



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE

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JOHN KNOX.

In the year 1505 there was born in a suburb of Haddington, Scotland, called Gifford Gate, John Knox, who, afterwards became known as the great Scottish reformer. A small field in the neighborhood still goes by the name of "Knox's Croft." When sixteen years old he went to the University of Glasgow, where he soon distinguished himself as a debater on theological subjects. When twenty-five years old he was ordained and began to teach, and nothing further is known of his life for some twelve years, until in 1543 when he openly professed himself a Protestant, was degraded from his orders and being in danger of his life, fled. From this time out his life was one of great activity in the battle for the truth, which was occasionally curbed by imprisonment and forced retirement from his enemies. In 1559 he took up his residence in Edinburgh where his house remains to this day. It stands at the Netherbow which unites the Canongate to Highstreet. The ground floor is occupied as a tobacconist's shop, but the two stories above are carefully preserved for the inspection of visitors. They are entered by a flight of stairs outside. At one corner of the house is a stone pulpit with the figure of a preacher in it, and there is an inscription written in very old-fashioned spelling, meaning "Love God above all things and thy neighbor as thyself." Knox was the leader in many great reforms and died in 1572, "weary of the world" he said. He was a man of great firmness and decision. He was strong and stern, and neither danger nor anything else prevented him carrying out his convictions. He was shrewd and his language, plain, homely and many will say harsh. He says he had learned "to call wickedness by its own terms—a fig, a fig; a spade, a spade." The Earl of Morton said of him truly as they said of him in the churchyard, "He never feared the face of man."

GOOD AND BAD TEMPER.

There is a woman told about in a popular legend who once stamped her foot on the ground in a passion, and she drove it so far in that it could not be drawn out again, so there she remained for the rest of her days, a monument to the inconveniences of a bad temper. It is to be regretted that such monuments are not met with in real life, for of all deplorable things against which mankind and womankind should be warned, a fiery disposition is one of the most deplorable.

Some people are born of gentler nature, and so, without much trouble on their part, possess good tempers, but others are by nature so touchy that one can hardly say a word to them without danger of an explosion. It is a great misery, as many of us know, to live with the ill-tempered; indeed may we all be preserved from even an occasional contact with them. On the other hand how is it possible to avoid longing for the society of her whom we are sure always to find

with a smile on her face and pleasant words on her tongue?

If a peevish temper makes life disagreeable for other people, do you think the owner of it is any better off? Ask one. Old as the world is, it may safely be said that no one ever yet felt happy after a display of the fireworks of ill-humor.

What a bad example, too, the cross-grained set to their neighbors. This is sometimes not sufficiently thought of by those who in other respects are everything that is estimable, and all who are trying to do good in the world should be ever on their guard lest by ill-timed anger they destroy their influence and make others doubt the sincerity of what is really at bottom a genuine Christian character.

Every exhibition of irritability sinks us in the estimation of our friends, and as the ten-

hard to restrain; but just as you can be charming when you please, so by an effort, you can be sweet and gentle though all the world should try to irritate you. Perhaps you think it very difficult, but there never yet was a good thing easily come by.

You may feel angry—constitutionally you may be irritable; many are so, as I have said already—but never give your anger expression. Shut your mouth and say nothing. There was once a famous man who had an exceedingly bad temper. It certainly ran in his family, for his brother was just the same; and it is told that when any cause of offence was given him, he grew very red in the face, and remained for a while silent, and when at last he spoke his words were calm and gentle. He never opened his mouth till he got the better of his rage. This is a noble example, and I would that



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

dency to anger grows by being indulged in, ill-tempered people are in a fair way for having no friends at all.

One odd thing about getting angry is that most often it is about trifles, if not about nothing at all. Everyone has heard of the husband and wife who had a serious quarrel as to whether what they heard scratching behind the wainscot was a rat or a mouse. And, if my memory does not deceive me, another husband and wife had a violent dispute for no other reason than that the one asserted that the tea was made from Thames water whilst the other was equally confident the water came from the New River. Countless tempers are lost for no better reasons than these.

But how shall we cure a bad temper? It is difficult, my child, for our passions are

all the world were like that great man. Bottle up your wrath, then, and if necessity compels you to speak, be as sparing of your words as if they cost five guineas apiece.

But to keep from uttering our anger is not enough: we must harbor no angry thoughts. We cannot help, if quick-tempered, the mere feeling of anger arising in our minds, but we need not let it remain there unless we please. Let there be, then, no nursing of your wrath to keep it warm. Turn at once to something else, and give it the cold shoulder.

Try, above all things, to cultivate noble views both as to life in this world and our future in the next. Whoever is so occupied will have neither time nor taste for petty squabbles and passions about nothing.—

James Mason, in *Girl's Own Paper*.

THE BISHOP AND THE BEES.

We find the following good story in a foreign Journal: "A French Bishop, being about to make his annual visitation, sent word to a certain curate, whose ecclesiastical beneficence was extremely trifling, that he meant to dine with him, at the same time requesting that he would not put himself to any extraordinary expense. The curate promised to attend to the Bishop's suggestion; but he did not keep his word, for he provided a most sumptuous entertainment. His lordship was most surprised, and could not help censuring the conduct of the curate; observing that it was highly ridiculous in a man whose circumstances were so narrow to launch out in such expense, nay, almost to dissipate his annual income in a single day. 'Do not be uneasy on that score, my lord,' replied the curate, 'for I can assure you that what you now see is not the produce of my curacy, which I bestow exclusively upon the poor.' 'Then you have a patrimony, sir?' said the Bishop. 'No, my lord.' 'You speak in riddles,' rejoined his lordship; 'how do you contrive to live in this manner?' 'My lord, I have a convent of young damsels here, who do not let me want anything. How do you have a convent? I did not know there was one in this neighborhood. This is all very strange, very unaccountable, Mr. Curate.' 'You are jocular, my lord.' 'But come, sir, I entreat that you would solve the enigma; I would fain see the convent.' 'So you shall, my lord, after dinner; and I promise that your lordship will be satisfied with my conduct.' Accordingly, when dinner was over, the curate conducted the prelate to a large enclosure, entirely occupied by bee-hives, and pointing to the latter observed, 'This, my lord, is the convent which gave us a dinner; it brings me in about eighteen hundred livres a year, upon which I live very comfortably, and with which I contrive to entertain my guests genteelly.' The surprise and satisfaction of the Bishop may be imagined."—*Family Friend*.

INFINITE TOIL would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher atmosphere.

NEVER SACRIFICE the right principle to obtain a favor. The cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it, by all odds. A little self-denial is better than dishonor.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, when a boy, wrote in his journal, "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to the superficial observer a very hard thing—for it has the courage to refuse.



Temperance Department.

"WHATSOEVER YE DO."

"Bless me!" said Hannah Perkins. Then she bent forward and read the words again, slowly, thoughtfully, with wrinkled forehead and astonished, not to say disturbed, face.

"What a verse that is! And to think it has got to last for a lifetime instead of one day. It's queer where my eyes have been that I have never seen that verse before. As many times as I have read it, too! I must say I don't see, either, just how it is to be lived up to for all the plans I had for to-day; almost any other day in the week I might have managed it better. But there, now, it is lifetime work instead of a day's! What am I talking about?"

And Miss Hannah bent with renewed perplexity over the volume of Daily Food, lying open upon her dressing bureau. She had found an unusually hard morsel to digest. "To think," she muttered, "that it should come right into the middle of one's eating and drinking!"

"Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "What I don't see is," she said, as she threw open the windows and let the crisp air rush in, "how this thing is to be done, and what people are about. It can't be that none of them have discovered it; and yet, as true as I am Hannah Perkins, I can't think of one who seems to be doing it."

Then she went down the long, wide, old-fashioned hall, and threw open the door of her quaintly furnished dining-room, with its neat and glistening table appointments, the table carefully laid for one. Through a partly opened door came the whiff of fragrant coffee and the faint hint of buckwheat cakes and broiling steak. "Whether ye eat or drink," murmured Miss Hannah; and the perplexed look deepened.

"To be sure," she said, addressing herself again, according to the fashion of those who live much alone, "to be sure it will strengthen me for my work to eat beefsteak and drink coffee; but then what work am I going to do that matches the orders?" Setting open the side door, she stepped out into the crisp air, and from her position on the piazza watched Peter as he trundled his barrow down the pebbly lawn with its burden of dried leaves and withered grasses. How blue and cold he looked, and how ragged the summer coat which was still doing duty as a covering. Miss Perkins had never noticed his pinched up look before. She called to him:

"Peter! Have you been to breakfast this morning?"

Peter staid his wheelbarrow in amazement. "Why, yes'm!" he said.

His mistress gave a little laugh. "Hours ago, I suppose." Then, "Well, Peter, what did you have?"

Peter hesitated, pushed his slouched hat to the back of his head, then suddenly changed his mind, drew it down almost over his eyes, and grew red in the face. "Well, ma'am, it wasn't such an amazing breakfast as it might have been—not a square meal; you see we was a little short this morning, and I just took a bite to stay me, and left the rest for the young ones."

His mistress looked aghast. "Do you really mean to tell me, Peter, that your family hasn't enough to eat?"

"Well, generally speaking, we have, ma'am; but it's an uncommon short time with us now: still, we all had a bite, and I rather expect the oldest boy will bring home some meal with him this morning."

Miss Perkins turned suddenly and went into the neat kitchen. "Keziah," she said to the respectable colored woman who reigned there, "cut a large piece of the steak, and pour a cup of hot coffee, and set a plate of cakes on the side table; and have Peter come in at once and have his breakfast; and fill a basket with whatever cold pieces are handy, and send him home with them as soon as he is through. "Whether ye eat or drink," she said, as she went back to the dining-room; "and here I have been eating and drinking three times a day, and letting that fellow starve under my very eyes! That can't be

to His glory, anyhow. Just as likely as not the family are in actual need for clothes and the like, and they live at the foot of my lane, and I don't know a thing about them. It hasn't occurred to me before even to wonder about them. I wonder if he gets pretty steady work, or is it at the nod of any old woman like me, who happens to want a day's work now and then?" And as she sat herself down to her neat breakfast table she made a mental memorandum to "see about that" as soon as breakfast was well over.

"Will we be putting up them lace curtains in the upstairs room?" questioned Keziah, as she made her last journey to the dining-room with steaming cakes.

Her mistress regarded her with an air of puzzled wonder. "There it is again," she said at last. "I declare, now, if it isn't a puzzle!"

"Oh, there's nothing to puzzle, ma'am. I can climb the step-ladder and fix 'em as well as not."

Miss Perkins laughed. "It is a puzzle that refuses to be settled with hammer and tacks. What have lace curtains in my spare bed-room to do with the glory of God, Keziah?"

"Ma'am!" said Keziah, in unbounded astonishment.

Miss Perkins laughed again—a short, troubled laugh. "No," she said presently, "we won't put up the curtains to-day, at least; I may to-morrow, and I may not. I don't see my way clear. If the lace curtains fit, I'd like to have 'em up, and if they don't they can't go up; and that's the long and short of it."

"They fit to an inch," said Keziah, promptly. "I measured them myself only yesterday with a rule."

"But they've got to fit a rule in a Book upstairs, you see; that's the trouble."

What could Keziah do but say, "Ma'am!" again in a mystified way, and what could her mistress do but laugh and dismiss her, though really the confusion of her brain was deepening so rapidly that she saw no place for laughter?

Her breakfast concluded, Miss Perkins still revolving her problem, trying to fit it to the day's programme, stepped to the front door, and set it open, and thence wandered to the gate to set up a drooping bush, and was there accosted by her favorite nephew, a handsome young fellow with laughing blue eyes and a pleasant smile. "Well, Auntie, how does life use you this morning?"

"Better than I use it. Things are in a muddle."

"No! you don't say that you are muddled? That alarms me. I have always had satisfaction in thinking of the straightforwardness with which you took up life. What has happened?"

Miss Perkins coughed slightly. "Do, Charlie, if you must smoke, turn your head so that every whiff of wind won't send the fumes right down my throat. I like to keep control of my own throat, and I don't chose to choke it up with tobacco."

"Aunt Hannah, you are awful peppery this morning. I believe King Frost has nipped you. Come, tell me what has happened to put you in ill-humor with all the world in general, and your worthless nephew in particular?"

"I am not in ill-humor with the world. I haven't thought of the world this morning. My puzzle has to do with those who come out from the world and are separate, or that say they are; and the worst of it is, I'm one of them, and you're another—you fit right into muddle, Charlie. For instance, now, what has that cigar-smoke, that you make a bellows of your mouth to puff out, got to do with the glory of God?"

"What?" asked the startled nephew.

"Oh, yes, you may well be astonished; but it's a fact that if you have a right to puff it, it ought to fit the pattern. 'Whether ye eat or drink.' That is the rule. To be sure, smoking is neither eating nor drinking. What is it, anyway? What list could you put it in—intellectual, mental, moral; where does it belong? But in any case it is included, because the rest of the verse is, 'Whatsoever ye do.' It is a difficult matter to get away from that, you see. Now, how do you work in the smoking for the glory of God?"

"Upon my word, auntie, I fail to see what you are driving at. So far as I know, smoking has never been extolled as one of the Christian virtues. I don't pretend that, it is necessary to Christian development, I'm sure."

"I'm not talking about 'Christian devel-

opment,' nor 'Christian virtue,' nor any other phrase that will hide the square, unadorned truth. There's the rule. 'Do all to the glory of God.' Now, cigar-smoke either fits in or else it doesn't. And if it does, I'm asking how."

"But, Aunt Hannah, there would be no end to your speculations if you should get on that line. Why, the very puckers on your sleeves would have to be ripped up and looked into if you narrowed things down to that rule. How do they fit? come now."

Miss Hannah looked down at the innocent little ruffle on her trim morning dress, with a grave thoughtful face, and answered quickly: "I don't know; ruffles and cigars occupy different positions, and one is more harmful, to say the least, than the other; but it's a fair question, and needs looking into, which is just what I've set out to do, and it doesn't alter one whit the position which you have on the cigar question. I'm ready, however, to look them squarely in the face, and if they won't fit, rip them off. Are you ready to take an equally square look at cigars? What are the arguments for smoking, anyway?"

Charlie laughed. "It is something I never took the trouble to argue about. Smoking is a luxury, I suppose—a harmless one, I think, and therefore I indulge?"

"Then you don't do it for the glory of God?"

"Aunt Hannah, I hope you will pardon me for saying so, but honestly, that sounds almost irreverent to me."

"What does—the not living up to it, or the talking about it?"

"The trying to apply such solemn words to a trivial indulgence."

"Bless me! how can I help it? I didn't make the application. 'Whatsoever ye do,' is the exact phrase. If the Bible is irreverent, I'm not to be blamed for it."

"But, my dear auntie, do you honestly think the verse applies to our everyday movements in the way you are trying to fit it?"

"What does it mean?"

"Why, it refers, in a general way, to our living consistent Christian lives—being careful to do nothing that will bring discredit on the cause."

"Why doesn't it say so, then?"

"That is just what I think it has done. That is the way I interpret the verse, and the only reasonable interpretation that I think it will bear."

"If you had written a letter to me, the object of which was to admonish me in a general way to be careful that I did nothing to bring discredit on your father's family, would you have written: 'Now, Aunt Hannah, whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of our family?'"

"Aunt Hannah, you're famous for putting a fellow into a corner."

"I haven't put you in any corner; you have put yourself there. I advise you to study logic before you make a commentary. It is as plain as the rule of three. There is the direction from One whom we acknowledge has a right to direct us. Now, smoking is either for the glory of God, or else it isn't. If it isn't according to the rule, what right have you to it? and, if it is, you ought to be able to tell me how it fits."

"Aunt Hannah, how does that fit?" The nephew nodded his head toward the old-fashioned, roomy carriage, drawn by two sleek horses, which was at this minute coming around the curve that led from Miss Perkins's ample barn. "Now, that is a nice, comfortable carriage, and I daresay you take great pleasure in riding around in it, and I know our folks enjoy it ever so much but how does it fit into your new notions?"

"They are not my notions, Charlie Parker. You needn't go to comforting yourself with the idea that I have anything to do with the getting up of that verse. Take your Bible as soon as you go home, and see if I haven't quoted it word for word. As to how that carriage fits in, I don't know. I see it is going to be one of my puzzles. I don't believe it will puzzle me quite as badly as your cigars will you, for I can think this minute of ways in which I might use the carriage and horses to his glory, and, in my opinion, you will have a hard time to do the same about smoking."

Miss Perkins trotted in full of new ideas. Her nephew was very dear to her, and his habit of smoking had long been a trial that she had endured in silence, not feeling safe

as to what was best to say. But the innocent-looking ruffles on her quiet dress, and the sleek horses attached to her comfortable carriage, had each given her a twinge. It was not that they held special troubles, but that they represented a legion of plans and occupations, and comforts and delights that puzzled her because they did not seem to fit. —National S. S. Teacher.

FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.

"I'm a working man and never could see any reason why I shouldn't have my two pints of beer every day, a pint for dinner and a pint for supper; never more, never less."

"I'm a moderate man," I've said many and many times; "and I honor moderate men more than those who are obliged to take a pledge, because they can't be moderate men."

So, quite satisfied with my position as a moderate man, I never thought of joining any teetotal society; I was temperate, and that was enough.

I was going to the public-house one day during the dinner-hour (my work was too far away for me to go home to dinner) when I met Will Smith. I hadn't seen him for many years, and didn't even know he had come to my part of the world. We fell to talking, and I found he'd had hard times and little food, but he hoped to start off to work next day.

We stood outside the public-house while he told me all this, so I said "I'll stand you a pint to-day, Will, I'm going in for mine;" and we turned into the public-house together.

We drank our beer, and went out into the street in company, and Will walked a little way with me. I thought he looked rather flushed when I said good-bye at the corner of the street, but I noticed nothing particular about him.

I was returning home that evening and met a neighbor, "What's come over you, Tom?" he asked. "I thought you boasted that you were a moderate drinker, and never took more than your pint for dinner and pint for supper?"

"No more I do."

"How much did you take at dinner-time to-day? and what did you give that fellow I saw standing alongside of you?"

"We had a pint each; why?"

"Because he's been taken off to the lock-up for being the worse for drink, and fighting."

"That's no fault of mine; he must have had more after I left him."

"Well, I should think it a fault to induce a fellow to drink. Why did you not give him the money the drink cost you? He might then have done some good with it."

Though I excused myself, I went home feeling very uncomfortable. I told my wife what I had done, and what I had heard. She tried to excuse me; but it wasn't much use—my conscience bothered me, and a voice kept whispering, "It's your pint of beer that's done the mischief."

Next day Will was taken before the magistrates and fined for being drunk. He had no money to pay the fine with, so he had to go to prison, and thus lost his situation.

Upon enquiry, I found my treating him had done the mischief. I learnt my lesson and the meaning of the words, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

My one pint had caused Will Smith to offend, and had injured his prospects in life; from that time I gave up drink for the sake of others. —Friendly Greetings.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.—No man's public rights will be invaded if it is decided, as we think it ought to be, that total abstinence is that form of temperance which should be enjoined in the schools. The subject belongs fairly and wholly within that range of practical matters affecting the state, upon which the state has a right to give judgment; and it lies, too, in the appropriate region of school-life. We do not think, therefore, that any man has a right to be offended, whatever his own personal opinion or practice may be, if he finds that the principles of total abstinence are laid down and commended in our public schools. And no school authorities anywhere ought to hesitate in causing such instruction to be given. It is the safe course, assuredly, for the children and for the public, and no one may fairly object. —The Congregationalist.

"MISS POSITIVE."

The girls called her that, because she was always so sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school, the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers. One morning Ida had such a funny verse, it made the scholars all laugh, and even Miss Hartley had to pucker her lips a little to keep sober.

This was the verse, repeated in Ida's gravest tone:

"It never rains but it pours."

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it; except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!" so she said; and if they didn't believe it, they might ask Miss Hartley.

So at recess they all asked Miss Hartley at once:

"Miss Hartley, is there such a verse?" "Miss Hartley, there isn't! is there?"

And Miss Hartley had to say that, so far as she had read the Bible, or heard it read, she certainly had never heard any such verse in it.

But Miss Positive was not convinced. She shook her pretty brown head, and said she couldn't help it, it was in the Bible; in the Book of Proverbs, and she could bring the book to school to show them.

Miss Hartley said this would be the very best thing to do. So, the next day came Ida, looking pleased and happy, with a little bit of a book in her hand, and pointing her finger in triumph to the verse in large letters:

"It never rains but it pours."

"But, dear child," said Miss Hartley, "don't you know that this isn't a Bible?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said Ida; "it is out of the Bible, every word of it; don't you see it says Proverbs on the cover? Everybody knows that Proverbs is in the Bible."

Then the girls all laughed again; and Miss Hartley explained that the book was a collection of the wise sayings of different men, and that they were called proverbs, because they had so much meaning in them and were used so much.

After a good deal of talk, Ida had to own that she was mistaken, and that there wasn't a word of the Bible in her book from beginning to end. Then how her naughty little playmates teased her!

At the play-hour, they buzzed around her like so many mosquitos, and giggled, and asked her if she "got caught in the rain," and if it "poured hard to-day," and ever so many other silly things that they seemed to think were funny.

Ida stood it very well. At last she said, "I've got a verse for tomorrow that is surely in the Bible; Uncle Ed found it for me: 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my

mouth; keep the door of my lips.' And girls, in spite of all your teasing, I'm going to try to keep the door shut." Then all the owners of these naughty tongues slipped away, one by one, looking ashamed. It wasn't the thing to say so much just about a mistake. —*Children's Paper.*

BE PUNCTUAL.

Capt. Jones was the owner of a fine sailing-boat, and being fond of boys, he arranged one Saturday afternoon to take several of them out on a boating excursion. At the time appointed all of them were there but one, John Gay, a boy who was noted for his want of promptness and punctuality. All the other boys were ready, and anxious at once to enter the boat, but John did not make his appearance. And they urged Capt. Jones to go immediately.

"Hadn't you better wait for

And the boys did come, and the captain with them. And in about fifteen minutes afterward down came John to the place of meeting, in a great hurry, and was greatly disappointed to find they had all gone. "Dear me!" he said, "it's too bad. I do think it's too bad that no one will ever wait for me."

There are too many people like John Gay. They lose in both pleasures and privileges by not being punctual. Washington once said to his secretary, who was behind time at an appointment, and who said that his watch was not right, "You must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." And at a committee meeting, where one of his eight members was fifteen minutes behind the appointed time, a sensible Quaker said, "Friend, I am sorry thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but what

Let every young person learn this lesson and act upon it, and you will be astonished to see how much you can accomplish, and how surely you will gain the confidence of others. —*Child's Paper.*

WHERE IS IT?

"Walter," said a sick father to his little boy one day, "be sure to drop this letter in the office on your way to school. I have no one else to send with it, and it must go by this mail."

"Yes, papa," said Walter, as he ran off. His mind was so full of other things, that he forgot the letter until he went up into his father's room again just before dinner time.

"Oh, papa, I forgot your letter. I'll run off now to the office," he said, getting ready to leave the room.

"I am so sorry," said his father. "It was very important that it should go by that mail. You have made a great deal of trouble and expense for me and others by neglecting it."

"I am sorry," began Walter.

"I will forgive you," said his father, "but do be more careful another time."

Walter ran to the office and then sat down to his dinner.

"Mamma, did you save the fruit for me I was not well enough to eat yesterday?" he asked, when he had satisfied his hunger.

"I gave it to Ellen to put away for you. Get it for Walter, dear," his mother said, turning to her little daughter.

"Oh, mamma, I forgot," said Ellen, half crying. "I left it on the table, and—"

"And sure I thought it was for meself," said Bridget, "and I ate it up."

"You ought to have remembered it," said Walter angrily to his sister. "If you cared anything for me you would have done so. I'll never do anything for you again."

"Oh, Walter," said his mother sadly, as Ellen ran out of the room crying, "you remind me—"

But I think I will not tell you, my little friends, of what Walter's mother was reminded. It was of one of the parables of our Saviour. Please see if you can find it out for yourselves, and *all by yourselves*, if possible. If necessary, your mothers can tell you in what book we read it. I am glad I did not finish the story, as I meant to, because I want you to search the Scriptures as much as possible. —*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE CHINESE BABY.

This baby seems to be enjoying himself in his peculiar looking cradle made of thickly twisted straw. He is standing on a brazier containing heated charcoal to keep himself warm and playing with a string of beads, just as any baby in this country delights to do.



THE CHINESE BABY.

John Gay," asked the captain, "so he won't be left?"

"How long have we waited already?" said Edwin Ross.

"Nearly half an hour," said another, "and I would not wait any longer."

"No," said Will Leslie, who was a leader of the boys, "I would not wait any longer. There's no use waiting for John; he never was ready in season for anything. He's late at his breakfast, late at dinner, late in going to bed, and late in getting up. All his mother can do never gets him started for school in season. If he is sent anywhere, he never goes in time. He was going to his uncle's last week by the railway, but was so late in going to the train that he was left behind. He's always late, and I'm not for being bothered for him any more. Come along."

is worse, thee has wasted the time of every one of us seven—in all two hours; and this thee had no right to do."

Begin early to be punctual in everything, and soon you will form the habit of punctuality, and this will be of benefit to yourself and of comfort to others as long as you live. Be prompt in obeying your parents, in learning your lessons, in going to school and to church and to Sunday-school; prompt and punctual in doing whatever you have to do, and it will aid you to success in everything. "How can you accomplish so much as you do?" said a friend to one of the most enterprising and successful business men in a large city. "By having a time and place for everything," was the answer, "and doing everything promptly at its time."

FOLLOWING JESUS,

Harry, Mary, Elsie and Theodore had come down for their Sunday afternoon "lessons" with mamma. First they each said the books of the Bible, which they were required to repeat every Sunday.

They knew them pretty correctly, except that Elsie and Theodore were apt to put some of the Epistles in the wrong order. Then came their hymns, and, this "hard work" being over, they all settled themselves with great content to be read to. The elder ones chose for themselves those chairs they considered most comfortable, while Theodore lay on the rug with his head on a cushion, as the best position he could find for giving full attention to the reading.

The call of the apostles (Matt. iv. 18-22) came in the course of the lesson: "They straightway left their nets, and followed Him." "They immediately left the ship and their father, and followed Him."

"Was it right to leave their father?" asked Mary.

"Yes, dear, it must have been right, and we have no reason to think the father had no one left to help him. Christ called certain men to be His companions, and to be witnesses to the world of His mighty works. Perhaps we may not quite understand all that the calling of the apostles means,

but there is a lesson in this passage for every one of us. Perhaps you do not see how we can leave our nets to follow Jesus, but I think I do."

"How, mother?"

"Well, what was it Peter and Andrew did? They left what they wanted to do, to do what the Lord Jesus wanted them to do. Now we can all do that; you, dear children, and mother too. This afternoon, for instance, perhaps mother was tired, and would rather have read her book than given you your lessons; but the Bible tells her to teach her children out of God's Word, and she feels bound to do it. Sometimes the children are told to do things they would much rather not do, but the Bible says, 'Children, obey

your parents,' and if they do it cheerfully for His sake, because He tells them, then they are doing what pleases Him for them to do, as much as if it were some great thing."

A smile went round the little faces, and Theodore said, "Yes, I see; for instance, we are very happy playing in the playroom, and nurse says we have to come for a walk. That is a little like it."

"Yes, dears, and it may be that some day the Lord Jesus may tell you to do more than these little things to please Him. He may say to you that He wants you to be missionaries for Him, and really leave all for Him; but now every day when we leave off doing something that we enjoy, or

to see at all. She had never once beheld the bright sun, the twinkling stars, the beautiful sky, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the birds, or any of those pleasant things which we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy.

"She was all by herself, poor little thing. There was neither father nor mother, relative nor friend, to be with her and take care of her on her journey, and yet she was contented and happy.

"Tell me," she said on getting into the carriage, 'how many people are in this carriage, for I am blind, and can't see anything.' A gentleman asked her 'if she was not afraid?' 'No,' she said, 'I am not afraid. I have travelled before. I trust in God, and know

"I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus; but the chapters she most loved to hear were the last two chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a pocket Bible with me, so I took it out and read those chapters to her as we went along."

"When I had done she began to talk about heaven. 'Only think,' she said, 'how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then the Lord Jesus will be there; for it says, the Lamb is the light thereof; and we shall always be with Him. There will be no night there. But best of all, there will be no blind people in heaven. I shall see Jesus there, and all the beautiful things in

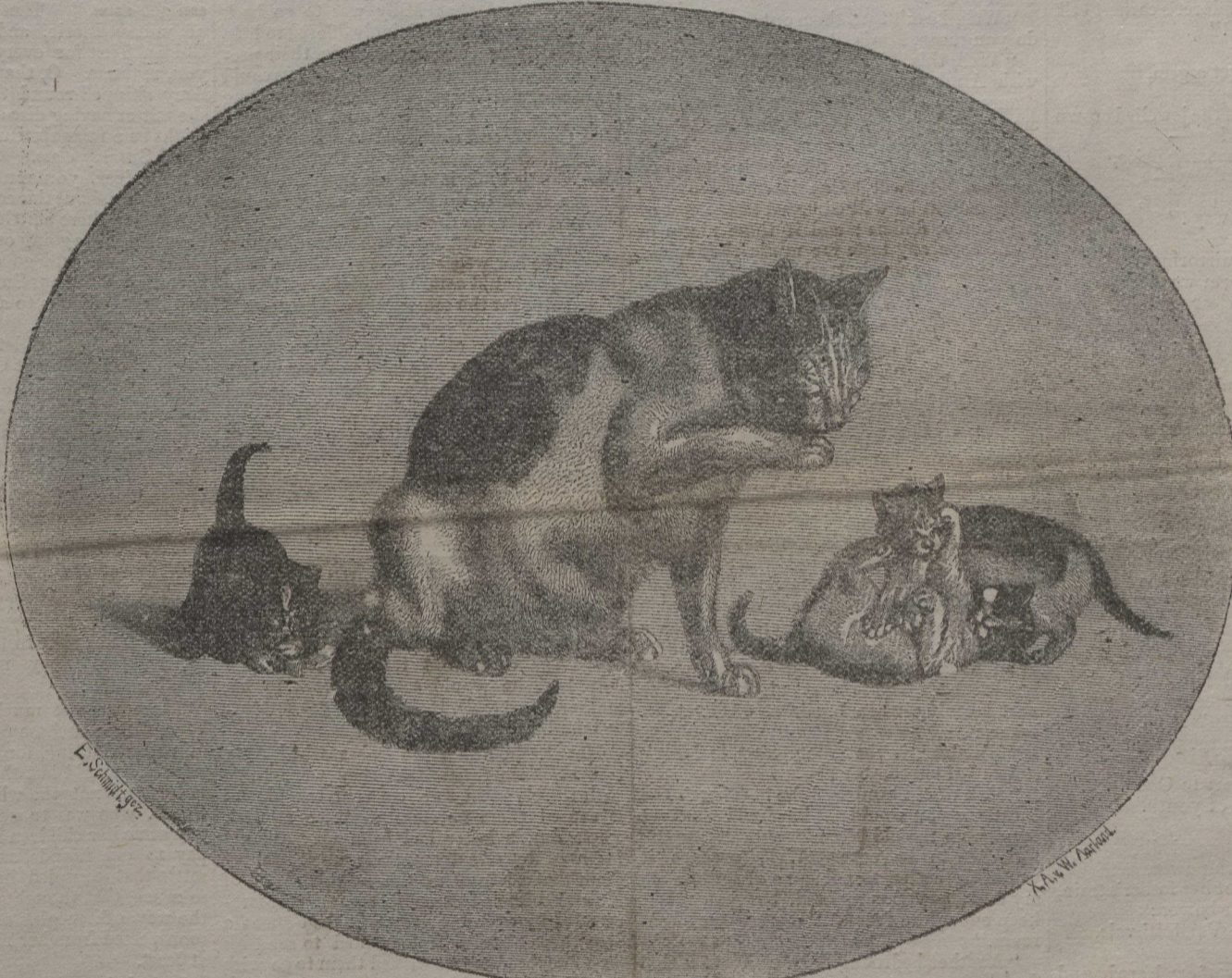
heaven; won't that be glorious?"

Now think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking such pleasure in talking about Jesus. Think of the joy she felt in hearing the account of heaven, where there is no sorrow or night. If belonging to Jesus could make a poor blind child like this so happy, then the family made up of those who know and love Him must be a happy family.—*Selected.*

SOME SABBATH-KEEPING BIRDS.—At a young ladies' school near Bristol, England, it is customary for the pupils, on week days, to eat their noon luncheon on the playgrounds. The sparrows soon found out

that crumbs were dropped on the ground, and they would gather in large numbers, just before twelve, wait till the girls had eaten their lunch and then scramble for their own feast. On Sundays, the pupils went to church and dined indoors, a fact which the sparrows quickly learned, and so they never came on that day. They seemed to have some way of giving this information to each other, and also of notifying when noon was drawing near.—*Congregationalist.*

MEN IN RESPONSIBLE SITUATIONS cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations or by such motives as can only affect themselves.—*Washington.*



do something we dislike because we believe the Lord Jesus wishes it, we may think of the apostles leaving their nets, and remember that the Bible tells us that every little tiny thing may be done to the glory of God, 'whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do.'

"I think being a missionary is most like it," said Harry.—*Word and Work.*

THE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

"The happiest child I ever saw," says an English clergyman, "was a little girl I once met when travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going up to London, and we travelled a good many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind; had never been able

that He will take care of me."

"But I soon found out why she was so happy. It was because she loved Jesus. I began to talk with her about the Bible, and I was surprised to find how much she knew about it. She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit; but how it was to be seen everywhere now!

"Then she talked about Jesus. She told me of the agony in the garden of Gethsemane; of His sweating great drops of blood; of the soldiers nailing Him to the cross; of the spear piercing His side, and the blood and water coming out. 'Oh,' she said, 'how very good it was of Him to die for us; and such a cruel death!'"



The Family Circle.

TRADITION OF THE VAUDOIS.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"Oh, lady fair! these silks of mine—
Are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom,
Which beauty's self might wear;
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
And with radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way—
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
Through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view
His silks and glittering pearls,
And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
And lightly she turned away;
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair! I have yet a gem,
Which purer lustre flings
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
On the lofty brow of kings—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay—
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel
Where her youthful form was seen—
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Her clasping pearls between:
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took;
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—
May it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—
For the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went on his way—
But the gem he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On the high-born maiden's mind;
And she hath turned from the pride of sin
To the loveliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God
In the beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,
Where an evil faith hath power,
And the courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are bound
In the perfect love of God!

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glauca," &c.

CHAPTER II.—THE TWO SISTERS.

Mr. Curtis was absent from home nearly a fortnight, and Mrs. Curtis was much exercised in her mind as to the cause of this lengthened delay in her husband's return. Nothing had been said in his home letters, but she had a dim foreboding that her brother-in-law's affairs were in some confusion, and she was in fear lest her husband should burden himself with any responsibility concerning the widow and two orphan girls.

"I wish he would come home or explain just how matters are, and then I should know what to do," she said irritably, when talking to her sister one day.

"Well, my dear, if things are as you fear, depend upon it, John will undertake to educate the two girls," said Miss West, settling herself back in the rocking-chair.

"Nonsense, Maria; he would never be so foolish, with our children to educate, too. Besides they are both older than Milly now—old enough to leave school."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. It is not

often I am wrong," remarked Miss West, and in this she was correct. Her shrewdness gave her a wonderful insight into most things, and had helped to foster the ascendancy she certainly exercised over her more indolent, though elder, sister.

"Now, my dear, suppose my surmise is correct," began Miss West, after a pause, "what do you mean to do?"

"Do! Why I won't allow him to throw his money away upon strangers. I tell you, Maria, for all we seem so wealthy, I have enough to do to make ends meet sometimes."

"But you see the difficulty is, these two girls are not strangers, but your nieces, and I think I have heard John say he was under obligation to this brother."

Mrs. Curtis winced. "I'm sure I don't know anything about it," she said.

"Well, you may forget, but John won't; and so you may prepare yourself to receive these girls."

"What do you mean, Maria?"

"Why, I should not be surprised if John brought them along with him to send them to school with Milly."

"But we couldn't afford it, I tell you."

"John won't think much of that, I fancy. But now suppose they do come, what do you mean to do?"

"Well, I can't turn them out, can I? What do you mean, Maria?"

"Well, this. You want Milly to go back with Augusta Crane—I think it is such a chance as should not be neglected—but you are afraid John will object through the old prejudice against convent schools. Now, you propose that the three girls should go together. It will be an immense saving; the girls will be well educated at the cost of only a few dollars; and if these nieces of yours have any taste for music they might be trained for music teachers, and so be put in the way of earning a very genteel livelihood for themselves by and by."

"Maria, how clever you are!" exclaimed her sister. "I should never have thought of such a plan."

The shrewd lady was not far out in her surmises concerning Mr. Curtis, and what he proposed doing for his orphan nieces; but she would have laughed could she have known the trepidation he felt at the thought of proposing the plan to his wife. He quite meant to carry it out. He always did have his own way when he had once made up his mind about anything; but he dreaded the nagging, and sighs and groans, and visions of poverty his wife would conjure up when she heard of the plan, and so it was with a troubled, anxious face that he greeted them upon his arrival. Nothing was said about his brother's affairs that night, but the next morning, when breakfast was over, he began:

"My dear, is that room next to Milly's still full of old lumber?"

"Full of old lumber, John! There's the furniture you would not have sold when we came from the old house."

"Ah! to be sure. Well, perhaps it would be better to sell some of it after all, my dear, as you proposed, but you might keep enough to furnish it decently as a bedroom."

"Another bedroom, John! What is that for?"

"Well, my dear, the fact is, poor Bob's affairs are in some confusion. Fanny is going to her own people for a time, and I have asked the girls to come here. They can go to school with Milly, you know."

For answer Mrs. Curtis burst into tears—real tears—for this argued to her nothing less than a total forgetfulness of her interests on the part of her husband, and a cruel desertion of his own children, and she brought out her complaint in a storm of angry sobs and tears.

"Now, Esther, do be reasonable. What less can I do for these poor girls? I wish you could see how broken-hearted they are, poor things."

"But—but you don't consider your own children, John. These girls ought to get their own living."

"Well, perhaps they may, by and by. They might learn to teach something themselves, but they are not fit for that yet."

By degrees Mrs. Curtis grew more calm, and then spoke of Augusta Crane, and how greatly she had improved, and how much better she had learned every thing at this convent school.

But at the word "convent" Mr. Curtis took alarm, and declared no child of his should ever go to one; but by degrees his

wife managed to persuade him that this prejudice was, after all, very unreasonable, since Augusta had assured her that the most perfect religious liberty was allowed to the girls.

"Well, my dear, I don't know much about this matter, certainly, but I have always heard that this education plan is entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, and—"

"But, my dear, Augusta Crane has been there a whole year, and she must know how everything is managed by this time. It is not as though the Cranes were Catholics either; they always go to the Methodist Episcopal Church, you know."

"Yes, Crane is all right in that direction. Well, I will think about it."

"And I will write to Mrs. Robert Curtis to-morrow, and tell her the girls are going to school near New York, and Milly can pick up Amy and Florence on her way instead of their coming on here."

"Very well, my dear," and Mrs. Curtis knew the battle was won, and she might commence her preparations for Milly's departure. It was very grand, she thought, to send her daughter to school with a young lady who kept her own maid—a French maid, too—for Augusta had brought one home with her from school, and as soon as Annette heard that Milly was to go back with them she most obligingly offered to help Mrs. Curtis and her daughter in their preparations whenever her young mistress could spare her, and Augusta being quite willing to do this, Annette often found her way to Mrs. Curtis', and contrived to make herself so useful and so necessary to that lady that Mrs. Curtis took it into her head she must keep a maid to do her hair and trim her hats and alter her dresses. She could afford to do it, she argued, for Annette would more than save her wages in dress-maker's bills, if only she could secure somebody as handy as Annette for the same wages Augusta paid her.

The obliging maid promised to make enquiries when she returned to the convent. They had an orphan school, she said, distinct from the ladies' school, and it might be that one of the girls educated there, as she had been, would be glad to take Mrs. Curtis' situation, unless Augusta would be willing to change maids when she got back, which Mrs. Curtis thought was very unlikely.

So the affair was settled, that a maid should be sent on approval, if one could be found. Just before they left, however, Mrs. Curtis heard that Mrs. Crane was likewise in want of a maid, and wished Annette to stay with her, but Augusta declared she could not travel without her help, but she would send her back to her mother, if possible, if she could get another to take her place.

Meanwhile, the news had reached Amy and Florence Curtis that they were to go with their cousin to a convent school, and it caused them no small surprise at first. Their aunt's letter had been very quickly followed by one from their uncle, telling them that a school in the neighborhood of New York had been so strongly recommended by a young lady who had spent a year there, that he had decided to send his own daughter and he wished them to go with her. They would be company for each other, he said, and the three together might mutually help each other if there should be any religious difficulty, which he did not anticipate, however, as he had been assured that the most perfect liberty was allowed in this matter.

The widow herself seemed too much overcome with grief to feel either surprise or alarm at anything that was proposed; and Florence, the younger daughter, was almost as broken-hearted as her mother.

Amy, however, who had always in some sort been a little mother to her sister, although only a year older, at once began discussing the plan with all its advantages and disadvantages.

"Look here, Florie, we shall have a capital chance for getting on with our music. I have always heard they take no end of pains with music at these convent schools, and if we can only become proficient in that, we might teach by and by, and keep mamma like a lady."

"Yes, my dear; I am very glad you will have a chance to learn properly now. I have no doubt your uncle has made every enquiry or he would not send your cousin so far away from home—for a whole year,

"Yes, mamma, I dare say he has; but still

I don't like that part of it, Fancy being a whole year without going to church."

"Without going to church! what do you mean, Amy? Your uncle says there is perfect religious liberty."

"Yes, I know, but still I don't believe that means that we shall be allowed to go to our own church or Sunday-school."

"My dear, if I thought—but no, I am sure your uncle has quite satisfied himself upon this point, or your cousin would not be going there, and so I shall make myself quite easy about this matter, only you must write to me very often, both of you."

"Oh yes, mamma, and you must write to us every week, at least," said Florence. "And tell us all about the church you go to, and the Sunday-school. I wonder whether they are the same in the South as here!" added Amy.

"I have no doubt they are, and if you do not go to Sunday-school yourselves, you might get a little class together and study the very same lessons as they are studying everywhere else."

"Oh, so we might, Amy; we will get as many of the International Lesson papers as we can before we go and mamma can send them on to us afterward."

"Oh yes, do, mamma, and all the notes you can get as well. That was a good thought of yours, Florie, and we can learn the Golden Text for every Sunday, as well as you, mamma. O, that will be nice." And Amy skipped round the room in the relief she felt at having discovered something that might be a fair substitute for her own much-loved Sunday class.

"My dear, you must write and tell me everything about this convent school. I wish I could stay here a little longer, just to know how things are going on."

"O, things will go on beautifully now I have thought of our Sunday-school lessons," said Amy, anxious to allay the fears she had herself aroused.

"I hope they will let you all go to church—to some Protestant Church, I mean."

"Well, perhaps they will if there are a lot of Protestant girls there. At all events, they cannot make Catholics of us while we have our Sunday-school papers to remind us of things; so be sure you don't forget, mother, to send us lots and lots—everything you can get hold of that will explain the lessons to us, for fear we should have no other teacher."

Mrs. Curtis gave the required promise, and proposed that they should go that very afternoon to the bookstore and buy what they could at once in the way of books and papers, that they might be ready for packing.

There was not much preparation needed beyond the purchase of a few more articles of under-clothing, for their dresses were all new, and would last them for some months, at least, if not the whole year. But Mrs. Curtis, who was to start for Richmond the day after her children left her, had visits to pay to old friends, and business matters to settle that occupied her time and attention so much, that thoughts of the difficulties in the way of her girls at this convent school soon passed from her mind—for the present, at least.

It had been arranged that Mr. Curtis should bring Milly the day before that on which she was to arrive at school, that the cousins might become acquainted before going among strangers. Augusta Crane and her maid, Annette, who were travelling with them, were to stay at a hotel in the city during this time, for Mr. Curtis was not sufficiently taken with Augusta to propose taking her with them to his sister-in-law's, and when Milly saw what a small house her aunt lived in, she was very glad Augusta had not been invited.

She was quite prepared to like her cousins from her father's description of them, but she was not going to give herself up exclusively to them. Augusta Crane should be her chosen companion and dear friend, she was resolved, although Augusta had given some signs on their journey of not being specially desirous of her company. She told Amy at once of this dear friend who kept a lady's maid to attend her, even at school, and Amy being duly impressed by the unusual grandeur of her cousin's friend, Milly became even more friendly and confidential, and suggested that they should try and get rooms near each other. She had heard that the rules of the convent were that two young ladies should have a bed room between them. She hoped to share Augusta Crane's, of course,

and wished her cousins to be next to them if possible.

She did not have much to say to Florence. She seemed a poor, spiritless girl to Milly, but Amy might be useful by and by, and so the two girls laughed and chatted, exchanged confidences, and made plans for the future, so that all Mr. Curtis' fears for the future of his daughter and nieces were dispelled. If only the girls kept together and were on good terms with each other they would be all right, they would prove a mutual safeguard to each other, and no harm could happen to them. So that it was with the greatest satisfaction he saw Milly and Amy were mutually pleased with each other, for he knew that his nieces had been more carefully trained in many things than his own daughter, and possessed religious principles that were not so likely to give way before the stress of temptation as Milly's, and the last of his fears were set at rest when Amy assured him she would write to him as well as her mother and tell him how every thing was managed at this convent school.

(To be Continued.)

THE FRENCH TEXT.

A long row of beds, most of them occupied, only a few empty, and a great many pale faces that seemed familiar with pain. This is what they saw as they stood there, that old gentleman and the little girl. It was no strange sight to them, this scene of suffering; they went there often to visit the sick and the friendless, and they loved to do so.

There were many who lay week after week in that hospital, with those dear to them far away, who had no friend to come and sit by their bedside sometimes, and help to pass the weary hours. To these the two came to speak some cheering word, to these they brought some little gift—an orange, or a book. And the sick folk loved to watch for the appearance of the gray-headed gentleman and the little girl.

To-day they were speaking to nurse.

"Who is that man yonder in the farthest bed? It is a new face, and he looks like a foreigner."

"Yes, sir," nurse answered, "he is a French sailor, and met with a fearful accident a few days ago. They brought him here, but he understands only a word or two of English; his ship has left, and he has no one to speak to him in his own language. I sometimes listen to him, sir," she added, "murmuring to himself, but of course I do not understand—it sounds gibberish to me. Perhaps little missy would not mind speaking in French to him; he would be very pleased, I'm sure."

The gentleman looked down at the child who was holding his hand.

"Will you go, Mabel, and speak to the poor fellow? You could manage a few words?" he asked.

"Oh, father!" and she spoke in a distressed tone, "I could not do it well enough."

How could she who only knew a little, very little, French, attempt to speak to this strange man so imperfectly in his own language? Now, if only her big brother had been there he could have done it so well, for he had lived a year in France; but she—what could she do? She did not know what to say to him; he would not understand, perhaps. Oh, how she wished she had got on better, instead of being so backward!

These thoughts were passing through her mind, and her father saw her hesitate.

"Afraid to attempt it, I suppose," he said; "I cannot speak a word of French myself; so I am no good, you see."

But a bright idea had struck the little maiden.

"Father," she whispered, "shall I tell him my French text?"

"Yes, do, darling; that will be better than anything else you can say."

Her French text was one that she had learned by heart from a French Bible, that was given to her but a week or two before. It had been some little labor to learn it, but at last it was fixed firmly in her memory; and how glad she was now that she could leave her text with the poor sufferer, for perhaps he had never heard it before.

Many eyes were turned toward the bright little creature with the golden hair, as she walked down that long ward alone, and the sun, bursting in at the window, seemed to follow and dance by her side. Timidly she approached the bed in the farthest corner, for had not nurse said he had met with a fearful accident? and she shrank from the thought of what suffering he must be going

through even now, for the eyes were closed, and the mouth drawn as if with pain.

She paused. What if he were dying? The face was very death-like, and he lay there very still. But no; the sound of footsteps, soft and quiet though they were, had caught his ear; the weary eyes opened and fixed their gaze upon the child as she stood beside the bed.

Slowly, very slowly, the gentle little voice repeated the words, "Car Dieu a tellement aime le monde qu'il a donne son Fils unique, afin que quiconque croit en lui ne perisse point, mais qu'il ait la vie eternelle;" and then she turned away.

Strange that this little girl should have given that message to him, stranger still he had heard those very words before. But where? His memory was clouded, he could not remember. Once more those heavy eyelids closed, for even thought was wearisome.

Another sleepless night of tossing to and fro followed, and more days of suffering, but ever those words were sounding in his ears. Oh! where had he heard them before? Strange, he could not help thinking of them. And then came days when the pain was easier, days of calm and quiet, and the mind, before so clouded, was clear at last. Again and yet again, that vision seemed to come before him. It was, he thought, a little angel face that had appeared for such a brief moment, and the soft voice kept sounding in his ears the words he could not forget. It was a message to him—a message from God.

At last it came clearly before him; he saw it all. The little church, the old pasteur, and he, a boy sitting at his father's side, listening to the very words that had now been told to him again. He had not heeded them much then, but now he remembered the solemn question put to the little congregation years ago: "If you were to die to-day, should you perish or have everlasting life?" Of the everlasting life he did not feel sure, for he had been a sinner he knew full well, and what sinner could hope for everlasting life?

Some one had placed a French Bible by his bedside, and in this he read that God was love, that Christ his beloved Son came not to die for the righteous but for sinners, that He would freely bestow forgiveness on all who asked Him, that He had said, "Come unto Me." And the sailor prayed. Did ever sinner plead with the Saviour for pardon in vain?

Frequently the sufferer turned his wistful gaze toward the door, long did he watch for the little figure that had stood beside his bed—but she never came again. It so happened that she was called away to another part of the country, to visit some relatives; but that one simple text had done its work: the message she had delivered remained like a seed to spring up and bear after its kind. When after some months she returned home, it was a glad story her father had to tell of the change wrought by these blessed words. The sailor had recovered, and gone forth rejoicing in hope.—Sunday at Home.

CONVENIENCES FOR SABBATH KEEPING.

The first summer that Ned Perry spent at his father's new country house, he made friends with Burt Niles, who lived next door. Burt was a bright boy, who had "seen everything," as Ned declared. This feat he accomplished when travelling with his parents for six months. Of course he had many adventures to relate to Ned, who told them in turn to his mother.

One day Ned said to her: "The Niles could not keep the Sabbath holy in Europe."

"Indeed, why not?"

"Oh, Burt says there were no conveniences, so they had to do as other folks did. They went to military shows, parks, theatres, and climbed mountains just as they did on other days."

"What are the conveniences, Ned, for remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy?"

"Oh, churches (not Catholic ones), Sunday-schools, peace and quietness, I suppose. Over there he says they don't shut up shops or stop work unless it is for some excursion or fun or a holiday."

"I see what you mean, but I know of a worse place. It was out in the mining regions where Sunday was the day that the men drank most, fought, gambled, and often murdered one another. One time a new man came to a little settlement, and, what was very uncommon, brought his wife and boy like you. He looked as rough and worked as hard as the rest did for six days,

and when it came the seventh there were none of the conveniences you speak of, so he thought he might as well break the Sabbath. He told his wife he believed he would walk about a little, drop into the 'Corners' may be; but Billy had better stay with her.

"When he started the woman knew that in a week or two Billy would follow. There was nothing interesting outside the drinking saloon, rough and dirty as the place was. She put on her bonnet and went to find another woman, who had not much good in her except a fine voice. She could sing popular songs, and everybody liked to listen. Billy's mother sang very well and so could Billy. She carried a little book to the woman and offered to teach her some new songs. When they proved to be hymns the woman might not have cared for them, but this mother made her think of her own, dead for years. They had a long talk together, and concluded that the conveniences for keeping the day in the best way were after all inside not outside of them. The good singer promised to come to the other's cabin and spend the afternoon. About midday the father came home; he had found the rioting a little too much, probably later he would have got used to it with the rest. A little while after that the noisy miners began to hear clear sweet voices singing in the cabin not far away. They went to the door and listened. A few jeered at the words they heard; but not many, for they seldom heard melody of any kind. Half a dozen of them deliberately strolled out and sat down on the rocks near the new miner's door. They shouted out for more when they liked any tune, and were a queer company; but they heard almost every hymn in the book. Billy's mother was happy, for she was thinking all the time, 'If my husband and my boy have no Sunday they will lose all good. If I do my best to keep it for and with them, God will bless and help us, for it is his day.'

"Next Sunday there was a little audience all about on the rocks, and Billy's mother sat in the door and read one of Christ's lovely parables out loud. The miners said she had a right to do what she wanted in her own house, and they guessed they could stand a little Bible. Women were scarce and it was nice to look on a good one. The truth was, they felt it was better for them than the carousing at the 'Corners.'

"Before many weeks the other woman's heart was opened to new thoughts of God's love, to sorrow for her wicked life. She begged Billy's mother to tell her better ways, and she tried faithfully to walk in them. At the end of six months the miner's family moved away; but they left good behind them. Men had begun to realize that church spires, state laws, other people's habits, were not necessary conveniences for keeping holy the Sabbath, or for loving the Father in heaven. Don't you see, Ned, the heart is the place to keep the Sabbath. If you want to have it a beautiful, calm day, you can get some sort of a 'convenience outside.'

"Even in Europe, I think," said Ned. "Anywhere, Ned. Does Burt keep the Sabbath at home?"

"He does not go to Sunday-school."

"Well, don't tell him he is all wrong and you are all right, don't criticise him at all; but politely ask him to go with you next time, and by-and-by he will have all the 'conveniences' for doing right. He has them now, if he only knew it."—Child's Paper.

THE POWER OF PRAYER was well illustrated in an incident related by a missionary in the Fulton Street noon meeting. Fifteen young men banded themselves together to form a club for gay and frivolous pleasures. Two of the number were employed in a large store. Some of their fellow-clerks determined to pray for these two young men and indeed for all of the fifteen. They met each night for some weeks to pray. One night, as the two were about to proceed to a ball, one said to the other, "We have had enough of this folly; let us give it up and seek to become Christians." The other agreed, and they had scarcely exchanged vows when the village church bell rang out a call to the week-night prayer meeting. It seemed to these young men the voice of God. They attended the prayer-meeting, asked those assembled to pray for them, sought sincerely after a saving knowledge of Christ and were soon happy and devoted Christians. A gracious revival marked the history of the church and twelve more of the fifteen members of the pleasure club were among the fruits—the remaining one

moving away from the place, or in some way being lost sight of, but, for aught the speaker could say, also brought to the Saviour.—N. Y. Observer.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Whom did Nebuchadnezzar make governor of Judea after the destruction of Jerusalem?
14. What persons of note were led captive into Babylon?
15. What king had his life prolonged fifteen years in answer to prayer?
16. What sign was given to him that he should recover from his sickness?
17. Who was Elimelech?
18. Who slew eighty-five priests?
19. At whose instigation was this done?
20. Who was Ahimelech?
21. How many years did Moses rule Israel?
22. Who was his successor?
23. Who was called "The Word"?
24. Of whom did Christ say, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile"?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The king who reigned in Judea when Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus were returning from Egypt.
2. The birth-place of Jesus.
3. The king's father.
- 4-5. Two Moabitish women who married sons of Naomi.
6. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
7. A nationality Paul proudly claimed.
8. The tribunal before which he was brought when in Athens.
9. One who acted as prosecutor in the case of Paul before Felix.
10. A desert portion of Judea where John proclaimed the coming of Christ.
11. The name of the kingdom which he declared at hand.
12. The name given to Edom by Isaiah.
13. The land of promise, or the holy land.
14. The city in which David dwelt before Jerusalem was made the capital of Judea.
15. A son of one of the patriarchs, whose name signifies laughter.
16. His mother.
- 17-18. Two wives of King Ahasuerus.
- 19-20. Two of the sons of Jacob.

These initials compose an injunction of Paul to the Romans, in which he urges upon them the hatred of sin;

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 24.

276. Lions were sent among them which destroyed some of them because they feared not the Lord. 2 Kings xvii. 25.
277. He sent back one of the priests to teach the people how to worship God. 2 Kings xvii. 27, 28.
278. Against the city of Nineveh. Jonah i. 2.
279. Offering sacrifice himself instead of waiting for Samuel. 1 Sam. xiii.
280. The General of David's army.
281. The captain of Saul's hosts. 2 Sam. ii. 8.
282. To avenge the death of his brother Asahel. 2 Sam. iii. 27.
283. "Cursed be the man that eateth any food until evening that I may be avenged on mine enemies." 1 Sam. xiv. 24.
284. The people would not let Saul put him to death. 1 Sam. xv. 45.
285. David. 2 Sam. xxiii. 15, 16.
286. In Bethlehem. 2 Sam. xxiii. 15.
287. The Philistines.
288. By Nebuchadnezzar. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 13, 19.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

S aul.
O badiah.
L ot.
O rpah.
M anna.
O bed.
N un.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 24.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Sarah Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac; Agnes McMullan, 12 ac; Mary J. McMullan, 12 ac; E. B. Craig, 12 ac; Alexander George Burr, 12 ac; Annie D. Burr, 12; Joseph Dougan, 11 ac.
To No. 23.—Jane Patton, 12 ac; Sarah Patton, 12 ac; Mary Patton, 12 ac; Agnes McMullan, 12 ac; Mary J. McMullan, 12 ac; David W. McGee, 12; David Patterson, 11; William H. Simmons, 8; Arthur W. T. Hicks, 8; W. J. Beattie ac.

