in the land of gold, who could not transfer his love to another, dying suddenly and without a will, left a fortune to cousins who had more money already than was good for them. The sons-in-law of the old doctor "did themselves and their families justice" by selling the homestead and dividing the proceeds into three equal parts!

Miss Mary was thus left poor; but she resolved to take care of old Nancy as a duty, whatever sacrifice it might cost her; and people—among them her sisters—often say now, as she moves on her noiseless way, "What a strange taste Miss Mary always had thus to immure herself with some old person; when one is taken away she hunts up another!" But her record is above, and it is a shining one.—Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, in *Congregationalist*.

OUR BOY'S TRUNK.

BY C. C.

How well I remember it, as it came home from the maker's—that great hulk of a trunk! It was built, like a man-of-war, according to specifications—stout in keel, plated with zinc, crossed with bands of oak, and fretted at every joint and corner with spikes of brass. It was our boy's trunk, the first he ever owned, for, hitherto, in his short summer journeyings, a light valise had served to hold his "traps," or they had been packed in the "one and indivisible" Saratoga. The boy was now, for the first time, leaving home for a series of years, to pursue his classical education.

We said the trunk was made to order, for our Ned was impressed with the idea that no craftsman had yet laid a keel large enough for his demands; "for you see, father," he would say, "I see all my summer and winter clothes to carry, besides those monstrous lexicons, and my skates, and boot-jack, and lots of other little gimcracks"—as if any amount of lexicons and boy-properties could fill that "three-story edifice," as Thackeray calls it, a modern trunk.

And so it was brought home, a regular mailed leviathan, and moored in the family sitting-room, preparatory to taking in freight. Ned inspected it with immense approval, walking round it from stem to stern, and thumping every bolt and hinge. Inside, it was as luxurious and almost as roomy as a lady's boudoir—a succession of surprises and ambuscades of convenience—with a fairy sitting on the lid of every compartment, and rising out of every pocket. Ned's enthusiasm was dashed with a little disdain of these interior furnishings, as being soft and girl-like, and I think he would have chosen the grim dinginess of a bank safe, as better comporting with the gravity of a student's life.

What bustle and confusion, what giving and receiving of orders, while the "Leviathan" was taking in cargo! What nice folding of cambric neckties, and assorting of silken ones from the "Prince Albert," to the "Butterfly"! What inquest for odd cuffs and derelict pocket handkerchiefs, tied to kite tails, and stowed away in old coats! What inspection of collars and shirt-bosoms, and remorseless tossing into the laundry basket of any that showed spot or wrinkle! What brushing or sponging of old garments and "trying on" of new! What disquisitions on the exact tailor-like way of folding a coat! What washing of inkstands and rummaging for pens, knives, pencils and other "rolling stock" on which no boy from Tubal Cain downward ever knew where to lay his hand! What generous squandering of tops, fish-hooks, and water-wheels on the neighbors! What measuring, and adjusting of books, slates and maps to fit! What ransacking for readers and speakers—the hold of our ship being found so prodigious that it swallows up not only the lexicons, but all sorts of miscellaneous books, to which the boy helps himself with double purpose of filling up and making a brave show on his bookshelves!

At last, after confusion enough to have shipped the stores of an arsenal, the lower compartment of Ned's trunk is pronounced solid as a brick. Buttons and seams have all been inspected by anxious mamma as carefully as a brakeman tests his car wheels, and the snowy piles of linen have been laid in with a silent prayer that the boy's heart may be kept as pure and fresh amid its new temptations.

Away in the upper loft, under the monster's ribs, the winter's hannels are bestowed with ignominy, also thick boots, brushes, boot-jack, and slippers, and the blanket shawl which mother will put in, with strict injunction to spread it on the bed o' frosty nights! There goes the overcoat, too, though Ned insists it is quite superfluous (it being now August), but punches in because it will help the other things to "ride snug."

Next come the "drawers and things" a Ned styles the fancy compartments. Her repose the neckties, in variegated sheen, as a bird of paradise had dropped her plumage.

there, a cake of Cashmere bouquet bestowed by Cousin Alice, who, fresh from Dotheboys Hall, is sure nothing but yellow soap is ever provided in boarding-schools. Also, there is stationery of all sorts, from sturdy foolscap to note paper of such tender hues and embossments as color the suspicion that Cupid, instead of Minerva, presides in academic groves. But here comes the mother with a medicine chest which must go in—peppermint for colic, oil of hemlock for earache, camphor for toothache, "composition" for a cold in the head, hot drops for indigestion, etc., and having seen these safely cushioned, she slips in a frosted pound cake by way of rendering her prescriptions necessary. Inscrutable mamma! Of course, there are buttons enough for a Peggotty, and needles of all sizes, threaded, waxed, and knotted. There is a gay cushion for the toilet, with "Ned Withers" so blazoned in pins that he proposes to nail it outside for a door-plate, and a small circular one for his pocket bristling enough to impale that dreadful Greek verb which is the *bête noir* of boys. Also, there is a little hand mirror, for must not our Neddy see the back of his head, when combing and perfuming to go to the President's levees, and to call on the Professors' daughters?

Well, the trunk is gone. We saw it locked and strapped, and lifted into the great wagon. We saw, in a mist, the boy sitting on it, waving his cap, hurrahing and shouting good-bye. How still the house is! How dismal the day! Seems as if we had been having a funeral. "Come home again," did you say? Oh! yes, I suppose he will; but he'll wear badges, and have whiskers, and be precise and proper. Ah! the little boy of long ago will never come back any more!

A letter from Ned. "I've got a jolly boy for a chum. He can play on the fiddle, and has got a stunning lot of neckties. He's going to give me one, because I let him use my boot-jack. My trunk came all right, only one hinge is sprung, and the iron band round the lid got smashed in at one corner. I tore my pants on it, and had to pay twenty-five cents to get them mended. You ought to have seen the porters sweat and swear when they brought it up stairs. I couldn't put it in my room, because it is too big, and it stands just outside in the hall. The boys come along and kick it, and say, 'That's a bully great chest of yours—holds a deal of plunder, don't it? I say, old fellow, how'll you swap?' But I shan't swap, for I've seen every trunk in our hall, and I like mine best. But I guess I won't bring it home for the short vacations, they jam things so on the cars. So you may send up my ~~trunk~~ ^{trunk} before the term closes. That will be in ten weeks and three days." And so Ned's valise plied back and forth between home and school, like a brisk little tug tending a man-of-war, and "Leviathan's" stately bulk was moved only at the long vacations.

But, alas, one sad Christmas Eve, the trunk came home with its sick master, to return no more. The next morning he stooped feebly before his old comrade, and with weak, pale hands undid the fastenings, and took out some of its especial treasures; then said, "Set it by till I feel better, and then I'll unpack the rest." But the next day he was worse—and the next. So we made him a pleasant couch in the sunny parlor, and pushed the great trunk into the hall. There it stayed many weeks, and we forgot its existence, while we summoned doctors, and mixed medicines, and gave ourselves to nursing the precious boy back to health. But the face grew paler, and the beautiful eyes larger and more lustrous. The hands that had been so alert with bat and ball grew white and thin, and one morning he said, with sad surprise, "I cannot open my penknife." A few weeks longer, and tender arms lifted him from side to side; and so, inch by inch, Life retreated and Death came to the front. We all knew, though we could not say it for tears, that our Ned was soon going on a journey where they take neither purse nor scrip, nor cumber themselves with earthly gear. Oh, how it comforted us to know that while length of days was set before him, he had committed himself to One mighty to save—to feel assured that, while we, with tenderest ministries, could go with him only to the river's brink, yet not alone, nor unattended should be his

—disembarking on that awful strand!"

Leviathan now stands in the chamber of the desolate parents. It is no longer a trunk for gross and common uses, nor is it in danger from "journeyings off." It is an ark of Memorial—a witness between the living and the dead. Nobody has turned the key in its rusting wards since it fell from the sick boy's hands. Whenever we find a scrap of paper on which the dear hand has traced itself, in however trivial fashion, we lay it softly away in some of the boxes or drawers. His letters are there—bright, joyous, full of the frolic and eagerness of the life that now is—there are the compositions, showing, indeed, the "prentice hand" of the youth, unfiled, as yet, by lore and observation; but thoughtful,

earnest, reaching out in their dim questionings toward the "immortal sea." Here is the little purse, lean and worn—poor little purse—which was always emptying itself, always filling with school-bills, society-bills, class-bills, sent carefully home for papa to audit, with the playful injunction, "Let these bills, O pater, beto thee for a care." Would we could audit such accounts again!

In this little box is a tuft of silken, chestnut hair, shorn from the beautiful dog—Ned's playmate and bedfellow—who went into the great Beyond—a sad forerunner—many years ago. How well we remembered the tear-stained face of the child, as he came in from the small mound under the apple-tree, and asked us to write to Tennyson about his dog, "because," said he (he had been reading *In Memoriam* lately), "perhaps he would write a poem about Don."

Our dear boy's Bible is not among these tender treasures: for, with dying breath, he gave it to his cousin, adding, in a whisper, "Perhaps you won't think that much of a present; but I think a great deal of that Bible."

We are growing less sordid and worldly now; for who shall come after us to cherish the things our hands have handled? We shall be able to console ourselves if thieves carry off the family plate, for who, a generation hence, will muse fondly over the old-fashioned relics? They may take down the pictures from the walls, for nobody, by and by, will look up to the fading canvas and say, with filial pride: "That, sir, was my father!"

But they will not want this old battered trunk. They will not care to rifle it of its dingy books and yellow papers. When the ache and emptiness of bereavement press too severely upon us we go to it softly, and take out one by one the well-worn volumes—for he was a scholarly lad, and his books were comrades—and put our fingers on the pages his dear hands have pressed so often, and unfold the packages of happy letters, and take up the various relics, each written all over with some pleasant history, till for a few moments, we lose ourselves in the illusion that the sainted child leans to us from the skies.—*Christian Union*.

HARRY'S SELF-DENIAL.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE GREY.

Do you see that farm-house standing there almost shining in its fresh green and white paint, this lovely morning?

Let us take a peep inside the door and see what work ~~Neddy~~ ^{Neddy} morning has brought the inmates. Washing-day of course; and, besides, there is churning, cleaning, and the hundred other things that come in the daily routine of a house-wife. Bridget slow and good-natured, is moderately travelling over the "Hill Difficulty," while mamma is hurrying in all directions as general overseer of the household machinery. Now Nellie, a toddling baby of two years, appears on the scene. "Oh, you little witch, don't you know that the kitchen is the last place for you on Monday?"

First the youthful mischief runs up to Bridget's wash-tub and begins throwing clothes-pins into the water. This pleasure forbidden, she slips into the pantry, where mamma soon discovers her playing with the molasses jug, some of its contents spread over her face and hands. "Oh! Nellie! Nellie! I must send you off; I can't do anything but watch you while you are here. Come, come with mamma, and we'll go and find Harry."

If any of you boys have helped in the care of younger brothers and sisters, you know just how Harry felt when he heard his name ringing through the barn up to the tool-house chamber where he was at work. He was so busy making a water-wheel that it seemed as if he couldn't lay it aside; at first he was half-inclined not to hear the summons and finish his toy; then other thoughts filled his mind. Yesterday, at Sunday-school, his teacher had spoken very earnestly to those who, like himself, were really desirous of beginning a Christian life. Some had asked what they should do to show their love for Christ. "Work for Him," said Mr. Holland, "no one wants you to be martyrs or to go as Crusaders now, nor are you little boys called to be missionaries or preachers; but you can show your love by cheerfully doing disagreeable things, by being pleasant when you feel cross, by giving up your pleasure for others' happiness."

"Ah," thought Harry, "here is a chance for to practice, but somehow I don't feel half as much like doing it now, as when Mr. Holland was talking to us."

His resolution was formed, however, and bounding down stairs he received Nellie from her mother with the permission to keep her till noon.

"Well, baby, what shall we do?" said Harry, "take a ride?"

"Yes! yes! Nellie wants a ride," was the eager response. Accordingly the wagon was brought out; no light, easy carriage of modern invention, but a real old fashioned basket on top of four small wheels; and with

this humble equipage they started on their morning's journey. The lane stretching away in front, tempted them to wander to the meadows beyond; so they went along, Nellie chattering in her baby tongue, and Harry answering in the same dialect. The black-berry-bushes, lining both sides of the foot-path, displayed here and there a few late berries, which were transferred from their hanging place to the little bird-like mouth which opened to receive them.

Soon they reached the thicket where the checkerberries grew; then Nellie was lifted from her wagon and trotted about over the soft green moss, sticking her tiny fingers down among the shiny leaves to pick up the bright red berries as brother Harry did. Then there was the brook to entertain them too; so many ways to make them happy, that Nellie laughed and clapped her hands, hugged Harry and kissed him, and after all seemed but to half express her delight.

Do you suppose Harry was thinking longingly of his water-wheel all this time? Not at all; the consciousness of having taken one decided step in overcoming selfishness, and in working for Christ was joy enough for him. How could any one be ill-tempered with that dear little face shining out the joy within, and better yet conviction that the unseen Father was regarding him with approval? Do you say that this was a little matter in which to exercise the self-denial? Of course it was, but no more was then required. Remember the Lord Jesus how He said, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

REVIVALS IN THE FAMILY.

Thousands of Christians have been praying for a revival during the past two months. Shall the great spiritual season pass without a general work of grace? One was never more needed. The *Presbyterian* says that it is a mischievous deception which looks for the hindrances in the Church, and that it sets to a fruitless tinkering in the wrong place; that the real hindrances are in the family. It is there, if anywhere, that the cursed wedge of gold is covered up; that the Spirit of God is grieved; that the wing of faith is broken. Our houses must be set in order for the invited Guest. It says:

We are prepared, from some years of careful observation, to say that our experience confirms us in the belief that we never look in the right place for the movement of the reviving Spirit. We look in the Church only for indications. But we have never known of a revival starting there. It is made public there. But when investigation was pushed to the sources, in every instance it had begun in somebody's family; the life-giving, life-increasing treasure, first appeared in some solitary, but over-burdened Christian heart or hearts, within the circle of the family. Some mother, in agony about her son; a sister, in distress for her brother; an importunate wife, for a godless husband; some father, like a discomfited Jacob, though thighsmitten, in desperation laying hold on Omnipotence, binding God's hands by His own promises, until he has gained the victory.

A revival of religion is always a family matter, and a household movement in its beginnings. It starts in the closet, and comes in, answer often to the prayers and tears of a solitary petitioner. There is no place on earth so near the heart of the Redeemer, or half so omnipotent, as that place which He named "closet." When the history of the world's moral triumphs shall be made known, we may all be more surprised than at any other revelation in glory, that so many were organized and completed in this family holy of holies. We know a minister, owned of God in his work, whose wayward footsteps were arrested on the broad road to death by the sight of a mother kneeling upon the kitchen hearth, when she thought all but herself sleeping, pleading for the guilty son whose eye was resting upon her; whose ear heard the only words that had ever touched his heart.

We have personal knowledge of a revival in an unusually wicked place, which began in the closet of a distressed wife, who saw her husband's health failing, and his heart growing more desperate in its hatred of God; overwhelmed at his dark prospect, she sought this place of solitude, to talk with God, and one day, while on her knees, these words came to her mind:—"I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears; I will heal thy husband." Upon this assurance, she went to see three others whose husbands were companions in guilt with her own, and the four agreed to pray together an hour each day of the coming week, which preceded the communion. Preparatory services began on Friday night. At the close, the minister said that on Saturday after the morning sermon, any who might wish to unite with the church on profession, or converse with the session on the subject, could remain. He did not know that there was a convicted sinner in the whole town; but to his utter amazement, this wretched, dying husband and one of his companions presented

themselves, under the deepest convictions, and from this moment the Spirit of God was felt to be there with power, and about one hundred and twenty-five persons made profession of religion, including the four unbelieving husbands.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

HOW NOT TO BE AFRAID IN THE DARK.

I was very much interested last evening in a story told me by a lady, of her little boy, only four years old. She said he had always been very timid, and especially afraid in the dark, always requiring a light left in the room upon going to bed. She said to him one night, "Jimmy, you have nothing to fear—God sees and takes care of his little ones in the dark, just the same as in the light." "I know it, mamma, but I can't help being afraid." "Do you ask God to keep you from being afraid?" "No." "Then I would."

Not many days after he asked his mother for an apple. She told him he could have it, if he would go himself and get it. A few moments after she saw him go into another room, kneel behind the door, and heard him make this little prayer:

"Lord, do you love me? I love you—don't let me be afraid! I want to be good—don't let me be afraid! I have a little brother—will you love him too? Don't let him be afraid either! When I grow up to be a man, don't let me go into wicked places and drink naughty stuff, that makes men bad. Amen."

Then he arose from his knees, went down into the dark cellar, and got an apple from a barrel in the farthest corner. "Did you get one?" asked his mother, upon his return. "Yes; but I didn't hurry. I wasn't afraid."—*Evangelist*.

SELECTIONS.

—A thousand wise men are wiser than one wise man; but a thousand fools are not wiser than one fool. On the contrary, they are likely to be about a thousand times as foolish. Statesmen and citizens will do well to ponder this principle. Its application to republican institutions is obvious, and it teaches a solemn lesson concerning the duty of educating the people.—*N. Y. Independent*.

—The Bible requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. The smoker, however, to a greater or less extent, annoys and disgusts his neighbor by his fetid smoke. Men of science tell us that smokers poison many cubic feet of air about them, as deadly enemies poison wells of water in war times. How, if "love worketh no ill to its neighbor," can Christians escape the condemnation of God's Word so long as they continue this selfish and offensive indulgence?—*Methodist*.

—Make allowances for infirmities of the flesh, which are purely physical. To be fatigued, body and soul, is not sin; to be "in heaviness," is not sin; to be sometimes languid in holy affection, may not be sin, but mere lassitude of the emotive nature in all directions. Christian life is not a feeling, it is a principle; when your hearts will not fly, let them go, and if they will "neither fly nor go," be sorry for them and patient with them, and take them to Christ, as you would carry a little lame child to a tender-hearted, skilful surgeon. Does the surgeon in such a case upbraid the child for being lame?

DON'T BE ASHAMED.—Don't be ashamed to wear old garments until new ones can be paid for. Don't be ashamed to speak a kind word to the poor and outcast, even if you are frowned upon by the fastidious. Don't be ashamed to eat plain food when you will have to run in debt for delicacies. Don't be ashamed to engage in any honorable work when the scarcity of something better to do tempts you to waste your time in idleness.

INFLUENCE.—Entering my room one dark evening, for the purpose of procuring an article which I had left behind, I groped my way around, vainly trying to find it, until a light from across the way threw its beams directly upon the article I was in pursuit of. I snatched it up and hastily left the room. As I crossed the threshold, the thought flashed upon my mind—Can not influence be compared with that light? Perhaps when we think our influence is small, it will shine across the way and be of great help to some one in need. If this is so, how careful we should be as to the kind of influence we exert. If a person steps to the bar and takes a glass of strong drink, does he reflect upon the possible consequences of that act? When I hear a father utter an oath in the presence of his child, and hear the child try to repeat it, I think I can tell to some extent what his influence will be upon that child. How is our influence in the Christian life? Is it just as it should be? When I see a poor child go to church plainly clad, and see many who are considered good people turn away from him and not speak a kind word, as I have seen it done repeatedly, it seems to me that that person's influence is not going in the right direction. Is that as Christ would do if here? or as He did do when here

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

LESSON XIV.

APR. 4.]

ISRAEL'S PROMISE.—Josh. xxiv. 14-18. COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 16, 18.

14. Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt: and serve ye the Lord.

15. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord choose you this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

16. And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods:

17. For the Lord our God he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, among all the people through whom we passed:

18. And the Lord drave out from before us all the people, even the Amorites which dwell in the land: therefore will we also serve the Lord; for he is our God.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord our God will we serve, and His voice will we obey.—Josh. xxiv. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord has a right to our service.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Josh. xxiv. 14-18. T. 1 Sam. xii. 6-22. W. Ps. cxix. 1-24. Th. 1 Kings xviii. 21-40. F. Luke xvi. 18-31. Sa. John vi. 47-69. S. Ps. cv. 1-45.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This is the farewell or dying address of the great captain Joshua to the tribes assembled at Shechem. Read the whole chapter and then study the "promise of the people" in the lesson.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(27.) Israel's promises

NOTES.—Joshua's earnest and solemn address, and his choice of the Lord as his God led the people to make the same choice, and to repeat it, as in v. 21. This was the last public act of Joshua, and probably just before his death.

EXPLANATION.—(14.) Now therefore, because of the Lord's past goodness to you; in sincerity, not in outward appearance only, but in truth; put away the gods, out of your mind, or perhaps a few yet worshipped idols secretly (see v. 23); flood, or river Jordan. (15.) seem evil, wrong, hard or unreasonable to serve God; choose you, so Moses urged Israel to a choice (Deut. xxx. 15); me and my house, he and his family are on the Lord's side (see also Ex. xxxii. 26.) (16.) God forbid, strong words, showing horror at the idea of forsaking the Lord for idol-worship. (17.) brought us, the people recall the Lord's mercies in bringing them into Canaan. (18.) we also serve the Lord, in their choice they would follow Joshua.

ILLUSTRATION.—Wise choice. A great king once said to a favorite, "Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee." He thought, "If I ask to be made general of all the army, I shall get it: if for great riches or half the kingdom, I will gain it; but I will ask for what will give me all these; so he said to the king, "Give me thy daughter to wife." This made him heir to all the wealth and honors of the kingdom. So he who chooses Christ becomes an heir to all the wealth and glory of the Father's kingdom.—Foster.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) JOSHUA'S CHARGE. (II.) HIS CHOICE. (III.) THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

1. Where were the tribes gathered?

State what Joshua related to them. (See vs. 2-13.)

Whom did he urge them to fear and serve? How? v. 14.

What were they to put away?

Where had they served these gods? If they thought the Lord's service hard, what were they to do?

II. What choice did Joshua and his house make?

When before were the people called to make a similar choice? (See Ex. xxxii. 26 and Dent. xxx. 15.)

How had Joshua shown his trust in God in former days? (See Num. xiv. 6, 7.)

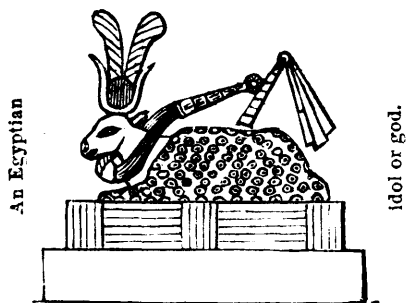
III. State the answer of the people. v. 16.

Why did they make this choice? v. 17, 18.

What truth in this lesson teaches us—

(1.) That we should serve the Lord, whatever others may do?

(2.) That the mercies of the Lord to us should lead us to serve him?



An Egyptian

idol or god.

LESSON XV.

APR. 11.]

THE PROMISE BROKEN.—Judg. ii 11-16 About 1428 B. C.

COMMIT TO MEMORY v. 12.

11. And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord and served Baalim:

12. And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods, of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger.

13. And they forsook the Lord, and served Baal and Ashtaroth.

14. And the anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers that spoiled them, and he sold them into the hands of their enemies round about, so that they could not any longer stand before their enemies.

15. Whithersoever they went out, the hand of the Lord was against them for evil, as the Lord had said, and as the Lord had sworn unto them: and they were greatly distressed.

16. Nevertheless the Lord raised up judges which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They soon forgot His works, they waited not for his counsel.—Ps. cvl. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Men rob God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Judg. ii 11-16. T. Deut. xxxi. 16-20. W. Ps. lxxviii. 56-73. Th. 2 Kings xvii. 7-33. F. Ps. cvl. 34-48. Sa. Lev. xxvi. 14-33. S. Josh. xxiii. 1-17.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how soon Israel fell into the very sin which Joshua warned them against. Vs. 14-16 give a summary of the events which are related more fully in the following chapters of the book of Judges. Some learned men think the events in chs. 1. and 2. to verse 5, happened before Joshua's death: others place them after his death.

FINDING THE MEANING OF.—Baal, Baalim, Ashtaroth, spoilers, judges.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(28.) Death of Joshua (29.) The Canaanites conquered. (30.) The angel at Bechim. (31.) Israel's promise broken.

NOTES.—The book of Judges is not a connected history, but contains accounts of important exploits of the persons raised up to rule and deliver Israel after the death of Joshua and before Saul became king, a period of one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty years. The book is usually divided into—(1.) Preface (ch. 1. to iii. 6.) (2.) Main Narrative (ch. iii. 7 to xvi. 31.) (3.) Appendix (ch. xvii to xxi.)

EXPLANATION.—(11.) did evil, a common phrase for falling into idolatry: Baalim, plural of Baal, meaning the images of that idol. (12.) And they, or "For they forsook," this verse explains what the evil was. (13.) Ashtaroth (plural), images of Astarte, a goddess of the Phenicians like Venus. (14.) anger of the Lord was hot (see same words in Ps. cvl. 40): he delivered, permitted them to be overcome; spoilers, or robbers—i. e., nations about them; sold them (see 1 Sam. xii. 9); not . . . stand, (see the warning, Lev. xxvi. 17.) (15.) whithersoever they went, what contrast to the promise in Josh. i. 9! greatly distressed, for forsaking God. (16.) judges, rulers, deliverers. (This is the first mention of judge.)

ILLUSTRATION.—Christian Idolatry. "You cannot find any more gross, any more cruel idolatry, on the broad earth than within one mile of this pulpit: dark minds, deluded souls, whose god is the dice-box or the bottle, false gods more hideous than Moloch or Baal, worshipped with shrieks, worshipped with curses, the hearth-stone for the bloody altar, the drunken husband for the priest, and women and children for the victims."—Dr. Chapin.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) ISRAEL'S IDOLATRY. (II.) ISRAEL'S DISTRESS. (III.) ISRAEL'S DELIVERERS.

I. How long did Israel serve the Lord? v. 7. Give the title of this lesson.

What promise was broken?

When was the promise given?

What reason did they give for serving the Lord?

After Joshua's death what did Israel do? v. 11. What did they not know? (See v. 10.) State how they did evil in the sight of the Lord. v. 12.

What idols did they serve? v. 13.

II. Into whose hands were they delivered?

Who had enabled them to stand before their enemies? How was the hand of the Lord against them?

Where were they warned of this Astarte in a Car trouble? (See Lev. xxvi. 17.)

III. What shows that the Lord was still merciful to them?

Whom did he raise up? Why called judges? Out of whose hands did the judges deliver them?

Who is the great Deliverer of sinners?



From Sidon.

PROVIDING FOR OUR OWN HOUSEHOLDS.

We assume that there is no text or command in all the Scriptures which gets more attention and more willing obedience than that which requires men to provide for their own households. Christian and heathen alike overdo this branch of duty, and yet we apprehend there is no divine injunction more imperfectly understood. It is made to justify every expenditure, and it forgets altogether that severe denunciation against those who join field to field and add house to house. When God sent the daily manna for the nourishment of his people, it was found that when they gathered more than was required for their daily necessities, the surplus stank on their hands, and bred worms and disease. Has God changed his dealings with us? The spirit of greed which showed itself then has been doing so ever since, to the detriment of our fellow-creatures and the dishonor of our Heavenly Father, to whom we pray for our daily bread. This prayer, by the way, appears strange on the lips of those who have already abundance of this world's goods, nearly all of which is held and administered for their own households. One of the reasons, no doubt, why Christianity has not overrun the world with Pentecostal speed, is because so many of Christ's followers trust their bank books more than their Bibles, and have little or nothing in common with their poor brothers.

Those who call themselves Christians are really as guilty in this matter as the veriest worldling. No doubt the command to provide for our families was rendered necessary by those idle loafers, and in every age, who will not work, and therefore should not eat. In every circle we see such men and women, who are wholly unproductive, and wasting their years in worthless living, while their families grow up without education, without religion, ill clad and half fed. These are the fellows who are worse than infidels. We see them in the beer gardens and whiskey dens. Here is a so-called disciple of the Lord with his name on the church roll, worth a hundred thousand, perhaps half a million, enjoying himself immensely, his personal expenditures for the year creeping up to many thousands of dollars. The family content themselves with giving their cast-off clothing to Christ! Is not the pulpit largely responsible for the prevalence of such grievous selfishness?

But whilst the wealthy few overdo providing for their own households, the poor many underdo it, and this latter is incalculably the greatest injury to society. Every man who spends a cent on useless and selfish indulgence in drink or tobacco, whilst his family is in any respect in want of comfortable food and clothing, and suitable education, is neglecting to provide for his own household, and is in so far worse than an infidel. This is a grievous charge, but reason and experience fully bear it out.—N. Y. Witness.

—When we are fullest of heavenly love we are best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden. It is the absence of love to Christ, not its fullness, that makes us so impatient of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren. Then, when Christ is all our portion, when He dwells with us and in us, we have so satisfying an enjoyment of His perfection that the imperfections of others are as it were swallowed up, and the sense of our own nothingness makes us insensible to that which is irritating in individual feelings and habits.—Hare.

—We read in classic story of an Athenian who, hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a virtuous man with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

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