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CAPTAIN CHARITY.

["Therefore he, the Kings' son addressed himself for this march, and taketh with him five noble captains and their forces. The third was that valiant captain the Captain Charity. His standard bearer was Mr. Pitiful, and he had ten thousand men at his feet."]

Bunyan's old story of the Holy War, or the Siege of Man-soul is not as well known as it used to be, probably it never was as well known as the Pilgrim's Progress, but there are still many to whom it will never cease to be dear. A recent English writer puts in a strong appeal on behalf of the few conservative folk who have not outgrown their love of allegory, and to whom the Bedford tinker will always be a great and intrepid champion, fighting on the side of right, goodness, purity and loving-kindness against all falsehood and tyranny and sin.

But he would make one change or addition to the story to bring it up close to modern requirements. Why, he asks, did Bunyan set this young soldier to the assault of Eye-gate?

He was needed there, no doubt, as he could ill be spared at any of the city ports; but if you or I had the writing of the story, should we not have given the command of Mouth-gate? It is curious that the author has so little to say about this entrance, which no modern Man-soul could afford to leave undefended. It was the sally-port, he tells us, the gate by which the citizens came and went, and stones were slung from it, and arrows sped from the archer's bow. The description, slight as it is, holds good to the present day. The same warfare still goes on, but the slingers and archers have grown a little more expert; the shooting is better, the aim more precise, and a good many people are hit over whose heads the stones and arrows might once have flown harmless.

It is an undisputed truth that in the two centuries since Bunyan lived, the world has learned to talk a great deal more, and to talk both foolishly and hurtfully. Is there

anything left undiscussed in our enlightened times? Is there anybody whose privacy is respected? Is there any life, the most modest and retiring, that is not in peril of being dragged into the open market and there commented on, canvassed, judged? And it stands to reason

that this old world of ours turned chatter-box must needs say many an ill-natured, spiteful, and unkind thing. Nobody who talks much but must often talk unwisely, and, indeed, if the comments were all good-natured and kind, wouldn't they lose their spice? How many society papers would

be bought and read if they lent their columns to nothing but the praise of virtue and the recording of good deeds? How many gossips would be welcomed at tea or dinner-tables if the malice were left out of the piquant little stories it is their business to circulate? They understand too well the weakness of human nature, and set themselves to please and amuse by hinting away a reputation here, exposing a foible there, pointing out the flaw in this fair surface, and forcing into the light all the mean, despicable, shabby little tricks and turns which might very well have escaped notice had they been allowed to remain in shadow.

Never was there a time when Mouth-gate stood in direr need of Captain Charity's services. Half of all this spiteful gossip, so lightly passed from lip to lip, is not meant in malice at all, and is spoken in sheer thoughtlessness; the world, even the gay and frivolous world, is good-tempered in the main, and has its generous and kindly impulses, but it wants to be amused, and it is amusing and pleasing too, to pick a neighbor to pieces and expose all his shortcomings, since it proves him to be no better than we pretend to be. We do not want him to be always towering a head and shoulders above us, and if we can pull him down to our own level, we seem already to have gained some inches ourselves.

Some years ago there lived in the city of London a young man who might have sat for Bunyan's soldier or one of Arthur's knights, "sworn to speak no slander; no nor listen to it." Foremost in his profession, and likely, as it seemed, to reap its highest honors, he was good at almost everything he attempted. Famous in his own little world as a cricketer, an oarsman, full of quiet fun, a keen observer, a wide reader—he was most loyally loved by the few who knew him well, though too quiet, too retiring, to do himself justice in a crowd. After his death, which oc-



CAPTAIN CHARITY.

W. M. POZOR
GALLON QUE
AUBERT

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHILD TRAINING.

One early step a child may be led to take is to require nothing from his mother that he can perform for himself. He can keep his material property out of her way and in order. This implies that his mother is an orderly woman with a place for everything and everything in its place, a place for everything of the child's within his knowledge and reach, and appreciation of his efforts towards order. Let him have a bottom bureau drawer for his clothes, a corner of the bottom shelf of the bookcase for his books. He will be happy to pull out his own book and respect his mother's ownership to all the others. Let him have a certain low hook for his cap and coat, and let him take them from the hook himself, as well as put them back after using. Let him above all things have a place he likes for his toys, which are the "tools of his trade."

To one little boy I know, who could only creep, his mother used to say twice every day, "It's time for your nap now, put your playthings away," and he would creep all over the room, bringing the scattered toys one at a time to their place, enjoying the work more than he had the previous play by far, because he felt that the attentive and approving eyes of his mother were following his motions. When he was older, and younger children had come to claim his mother's time, so that she could not follow up her requests always by attention and approval, his action was not uniformly so prompt, obedient and happy, but varied on his part as she had varied on hers. And she found it much harder, and more irksome, too, to bring back the old habit, than it had been to form it in the first place. It then became necessary not only to show disapproval of his new ways, which would have been a sufficient punishment in the old days, had it been required at all—as her approval was sufficient reward then—but to allow his disorder to be followed by its natural consequences, in accordance with the valuable advice given in Spencer's "Education." The toys were confiscated "to help him remember," she told him. He would soon come and ask for a favorite toy, saying, "I'm remembering now," showing he understood the reason and justice of the deprivation; but he had to keep "remembering" "till Sunday," the day of general restitution—one of the small ways she took to make Sunday a day of joy.

When he failed to draw his chair back from the breakfast table unreminded he had to be content with a lower chair from the kitchen for dinner; if he neglected that, he had to stand up to the supper table and turn over a new leaf next morning.

But besides what a child may do toward performing work which his own needs demand, he may be a real help to his mother in her labors, and may begin this also very early in life. Some mornings a certain little boy of four and a half says, "Now, mother, I'm your helper boy, what shall I do?" So the little volunteer runs the sweeper up and down the stripes of the carpet, calling it an engine on the track, and saying "choo-choo" till there are no more worlds to conquer. He carries the empty hod to the coal-bin, and fills it by hand, ready for somebody else to fill; the empty bucket to the faucet and fills that, and brings in the kindlings for to-morrow. He feeds the chickens, rakes the back-yard and keeps it in order. He likes to black his boots, though his elders do not think it worth their while to follow his example. He asked to black the stove one day, and was allowed to polish about two minutes, when he was all out of breath. He carries notes and magazines to neighbors, calling himself an expressman with a wagon, or a postman; or with little playmates and a line of waggons he is a whole train delivering freight in all the cities he can name.

One day, another little chap of five and a half saw the dishes draining on the kitchen table. When his mother returned from another room, he was standing on a chair and wiping the last one. His face was a picture of happiness, and his service the sweetest his mother could have.

One of the best boys I ever knew, when two and a half years old, used to hold on tight to the stick of wood his father was sawing, and was happy to think himself as

necessary in the work as the saw or the sawyer.

Another little one of four, this one a girl, had been very hard to impress with any desire of helpfulness, and quite impossible to train to three consecutive minutes of application. One day she volunteered to empty the vase in which her mother put burnt matches, threads, etc. The mother soon found her motive was the hope of finding an old button or other treasure; but this being the first voluntary step on the child's part, it was a great happiness to the mother, and the vase was her little daughter's special charge from that time.

Marion Harland says, "All good wives are sure they could have brought up their husbands better than their mothers-in-law had." Had some of our mothers-in-law trained their boys to helpfulness and order in their early days, we should not be putting away papers and clothes, after those husbands now, nor laying out their handkerchiefs and stockings, nor hunting up their hats! Many of us, indeed, have to follow them around the house to bring order out of chaos.

It follows that all the good we can bring to our children's character now is an impulse felt during their whole lives, and touching an ever-widening circle they in turn reach. "Now is the nick of time. In the matters which reach into eternity now is always the nick of time."—Alice Locke Park in *Babyhood*.

THE SEWING HABIT.

In a large boarding-house three ladies were noticed in absorbing conversation. A fourth joined the group. The three turned to the last-comer with the eagerness of those who have pleasing information to impart, one of them exclaiming:

"Did you know that Miss McFlimsey has a dressmaker to-day? No? She has, really! Miss McFlimsey says she's so happy she doesn't know what to do. Of course she's as busy as she can be, helping. Oh, I do so wish I had something to make!"

"So do I," plaintively echoed one. "I shall have a dressmaker next week," cheerfully said the third.

The new-comer laughed. "Is it such a matter for congratulation?" she asked. "Personally I have always been thankful when I could put my small amount of dressmaking out of the house to be done."

The countenances of the first three were studies of perplexity, which one of them voiced in the question:

"But, Mrs. Bullard, what can you find to do? Of course, if you had a house to keep there would be enough. I would like to keep house; but, as it is, if it were not for sewing, I don't know what would become of me. I've been perfectly miserable for the last month, because I had made over everything I had, and John said I mustn't buy anything new for two months more. Then his quarter's salary will be due, and I am going to buy"—and so forth, and so forth—"and I shall make it" so and so, "and trim it with" et cetera, et cetera. The speaker proceeded with delighted interest in her own plans, while one of the others turned to the lady addressed as Mrs. Bullard.

"But, really," she asked, in a puzzled way, "what do you find to do? One can't go shopping very well unless one has money to buy with; they get to know one in the stores, and then the shop-girls become very disagreeable. I would like to go out in the evenings more than I do, but Mr. Crimpings says he is too tired when he comes home. I used to do beautiful fancy-work, but the materials cost a good deal, and I've nothing to do with it when it is finished. My room is as full as it can hold now."

"There is so much to read," began Mrs. Bullard, suggestively.

"Yes, I know," interrupted the other; "but I don't see much lately that is worth reading. I bought three or four books at Macy's last week, but didn't get much interested in them. What do you find to do, Mrs. Bullard?"

The question was so appealing that the lady addressed tried not to look her wonder or compassion as she replied:

"My dear Mrs. Crimpings, I am so busy that I have hardly time for sleep, and I never have time to sew beyond the necessary mending for myself and husband. I

work in three benevolent societies and two clubs; I keep up my piano practice; I read much, that I may be able to keep abreast with my husband in the good literature of the day, and I have to write very often to my two dear girls at Wellesley, and my son who is travelling, so that they shall feel my continual interest in all their work, and—"

"I suppose your girls have to dress beautifully, don't they, Mrs. Bullard?" interrupted Mrs. Crimpings. "I'm told that the Wellesley College girls get their styles direct from Paris. Do you suppose one of your girls could get me a basque pattern not like anybody's in the house? Of course"—coaxingly—"it couldn't make any difference to them, as they're so far off. I might give them my new skirt pattern. Mrs. James gave it to me. Her sister sent it from Paris, and she said there wouldn't be another like it in New York this season. Will you ask, please? I've been thinking that I could make over my gray dress if I could get some new patterns; it is almost new, and then I should have something to sew; I'm never happy without it."

"Is there," said Mrs. Bullard to herself as she turned away a few moments later—"is there such a thing as acquiring a sewing habit that possesses one like other bad habits?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

MRS. GLEN'S ECONOMY.

Occasionally Mr. Glen was late to dinner. At such times if mashed potatoes were a part of the bill of fare, they would be heavy and almost unpalatable from standing; but Mrs. Glen learned that if several thicknesses of cloth be laid over the potatoes to absorb the steam, the vessel closely covered and set to keep warm, but not scorch, they might be kept for an hour or more and be as light and hot as when freshly mashed. If possible she always scalded the milk used in seasoning them, as it then required less butter, and did not make them soggy, as cold milk is apt to do.

One day, when Mrs. Glen had baked potatoes for dinner, Mr. Glen failed to come, and many of the potatoes were left over. Not liking to waste them, but knowing no way to warm them up to be good, Mrs. Glen decided to rebake them. Accordingly, the following day, she quickly dipped each one in scalding water, and set them on the grate in the hot oven with a pan of boiling water below them. The steam from this, and the moisture on the potatoes prevented their drying out or burning, while heating, and in a few minutes they were hot and seemingly as fresh as when first baked. Afterwards she always baked enough for two meals, thus saving considerable fuel.

Mr. Glen was fond of warm biscuits for breakfast. Mrs. Glen soon learned that they, too, could be warmed like the potatoes; only the biscuits were dipped in cold water. As the warmed-over biscuits were as good as fresh ones, they were usually made in sufficient quantity for two meals.

When the hot weather came, a gasoline stove took the place of the cook stove. As toast could only be made in the oven, and it took much oil to do it, Mrs. Glen usually made an ovenful at a time; enough to last for some time; for by keeping it in a dry place, and having the dressing with which it was served boiling hot, it was as good as freshly made. As she used toast for various purposes, by making it by the quantity she was sure to have it when wanted. Small squares of it were served with soup instead of crackers, and where much dry bread accumulates in a family, it is quite an item of economy, where soup is liked, and gives the soup a better flavor than crackers. Small squares of toast were often placed in the dish in which stewed tomatoes, asparagus or peas were served, adding much to their flavor. It was also pulverized and used instead of flour in thickening soups or gravies, much to their improvement.

Another of Mrs. Glen's ways of using stale bread besides the usual bread puddings, etc., was to soak the desired quantity over night in sour milk. In the morning beat thoroughly, and add more sour milk, eggs, flour, salt and soda to make pancakes. The amount of bread used is immaterial, as one-half or two-thirds of the entire batter used may be made of it. Mrs. Glen was sometimes so unfortunate

as to scorch things; but she found by quickly uncovering the vessel and setting it in cold water a few minutes, then removing the contents and cleansing the vessel before finishing the cooking, the scorched taste did not permeate the viand or impair its flavor.

Whenever she used eggs they were carefully washed before breaking, and the shells kept in a box to use for clearing coffee as a slightly crushed shell was just as good as the white of an egg. She also learned that cold coffee could be used again, and be just as good as fresh, if it were brought to the scalding point only, and not allowed to boil when warming over. When cream was scarce and high, scalded milk made a very good substitute. If the cream was so nearly sour that pouring the hot coffee on it curdled it, a tiny pinch of soda, added before the coffee was poured, made it all right, and did not impair the flavor of the coffee.—*Housekeeper*.

SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE WAFFLES.—With half a pint of cold boiled rice mix four ounces of butter and salt to taste. Add a quart of milk, mixed with the beaten yolks of five eggs, and a pint and a half of flour. Just before baking add the beaten whites of the eggs; beat all well together.

EXCELLENT SHORTCAKE.—Rub a scant half-cupful of butter into two cupfuls of flour which has previously been sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in one scant cupful of milk and roll out, handling as little as possible. If for shortcake, divide into four parts, roll out, butter two of the pieces and place the others above. Bake in a quick oven. Separate; spread with sweetened berries, fresh or canned; pie-plant, oranges or peaches, which have been cut into bits and sweetened well, a few hours before putting on the crust. Minced chicken or tongue makes a fine shortcake.

BROWN BREAD FOR CREAM TOAST.—Two cupfuls of Indian meal, one cupful of rye meal or Graham, a little salt, two cupfuls of sour milk, one small teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Steam in a covered loaf two and one-half hours. When cold, cut into rather thick slices and toast on both sides. Prepare a cream of milk, thickened a little with flour, salted, and enriched with plenty of butter. Place the hot slices of bread in this, remove at once, and pour over the whole the remainder of the cream.

PUZZLES NO. 16.

A RIDDLE.

I come from the South with spicy breath,
I come from the North a-cold;
To some I bear life, to some I bear death,
To some a promise of gold,
I sparkle, alas, in the brimming glass
With a poisonous light—beware!
I lie smooth and white in your eager sight,
A costly prize—take care!
For close though you fold, and tight tho' you hold,
I melt in your grasp to air.

CHARADE.

My first is a very large creature,
My second is a part of your body,
My whole is a useful article obtained from my first.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Opposite to go. 2. A scent. 3. A substance found on damp ground. 4. Former time.

EDITH GRAMMIE.

AMPUTATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail earthenware, and leave an animal.
2. Behead and curtail ready, and leave to play rudely and boisterously.
3. Behead and curtail peevish, and leave an ornament of gold.
4. Behead and curtail one that catches mice, and leave a river in England.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 11, 11, 6, 12 is a period of time.
My 9, 2, 13, 10 is an instrument.
My 9, 3, 7, 11 is what we should always try to be.
My 1, 6, 12, 4 is a fatty substance.
My 5, 11, 3, 8 grows in shady places.
My whole is a character in a beautiful story.

CHARADE. (First Prize.)

My first is a word that I'm sure you'll agree, is often spoken by you and by me. It is very short, as the letters are three And often an adjective; now, can't you see?

My second results from seeking for, Everywhere, in the old cupboard, under the floor, A verb it is, and in the past tense; You'll be sure to guess it with common sense.

My third's "a region" small or wide, Through which you may either walk or ride. Only a noun of letters four. But I think I had better say no more.

My whole is an island, Owned by the Queen, Which all have heard of And many have seen.

R. M. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NO. 15.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—Prov. 20. 1. Matt. 6. 28. 1 Cor. 10. 13.

SQUARE WORD.—R O S E
O V A L
S A I L
E L I A

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they are ile lands (islands). 2. Because he puts down 3 and carries 1. 3. Because it is the work of De Foe.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Star, tars, arts, rats.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers has been received from H. E. Greene.



The Family Circle.

BEST.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Mother, I see you with your nursery light,
Lending your babies, all in white,
To their sweet rest;
Christ, the Good Shepherd, carries me to-night,
And that is best.

I cannot help tears, when I see them twine
Their fingers in yours, and their bright curls
shine

On your warm breast;
But the Saviour's is purer than yours or mine—
He can love best!

You tremble each hour because your arms
Are weak; your heart is wrung with alarms,
And sore oppress;
My darlings are safe, out of reach of harms,
And that is best.

You know, over yours may hang even now
Pain and disease, whose fulfilling slow
Naught can arrest;
Mine in God's gardens run to and fro,
And that is best.

You know that, of yours, your feeblest one
And dearest may live long years alone,
Unloved, unblest;
Mine are cherished of saints around God's throne,
And that is best.

You must dread for yours the crime that scars,
Dark guilt unwashed by repentant tears,
And unconfest;
Mine are entered spotless on eternal years,
Oh, how much the best!

But grief is selfish; I cannot see
Always why I should so stricken be
More than the rest;
But I know, that, as well as for them, for me
God did the best.

"I CANNOT COME DOWN."

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

How the words kept ringing in Howard Pentecost's ears! He was slowly returning from the morning service at a small chapel in a village to which he had been sent on the previous day, on a business errand by his employer. Having been unexpectedly detained on Saturday, he had been compelled to remain in the village over the Sabbath.

At home he was a regular attendant at church, and so, when Sunday morning came, he obeyed the suggestion of his conscience, and made his way to the chapel, whose steeple was just visible above the intervening buildings from his hotel window.

"I shall not be likely to hear much of a sermon in a small town like this," he muttered to himself as he drew near the church. "Probably nothing but rant. Some ignorant exhorter will be very likely to work himself into a frenzy to-day. If I were only at home this morning to hear one of Dr. Marshall's polished and pithy sermons!"

From this soliloquy, it may be inferred that Howard was not a spiritually-minded young man, and there is no denying that the inference is correct. He had, somehow, got into the habit of going to church as he went to a lecture—merely to hear an eloquent discourse, one that would make the ear tingle rather than edify the soul. True, he had been converted, but had, as so often happens, soon lost his spiritual fervor even while he was punctilious in the performance of certain religious duties.

With the feeling that the hour spent in the little chapel would be as good as lost, and that he would probably be bored by the service, he entered the church just as the opening anthem was being sung. However, his opinion of the preacher had to be revised. The clergyman was a middle-aged man, and his pinched features told plainly that some fatal malady was preying at his vitals; but Howard had never before seen so spiritual a face, nor had he ever listened to a sermon so full of spiritual power. There were times when it seemed to the young listener that a live coal from

the altar must indeed have been laid upon the speaker's lips. He chose for his text the ringing words of Nehemiah in reply to Tobias and Sanballat, who tried to lure him from rebuilding the shattered walls of Jerusalem: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

As Howard listened to the earnest words of the clergyman his pulses beat fast, and a mist gathered before his eyes. The preacher spoke of the great work of the Christian in building up a spiritual manhood and in rescuing his fellows from sin; of the dignity of his calling, in which God himself and his angels were deeply concerned; and then, with an enthusiasm that bore everything before it, he pleaded with his auditors never to "come down" to that which was frivolous or debasing. The lesson was enforced by allusions to more than one example of unswerving devotion in the history of the church.

As Howard walked to his hotel after the service, pondering the thoughts to which he had just listened, his own meagre, fruitless, unspiritual life haunted him. True, he was a professed follower of Christ; nominally, at least, he was engaged in a "great work," aye, a greater work than Nehemiah; "and yet—and yet," he reflected with a sigh, "how often I have come down!"

It seemed that his whole life, since the day he had made a public confession of Christ, had been a coming down, a lowering of the spiritual standard. How often he had done things that were beneath the dignity of his calling as a follower of Christ! All the afternoon he ruminated and when at night he kneeled by his bedside, he said;

"By the grace of God I shall never come down again!"

His resolve was put to the test sooner than he expected. The next day, on reaching the city in which he lived, he learned that his pastor, Dr. Marshall, had decided to begin a series of special meetings in the church of which Howard was a member. That was the first "great work" he had ever seriously undertaken for his Master. He went quietly to work, urging his acquaintances to attend the services, and in these efforts proved an efficient helper to Dr. Marshall, who seeing his earnestness, called him his "young aide-de-camp."

One evening, a few days later, Howard met a congenial young friend whose esteem he valued very highly. He was on the point of inviting him to Dr. Marshall's meetings when his friend said:

"Howard, I want you to go with me to-night."

"Where?" queried Howard, uneasily.

"Where? Why, to the theatre, of course, where we have so often spent a pleasant evening together. It is to be one of the best plays that has ever been presented on the boards of this city. You know we never go to puerile or immoral performances, but this one will be exceptionally fine."

"What is the name of the play and who are the principal actors?" asked Howard, forgetting himself for a moment.

His companion told him. "Of course, you see, it's no cheap show."

The temptation was very great, almost overpowering, in fact, for Howard had a passion for dramatic and spectacular performances, and it must be confessed, had often gratified it, even since he had become a church-member. The play to which he was now urged to go was one of the best. Nothing really immoral would be represented, he argued mentally, and the actors were among the most celebrated for histrionic talent. One of them Howard had long been especially anxious to hear.

Yes, he believed he would go. It was so rare an opportunity he could not afford to miss it. He was just on the point of opening his lips to give his consent when the pale face of the humble clergyman to whom he had listened only last Sunday morning in the village church seemed to rise before him and say: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

"No, Wilson, I can't go," he said firmly after a pause.

"What! Can't go to such a play! Why not?"

"I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down," quoted Howard, looking intently into his interlocutor's eye.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I shall explain. At present our

church is engaged in special services, in which I am deeply interested, and I can't afford to allow my mind to be diverted from the work in hand. It would be wrong to go elsewhere to-night."

"Pooh!" scoffed Wilson. "You're not becoming as squeamish as that, are you? You really don't think that such a play as the one given to-night would be demoralizing?"

"Perhaps not that precisely," Howard replied. "There might be nothing immoral said or done, but it would divert my thoughts into another channel, and perhaps cause me to lose interest in spiritual matters. That is one fatal trouble with all theatrical performances; they make men and women worldly-minded, and destroy their religious fervor."

"There are a great many church members who go to theatres," argued Wilson.

"I know it; but they are not the spiritually-minded ones, I fear. Ask any pastor and he will tell you that they are not the people who lead souls to Christ; Come, Wilson, you'd better change your mind and go with me to church this evening."

"Oh! I can't. I must—I'd rather go to the play."

"You'd rather?" said Howard. "Rather go to the play than to church where the gospel is proclaimed and sinners are being won to Christ! Don't you see, Wilson, what a deteriorating effect theatre-going has already had on your spiritual nature."

"Well, I never thought of it in that light before. Good evening, Howard, I'll see later what I shall do."

They parted, and when the evening service began Howard was not a little surprised to see Wilson enter the church. Afterward he said; I felt that I, too, ought to be doing a great work, so that I could not come down."

Little did the earnest clergyman in the village chapel think that his sermon on Nehemiah's words was preaching itself over again and again in the life of the young stranger whom he noticed that morning in his audience, becoming a watchword in his career, a spiritual talisman, as it were, to ward off temptation. As the weeks passed Howard became more and more earnestly engaged in his "great work." "I cannot come down, I cannot come down!"—How often the text kept him from sin!

At length he decided to go back to college, and finish the course of studies which had been temporarily interrupted; and then came the resolution to prepare himself for the gospel ministry.

Ten years passed! Mr. Wortman, the pastor of the village chapel, had been compelled at last to give up work on account of failing health, and lay dying inch by inch in his humble home, attended by a loving wife whose heart was breaking.

"A letter for you, dear," she said one morning, as the door closed on the postman.

"Will you read it, Mary?" he requested in a feeble voice.

She opened the envelope and read. The letter was from Howard Pentecost, who was now the pastor of a flourishing church in a neighboring city, and was rapidly becoming known as a most successful soul-winner. He described the Sabbath morning so long ago when he had dropped incidentally—or rather providentially—into Mr. Wortman's chapel and heard his sermon on the Christian's high calling.

"I want to thank you, my dear brother," the letter ran, "for I feel that to you, more than to any one else, is due the fact that I am to-day in the ministry of the gospel."

"Thank God!" whispered the dying man, "I've been of some use in his kingdom."—Standard.

SEVENTY-SIX.

"I was just seventy-six last week," said Grandmother Holly, and she smiled as she tied her hood for a snowy walk. Her hair was not so very white, nor her step feeble. The joy in her heart had preserved her powers, yet, when she at last stands before the throne, her place will be among those who have come up out of great tribulation.

"Do you not long to get to your heavenly home?" said Mrs. Heald, as she adjusted the old lady's furs.

"No, oh no; I would rather stay here and work for Jesus just as long as he will

find me anything to do. I know I cannot get about quite as well as I used to, but when I cannot sleep nights I am thinking about those I want to see saved, and praying for them; and the Master comes so near in those still hours that I do not want to sleep. He rests me, and the songs that he giveth in the night are sweeter music than these lips ever sung."

"I wish I could feel as you do," said the careworn woman at her side. "But I just stay here with my house-work, day after day, and at night I can scarcely see what I have done, and so sometimes I feel that I am of no use here, and I want to go."

"Oh if you are of no use here, what will the Lord do with you in heaven? Have you never thought that those who seemed to be doing most here were the ones soonest called home? And he waits and waits, and hedges us round, and prunes and purges us again and again, so as to get us ready for his palace garden. You may be doing all you can, but are you doing it for him?"

"What, my every day work?"

"It is not your work. It is what he has given you to do, and He comes and wants to help you in everything, and you will not recognize him as you go about in your kitchen and parlors; and so what needless pain you bear; and the blessed uses of your toil in fitting you more and more for heaven are all but lost."

"I know it is all true. I will try to profit by your kind words. Are your rooms furnished yet?"

"The rooms are there, and I am there, and Jesus is there! John is a little tardy, and the children are noisy sometimes, but I dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and have a happy life."—Episcopal Recorder.

WHAT MR. THOMPSON GIVES.

Mortimer Thompson, a young man connected with one of our churches, a blacksmith by trade who earns \$3 a day, and has a wife and five children, regularly saves and gives one-tenth of his annual earnings to the cause of Christ and philanthropy. To the current expenses of the church he gives \$25; to the missionary cause, \$10; to each of the other benevolences of the church, \$3. He puts \$1 every month in the collection for the poor, always has something to give to a worthy cause, and subscribes to various other causes about \$20 per annum. Nobody ever found this out by anything Mr. Thompson said, but by putting several things together the trustees of the church and the Sunday-school superintendent found out that he gives systematically more than \$90 a year out of the \$900 he earns. Mr. Thompson lives economically, and has sense enough not to give away all he earns. He is supposed to be worth now about \$1,500 besides the little house he has, which he has paid for. He does not use ardent spirits or tobacco, always looks neat on Sunday, but throws away no extra money upon clothes, and wears an overcoat until it is worn out. He would have no surplus for the Lord, or be able to save a dollar if he did not apply all the powers of a sturdy brain to get the most for his money, and to spend the least compatible with good health upon himself. Mrs. Thompson is of the same way of thinking, and often says: "Mortimer, have you your money ready for the collection?"—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

KIND WORDS.

A little word in kindness spoken,

A motion or a tear,

May heal a spirit broken,

And make a friend sincere.

A word, or look, has crushed to earth

Off many a budding flower,

Which, had a smile but owned its birth,

Would have blest life's latest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing

A kindly word to speak;

The face you wear, the smile you bring,

May soothe a heart or break.

—Whittier.

MOST PEOPLE would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Loughfellow.

PRAY for whom thou lovest; thou wilt never have any comfort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray.

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

A late number of the *Christian* gives a sketch of the life of the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon which will be of special interest in view of the fact that he is now in charge of the pulpit so long filled by his illustrious father.

Thomas, the younger of the twin sons of the late beloved C. H. Spurgeon, was born in the New Kent-road, on September 20, 1856. The specially close relationship of Charles and Thomas makes it impossible to give a sketch of the one brother without frequent reference to the other. After a period of home instruction, the two boys were placed at Camden House School, Brighton, where Thomas won golden opinions from his tutors for his assiduity and progress, as well as for his general excellence of character and disposition.

Inquiries as to the time when Thomas gave evidence of conversion, and the instrumentality employed, elicited the somewhat paradoxical reply, "He must have been always converted; it seems as if he were born converted." Every believer will intuitively recognize in this case one of the countless instances of God's faithfulness to his promise to bless the children of the righteous. In the *Sword and Trowel* for April, "Son Tom" thus writes:—"The man who was so good to other people's children was, you may be sure, a good father to his own. So busy a life prevented him from taking a very active part in the upbringing of his boys; besides, my precious mother was the best possible trainer. We learned from father's example rather than by his precept. I fear we have not profited by it as we should; but it was bound to tell." Although it is somewhat anticipating, we insert in this connection a few sentences from a record in the Church book of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the occasion of the Pastor's sons "coming before the church"; "We would praise our gracious God that it should have pleased him to use so greatly the pious teachings and holy life of our dear sister, Mrs. Spurgeon, to the quickening and fostering of the divine principle in the hearts of her twin sons, and we earnestly pray that amidst her severe sufferings she may ever be consoled with all spiritual comfort, and by the growing devoutness of those who are thus twice given to her in the Lord."

At Brighton the two lads gave unmistakable evidence of Christian discipleship. They started and regularly conducted a prayer-meeting for their schoolfellows, and were ever ready to avow their loyalty to Christ. Upon leaving school in 1874 they applied for membership at the Tabernacle, and were baptized on Monday evening, September 21, and received into fellowship by their beloved father on Lord's Day, November 1.

The brothers lost no time in entering upon business life. Thomas, who had shown considerable artistic taste, and also skill in drawing, chose the profession of a wood-engraver, and made exceptionally rapid progress in the study and practice of the art.

In the summer of 1875 the two young men engaged in systematic aggressive Christian work. Not far from their home at Clapham, an earnest working-man named Rides had for several years been carrying on a mission work among his neighbors, giving up two rooms in his house for the purpose. He labored under great disadvantages, until Mr. Charles made his acquaintance, and went to his help. Thomas also joined the little band, and the two brothers gave all their available time to evangelistic work in connection with the Clapham-road Mission. Nearly two years were thus spent in happy and successful work for Christ, not the least arduous of which was the collection of money for the erection of a much-needed chapel. By the help of generous friends this was accomplished, and Clapham-road Chapel was opened free of debt in August, 1877.

We have now come to the time when the paths of the brothers diverge.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's health began to give his parents some cause for anxiety, and he was advised to take a voyage to Australia; he accordingly left England for Melbourne in June 1877. By request of the captain of the good ship "Lady Jocelyn," he conducted religious services every Lord's Day, often amidst difficulties

and hinderances; "an admirable preparation," wrote his father, "for addressing crowds on shore." "His reception at Melbourne was most enthusiastic. On the pier a crowd of friends awaited him, vying with each other as to who should claim the young stranger as their guest." After a few days' stay in Melbourne, he went to Geelong, where he preached his first sermon in Australia. This was on September 2; and from that day until he started on his homeward voyage his life was one of unceasing activity in his Master's service; preaching in the largest chapels and public halls in the larger towns of Victoria; invariably to crowded houses; or taking long and toilsome journeys into the interior to assist struggling causes.

South Australia was next visited, and in Adelaide and the region round about he preached or spoke at twenty-four meetings during his eight weeks' stay. In no spirit of self-glorification, but in humble thankfulness to God, he wrote home: "There is scarce a sermon I have preached but what some are blessing me for it. Oh, this is glorious! not the praise of men, but the smile of God!"

After an evangelistic tour in Tasmania

beloved pastor, and again and again his son Thomas occupied the pulpit. As soon as the invalid could undertake the journey, father and son went to Mentone. On their return Thomas entered the Pastors' College; but so much of his time was taken up with preaching that he could secure but little time for study and needful rest; and the state of his health made it necessary for him to return to Australia. He reached Melbourne in the December of 1879, and proceeded to Tasmania, where for several months he went about preaching the Word and "confirming" the churches."

Passing over his evangelistic journeys in Victoria and Queensland in 1880, we come to the most interesting and fruitful period of his ministry, namely, his pastoral and evangelistic work in New Zealand. In 1881 he accepted the call of the Baptist Church, Wellesley-street, Auckland, to become their pastor. So largely did God bless the ministry of his servant, that the old wooden chapel soon proved too small for the largely increased membership (about 600), and early in 1882 the Choral Hall was rented for the Sunday-evening services; and here, too,

May 17, 1885, the pastor had the joy of knowing that it was unencumbered by debt, although it had cost nearly £15,000. According to the Baptist Handbook, it is the largest chapel of the denomination, and has the largest membership of any Baptist church in the Australian Colonies.

With larger and more efficient material appliances, came larger spiritual results, until the pastor found that his strength was unequal to the legitimate demands of so large a church, with its three outlying branch churches, and multiplied agencies. He therefore resigned his charge, "to the very great regret, not only of the members of his own denomination, but of Christians of all sections of the Church." This was in November, 1889.

Here we must note the interesting fact of the marriage of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon to Miss Lila M. Rutherford, daughter of Mr. Gideon Rutherford, of Dunedin, on February 10, 1888.

Very shortly after Mr. Thomas Spurgeon resigned his pastorate, he was requested by the Baptist Union of New Zealand to give himself to the work of a mission preacher or evangelist to the churches of the Union, to which request he acceded, after a period of needful rest. The annual report of the Union testifies that "this work has borne the seal of the Master's approval from the first, and proved that the Union was guided by the Holy Spirit, when it set Mr. Thomas Spurgeon apart for this itinerant ministry. During the past year he has conducted nineteen missions, in as many of our churches, holding 236 services, most of them being distinctly evangelistic, and has delivered eighteen lectures in the interest of our Home and Foreign Missions. He has conversed personally and privately with 600 inquirers, besides a large number of young children. He has been graciously used of God to point many burdened pilgrims to the Wicket Gate, to lead many waverers to decide for Christ, and many converts to the open avowal of their faith by baptism and church fellowship. No single mission has been quite fruitless, and some have been Pentecostal in the plentiful success which has crowned them. To God be all the praise."

And now this beloved servant of God is with us once more; but how sad a homecoming is his, we could not, even if we would, attempt to tell. It is generally known that he has come in response to the invitation of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon and the office-bearers of the Tabernacle church, enthusiastically endorsed by the entire membership. We confidently bespeak for him the special and earnest prayers of the people of God, that he may be divinely comforted, strengthened, and helped, especially when he stands up to preach in the place of such hallowed and tender memories.

WHAT IS YOUR INFLUENCE?

An aged man said to a lady who was looking over the family photographs upon his son's centre-table.

"Do you find one of my photographs there? If so I want it destroyed, for when I take my departure from this world I want nothing left behind as a reminder of me."

"But there is one thing you cannot take with you," said the lady.

"And pray tell me what that may be," said the man with some eagerness.

"Your influence," was the reply.

The man winced under the answer. It appeared to be something he had not thought much about, and for the moment it stunned him. He was an infidel and the son of an infidel father, but he could not forget that in childhood he had a Christian mother who used to talk to him of Jesus and kneel by his bedside at night to pray for him.

Yes, he had exerted an influence, and he was well aware it had not been a good influence. Three of his children had died without a hope in Christ, darkness, like a pall closing in upon them as they neared the portals of eternity. Three children were still living, all but one the same belief as their father.

Surely his influence was to exist long after he had passed from earth. He might destroy his photographs, but could not efface the infidel principles he had stamped upon the tablets of his children's minds, and they must carry those with them into eternity.—*American Messenger*.



THE REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

he went to Queensland. "My sojourn," he wrote, "was full of work and pleasure. Everywhere I rejoiced to note the willingness to come, and the eagerness to hear the Gospel, it being no difficulty to muster an audience of one thousand people, even on a week evening. On all hands I had abundant testimony that God was blessing his own Word by quickening his people and awakening outsiders."

While on a preaching tour in this colony, he was unexpectedly recalled by the following telegram from London: "Mother worse, return," and with a heavy heart he turned his face homewards. After forty-three anxious days at sea, he was gladdened by news at Plymouth that his beloved mother had been spared. His "heart was full of songs and gratitude." When he reached home, however, he was sorrowful rather than songful; for though "mother was better," she was very ill and weak, and "father was sick," and "Son Tom" found himself called upon, with but a few hours' warning, to take the place of the sick pastor at the Tabernacle on the Lord's Day (Nov. 10) when the Tabernacle was "open to all comers." Wearisome weeks of pain and weakness were the lot of the

"the people had to be requested to sit closer" to make room for those who flocked to hear the Word; and, best of all, there was a continuous ingathering of converts.

On Easter Monday, April 14, 1884, the foundation stones of the Auckland Tabernacle were laid, and arrangements were made that during its erection the pastor should visit his friends in the Old Country and solicit their help, £4,000 being required for the completion and furnishing of the chapel and schools. He arrived in London in time to take part in the Orphanage Festival, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon had been "home" but a few weeks when his much-afflicted father was laid low by sickness, and "son Tom" was again called upon to occupy the pulpit at the Tabernacle. How efficiently this service for the Master was rendered may be seen in the little book entitled, "The Gospel of the Grace of God; Sermons delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Thomas Spurgeon"; and especially in the preface by the now glorified pastor.

When the Auckland Tabernacle was opened for worship on the Lord's Day,

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER I.

He was not exactly a pretty little boy; his eyes were his chief beauty, with a wistful look in them that his friends called doggy; his face was very childish, but lacking in a child's rosy chubbiness, and his delicately-marked brows gave him a certain refinement. With that there was a fragile appearance, and he was so thin and slight that Friday's tiny sticks of legs were a very passable joke in the schoolroom, invested with all the sober respectability of age. He was a gentle, unoffending, little fellow, giving nobody much trouble, and always able to amuse himself. The worst thing that could be laid to his charge was that he had "ways." Not that Mrs. Hammond wondered at that, though she said it gave her the fidgets. But what else could she look for in a child whose mother died when he was born? She maintained as an indisputable fact that children who lose their mothers at their birth are never seen to smile, and for my part I would not lightly question a woman of Mrs. Hammond's age and experience. But Friday did smile sometimes, only it was an odd, gentle smile of his own, and I think he never laughed.

And in addition to the above-mentioned misfortune, Mrs. Hammond held against all-comers that a child born on Friday is not like other children. Friday had been used to hearing the rhyme all the days of his short life—

"Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is loving and giving;
Thursday's child works hard for his living;
Friday's child is full of woe;
Saturday's child has far to go;
But he that is born on the Sabbath day
Is happy, and blithe, and good and gay."

It could not be said that Friday was full of woe, for if she could have forgotten his ways, Mrs. Hammond said that there never was a happier-natured child, but certain it was and must remain that the proverbial Friday ill-luck marked him out. Surely there never was any one so unfortunate as Friday! The history of his settled ill-luck would fill a volume, and then we should not have space to relate how many times he fell down-stairs from the top to the bottom, because it was almost as common a thing as walking up-stairs. I am not sure that it was not easier of the two, but naturally less agreeable, as attended with being picked up from the fluffy mat in a breathless condition, and alternately admonished with extreme severity, and be-plastered with vinegar and brown paper. Friday was always reproached for falling down-stairs, as if he had done it solely for his own vicious amusement; but seeing that he always hurt himself exceedingly, the world might have accepted his repeated word of honor that he couldn't help it.

But in this direction Friday's achievements rose to genius. If there were no stairs, he made a point of falling backwards as he sat at table, in company with his tall chair and basin of bread and milk; and when asleep, and out of harm's way, as might reasonably have been supposed, he fell out of bed. And all this was clear ill-luck, because he was a peculiarly quiet and gentle little boy. The account of his sisters was always the same. "He was just walking along and he fell down." He didn't tumble of himself, really. He can't help it, with being so unlucky.

But his own fault or no, outraged elders must have a relief for their feelings when they discover that no one is killed, and as falling down-stairs is rightly considered a crime in every well-conducted household, Friday was always reprimanded and put in the corner, where he cooled down, much bumped about the head and crushed in spirit.

It was not only in this respect, it was the same in everything; as his sisters remarked with a kind of complacent resignation, "Friday was the unluckiest boy that ever was." They chose birthday puddings and ate them gloriously. Friday's birthday came, he chose, his selection was approved and word dispatched to the kitchen; just before dinner-time cook would discover that she was "out" of the most necessary ingredient for that special pudding, and at the last moment send up a wholesome and

cheerless rice. Some one trod on a toy—"Look, it is Friday's." Friday saved a penny for many a day to buy a chip boat to sail in his bath, and setting out at length to make his purchase, he reached the shop with a hole in his pocket. The hens came into the garden and pecked up all the seeds in the bed at the end.

"And whose is the bed at the end?"

"Oh, Friday's."

"Dear me! Did he cry?"

"No—no, not exactly. We said it was because he was so unlucky, and he said he supposed so."

Sometimes there were delightful pick-nicky ride-and-tye walks with the aid of Tim, the donkey, and these were high festivals, long looked forward to. And when the day came, Master Friday was not very well; he must stay at home. And so at home Master Friday would stay, and, from a strong prevailing sense of duty, valorously say he didn't mind, and wink and wink until he could see without that uncomfortable dimness of sight to which one may be subject at times, and then watch the cavalcade depart, kneeling on the window-seat, and gallantly holding to his little piteous smile. That was supposing that his throat were not too sore, or his cough not too bad, or his head not too aching to sit up, in which cases even the sorry comfort of the window-seat was impossible and he spent the afternoon in the sequestered calm of bed. For Master Friday was often not very well, his persistent ill-luck leading him to prove the truth of the family saying, that if he possibly could be ill he was. So the Doctor was quite an old friend of his.

The Doctor who came to Friday's house was a young man with a cool, firm hand, and a quiet face, and a very kind heart. Perhaps he was interested in the gentle, quaint little boy with his patience, and his obedience, and his other "ways"; and Mrs. Hammond declared that the long conversations that were carried on between the two were enough to make any one cry, if one had not laughed, and if one had not been too entirely puzzled to do either.

CHAPTER II.

Friday and George and the twin-sisters lived at grandmother's house, in the country. Friday did not remember either father or mother. George could recollect being brought to grandmother's home, but no memory younger than his carried so far; and having been used to it always, they did not think it especially dull. It was rather a quiet house, because grandmother never left her room now, the ruling power being Mrs. Hammond, who had been mother's nurse when she was a little girl, and was growing old as grandmother's housekeeper.

So circumstances made Friday rather a lonely little boy. There was George, but he was ten years the elder; and Kitty and Nelly were also older, and so sufficient to each other that they were not much to anybody else as companions. Friday did not do many lessons himself; he did not exactly know why, because he did not mind doing them, but they said he needn't. Mrs. Hammond said she liked to see him play, and Miss Daly, who came every morning to Kitty and Nelly, let him creep out of the schoolroom whenever he liked. His reading was the only accomplishment Friday felt he possessed. His choice lay in the direction of large, solid, ancient books, mainly in mouldy leather bindings, and always of travel; romance and reality being one at his age, and sober earnest. He could read the greater part of the words, and when a long one barred the path, he happily skipped it and went on. For we all know that it is not necessary to children's happiness that they should to the full understand what they read. Perhaps it was in part Friday's own doing that he was solitary; it was one of his ways to find odd amusements for himself, and to trouble no one. But, nevertheless, he had three chief friends. Of course the Doctor did not come every day, and so in the meanwhile Friday solaced himself with the society of his two other comrades, Crusoe and Zachary.

Of these, the first was the nearer and dearer, because Friday could enjoy his company all day long, and have him to sleep on his feet at night, when Mrs. Hammond would wink at it; and Zachary was only available at certain hours,

and would decidedly not have been comfortable on the feet. Crusoe was a puppy, a curly black puppy, with a perpetual grin and a woolly back—and Friday's very own. From this had risen "Friday" as a form of address, for you cannot suppose that Friday had no proper Christian name. But when the Doctor gave him the puppy, he had recourse to his favorite books, and presently announced that doggie, being dark in the face, he must be called Man Friday.

"Because," added he, with grave satisfaction, "that makes me Robinson Crusoe."

To which George instantly returned—

"He's Crusoe, and you're Man Friday, because you are Friday's child."

Friday did not much like the exchange, but he could not but see the propriety of George's amendment, and accepted it, feeling that he could only blame himself for being a Friday's child. However, Crusoe was a great consolation to him. This dark hero had been so accustomed from his birth to being carried about wherever Friday went that he had become reconciled to it, and now thought it natural to a young puppy to be tenderly picked up by the waist and borne away in the drooping attitude of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He went everywhere and saw life under this condition. He liked Friday's bed exceedingly, not so much so the last week's Times Mrs. Hammond spread for him when she found him there. He was not very partial to being held under the tablecloth on Friday's rather scanty knee, but if it led to secret spoonfuls of milk out of his basin, it was to be tolerated. And breakfast over, Friday hugged him to his heart, and bore him away to the schoolroom, or the garden, or it might be even the corner for falling down-stairs. This secluded retreat was Crusoe's deepest abhorrence, owing to its excessive flatness, and all the time he spent there was employed in remonstrating licks of Friday's face. Friday did not actually like the operation, but afraid of hurting Crusoe's feelings, felt obliged to allow him a certain percentage of licks.

As a friend, Zachary was of a different order, being at least a human being, if only an under-gardener. He had a wooden leg—an awkward appendage to a gardener one would suppose, but Zachary was an independent old man; and, indeed, use is second nature. Friday's friendship with him began in a fascinated watching of this leg, and reverent musings on its functions and capabilities; and by degrees growing more familiar with its owner, he was enabled to ask a few questions, very gently and politely, as: What was it made of? Could it be taken off at night? Could you kneel down in it to say your prayers? Did you always have it? If so, what was it like when you were a little boy? If not, when did you have it, and why?

So in time Friday ranked Zachary with his dearest friends, Crusoe and the Doctor. He sat by him at his work, on an inverted flower-pot, and generally took out a huge tome, from which he read aloud his favorite passages for Zachary's edification. How much Zachary, a slow and simple-minded old man appreciated the entertainment does not appear; but by and by Friday made the exquisite discovery that he had an adventure story of his own! Zachary had been a sailor, and he wore his wooden leg because the original had been frost-bitten at some little distance, more or less from the North Pole. And so there fell on Friday the wild enchantment of the magic North, with its night two thousand hours long, and the grinding of its mill-stones of ice, and the thunder of the crashing bergs, and the battles in the pack, and the prowling wolves, and the gleaming of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders say, souls of the wicked dance tormented.

(To be Continued.)

CIGARETTES.

"Do you care to know how they are made? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York city as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with these?" asked his honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them. A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring" for this same purpose is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka-bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice-paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rag-pickers bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practised on people!

Think of it, boys; the next time you take up a cigarette, drop it—as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, New York. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New York physician. For his answer, the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette, think of the stains you are making.

There is a disease called the cigarette eye, which is regarded as dangerous. A film comes over the eye, appearing and disappearing at intervals. And did you know that boys have been made blind by smoking cigarettes? How would you like to part with your sight, and never again behold the light of day or the faces of your friends?

Shall I give you two or three pictures? A writer greatly interested in young people (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-begone boy, seemingly less than ten years old, standing at the entrance of an alley, without a hat, his dilapidated trousers very ragged at the knees, his hands in his pockets, shivering with cold, yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says: "I saw in Washington a wretched looking child, scarcely five years old, smoking a cigarette and blowing the smoke from his nostrils. His pale, pinched face was twitching convulsively, his little shoulders were bent, and his whole appearance was that of an old man."—*Christian at Work.*

Oh, that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER III.

"Zachary, I have brought some very nice travels for to-day."

"Ah, Master Friday?"
"I have read this part to the Doctor. He liked it very much. It is one of my favorite travels. Zachary, I am going to begin."

"I'm a-listening, sir."
"There is a vale between the mountains which extends nearly four miles; and some call it the Enchanted Vale, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some the Perilous Vale. In that vale men hear oftentimes great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, day and night; and a great noise, as it were, of tabors, and nakers, and trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and has been always; and men say that it is one of the entrances of hell."

"Meaning no offence, sir, is this here gospel true?"

"I believe so, Zachary. I might ask the Doctor. But it must be true, because it tells where it is, and the men did see it, although they were so very frightened. But the good Christians, that are stable in their faith, enter without peril; for they will first shrive them, and mark them with the sign of the Holy Cross, so that the fiends have no power over them. Zachary, it is like Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' you know, that I read to you a long time ago."

"Ay, ay," said Zachary, reassured; "it is summat after that pattern. Parson used to call it a Hallegory. Might this be a Hallegory?"

"Oh, no. This is called Travels. I am going on, Zachary. And you shall understand that when my fellows and I were in this vale, we were in great thought whether we durst put our bodies in a venture, to go in or not, in the protection of God. So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors of Lombardy, who said that if any man would enter they would go in with us, and when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of them, we heard mass, and every man was shriven and houseled; and then we entered, fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine."

"Preserve us, sir!" exclaimed the dismayed Zachary; "had the devils gotten 'em?"

"I believe so, Zachary." And away went Friday into the Perilous Vale, where the great multitude of dead bodies lay by the way, "as though there had been a battle between two kings."

"And therefore we were the more devout a great deal; and yet we were cast down and beaten down many times to the hard earth by winds, and thunders and tempests; but evermore God of his grace helped us. And so we passed that Perilous Vale without peril and without encumbrance, thanked be Almighty God. And that is all about that. Do you like it, Zachary?"

"Ah, sir," said Zachary, for Friday always asked the same question, and he always made the same answer.

Friday closed the book, and rubbed his hands softly, with grave pleasure. They were sitting in the old rose-arbor at the end of the long walk. Outside it was raining, and the bowery wreaths round the open doorway were dripping. They had taken shelter there when the shower began and Friday had brought Crusoe and an ancient, mouldy-smelling book by way of amusement. The book had given every satisfaction; not so Crusoe. His behavior had been trying in the extreme, and at this moment he was under the table, gnawing Zachary's wooden leg. The table was covered with nodding fuchsias in flower-pots, and Zachary was tying up the branches with strips of bast. Friday was sitting on an upturned hamper, watching a little and reading a little, and enjoying himself a good deal, for if any one had a capacity for enjoyment it was Friday.

Crusoe came out from under the table, cocked his ears and swaggered to the door where he stood and defied the rain in short barks. Friday lifted him on his knee, and lovingly embracing him around his woolly

waist, watched Zachary steadfastly for a few moments. Then he said, "Zachary, if I were to find an undiscovered country, do you know what I should do?"

"And what, Master Friday?"
"When I had let go my sails, and brought my ships to anchor, then I should go ashore. I think perhaps I should stoop down and kiss the land, being so very glad to see it, like some of the captains I read about. And then I should call all my men to kneel down and give thanks to God for his mercy."

"Werry proper, too."
"And the next thing the captains did, and I should do, is to set up the king's standard—I mean, of course, the Queen's."

"Ay!" said Zachary approvingly.

"Yes, that is what you ought to do if you find a country. The Perilous Vale reminds me of a thing I found in one of the old books, and it is a proverb, like Early to Bed, and A Stitch in Time, and those things Mrs. Hammond says, but much nicer. It is: 'A passage perillus makyth a port pleasant.' And I think about it when I read about the explorers, because they must have been so glad to come to their ports after all the danger. Don't you think so?"

"Ay, that's a true proverb, Master Friday."

"I told the Doctor, and we talked about it. I asked him to write it for me, to put on the wall over my bed, and he has written it very beautifully, like the printing in some of the oldest books. It is very nice to have it to sleep under. A passage—perillus—makyth—a—port—pleasant." Friday repeated the words softly to himself, and smiled, and thought. Crusoe at this point finding the thing becoming tame, wriggled himself, and rolled off his perch. Friday took off his straw hat to assist meditation, and laid it on the floor. Crusoe took it in his mouth, and much impeded by the brim getting between his legs, dragged it under the seat, where, under the impression that it was a soft bone, he first picked it clean and then worried it.

Presently Friday said: "Zachary, if you were me, I mean if you were grown-up, and didn't have to do as Mrs. Hammond says, about going to bed and things, what would you go to seek?"

"In the way of travels, now?" said Zachary, for this was their standing topic of conversation.

"Yes. Of El Dorado, or the fountain of perpetual youth, or Paradise—which would you rather?"

Zachary, a little at a loss, paused with his mouth full of wisps of bast, and directed one light-blue eye sideways at the hamper.

"There was a man," said Friday thoughtfully, "his name was Juan Ponce de Leon; I often read about him. He heard that there was a fountain of perpetual youth in some islands, so he went all through them, and wandered and wandered, and searched, but he never found it. The Doctor says there isn't one on earth—he didn't say about anywhere else," added Friday, pondering. But the man never found it, and he fell into despair. And Sir Walter Raleigh was always looking for El Dorado, and that was a golden city, and he never found it either, though he looked again and again. I think he got very sad at last. So I think I would rather try to find Paradise. What do you say, Zachary?"

"Not putting much belief in them two places named, I think, sir, at my time of life a man should be shaping for that last port."

"Have you ever read about Christopher Columbus, Zachary?"

"Not to say read, sir—I've heard tell of him," replied Zachary, with some uncertainty.

"Because in his travels he found a place that was so beautiful that he thought he had got to the Place of the Blessed, and he called it Paradise. He was so very glad. But soon he found it wasn't. It is harder than that to get to Paradise, and it hurts more. It tells about it in this travel. The Doctor and I read it often. It is a very nice part," said Friday, turning over the leaves of his book.

"It is called the Terrestrial Paradise, and it is the place towards the east, at the beginning of the earth, where Adam and Eve lived. But the man of the travel did not see it himself."

"No, belike," observed Zachary, rubbing his nose.

"No, he said he was not worthy," said little innocent Friday. "It has a wall around it, Zachary, and only one gate, and that is all burning fire, so no one can get in." And in the middle is a well, and all the water of the earth comes from the well of Paradise. And he says you shall understand that no mortal man can reach Paradise, because by land it is all wild beasts and dark places, and by water the rivers run in great waves. And the water roars so, and makes so huge a noise, and so great a tempest that no man may hear another in the ship, though he cried with all the might he could. Many great lords have essayed with great will, many times, to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies; but they might not speed in their voyage, and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves, and many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water; and some perished and were lost in the waves; so that no mortal man may approach to that place without special grace of God. And so the Doctor says no alive man can get there, but only dead. But he says that doesn't matter, if God lets us go, at the end."

(To be Continued.)

POISONED WELLS.

About forty years ago a wealthy New York merchant bought a lot of land in Newport, and tearing down the old house which stood on it, built a stately dwelling for his summer home.

A few months after he took possession of it his only child, a girl of twelve, sickened and died.

The next year his wife was stricken with some mysterious ailment. She, too, died. He sold the house, haunted by such bitter griefs, and never returned to it.

The beautiful home was bought by the father of a large, merry family of boys and girls, but before the summer was over one of the young people had fallen into a low fever. The physicians were baffled by the case. No medicine and no treatment that could be suggested gave any relief to the patient; the poor lad lingered for some weeks, and then died.

Again the house was sold, and yet again, and each time disease and death, promptly, as if they lay in wait behind the door, attacked one or more of the members of each family. It was examined by scientific experts, but no fault could be found with its site or construction. It was large, airy, well drained. The salt sea-breeze blew through it.

Popular belief declared it to be haunted or accursed. No tenant could be found for it. It was at last taken down to make way for a street. Below the cellars was found an old covered drain, which had long filled the house with the breath of death.

That is the history of a house. Here is another equally true of a life:

Mr. Blank will long be remembered as a leader in American politics; a man of commanding intellect and force of character.

He espoused the moral side in all questions. No man impugned his integrity or his calm, cold virtues. Yet while he had a political following, he had no personal friends. He stood aloof from bad men, and some mysterious quality in him repelled good men. He "did not ring true," they were apt to say. With all his intellectual power he lived a solitary life, and died a stranger to his own family.

After his death it was found that beneath what seemed a fair and noble character lurked a foul sensuality.

These are not pleasant facts, but they are facts to be considered as danger signals for other lives.—*Youth's Companion.*

A GENTLEMAN.

What most characterizes a gentleman is thoughtfulness for others. A true gentleman does not allow himself to annoy any person with whom he is on good terms. He not only refrains from saying or doing anything which he knows is questionable, but he also refrains from anything which others may consider questionable. He places thoughtfulness above self-gratification at home or abroad.

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

(From the Child's Companion.)

VII.

We spoke last time of double stars; to-day we will learn a little about star clusters. They look to us here—so far off—like patches of shiny soft light. Sometimes a star or two seems visible; but looked at through a telescope, many of these hazy bits of light are seen clearly to be clusters of stars, some so distant that they still appear only as misty lights, some clear and shining.

There is that wonderful region called the "milky way," a sort of girdle which goes round the heavens. To you at night it only looks like a soft smear of moonlight in different parts of the sky; but it is known to consist of myriads of stars. You will see it near the Swan and near Cassiopeia.

And what can be the distance between these faint-looking stars and us here on earth? Our minds cannot picture it. Centuries ago the light left them which now reaches our sight—we see them only as they were—long since they might have changed. It is beyond our understanding; but we know that he—our Father—knows and "calleth them all by their names."

VIII.

To-night we come to a very red-colored star and also a group of stars which are sometimes called the Seven Sisters; but really they are the Pleiades. A strange interest there is about this bright group; it is spoken of by Job so many thousands of years ago. Look in the 38th chapter of his book, and you will see that both the Pleiades and Orion are spoken of here, and these two we will now learn to find, so that seeing them we shall the better realize how those eyes so long ago looked up into the same vast space, and remembered God's power and his wisdom, as they saw the shining of the starry cluster.

The figure of Taurus, or the bull, contains this beautiful red star, Aldebaran, which forms the bull's eye, and the seven stars of the Pleiades lie in the neck. A sort of V-shaped set of stars forms the bull's face, and Aldebaran lies at the end of this V.

The Pleiades group is always easily seen on a winter's night—seven or even ten stars you can see with your eyes; but by the help of a telescope more than 600 stars have actually been counted. To find the place in the sky where we are to look for the Pleiades, we must look direct south from Capella, and, when once you see the shining group of the Seven Sisters, you will see plainly to the left a bright red star and the V shape of neighboring stars.

Our map will now show you how to place the counters for Cassiopeia, Capella, Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and this will make it simple in our next lesson to see Orion, one of most glorious constellations of our northern sky.

EVERY TIME a Christian goes wrong, he makes it harder for some sinner to go right.



Fig. 13.

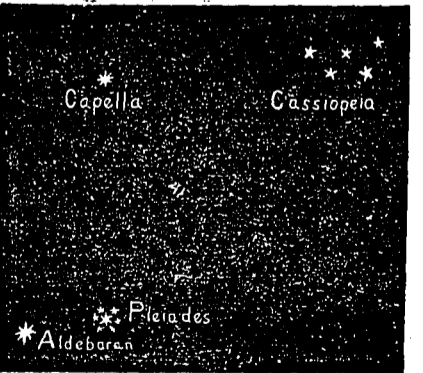
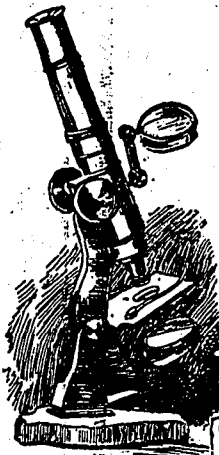


Fig. 14.

THE MICROSCOPE AT THE POND SIDE.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

I was recently permitted by the authorities to make a microscopic "dredging expedition" in the lakes of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and as a sort of continuation of a former article under the same caption, I will give an account of some of the things which I found there. It should be said that those ponds are not exceptionally good



for this purpose, and that any pond, especially if it has upon its surface the small green plant called duckweed, may yield better results.

The articles found were drawn up with a hook at the end of some thirty or forty feet of strong twine. The hook was made by twisting two pieces of copper wire together and passing them through a sinker, as shown in Fig. 1. The wire should not be too stiff, for in that case it will not yield if it catches on anything immovable at the bottom, and the hook will be lost.

Fig. 2 represents about three inches of slender submerged twig "fished" up in this way. There were not "millions in it," but literally thousands on it, for it was crowded with life.

First, were a number of animal trees, presenting to the unassisted eye a fluffy appearance, but under the microscope a perfect tree-like colony of animals, called *Cercherium polyplumum*.

In Fig. 3 we have the "trunk" of one of these singular animal trees. It has a transparent stalk, and delicate transparent "branches" with ramifications extend in every direction, in precisely the same manner as the branches and twigs diverge from a trunk of a tree. In the place of leaves, however, we have in our animal tree from a dozen—according to its age—to five hundred or a thousand living animals, averaging about the one five-hundredth of an inch in length, each one extended on its tiny stalk.

This beautiful "tree" belongs to the same family as the Vorticella. The individuals—polyps (see Fig. 4)—have a similar bell-like shape, the same ciliary action at the mouth of the bell, and the "tree" grows by the subdivision of the polyps composing it.

To see these immense numbers of tiny forms expanded, all putting forth this independent ciliary action in quest of food, and on the slightest alarm disappearing, leaving not a trace behind except a small, white, round lump of jelly; then, on recovering from their fright, reappearing in all their beauty, is indeed a marvellous sight.

Next we perceive (Fig. 5) hundreds of animal trumpets called *Stentor Mulleri*, singly and in groups of ten to fifty. They are about one thirty-second of an inch in length. Some are pale brown, and others (*Stentor ceruleus*) pale blue; others again (*Stentor viridis*) pale green.

Busy as they seem to be, waving the mouth of the "trumpet" to and fro, no sound is heard; for either the *Stentor* is too modest to attract attention by its music, or our ears are not quick enough to catch the strains.

They attach themselves to the twig by a suckerlike disc at the small end of the trumpet.

When expanded, the mouth is seen surrounded with a fringe of cilia in full action, bent on securing "a good square meal." When at rest, they contract themselves into a kind of ball; but when expanded, they stand out, firmly and distinctly, the members of the group being as close together as they well can be.

If left undisturbed, they will, after fulfilling all their functions, probably die where they have lived, although their span of existence is not known; but if disturbed, they immediately contract themselves, give up their grip, forsake their homes, and using their cilia as propellers, wander forth in search of fresh fields.

Even without a lens we see a strange object stretching itself out over the heads of the *Stentors*. It is *Hydra vulgaris* (Fig. 6). It takes the name *Hydra* from that old fable of the Greeks about a monster which infested the neighborhood of Lake Lerna. The legend was that this monster

seen on the young *Hydra* while it was still attached to the parent.

Two or three of the young often may be seen growing simultaneously on one parent; and as "like parent like child," the old and the young may sometimes be seen pulling with all their might, at the opposite ends of a worm which has had the misfortune to be caught.

In the winter the *Hydra* multiplies from eggs; but it has another, an artificial, mode of propagation, which is so marvellous that when first published it was not only discredited, but ridiculed by scientific men, and was not accepted until the most absolute and undeniable proof of its truth was given.

The experiments, first made by Trembley, a French microscopist, and by Johnston, are summed up as follows:

"If the body is halved in any direction, each half in a short time grows into a perfect *Hydra*; if it is cut into four, eight, or even minced into forty pieces, each continues alive, and develops a new animal, which is itself capable of being multiplied in the same extraordinary manner.

"If the section is made lengthwise, so as to divide the body into two or more slips connected by the tail, or base, they are speedily re-soldered, like some hero of fairy tale, into one perfect whole; or if the pieces are kept asunder, each will become a polyp.

"Thus we may have several polyps with only one tail between them; but if the sections be made in a contrary direction,—from the tail toward the tentacles,—you produce a monster with two or more bodies and one head.

"If the tentacles—the organs by which they take their prey, and on which their existence might seem to depend—are cut away, parts are reproduced, and the lopped-off parts remain not long without a new body. If only two or three tentacles are embraced in the section, the result is the same, and a single tentacle will serve for the evolution of a complete creature.

"When a piece is cut out of the body, the wound speedily heals, and, as if excited by the stimulus of the knife, young polyps sprout from the wound more abundantly, and in preference to the unscarred parts. When a polyp is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two unite and form one individual; and when a head is lopped off, it may safely be engrafted on the body of any other which may chance to want one.

"You may slit the animal up, and lay it out flat like a membrane with impunity; nay, it may be turned outside in, so that the stomach surface shall become the epidermis, and yet continue to live and perform all its functions. The creature suffers very little by these apparently cruel operations, for before the lapse of many minutes the upper half of a cross section will expand its tentacles, and catch prey as usual; and the two portions of a longitudinal division will, after an hour or two, take food and retain it."

There are two other specimens of *Hydra*, one of which, *Hydra fusca*, has a large number of tentacles, which can be extended to a length of seven or eight inches. The third, *Hydra viridis*, is considerably smaller than either of the foregoing, and of a brilliant green color. All the forms when at rest, or when circumstances do not favor their extension, contract themselves into a globular form.—*Stephen Helm*.

WHAT IS THE END OF LIFE?

The end of life is not to do good although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good, or winning souls, or it may not. The maximum achievement of any man's life after it is all over is to have done all the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy-maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives is to adhere through good report or ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God wherever it may lead us. It may take you away to China; or you who are going to Africa may have to stay

where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist may have to go into business; and you who were going into business may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in life till that principle is taken possession of.—*Professor Drummond*.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

LITTLE NELLIE IS HAPPY.

Little Nellie writes us from a New Brunswick town, and tells us about her baby brother aged six months.

We are permitted to publish in this issue of the *Northern Messenger*, a few extracts from Nellie's interesting letter.

She says: "When baby was born, I was glad, as I often wished for a brother. When baby was a month old, I heard mamma say, that he was very delicate, and that it would require great care and attention to preserve the little life. Mamma fed little baby brother on very nice milk, and tried a food that the druggist sold. At the end of two months, dear little brother was very thin and weak; and I became afraid, because often mamma would cry when she held baby in her arms."

"One day I read about your Lactated Food in the *Moncton Times*; I ran to mamma and asked her to try one package of it. She smiled through her tears, and told me I might go and buy a tin.

"Now for the joy part, dear sirs! I want very much to tell you how the Lactated Food worked. Mamma fed baby with your great food for three days, giving it nothing else; and we all noticed a change. My baby brother got brighter and could keep the nourishment on his stomach. Mamma continued with Lactated Food; and, every week, dear brother was getting fatter and stronger, and was taking good long sleeps. Our doctor was astonished, and said that your Lactated Food saved my dear little brother."

We trust that every boy and girl who reads Nellie's letter, will follow her example, and urge their dear mothers to try Lactated Food if baby brother or sister is weak, sickly, cross and peevish. If you have no baby in the house, tell your friends who have a baby, all you know about Lactated Food, which has saved so many precious little lives. Tell mamma, that if she has not tried Lactated Food, to send her address at once to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, and they will send her free a full sized package. Mention the *Northern Messenger*.

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