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Temperance Department.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE—A MOTHER'S FOLLY, AND A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

(From N. Y. Observer.)

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

The father was a calm, steadfast man, immovable in the faith and in the family. Every morning he read in clear, cold, measured tone the chapter by course, whether the first of Chronicles or of St. John, and offered a formal prayer. And he believed there should be but one judgment and one will in the family, and he believed as firmly it should be the man's.

The wife had a great warm heart in sympathy with every other human heart; a pleasant smile and a kind word for every one, and was glad when she might wipe a tear or soothe a pain: made herself happy in making others so, and gave out joy and sweetness as freely and unconsciously as a flower-perfume, or a bird song.

And the only child was the dearest little curly-head, with bright laughing eyes, and dimples just deep enough for mamma's kisses to nestle in.

And the father was very proud and happy when Archibald (never a little did he shorten the name) could sit astride his shoulder and hold on by his hair, albeit he winced a little when the tiny hand drew too hard on the many-stranded bridle.

And lovingly both parents watched the dawning mind, the winsome ways, the first little tooth, the first sweet kiss, and pulled the little pink toes and smiled to hear him laugh. Feet like these have gone down into the valley, and feet like these have pressed the mount of God.

"No more, Archibald."

"Please, papa."

"No. You have had enough."

"One little kiss."

"No; not another one."

And the father walked firmly out. With great tears in his eyes, and his cherub lips all puckered up, and his dimpled chin a very nest of wrinkles, and his breast heaving with sighs, the boy toddled up to his mother, and she took him in her arms.

"Please one, mamma!"

"Mamma will give Archie a sweet one right in his hand if he will give her a smiling one right off his lips."

And the little face brightened; and the kisses were given.

The bad angel smiled, and the good angel wept, as they saw in the bright springtime tares sowed amid the wheat.

II.

"I think father is real mean." The boy is older, and the seed has sprouted. "All the other boys went and had a splendid time."



THE EARL OF CAVAN.

It is a cheering sign of the times to see the high and the low, the rich and the poor, all banded together in order to advance the cause of true religion; and of late years many of the nobility of the United Kingdom have taken an active part in the work of evangelization. The Earl of Shaftesbury, as a representative Christian English peer, has a counterpart in the Earl of Cavan, a distinguished nobleman, who takes his title from large estates in Cavan County, Ireland. For many years back he and his noble wife have devoted themselves unremittingly to aiding in the enlightenment and social uplifting of the lower classes or tenantry and with marked results. Their own tenants have found help and Christian sympathy in their hours of trial, and kindly advice when the

world prospered them. The Earl is a man past the meridian of life, with a strong frame and first-class mental and vital powers. His head is well balanced, and he is a pleasing speaker, being possessed of a retentive memory, and large powers of language. He quotes largely from Scripture in his exhortations, which are of the most practical kind. This nobleman and his devoted wife paid Canada and the United States a visit last fall; and the former addressed several mass meetings in Montreal, during the progress of the First Conference of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance. The Earl takes a deep interest in the Sunday-school cause as well as that of the Evangelical churches and is an indefatigable worker.

"But your father feared an accident with so many on the ice."

"No other fellow's father was so afraid, and I might have gone as well as not."

"Yes! And I am very sorry you did not go, but your father could not know it was safe."

"It's never safe for me out of his sight. The school will have a ride next week, but he won't let me go. You see if he does?"

"When the time comes, tell me. Don't plague your father about it."

And the boy went off whistling, fully understanding the meaning, she thought, hidden under that word plague.

In a few days he came in, in a glow of excitement: "Mother, the ride is to be Thursday, and you must said I might go."

"And I intend you shall. I'll speak to your father about it."

"Don't let him say no. Mamma, don't."

In the evening the favorite chair was in the exact spot, with a new tidy upon it; the shippers warm; the light graduated to a society; the mother listened to all the wise sayings; said "yes" to all the questionings, and smiled at all the old jokes; and Archie, who understood perfectly the whole effort, studied most earnestly until his father began "the early to bed and early to rise," when he promptly lay down his books (he had been dying for half an hour to), and bade them "good-night."

As he went out his father said:

"My dear! Archibald is studying well."

"Very well. He is very fond of his teacher, and as a reward his teacher is to give the scholars a holiday and sleigh-ride. Don't you think it would please him if his patrons, especially his influential ones like you, should approve of and let their children go?"

"Yes, my dear! And I will let Archibald go if his teacher will take especial care of him,

and come home early. It is but just to the teacher that I give him this proof of my confidence and approval."

The mother remembered Archie ought to have another blanket, the night was so cold. She found him turning somersaults on the outside of his bed, and knowing, perfectly, all she had to tell him. But she was too happy seeing him so happy to chide him, and only told him to ask his father in the morning.

He did ask. Was duly questioned, a formal consent was given, the money counted out, many words of advice thrown in, and the father walked dignifiedly away. The boy threw up his cap, hugged and kissed his mother, with "you are just splendid," and the mother laughed, and kissed him.

III.

An evening came in which Archie could not eat his supper; he had a sick headache, and left the table to lie on the sofa. His mother followed him. "Wouldn't he have some toast & a cup of hot tea? had he eaten anything to hurt him? had he taken cold? was he chilly? was he hot? wouldn't he have a freestone? would he have his head bathed? how was his tongue?"

However it might have looked had he shown it, it sounded badly as he said:

"Do, mother, let me alone, and eat your supper, I will eat it myself."

She took a new blanket, and tucked it around his feet, and bringing a pillow, and smoothing his hair, though he kept his face averted, she went back to the table, not to eat, but to ask if it were best to send for the doctor to tell her what threatened her boy. The father finished his tea, though to him it had lost its flavor, and went in to examine and decide; but Archie was asleep, his face to the wall, his breathing regular and full, and, after a whispered consultation, he determined to go to the store, and the mother could see how the boy was when he awoke, and send word if he needed.

As soon as the father shut the front door, the boy's eyes were wide open, and with a half-croser, half-laughing tone, he said:

"Mother, see here! Don't let father go for a doctor. I am not sick."

"Why, Archie, what is the matter?"

"The fellows were all smoking, and laughed at me, and called me a Puritan, and a snuff, and so I smoked a cigar, and it made me awful sick."

"I wouldn't have your father know it for anything."

"Who's to tell? You won't?"

"No. But don't smoke again; it's a bad habit."

"One has got to live in this world, and it's no use to set up for better than other fellows."

"By-and-by you'll see your father has your good at heart."

"His heart is in the right place, frozen in."

"Why, Archie!"

"But, mother dear, yours is warm and true; so give me a kiss and I'll be off to bed." He turned back with a laugh, to say, "But about what time do you think you'll have that doctor, here?"

"Naughty boy," and she laughed as she said it.

But she was sorry. She had always thought it a foolish habit, and hoped her boy would think it over, but then how many good men smoke.

As if Providence ever was or ever will be party to any little family arrangement whereby one parent deceives another.

IV.

"I think I might go to the circus just this once, mother!"

"But you know your father utterly disapproves of it, and all the influences and associations."

"I know he disapproves of everything but prayer-meetings and Sunday-school, and

I have been to both ever since I was born, so I think I must be encased in the whole armor, and can ward off any fiery darts that may fly toward me."

"Archie, you shock me!"

"I only mean, mother dear, that I have been too well brought up to become a rowdy in taste or practice. Truly, I'll come home early, and not do or see or hear anything wrong. Come, mother, now do let me go."

"I don't know what your father would say, if I should."

"He never need know it. You are old enough and wise enough to give your own child one permission from your own heart."

"Oh, Archie, I don't know!"

"Well, I know! You'd just as lief, and I am going; and if father finds out, you can make it all straight; and really, mother, I ought to see the menagerie; it will help me in my natural history. I am sure I ought to see those animals."

"I am sure your father will let you; I'll ask him that," and the mother's face brightened.

"Yes, and he'll go down with me, and hold on to my hand as if I were a three-year-old. Come, mother, I think you might trust me this once."

"You must never ask again, if I say yes this time."

"No. I never will."

And she let him go, and no voice whispered, "The cigar, the circus are little seeds which may or may not grow up harmful, but to wink at what you have taught is sin; to teach deception and falsehood; to undermine the honor due the father, is to pat out roots which will sink deep in a fertile soil, and send forth branches which will cast a dense shade, if they do not wholly shut out the sun at your eventide."

v.

Years have passed. The mother has watched her child in sickness; soothed his boy troubles; sympathized in his pleasures; helped him in his studies; listened to his little love fancies; petted his favorite girls; invited his play-fellows; won for him many a hesitating permission; smoothed many little rough places, and thus concealed many little weaknesses; and many a dollar has passed quietly from her purse into his. And it was a delight to her to have him called "mother's boy," and to feel that "a child that so loves his mother will never go far astray." And she would repeat the words sometimes when Archie came in from the festival, or the ride, or party, with breath flavored with the wine.

And she often gently remonstrated with "merry" tasks it not to seem odd. But she had not thought it best to tell his father, for he was a very strict temperance man, and never could be made to see the first wrong step that didn't lead to the second, or that the straight and narrow way was not just as straight and narrow as when he was a boy; all quite proper for him, but a terribly straight-laced jacket to put a modern boy in. And youth comes but once, life's duties will come soon enough, and the father would be so strict, that the boy would be restless and all three unhappy, and she could not see or feel that it was wise or kind to bring any trouble into this happy, happy home.

But there came a night in which trouble stalked in at the open door and laid a heavy hand on the sweet, gentle mother. And though the father slept calmly, and the son heavily, she tried to think and see what to do and how to act. But heart and brain refused to see but one sight, her only child, her cherished son helped home and helped to bed, and hear but two sounds, that hic-cough, and that laugh. In both her own she took the strong, unconscious hand beside her, and bathed it with her tears. He must, he should know all; but would it not make him less miserable, more merciful, to have Archie confess? Yes, and so it should be, and together they would ask his forgiveness, and soften his heart toward the child.

The morning found her with a severe nervous headache, but she poured her husband's coffee, with a smile and pleasant words, and to his question said:

"Archie is asleep, and I did not try to wake him: he is not often late."

Before noon one of the Raven class, who can only creak, dropped into his place of business, and told him of the last night, and of the outgoings, and incouings, and shortcomings of his son for the last two years or more, not omitting the usual additions.

The father repelled the charge, and resented the impertinence; but as soon as the man was gone, he seized his hat and went home.

"Where is Archie?"

He has not come down yet. He went quickly to his room. The heavy breathing, the air full of his breath, were enough, too much. He shook him, and the dull awakening confirmed it all.

In that bitter moment his strong tower of pride fell, and his trust in his wife, his hopes for his son, his plans for himself, were buried

beneath it. He came down heavily as one bearing a great burden; he came, cold and stern and bitter, to the loving, suffering, sorrowing mother. The tears he should have wiped, he saw not, but saw only the wrong she had done him, and in that wrong the ruin of his son. And, though she was crushed to the earth by her own burden of grief, he rolled his upon her, and piled on that his reproaches.

It was a day of utter misery to the mother. She knew that in her boy the father's proud spirit lived; and often it had required all her tact and care to prevent its breaking forth. She knew, too, that her boy loved her, and would not see her blamed; and she looked forward to the collision of father and son, with mortal terror. Often she went to the chamber to watch his awakening, and to weep and to pray.

In the afternoon, when he was fully himself, she spoke to him of the last night, told him of his father. Withholding his bitter censure of her, and harsh words of him, she spoke only of his surprise and grief; and Archibald, in his shame and humility, in his sorrow for his parents' sorrow, and love for their love, swore to reform.

And strong in her great fear and greater love she dared even implore her husband to remember the sin was all hers; that it was a first real offence; there must have been outside influence; and added, she knew her noble husband would be Christ-like in his great gentleness. Overwheeled by the fierceness of his wrath, and soothed by the assurance of a virtue about which he had been a little doubtful, he grew gentle and accepted his son's frank confession, and manly humility, and solemn pledge, kindly, and with a feeling of relief; for, next to himself, he loved his son.

Then, in the sublime confidence that his wife had learned to trust his judgment, and the son his wisdom, and now all would be well, and he more than ever lord of his home, he slept. The mother, forgetting, or rather not seeing, his injustice to herself, in her joy at his kindness to Archie, and the love that they had shown each other, and the hope that it would now broaden and deepen, and with her own love rekindled by his unwonted tenderness, slept also.

But to the son sleep came not, nor did he seek it; but, resting his head against the case-ment, he let the night air cool his excitement. He loathed himself, and loathed his parents as never before. He felt his father's kind and gentle words in every fibre of his being, and wondered he could so long have been blind and deaf to his love, and resolved in all the strength of his soul to be worthy of it. And prayers, and watchings, and hidings, and his lip quivered, and his eye moistened, as he promised, to himself and to God, nevermore to cause her a tear or a fear.

And the dark cloud lifted, and the bow of promise spanned the home.

But in the morning the father's old nature, which had not been recognized in the new evening dress, put on its usual garb. He had passed a grave offence too lightly. Archibald must be made to feel his sin and to see its consequences, or he would go down, down, down, and the blood of his soul would be found on his father's skirt; for he had indeed been verily guilty in that he had trusted a woman to bring up the son God had given him, and whose soul he would require at his hands!

The son's love and contrition were checked in their outflow by the tone in which his father said:

"Good morning, Archibald."

After a silent breakfast, the father sat back firmly; read the chapter solemnly; took off his glasses deliberately and laid them on the paper; hemmed twice and commenced:

"Archibald! I have thought much and deeply of you the past night, while you have been wrapped in unheeding slumber. I see you standing at the junction of two roads; one is broad and stretches out smoothly before you, but it will lead you from your father's house (for no drunker, rowdy shall disturb this home which my industry has erected); will lead you down to a drunkard's grave, a degraded, miserable wretch, only fit to spend your eternity with boon companions; the very devils themselves.

"The other is narrow, but leads to honor, to wealth, to a happy home, a loving wife, children around your hearth: (I trust none of them will follow in your footsteps, bring shame to their parents' hearts, and perhaps bring down their grey hair with sorrow to the grave) and at the end, heaven.

"I am sorry to add that already your footsteps are turned in the former road, and your companions, and tastes, and appetites, beckon you on; but I, to whom you owe your life and the enjoyments and luxuries that have surrounded it, reach out my hand to lead you back to happiness and to heaven. Will you come?"

Had he said fondly:

"Come, Archie, my boy, with me to-day," he would have fallen on his neck and followed

wherever he might have led: but this speech fired all his spirit, and only his mother's pleading face prevented its blazing forth.

"You are silent! You have no confessions to make! You have none for me to hear up, with your mother's and my own, on my wings of faith and love, to heaven."

"There is confession enough to be made for me, but I can see none for mother; she is the best woman that ever breathed, and your example has been perfect."

"I feel no hesitation in saying my example and all my manner of life and conversation has been perfect before you, and you would have been but just, had you added my precepts also. Had you heeded them, this black hour would have been spared us. Yet I have somewhat to confess; I have not watched over your mother and you as I ought, and like our first parent, I have been betrayed."

"Father! You cannot mean to censure mother!"

"I can and I do, though less bitterly than her own conscience does and must."

"If mother's conscience is not clear, an angel's would not be."

"She has screened you and deceived me, as she confesses to me."

"If she has not run and told you every fault of mine, it has been as much to save you pain, as to save me censure; if she has sometime used her judgment as to what I might do, she had a mother's right to half the governing of me. But for her love and sympathy and tenderness, I should have been much worse than I am; that I have not been fully worthy of her trust is my fault, not hers."

"I would not extenuate your faults in the very least. I wish you to see them in all their grossness; a young man not quite reached his majority, but older in sin than his father in half a century; that were enough, full enough without this disrespect to me, or this over-praise of your mother, which is an implied censure disrespectful to me."

"I cannot stand this talk, and I won't, whatever may be the consequences."

"You invite the consequences! Take them then. Let me never hear you speak until you ask forgiveness."

And, closing the Bible, he strode off, forgetting to pray, and perhaps it was as well; for the "forgive us our debts as we forgive" would not have brought down very rich blessings on his head.

And now the mother's heart was full. Two men, both wrong and both right. Each seeing distinctly where he himself was right and the other wrong; each fully convinced he had done more than he ought. Each recalling only the words he had spoken, and not seeing that, even if true, they were as ill-timed as a douche bath to one over-heated, were like two flints being struck together by an unseen but powerful force, and to prevent the sparks igniting, the sweet woman threw herself between. But every blow that hit her, fired her son.

The father only grew harder, as he saw the idolatry of mother and son, and felt that just so much was taken from him who should be first in each of their hearts. The more severe and unjust he grew, the more fearless grew the son, the more convinced that it was his duty to protect his mother, who had borne too much and too long. At length the son was sent away.

"He had a clerkship offered in New York, and we thought he might try it awhile. It does young men good to be thrown upon themselves for a time," the mother said.

Heaven pity her. She is trying, policeman-like, to shield her dear ones from the world's arrows, even though her own life-blood is flowing.

vi.

Ten years of temptation resisted, and temptation yielded to, and again he is at home. But hope, heart, and honor are gone, and he vibrates between life and death.

The mother bathes the hot brow, moistens the dry lips, tempers the heat, softens the light, and whispers of the loving Saviour who died that he might live.

And the father, bowed in form and in heart, humbles himself before his son and his God, and in broken tones prays that the home refused him here, he may find in heaven.

And he prays, too.

And all that home is full of penitence, of self-censure, and love, and gentleness.

Too late! Ten years too late! But they shall meet again.

JOHN WARREN'S DERT AND THE "POOR MAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY."

(Concluded.)

But let me pass over a month. John paid three instalments, and the strike still continuing he could pay no more. Hitherto Mr. Holding had been tolerably polite; but when John appeared before him on the fourth Saturday eve, with a very long face, and a stammering apology, the money lender looked at him with a frowning face, and asked him what he meant by it.

"You get money from me," he said, "with liberty to pay it back by easy instalments, and before a month is over you fail."

"But I am out of work," urged John.

"Then get into work."

"But I can't—the strikes are everywhere."

"But you have furniture," said the money lender.

"Don't touch that for the love of all that is good," said John, starting back in horror; "be easy with me, and I will pay you one day."

"Well," said Mr. Holding, "I will be easy with you. If you can't pay the instalment, you must pay the fine."

"How much is that?" asked John.

"A penny in the shilling—fivepence."

Fivepence—it was not much, and John with a lightened heart put it down, thanked Mr. Holding, and retired. This time John did not stay to drink; both landlord and drinkers seemed to know how matters were, and let him pass through without a hail.

From this hour John was in real trouble—a volume might be filled with the miseries this loan brought upon him. The strike continuing, he had nothing but the Society money to fall back upon, and every week some of this went to the rapacious maw of the money-lender. The penny in the shilling was demanded every week for every instalment unpaid, and the five became tenpence, then fifteenpence, then one and eightpence, until the extortioner's charges threatened to swallow up all John received—and still the main debt in the little red book remained the same.

There was very little happiness now in the Warren's home, and when the furniture began to go, John and his wife were wretched in the extreme; but they were obliged to sell something or starve, and when John took the clock away—that being the article they could best spare—Mrs. Warren wept bitterly. When John came back he sat for some time scowling by the fire.

"How much did you get, John?"

"Seven shillings," he replied; "and they did not want to give that. The dealer says that it's all buying and no selling with him now the strike is on. Seven shillings, and two and elevenpence to go to Holding to-morrow."

"That dreadful debt," exclaimed Mrs. Warren.

"Ay! that dreadful debt," said John; "you may well call it by that name. I wish we had saved a little when we were well off. We should be comfortable now. Debt brings a world of trouble."

"It will ruin us unless you get into work, John."

John rose up and walked out. The misery of his position was too much for him, and he wanted to think it over in the cool air. He thought long and bitterly about it, but thought showed him no way out of the snare. Ruin seemed certain, and he was afraid that he would bring trouble upon his surety, Dick Newman. He resolved to go and see him.

John found Dick, with his hands in his pockets, lounging outside a public-house, and with a very penitent face told him the story. Dick heard all very coolly, and told John not to trouble himself.

"Holding can't hurt me," said Dick—"at least not any more than he has. He sold me up four days ago for a debt of my own."

"Sold you up!" cried John.

"Every stick and rag," replied Dick. "My wife is living with her sister until I get into work again, and I live anywhere. Holding bites badly when he shows his teeth."

Poor John! He was now completely overwhelmed, and went home with a vision of a home swept of every comfort; he was even fearful of finding the broker already there, but he found nothing worse than a wife sorrowfully brooding. On Monday the little parlor table was sold, and John's Sunday coat was put into pawn.

"We may as well get the benefit of our goods," said John desperately; "if Holding comes he won't find much, unless he comes quickly."

That very night Mr. Holding called, and quietly looking round, missed the clock.

"Where's your clock, Warren?" he said; "but I need not ask you—sold, of course. Now, understand me: you must keep your furniture here until my debt is paid, or it will come to me."

"You cannot demand any more than your instalments," said John doggedly.

"Can't I?" said the money lender; "your bill says in weekly instalments, or at once on demand."

"I don't remember that," said John.

"Then read it now," returned Mr. Holding, producing the bill.

Yes, it was written there, and John had overlooked it. He felt now the full power of the snare into which he had fallen.

"You part with another stick," said the hard-hearted money-dealer as he went towards the door, "and I close at once."

When he was gone, John vowed in the bitterness of his heart that he would let every-

thing go and get out of the fellow's clutches at once; but a little reflection showed him the folly of such a course. A wife's influence was brought to bear upon him too, for Mrs. Warren had considered of late, and had laid out a course for the future.

"We will be more economical, John," she said; "and if we only get rid again, I shall not be sorry that we have received this lesson. If we only put our beer money by it will be something."

"Turn teetotalers!" said John, scornfully. "Why not?" returned his wife; "what good has beer ever done you or me? The only quarrel we ever had was when you returned in a fuddled state from the 'Red Lion.' Look, too, at the money you have spent since you went to and fro about this unfortunate debt."

"Only a few shillings," urged John. "What would those shillings be to us now?" said Mrs. Warren: "quite sufficient to help us through the trouble of next week. And as a rule, look what we spend—your beer and mine comes to eight shillings per week; and how much is that in a year?"

John took a pencil and worked it out—a grand total of over twenty pounds.

"Twice the money we have borrowed," said Mrs. Warren.

"And just about the sum we shall have to pay," returned John, grimly. "Ah, Meg, if we had only thought of this before!"

How many like John have uttered this cry, "If they had thought! Why will not men think? Thousands are in the position of John Warren, and most of them go from bad to worse, and fall into utter ruin like Dick Newman.

John, however, was spared the worst—he pulled up just on the verge of the precipice, and the strike coming to an end, he went to work again full of his resolution to rid himself of the debt with that vile extortioner, Mr. Joshua Holding. Mrs. Warren united her efforts with his—each made a little sacrifice, and the steps they took were as follows:

John gave up his beer—his wife, of course, doing the same.

Mrs. Warren also made another sacrifice. She gave up a notion she had entertained of buying a new summer dress, and made the old one, with a little plain trimming, do for the season, and every penny they could scrape together went towards the debt.

It was astonishing how rapidly it diminished, and long before the forty weeks had expired John was ahead in his payment, so bent was he upon getting rid of the burden as soon as possible. This did not please Mr. Holding, who preferred playing with his fish upon the line, and he became positively rude to John at last; but John did not care—he was out of his power, and when the last instalment was paid he walked down the staircase of the "Red Lion," happier than he had ever been in his life before.

That night John sat down and made a fresh calculation, which showed to him that two-thirds of the money paid to settle his debt would in the ordinary course of his life, have been spent for beer. There was no mistake about it; he went over the figures again and again, and the result was always the same.

"I used to hear these things, Meg," he said to his wife, "and always laughed at them; but a man can't get over figures when they show him such facts as these. No more beer, Meg, and there will be no more debt."

"I am sure of it," said his wife.

If John had any doubts about it then, he has none now, for many years have rolled over his head since, and temperance has placed him in a very comfortable position. Twice since then has he passed through a strike without feeling the pressure of want or borrowing a penny of any man, and his conduct has so far established his character with his employer that he has been made a foreman, and receives far higher wages than he hoped for. His home is indeed a happy one—a striking contrast to the homes of hundreds around him.

This little story is written as a warning. The Poor Man's Friend Society, with Mr. Holding, the entire executive power, is no myth, but exists and flourishes after its fashion to this hour. The conduct of Mr. Holding is illegal, the interest he demands is outrageous, and many of the claims he advances would be at once ignored in a court of law; but working men are too busy as a rule to study the law, and they yield to Mr. Holding when he puts the pressure on. Hundreds have been ruined by this man and others like him, and hundreds are still struggling in the snare set by these awful fowlers. These extortioners exist on the need of others. If a rich man wants money, he can mortgage his property and get it at a reasonable rate; but with a poor man it is different; he has nothing but his little home, and it is difficult for him to raise money. Then the small money-lending vulture pounces down upon him, drains him week by week of small sums, realizing at times as much as four hundred per cent., and too often finishes the wretched affair by sending his victim to the workhouse.

Reader, think of the troubles of John Warren, and the ruin of Dick Newman: and if you are going in the direction of Mr. Holding, or are in his clutches, be wise in time, pull up as John did, and ask God to be your friend and helper in every time of need.



SOIL-DAMPNESS AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

BY J. W. PINKHAM, M. D.

There seems no longer to be any doubt that one of our most dreaded and fatal diseases is caused by soil-dampness. If a damp soil be not the cause, it is certainly one of the conditions most favorable to the development of pulmonary consumption. Two things have unquestionably been proved in this connection; first, that consumption is most prevalent on damp soils, and secondly, that the removal of this dampness by efficient sub-soil drainage causes a rapid diminution in the death-rate from consumption in localities where this improvement has been made. Let us look at some of the facts which have led to these conclusions.

In 1862 Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, the pioneer in these investigations, obtained statements from the resident physicians of 183 towns in Massachusetts, which led him to consider it as highly probable, though not absolutely proved, that soil-dampness held a causative relation to pulmonary consumption. He foreshadowed "the existence of a law having for its central idea that dampness of the soil in any locality is intimately connected, and probably as cause and effect, with the prevalence of consumption in that town or locality."

What Dr. Bowditch rendered probable by these investigations, Dr. Buchanan, of England, in his capacity of health inspector, seems to have rendered certain by his. He found that in towns where improvements had been made in this respect, the mortality from consumption had greatly decreased; and that the extent of the diminution corresponded to the extent of the drying of the subsoil.

"In Salisbury, for example, the death-rate from phthisis (consumption) had fallen 49 per cent.; in Ely 47; in Rugby 43; in Banbury 45; and in thirteen other towns the rate of diminution, though not so marked, was nevertheless noteworthy."

The following general conclusions are given by Dr. Buchanan as the result of his enquiry:

"First. Within the counties of Surrey, Kent and Sussex, there is, broadly speaking, less phthisis among populations living on pervious soils than among populations living on impervious soils.

"Second. Within the same counties there is less phthisis among populations living on high-lying pervious soils than among populations living on low-lying pervious soils.

"Third. Within the same counties there is less phthisis among populations living on sloping impervious soils than among populations living on flat impervious soils.

"Fourth. The connection between soil and phthisis has been established by this enquiry, first, by the existence of general agreement in phthisis mortality in districts that have common geological and topographical features of a nature to affect the water-holding quality of the soil; second, by the existence of general disagreement between districts that are differently circumstanced in regard of such features; and third, by the discovery of pretty regular concomitancy in the fluctuations of the two conditions, from much phthisis with much wetness of soil, to little phthisis with little wetness of soil.

"The whole of the foregoing conclusions combine into one: that wetness of soil is a cause of phthisis, to the people living upon it."

Some investigators believe that soil-dampness is the cause of many other diseases. Dr. Bell, in his report on the drainage of Kings Co., N. Y., expresses the opinion that not only consumption, but intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatic affections, neuralgia, croup, quinsy, diphtheria, pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, cerebro-spinal-meningitis, erysipelas and diarrhoeal diseases owe their origin in a great measure to this cause.

These considerations indicate the importance of living upon a dry soil, and make it obligatory upon any community whose territory is water-logged either wholly or in part, to drain such territory of its surplus water.

By surplus water is meant that which is not held in the soil by capillary attraction; all that water which would run away from a quantity of earth placed in a barrel with holes in the bottom. Such drainage can be easily accomplished. Unglazed tiling with joints carefully protected, laid at a depth of three or four feet, with proper inclination, and at suitable distances, will drain any soil, however wet,

in less than twenty-four hours. To ascertain whether a given locality requires draining, let an excavation be made to the depth of three feet, and if water is found in it twenty-four hours after the heaviest rain, the locality is unfit for human habitation.

The ill-effects of a damp soil are not confined to those immediately living upon it, but extend to a considerable distance; so that every inhabitant, whether his own location be wet or dry, should concern himself in this matter. It is pre-eminently a subject of general interest.

The evils resulting from a water-logged soil rapidly increase with an increasing population, and at the same time the difficulties of drainage become greatly increased when a place becomes thickly settled. In fact it is almost impossible in many cases, after grades are established, and permanent improvements made, to accomplish, even at great expense, what in the early history of a place could be done with very little.

It is also important that the water falling upon the roofs of houses should be promptly conducted away, and not allowed to saturate the soil around the foundations, and find its way into cellars.

Shade trees should be so disposed about dwellings as not to interfere with the rapid drying of the surface of the ground. Where trees and shrubbery are massed together indiscriminately, and cover large areas, they shut out the sun's rays, and offer such obstacles to the circulation of the air as to render them in many cases a source of unhealthfulness; especially is this the case when they are planted in close proximity to dwellings. Trees should be arranged in groups, with ample spaces between; and shrubs, instead of being planted under the trees, should also be arranged in groups by themselves, and should cover but a small proportion of the grounds.

Could those suggestions be acted on, there is no doubt that in many places the lists of mortality would be greatly decreased. It is evident, however, that the thorough drainage of a place must generally be accomplished as a public measure, and cannot be left to individual enterprise alone.

Laws should be passed rendering it obligatory on local authorities to carry into effect such general measures as will render it possible for every one to drain his land, and making it illegal to erect dwellings on water-logged territory. A system of thorough inspection should be instituted in every place, and houses constructed without due regard to sanitary considerations should be advertised as unhealthy.

It is very important for practical sanitary reformers to arouse public interest and create a public opinion. Without doing this, they will be impeded and perhaps thwarted at almost every step of their work by the selfishness of unenlightened private interest. But in the face of a public opinion such as knowledge of the facts is sure to develop, the most bigoted obstructionist will be unable to hold his ground, and most property owners will become active favorers of reform. In many communities it would serve an excellent purpose if a Health Association could be organized, and as many intelligent citizens as possible be induced to join it. Such an association might take as its work the diffusion of knowledge on this class of subjects, both among its own members and in the community at large; the securing of necessary legislation; and active co-operation through its officers with the public authorities in giving effect to such legislation. A great field of usefulness lies in this direction, and in a rapidly growing country like ours no time should be lost in attending to it.—*Christian Union*.

EPIDEMICS AND INFECTION.—We all love our children as we love ourselves; it is, in fact, an instinct rather than a virtue, and if need be we would protect them at the sacrifice of our own lives. But let there be an epidemic in the town where we live, and heroic as our will may be with what discretion do we exercise it? In the first place, we shut the babies up from the free air lest a whiff of the sickness should enter at the window or door, and so we force them to breathe, to a large extent, a vitiated atmosphere that makes them the easier prey if attacked. Then we allow them to play with the cats and the long-haired dogs which have access everywhere, running up everybody's back yard at all hours, and prevented by nothing known from carrying the contagion of any disease in their convenient coats. In the meantime, if a stranger comes to the house, ignorant though we may be of what he is and where he came from, we never think of such a thing as hindering him from petting the children if he pleases. We keep no disinfectant in constant use after we know the epidemic exists; and finally, we let the children have as much as they wish of the companionship of the maids, who, by reason of their crowded church-going, are so very likely to gather the contagion in their garments. Look a moment at that last statement. Disease finds its favorite food in the region of poverty,

bad air, narrow quarters, and in the unhealthy blood made by poor and insufficient diet. It is universally acknowledged that such spots are the hotbed and propagating ground of everything of the sort. The unfortunate people whom the disease thus victimizes, frequently going through the trial without a physician, knowing nothing of fumigation or disinfection, and laughing to scorn what they happen to hear of it, seldom denying themselves the pleasure of free going and coming, can not but be the means of sadly spreading the evil from which they suffer. If there are half a dozen families in a house, and not unfrequently happens, and the sickness be in one of those families, none of the well members of that family would think of staying at home from church, and of course none of the members of the other five families who do not feel themselves to be affected; and what is there, then, to prohibit them from taking out with them and scattering through the congregation the germs of the disease, and the maid from innocently and ignorantly bringing them home in her shawl to the ruin of the child whom she also loves in common with the rest of the household, and whom she would do her utmost to save?—*Harper's Bazar*.

SPRING LANGUIOR.—"About this time," reads the prophetic mother's almanac, "expect languor, headache, complaints of long lessons, and lack of appetite." After a long cold winter the sudden coming of mild spring days, however much desired, brings a feeling of listless weariness, a feeling in which school-children, especially the school-girl, shares more largely than is generally supposed. She is not sick, but "so tired!" she can not be coaxed to give up her school, but the lessons are "hard!" she brings home a pile of books, but opens them in the evening with a weary sigh; she tries to write her composition, but "can not think!" she sits down to practice her music, but what was a pleasure to puzzle out two months ago has become a burden. The unthinking parent or teacher tells her that she does not try, that the lessons are neither harder nor longer than usual, and that if she would only put her mind upon them she would soon conquer them. She tries to try, and succeeds in getting a first-class headache with the lessons; and a weary look, painful to see, settles on her face. The simple truth is that the child is feeling the physical reaction so common to the season, only she is far more susceptible to such influences than her elders are, and her rapid growth probably intensifies her languid weariness. Ordinary duties seem hard to her, and extraordinary ones often are a dangerous strain upon body and mind. It is a pity that it is an almost universal custom to increase school tasks at this season of the year. Examinations and Commencements and public exhibitions of progress are in prospect, and pupils are expected to review everything they have studied during the school year, and finish the allotted course at all hazards. This is a matter for parents to guard. Instead of pressure, lessons should be lightened, more recreation allowed, and fresh air enjoyed *ad libitum*. Especially when oppressed by that nameless but well-understood languor and listlessness the child should not be driven, but helped over the difficult places, and by no means scolded for failures which manifestly result from physical causes. *Bazar*.

AN EXPERIMENT.—At the Congress of German Naturalists in Breslau in 1871, Siemen's system of cremation was for the first time tried in Germany by burning the body of an old woman. The corpse was obtained by Prof. Reclam from the Breslau Hospital, the authorities of which readily granted their permission, the deceased having left no relatives. As soon as the Catholic clergy, who, like the Protestants in Germany, are decidedly averse to cremation, heard of the burning, they delivered a protest to the Government. The Home Minister has now declared the clerical complaint well founded, condemned the conduct of the hospital administration, and laid down the rule "that whenever in the interests of science cremation was permitted, it was nevertheless forbidden to make the experiment on bodies without the consent of the deceased being obtained in his life-time, or the sanction of relations after death." The ashes of the old lady were delivered over to a foreign professor for examination; but the Municipal Council has ordered them to be returned in order that they may be buried in the churchyard belonging to the hospital.

A medical journal published in Belgium gives an instance of lead poisoning caused by hair preparations. A man about fifty years of age was under medical treatment for muscular rheumatism, having lost the use of both arms. The remedies used produced great relief. But a month afterward the patient's fingers were paralyzed, and he suffered from severe colic. The physician made many researches, and at length discovered that for fifteen years the man had been in the habit of using on his hair a preparation of sugar of lead and sulphur. The physician directed him to cease entirely the use of this mixture, and after a course of medical treatment the man wholly recovered.

AMY AND BESSIE;

OR,

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

A LITTLE COMFORTER

Did you see those two glistening drops in Amy's eyes? They were tears of joy, they were those words of Bessie's brought more gladness to her heart than a dozen half-holidays in the woods could have done. Oh, Polly Selfe! Polly Selfe! if you had known but half the joy that Amy felt in making others happy you would not have wondered that she was so ready to give up her own pleasure for the sake of her little friend!

How Bessie enjoyed that custard, to be sure! And yet she would scarcely have touched it, you know, if Amy hadn't been there to share it with her. And what a pleasant afternoon those two friends spent together! How merrily they chatted over the little things in which they were interested! Amy had plenty of news to tell—how her brother Fred had gone to the top class in his school; how Mrs. Leaver had her chimney on fire; how Martha Tidey had gone to service; how one of Farmer Tillit's pigs had got into the pond, and been drowned—and I don't know how many other little matters of village gossip, which were sure to interest Bessie. But when Amy came to tell of the kind message the girls had sent, the subject was changed, and they fell to talking of pleasant times gone by; of their wanderings together in the fields and the woods; of the happy Sundays they had spent at school; of the kindness of Mrs. Silvertown, their teacher; and then of their favorite hymns.

This led them from talking to singing; Amy, of course, leading and Bessie joining in a little here and there. Then Bessie told Amy how nice it was to hear her sing "Oh so bright," when she first came in, and how she had never thought it so beautiful before. So they sang it over again there, together, and as the soft rays of the evening sun shone upon Amy's face it seemed to Bessie as though God had sent some loving angel to cheer her sick room, and point her to that happy land of which they were singing. Oh, it was a pleasant afternoon! And how quickly it passed away! Why, here was Bessie's mother returned already!

"Well, you do look happy, my darling!" she said as she came

in. "Why, Amy dear, what have you been doing to her to brighten her up like this?"

She did not wait for an answer; but as she passed into the next room to put away her bonnet she murmured to herself, "It's always the same: she's always bright and cheerful when Amy is with her."

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE WOODS.

Just about the time that Amy Joy reached her little friend's cottage the girls began to arrive at the school door to start for the woods. Of course they were all there in good time, you'll say. Well, no. Polly Selfe was a good bit late. Her aunt—Polly lived with her aunt—tried all she could to get her off in time, but it was of no use.

"Come, Polly, Polly!" she said, "You'll be so late, you know, why don't you be off? You don't care how you keep those poor girls waiting."

"Oh they'll wait for me, aunt; it doesn't matter," said Polly.

"It doesn't matter to you, I dare say," replied her aunt, "but it'll matter to them. How would you like to be kept waiting?"

Polly knew better than to say what she thought to her aunt, so she said it to herself. And this is what it was—

"Well, I think it's a pity if they can't wait for a quarter of an hour or so without all this fuss. I'm not going to put myself out of the way for the sake of just a minute or two."

So she dawdled about until her aunt was almost persuaded not to let her go at all; and when at last she came sauntering along to the place of meeting it was full twenty minutes past two.

"Well," said May Sunley, "I think you might move a bit; we've been waiting for you for ever so long."

"Oh, not so very long," said Polly; "it isn't half-past two yet."

"Half-past two!" cried May, impatiently. "Why——"

"Well, never mind," said Jane Read; "here she is at last, so let's be getting on."

Away then they go—through the village street, past the pretty white gate that leads into the churchyard, and round by the old church itself, with its ivy-covered tower; then down the lane between the budding hedges, and over the stile into Farmer Tillit's meadow.

"Keep on the path! keep on

the path!" says Jane Read; for he is a very particular man, is Farmer Tillit, and doesn't like the school children to be trampling down his long grass. So they keep well on the path, right through the meadow; and then clambering over another stile, pass out into the road. Now they are clear of the village, and fairly on their journey. Away they go, under the spreading elms; now skipping along, hand in hand, singing some merry school ditty; then stopping suddenly, and hushing their own song to listen to that of the thrush or the black-bird in the trees above them; then strolling along with their arms around each other's waists. And so, skipping, strolling, singing, listening, chatting, they reach another stile, and scamper over into the fields again. How the timid lambs run from them! What a noisy, merry, laughing set they are!

Hark! The clock of the wood-side church is chiming!

"It must be half-past three!" says May "Now I'll tell you what we'd better do. We'd better make our way over to the brook, and sit down there a bit. We shall want a rest, and we shall want a drink of water with our biscuits and things (I've brought a little mug in my bag), and we may as well eat them at once; then we shan't have to carry them any further, don't you see."

So that was settled, and away they went again, over the green hills, and down, down, down into the pleasant valley, where the little brook flowed between sunny banks, and where primroses, violets, and cowslips were sure to be found. Here they sat down on the smooth, soft grass, and began to open their parcels.

Now May Sunley and Jane Read had got some very nice jam turnovers, as they called them, which they had persuaded their mothers to make on purpose for this trip; and knowing as they did that Lizzie Brown and Fanny Goode had got only a few biscuits, and supposing that Polly Selfe had got the same, they determined to share their turnovers with the rest. So May said, as she opened her bag—

"Now I think the best thing we can do is to put all our biscuits and things together, and have a sort of little pic-nic here—what do you say, Polly?"

"Oh, I think it will be much better for us each to keep our own, and eat it and have done with it," said Polly; "we don't want to stay here long, you know."

"Ah, Polly's got something nice, I can see," thought May.

"Very well," she said, "you do as you like, Polly; I and Jane are going shares; and, Fanny, you'll make one with us, of course, and so will you, Lizzie, I know."

So the biscuits and turnovers were put together; and while May served, Lizzie Brown ran and filled the mug at the brook. When Polly saw that they were determined not to take her advice and "each keep her own," she felt obliged to join them, and produced from a paper parcel a large slice of plum-cake. So the feast began.

How pleasant it was there, with the brook sparkling at their feet, its little ripples flashing like a thousand stars; with the pretty clusters of primroses dotting the bank around, and the song of the cuckoo sounding in the woods before them!

The girls did not stay there very long, though: they were all impatient to be moving. In less than half an hour the feast was done, and away they went, over the little bridge and through a sunny field or two, into the wood. They took care to keep altogether there, and not to go too far in; for although the wood was not a large one, there was not a girl amongst them but was very much afraid of being lost in it.

"How dark it must be here at night!" said Lizzie Brown; "mustn't it be dreadful to be lost in such a place as this?"

"Did you ever hear of the three children who were lost in the wood in Australia?" asked Jane Read.

"No, I never did," cried Polly; "do tell us."

"Well," began Jane, "these children were two brothers and a sister, and they were out in the woods as we might be, and somehow or other they got lost. Well they were not found for several days, and it was very cold there; so the girl took off her frock and wrapped her little brother in it to keep him warm, and when they were found they were nearly dead. All the biggest boy could say was, 'Father!' and all the girl could say was, 'Cold, Cold!' But her little brother, who was wrapped up in her frock, was nice and warm, and fast asleep."

"What a kind sister she must have been!" said Fanny Goode; "that's just like Amy Joy—she gave up coming with us, you know, for the sake of poor Bessie."

"Well," said Polly, "I don't see why you should take the frock off yourself to put it on somebody

else though. If somebody's to be cold it may just as well be somebody else as me—that's what I should have thought if I'd been that girl."

"Oh but that seems very selfish," said Fanny, "doesn't it?"

"Why is it selfish?" cried Polly; "isn't it just as selfish for other people to expect you to give them what you want yourself?"

None of the girls liked what Polly said, but they had had enough of talking for the present, so the conversation dropped, and they began to look about for flowers.

But May Sunley whispered to Jane Read, "Isn't that a selfish idea of Polly's?"

"Yes," said Jane, "but it suits Polly very well, you know."

"Why?" asked May.

"Don't you see," replied Jane, "she can have it all to herself; nobody will want to share it with her, and that's always what Polly likes."

By-and-by the girls began to think it time to return, so they strolled leisurely back by the way they came, gathering the flowers as they passed along.

New, in the calmness and quietness of the evening, their thoughts turned to that lonely room where poor Bessie lay, and to Amy—their friend Amy—whom they had so much wished to have with them.

"I wonder how Amy and Bessie are getting on," said Fanny Goode.

"I dare say they are happy enough," replied May; "Amy seems to me to be always happy, and she'll be sure to make Bessie so."

"It was very kind of her to give up going with us like that, wasn't it?" said Lizzie Brown.

"Yes. I'll tell you what I think we ought to do," remarked Jane. "I think we ought to make up two very nice bunches of flowers, and take one to Bessie and one to Amy."

"Oh, yes, that'll be very nice!" cried Fanny Goode. "I was going to give mine to Amy; but it'll be ever so much nicer for us all to give her some."

And so they all said, excepting,



MAKING UP NOSEGAYS IN THE WOOD.

of course, Polly Selfe. When she was asked about it she looked at her flowers and hesitated for a very long time. However, she consented at last, and down they sat in the field while Jane Read made up the two nosegays.

Need I tell you how careful they were—all but Polly, that is—to pick out the best flowers they had got for that purpose. Well, I don't think I need dwell upon that. My readers will understand that well enough, I am sure.

Shall I tell you, then, how Polly Selfe had to be coaxed and persuaded before they could get from her a few of a certain sort of flower which she alone had got? Well, I would tell you all about it, for I hope you do not know much of such selfishness as Polly's. But then selfishness is not a nice thing to dwell upon, so perhaps we had better say no more about it.

Suppose, then, while the girls finish their nosegays and find their way back to the village, we take a peep at

Amy Joy's home,

CHAPTER V.

LESSONS.

Mrs. Joy was sitting at the table with her needlework. Amy—who had hastened home from Bessie's as soon as tea was over, doing a few little errands for her mother on the way—was now writing out her lessons for the morrow. When she had finished them she sat looking at her book and thinking, until her mother said—

"What is your lesson this evening, my dear?"

"I've been writing this text, mother," said Amy:—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." I've written it ten times, and I was just wondering what it meant."

"You know what burdens are referred to?" said Mrs. Joy.

"I suppose people's troubles," said Amy.

"No doubt of it," replied her mother.

"But what I was wondering at, mother, was, how one person can bear another one's troubles. Look at poor Bessie. It doesn't

seem as if anybody could bear her burden; it seems as if she must bear her illness and pain all herself."

"Yes," said Mrs. Joy. "There is only one way in which we can bear some of the burdens which trouble our friends, and that is by feeling for them so deeply that their sufferings become painful to us as well as to themselves. But such sympathy and kindness as this always makes the burden lighter, because it helps the sufferer to bear it. I daresay Bessie didn't find her burden so heavy to-day as she would if you had not been with her."

"No, I feel sure she didn't," said Amy. "But when it says that we are to bear one another's burdens is that all it means, mother—that we are to be sorry for one another?"

"In some troubles that is all it can mean," said Mrs. Joy; "but there are other burdens that our friends may have to bear which we can actually take upon ourselves, and must do so if we want to help them. Now tell me, Amy, was it no disappointment to you at all that you did not go with the girls to-day?"

Mrs. Joy said this very quietly, pausing in her work, and looking over at Amy with a soft and loving smile, which said more plainly than any words could have done—

"You needn't mind telling me, my dear, I know all about it."

"Well, mother," said Amy, "I should have liked to go, of course, and they all wanted me to go; but then what would poor Bessie have done with nobody to cheer her up a little?"

"Ah! what, indeed!" said Mrs. Joy. And then she thought she would leave Amy to think it over a little. So she went on with her work again.

Presently Amy said—

"I'm very glad I did go to Bessie's, mother; she was so low-spirited when I got there. She wanted to go out, and she was crying so because she couldn't."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Joy. "o her burden to-day was chiefly that of disappointment at being confined indoors."

"Yes, that was it, mother," said Amy.

"She wanted to go out," continued Mrs. Joy, "and couldn't, but had to bear the burden of disappointment and unsatisfied longing. And Amy—well, she, too, wanted to go out and wouldn't, but chose to bear the same burden of disappointment and unsatisfied

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

BEHOLD I KNOCK!

FROM THE GERMAN.

Behold I knock! 'Tis piercing cold abroad
This bitter winter-time;
The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,
The earth is white with rime;
O human hearts! are ye all frozen too,
That at closed doors I vainly call to you?
Is there not one will open to his Lord?
Behold I knock!

Behold I knock! The evening shadows lie
So peaceful near and far;
Earth sleepeth—in yonder cloudless sky
Glimmers the evening star:
'Tis in such holy twilight time that oft
Full many a stony heart hath waxed soft,
Like Nicodemus, in the dark drawn night,
Behold I knock!

Behold I knock! O soul, art thou at home,
For thy Beloved's here?
Hast thou made ready flowers ere He should
come?
Is thy lamp burning clear?
Know'st thou how such a Friend received
should be?
Art thou in bridal garments dressed for Me?
Decked with thy jewels as for guests most
dear?
Behold I knock!

Behold I knock! Say not, "Tis zephyr mild
Which rustles the dead leaf."
It is thy Saviour, 't is thy God, my child,
Let not thine ear be deaf;
If I come now in breezes soft and warm,
I may return again upon the storm;
'Tis no light-fancy—firm be thy belief;
Behold I knock!

Behold I knock! As yet I am thy guest,
Waiting without for thee;
The time shall come when homeless and dis-
tressed,
Thou, soul, shalt knock for me;
To those who heard my voice ere 't was too late,
I open, in that hour, my peaceful gate;
To those who scorned, a closed door will it be;
Behold I knock!
—*Christian Weekly.*

"HOW CAN I KEEP MY WORD?"

In the upper room of a house which stood where the Broad-street Railway Station has since been built, a boy, ten years of age, was tossing wearily upon his bed. A glance at his pale face and emaciated frame sufficed to show that his life had come nearly to its end.

The father having returned from his daily labor, sat sorrowfully, and with many tears, watching his little one. It was a calm summer's evening, and the sun was near setting, when the sufferer, waking, from an uneasy slumber, roused himself and said, "Father, I'm going—to Jesus—very soon—I shall have—no more—pain then."

The father mournfully replied, "Yes, Jemmy, you'll be happy then; but we shall be miserable without you."

"But shan't we all be happy when we meet in heaven?" said the child. "Father, I want you to promise that you will meet me there."

The father, though an honest, industrious man, was not a Christian; and the request of the dying child filled his mind with a sense of his own unfitness for heaven, and he could only reply, "I'll try, Jemmy; I'll try."

The boy shook his head at this and said, "Father, I want to meet you in heaven; you must say, 'I will.'" The strong man was subdued by the earnest manner in which this was spoken, and said, "Don't worry, dear boy, I will, I will meet you in heaven."

A look of satisfaction settled on the face of the sufferer, who then composed himself, as if for slumber. But when the evening twilight faded into night, he was gone to the better world.

Alone in the chamber of death, the father now groaned in agony; and, as he paced the room, he said, "How can I ever meet my child in heaven, such a sinner as I am? and yet I have promised to meet him there. Oh, how can I keep my word?"

His hands were busy all day; many cares pressed upon his mind, but the recollection of his promise followed him wherever he went, and in all he did, "How can I keep my word? What must I do to be saved?" Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. So, then, the ability is not in myself. When we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly. Then came the cry, "Lord, help me to keep my word. Lord, help

me to trust in Him who died for the ungodly!" and He who always hears the cry of the contrite, heard that prayer, and the father went on his way rejoicing in Christ.—*Christian.*

HOW TO DRIVE THEM OFF.

BY MRS. A. K. DUNNING.

It was a charming day in winter, just such a day as sets the blood to dancing in one's veins and tingling in one's cheeks, and makes the step buoyant and the heart light.

Charles May really enjoyed it as he plunged about through the snow, and promptly performed the duties required of him both at the store and the bank. But when the day was ended, he hurried home with an eager desire for the shelter and warmth and the genial glow only to be found at one's own fireside.

The family were already seated at the table, and he was glad of it, for the keen, cold air had given him an appetite. He hurried to join them, and gave them a cheerful though rather noisy greeting as he took the seat which had been reserved for him.

"Do be more quiet, Charles," said his mother, in a peevish, complaining tone. "I never did hear such a voice. It goes right through my head every time you speak. I do believe you will drive me crazy some day."

Charles felt snubbed and somewhat disheartened by this reception; but the room was bright and warm, and he was really in a good humor, so he said,

"I am sorry I annoyed you, mother. I never can seem to remember to speak low. My voice comes right out before I think."

"If your nerves troubled you as mine do me, you would not forget so often," said Mrs. May, as she passed him a cup of tea.

Charles bit his lip, and began to feel that his home-coming had not been so pleasant as he had hoped it would be. For a time silence reigned. Then Miss Eva May, attempting to rise from the table, found that her brother's chair had been placed upon her dress, and a deplorable rent was the consequence.

"You careless boy!" cried Eva, angrily. "Just see your work! My beautiful skirt, that I have worked so hard to finish, and I have only worn it twice!" The thought was too much for her. She began to cry.

"Don't, dear!" said the penitent Charles. "It cannot be helped now. I will get you a new dress with the very first money I get. You see if I don't."

"Oh, do hush," cried Eva. "You do not know what you are talking about. You could not earn enough to buy me a dress like this if you should work a month. You are the most careless, aggravating boy I ever saw. Why can you not look where you place your chair, as other people do?"

"If I am careless, you are as cross as a bear," said Charles, growing angry in his turn. "And as to your dress, if you make it long enough to trail across the room, you must expect people to set their chairs on it, and step on it, too."

"How impertinent boys are!" said Eva. "They are better than girls, any way," retorted Charles. "All that you girls care for is your clothes."

"How you two do quarrel!" said Matilda, the eldest daughter. "I should think you might at least allow us to take our meals in peace."

"Be quiet," said Mr. May, rousing himself from a fit of abstraction. "Eva, do not say another word. Charles, drink your tea, and let your sister alone."

Charles hastily seated himself again at the table. Eva ran out of the room. Matilda lingered a moment, then followed her sister. Charles tried to get back his gay, careless mood, and at length partially succeeded.

When he went to the parlor he found Matilda there, reading a new novel. His eye was at once attracted by a pile of music which lay upon the piano, and he began to examine it.

"Do let my music alone, Charlie," said Matilda. "You will soil it, if you do not take care. I do hate to have my music handled."

"Well, come and play for me, then," said Charlie. "I see you have that new song which I like so much."

"I cannot play now," said Matilda. "I want to read."

"Oh, but I do so love music," said Charles; "and you can read that book at any other time just as well."

"As to that, I can play to you at any other time just as well," replied Matilda.

"No, for I am only at home a few hours in the evening, and callers so often drop in. Come, play just one piece for me; please, do."

"How you do tease!" said Matilda. "Can you not see that I want to read in peace?"

Charles gave the matter up, sat down by the table, and took up the evening paper. He had just begun to be interested in reading it when his father came in.

"Ah, my son," he said, "I had not quite finished my paper when the tea-bell rang. May I trouble you for it now?"

Charles handed the paper to his father, and then, not well knowing what to do, seated

himself at the piano and began to play softly with one finger, a popular air. He was very fond of music, and really made out pretty well, considering that his ear was his only guide. But soon his father called out to him in some impatience,

"Charles, do stop that drumming. I cannot understand a word that I read."

"Bother!" muttered Charles, under his breath, as he left the piano and sauntered to the front window, where he stood looking out.

A moment later, and he heard a low, peculiar whistle. At that sound his face brightened, and he went hastily out. As he opened the front door, a somewhat older youth than himself came up the steps.

"Why, Ned Willett!" he said; "when did you come to the city?"

"Yesterday," said Ned; "and I am glad to get back. Come around to my room and spend the evening. We are to have a few of the fellows in to have a game of cards, a song or two, and a good time in general."

Charles hesitated. The prospect seemed pleasant; but then he knew that his parents did not quite approve of Ned. As he hesitated, Ned caught him by the arm.

"Come on," he said; "you need not try to back out, for no one else can sing such a good song as you can, and the truth is we cannot get on without you."

Charles yielded, saying, "I did not mean to go out to-night; but no one seems to care for my company at home, and I can neither move nor speak without annoying somebody."

"Oh, I know," said Ned. "That is the way I am always snubbed at home. I was really glad when I could come to the city, earn my own living, have my own rooms, and do as I liked."

So Charles went out into the night, and soon found warmth, mirth, good humor, and a hearty welcome. If the boy who entertained him was not a good companion for him; if the wine flowed freely; if the talk was not that which he ought to hear, whose was the blame? He had a pleasant home, but he had been driven from it as effectually as if such had been the concerted plan of his united family. Driven out! Driven off! Is it not too true a picture?

Father, mother, sisters, have you a careless, noisy, good-tempered, well-meaning boy among you, who loves you dearly, yet sorely tries your patience by his blunders and restless ways? If so, and if you want to drive him off, behold the way to do it.—*Christian Weekly.*

A BOY'S APPEAL.

Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel, when both were young, had set a trap and captured a woodchuck. It was late in the evening when the boys discovered their game, and as they desired to see the animal alive, they managed to release it from the trap, placing it in a box until morning. The boys consulted, and concluding that the young folks of the neighborhood would like to see the show, postponed the execution of the creature until afternoon. This gave Daniel time for reflection (Daniel never did say anything without reflection). Quite likely he was impressed with the sentiment of the little girls of his acquaintance; but let this be as it may, for reasons best known to ourselves it must not be mentioned.

When the time came to dispatch the criminal, the boys disagreed about the matter—Ezekiel wanting it killed, while Daniel desired its liberation. The case was referred to the father. The old gentleman, becoming interested, said to the boys: "We will hold a court. The woodchuck shall be the prisoner: Ezekiel, State's attorney, shall make the opening speech; Daniel, counsel for the defence, shall make the closing speech; myself, the judge."

This being agreed to, the box containing the prisoner was brought and placed in front of the court, who was seated upon a log of wood. The elder brother made a strong appeal, declaring the prisoner a foe to mankind; that he had depredated upon the property of man; had stolen and carried off vegetables from the garden; that self-preservation was the first and strongest instinct in nature; that not only man, but all beings created were justifiable in slaying their enemies, that this universal law ran through the whole chain of nature; that the prisoner merited his fate, and certainly ought to die. Daniel then arose, and pointing his finger towards the prisoner, addressed the court: "My opponent accuses the prisoner of being an enemy to mankind, and of being guilty of the crime of larceny. Both of these accusations are quite impossible, and only show a misunderstanding and misrepresentation of terms. My opponent has failed to prove in what respect the prisoner is an enemy to the race, and it is utterly impossible that he should have been guilty of the crime my opponent alleges, because he knows no human law but obeys a higher law—that of the Maker of the Universe. The prisoner only took of the vegetables what was needed to sustain life, instead of violating, obeyed an higher law than that made by man." He proceeded to argue that the prisoner had a right with man

to the products of the earth, being created by the same hand and supplied from the same source; moreover, that it was a wicked, selfish, cowardly act to take the life of a wounded prisoner, and was so considered by all the civilized nations of the earth. Growing pathetic, he continued to urge that the trembling, bleeding, helpless prisoner had already suffered more than death, and that life was a small boon to grant to one of God's creatures under the circumstances—but before Daniel had closed his speech, the judge arose, and with tears trickling down his cheeks and quavering voice, roared out, "Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"—*American Canadian.*

FIRST JUST, THEN GENEROUS.

"Be just before you are generous" is a maxim which is commonly levelled at the heads of persons who are more ready to bestow charities than to pay their debts. It may have a wider application. Indeed, generosity is more common than justice in these days. It is easier to get a favor done than it is to get your dues. There is something meritorious in a gift. The payment of a debt receives no praise.

The Christian law of love has been steadily gaining prevalence in the world, and the whole structure of society has been changed by its influence. But this Christian sentiment, like every other good thing, is liable to exaggerations or perversions. Philanthropy gets to be the fashion, and is followed by some people like any other fashion with no sense of its proper meaning. Real benevolence seeks first to secure to every man his rights; after that to do him favors. A gift from one who refuses you your dues is an insult.

It is easy to think of one who is popular in the community where he lives on account of his generosity. "There never lived in our town," say his neighbors, "a man so free-handed and ready with his money. For every public improvement he pours it out, like water; to every case of need he opens his hand bountifully; he is one of the best fellows in the world. He gave ten thousand dollars for our new church—twice as much as any other man in town." Yet there are half a dozen poor working women living in town who were in his employ and to whom he was in debt when he failed a few years ago; and, though he has recovered his fortune, he has never remembered his creditors—not even these poor women. In his business he does not scruple to take unfair advantage of his rivals; in the most adroit way he assails their credit and under mines their fortunes. The money which he gives away so freely is the reward of injustice. Yet it is not likely that this man means to be unjust. The sentiment of generosity has been developed in his nature more than the sentiment of justice. His standard of generosity is high, and his standard of justice is low. He finds within him a much stronger motive to bestow favors upon his neighbors than to give them their rights.

Women of generous impulses and tender sensibilities, who are quick to respond to every call of suffering, often show themselves utterly unable to apprehend the first principles of justice. In the management of children generosity is often, by a great mistake, made to supplant justice. The most indulgent parents are sometimes the most unjust in the treatment of their children. They bestow upon them favors in profusion; but at the same time they often exact what the children cannot render, and hastily and bitterly reprove them when they are not to blame. These parents ought to know that their children have a nice sense of justice, and that a wrong done to a child is but poorly recompensed by some effusive kindness following.

Most congregations would rather be generous than just to their ministers. They like to give him a scanty salary and eke it out with a donation. It is easier to give the additional amount as donation than as salary. As a device for putting down the parson and setting up the parishioner nothing superior to this has ever been devised.

On the whole, it may be well to enquire whether the tendency of our Christian ethics has not lately been to exaggerate benevolence and depreciate righteousness, and whether the truth taught would not be more rightly divided if a little more emphasis were laid upon justice as a primary attribute in the human as well as in the divine character.—*N. Y. Independent.*

EVIL COMPANIONSHIP.

BY E. OWEN HAY.

"Behold what manner of love He hath bestowed upon us, for He hath called us to be sons of God." What an advance in relationship! How much we expect of the sons of great men on earth! But we are adopted into the family of God, and are called to be faithful as sons. Oh how careful we should be in all manner of behavior, that we may walk as the sons of God! We must be careful about the company we keep. Suppose a great man,

being childless, was very anxious to adopt some boy as his son; and one day, as he was walking through one of the streets of our city, saw a lot of little boys playing in the gutter. He takes a fancy to one of them, and, taking the little man away, washes and clothes him, as becomes his new position. And then his education commences. He is to be a gentleman. After a little while, this same gentleman is walking through the streets again, and, suddenly turning a corner, sees another group of ragged boys playing again in the gutter. And, can he believe his eyes? Yes, there is the very little boy with his new clothes, playing with the others. "Oh," he says, "this is a hopeless affair. I shall never make a gentleman of this boy. It is not the marbles or the play I mind, but the companionship." Now, friends, ye have been taken out of the gutter of this world's pollution, snatched away by blood-stained hands; ye have been clothed by Him who is the righteousness of his people, and your education, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, begun. What fellowship, then, can ye have with the world? You belong to the family of God. We hear people asking, "Is there any harm in this amusement, or in going to this or that place?" I always feel that when it comes to the "any harm" question, it is the wrong side of the matter altogether. When a Christian asks this question, he simply means, "How far may I go round, and not give up my God?" The question for you is, "Is there any good? Can I glorify my God in this? Can I serve and honor Jesus by doing it?"

Is there any harm? Yes, there is harm, positive harm, because of the companionship—not in the mere amusement, but in the companionship; for, remember, ye are children of the Lord God Almighty, and He is not ashamed to be called your Father. Shall we, then, have fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness? Look at Bunyan's Pilgrim. He goes from the City of Destruction. He runs for eternal life to the gate, is admitted, and, coming to the cross, loses his burden. He goes on, bound for the glory. And now we will suppose he wants to look back at the City of Destruction. He turns round, and the first object that meets his glance is the cross of Christ. If we want to look back at the world, we must do it through the cross, fall in view, with the world behind it. And let that remind us of what the world did with Him. It took Him, and with its wicked hands crucified and slew Him. We can never have any fellowship with the world.

CO-EDUCATION AT MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

An Ann Arbor correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes as follows of the practical working of the co-education of the sexes at Michigan University:

"In the literary department co-education is acknowledged on all sides to be a success. During these few years of trial, many questions in regard to woman's capacity for sustained and heavy intellectual labor, without ill results following, have been practically settled. Among the sixty-seven women in this department, many might be selected who are living refutations of Dr. Clarke's theory. Their robust forms and full faces prove, in their own cases, at least, that their study is not undermining their constitutions, nor making of them physical wrecks. There are not a few who have come to Ann Arbor in comparatively poor health, and who, after a year's solid labor, have been really benefited by their life here. They all say that the regular life, the constantly recurring subjects of interest and of novelty, the pleasurable excitement of daily preparation for recitations, and the satisfaction of working toward some aim, more than counterbalance the injuries which might follow excessive fatigue and too intense mental application. Their happy and contented looks speak volumes for the way in which they enjoy their work.

"Their attendance upon college compares favorably with that of the men. There are numerous cases of lady students who have not missed a recitation for two or even three years; and, when compelled to be away, it was not on account of sickness, but because of necessary absence from the city, or from some unforeseen circumstance. The dress of those women, who have dared to step a little out of the beaten track of 'woman's sphere' and 'woman's duties' is not at all different from their sisters' at home. There is many a woman in the University who would be singled out in a crowd of well-dressed women anywhere as a person of taste and refinement, and as one who thoroughly understood the hundred and one mysteries and little nothings of which a woman's dress is composed.

"The students regard the presence of women in the University in a quiet, gentlemanly, matter-of-course manner. They meet them in the halls and on the stairs, in the recitation rooms and on the college grounds. Wherever there are classes there are women. And one does not perceive any failure on the part of the gentlemen to extend to the women those little

delicate attentions which have, in all time, been instinctively granted her, and which (the truth must be spoken) are so dear to every woman's heart. There is no presuming upon acquaintance from the mere fact of having recited together. It is really a matter of remark how few acquaintances are made among the students here, when one remembers that they see each other daily, and constantly hear each other's character dissected and discussed by friendly and unfriendly critics. One lady, recently graduated, told me, not long since, that she never spoke to a classmate, among the gentlemen, until her senior year, and then only after a formal introduction.

"All are kept so busy that there is really very little time for social intercourse. The most that can be done is to meet friends Friday and Saturday evenings. There are few women who have the courage to attempt to keep up society while attending college.

TINKERING AND OILING.

BY THE REV. GEORGE A. PELTZ.

A young man having become proprietor of a small mill, set himself to fill it with all the modern machines which were likely to prove useful. His sagacious old father looked very dubiously at the additions. He thought the matter was overdone, and finally he freed his mind to a friend, saying, "Machinery? yes, he has plenty of machinery. That's where the trouble is; he has so much machinery that it takes all his time to tinker and ile it."

Every sensible person will admit that machinery of any sort is overdone when it is so increased that the whole working force of the establishment is absorbed to keep it in order, leaving no time to secure profit by running it. No shop could stand such a drain. The tinkering and oiling must be the incident, and the vigorous working of things must be the rule. Just here is where the trouble is with many a Sunday-school. The work to be done in the school is the teaching of God's truth, and the impressing of it upon the heart and life of pupils. It is a narrow view which sees no opportunity for this except as teacher and class work together in the class exercises. The well-conducted session is a teaching and impressing service from first to last. The reading of hymns and of Scripture; the singing, praying, reviewing, blackboarding, map, or other illustration; all, in short, that is done in any session, should work in one direction. Some "tinkering and oiling" may be necessary, but we protest against consuming all the time in these incidental operations.

Let us all place clear and sharp before ourselves the true aim of our work. We must teach and impress God's Word. Unless we do this we miss our calling. In pressing toward this end let us cling to a beautiful simplicity. Away with everything which does not yield a return of good. Put incidental matters into incidental times. Waste not the precious hours for work in "tinkering and oiling." Have that all done beforehand, and when each session's work is started, let it be to produce results for eternity.—S. S. Times.

HOW TO STUDY A BIBLE LESSON.

BY THE REV. S. L. GRACEY.

Let no one be content to pass as an average teacher, but resolve to be the very best possible teacher after your sort. I say "after your sort" advisedly, for very many good teachers are spoiled by aiming to be somebody else than they are.

Aim to be the very best you can be. To be a good teacher you must have something to teach. No fountain can refresh others unless it has first been stored itself. Many teachers have no plan and do not think beyond the question paper. Now, at the risk of repeating some things perfectly familiar to some, I would suggest to the former class that their work is too important to be treated indifferently or indefinitely. Let me suggest that our preparation begin on Sunday evening for the lesson for a week hence, by at least reading the text of the next Sunday's lesson. This brings it at once before the mind and its suggestions may be thought over as opportunity presents. We are urged by a Divine command "to be thoroughly furnished." How may this be done? Suppose a teacher with nothing but a reference Bible. On approaching the lesson let him first apply to the Source of all wisdom for help. He that dwelleth in light will shed forth this upon his teacher servants.

First, Pray. Second, Read the lesson carefully. Third, Read over each verse and turn to references—parallel Scriptures—turn the light of prophecy upon it. Scripture is its own interpreter. The best comment possible upon the Bible is the Bible itself. "Compare spiritual things with spiritual." Search for Christ in every Scripture. An old writer has said, "No Scripture is opened until the road out of it, to Jesus, is found." Confirmed by Revelation, xix., 10. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

Fourth, Pray, More light, Lord. "Open

thou my eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Fifth, Think. Sixth, Think. Seventh, Think. What is there in this lesson for me? How may I teach its truths? Note occurrences in every-day life which may illustrate the subject. "Without a parable spake He not unto them." Jesus' mode is the very best.

Have a note book; jot down thoughts; talk about the lesson with fellow teachers as you "walk by the way," in the cars, railway, steamboat. Form questions of your own on a level with your class. Do not frame questions so that they can be answered by "yes" or "no"; nor so as to convey the answer in your questions. Question yourself severely, and be able to answer the question to your own satisfaction.

Get full of the truth. Hearing a lesson, like saying prayers, is simply abominable. Your object is to convey truth, stimulate to right action, lead to Jesus, holiness, usefulness and heaven.

Never be objectless in any lesson. Ask yourself frequently, "What am I doing? Am I under any responsibility for the manner and fidelity of my course? How long have I, wherein to work? What thou doest do quickly." "Be zealously affected."

A good plan in teaching is to make preparation a little ahead, and at the close of a lesson give to each member of the class a question on the next Sunday's lesson, on which that scholar may be prepared to make answer the following Sabbath.—Methodist.

THE SPIRIT'S RESPONSE.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY.

"Intercessory Prayer is our subject for next week," said Mr. Wilson, to his friend, Mr. Heath, as they came from the social prayer-meeting.

"Well, you pray for others as if you really had faith in it."

"I have special reason to do so. I must not stop now, to tell you why; but will perhaps, publicly next week."

At the social meeting, Mr. Heath rose and said:

"I have a few words to say for intercessory prayer. At a certain period of my school-days I became intimate with a circle of companions who were disposed to think seriously of their relations to God. We sometimes spoke and wrote to each other of these things, but none of us took a decided stand for Christ, or cherished the hope that we were His. My father removed to a distant town, where I was subjected to evil influences, quite lost my interest in religious truth, and arrived at that critical point where Satan and the world claimed me, and almost had me. When things were thus, one morning as I was performing some labor in the garden, the thought of God and my neglected duty to Him suddenly took possession of my mind. The subject demanded my instant attention. 'To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart,' was the inward whisper. One minute before I had been utterly thoughtless; now, without the slightest visible influence, my whole being was pervaded with a sense of eternal realities.

"I immediately left my work, and fled to the retirement of my room, choosing, I remember, the most retired way, lest some one should speak to me or detain me. On my knees, in my closet, I pleaded for Divine mercy, and guidance into the way of eternal life, resolving that I would never cease seeking Christ until I found Him; little realizing how He was seeking me and waiting to receive me. As the day advanced, my sense of sinfulness became almost insupportable, my appetite forsook me, and the following night was one of sleepless anxiety and prayer. All this time no one had spoken to me of religious things, and it was deemed a season of profound coldness and inactivity among professing Christians. So absorbed was my whole being in things unseen and eternal, that I scarcely cared to open a letter handed me from the next morning's mail, until I noticed the handwriting was that of one of the absent young friends I have mentioned. The letter said:

"The Spirit of God is with us in power. Your friends, Maynard, Littlefield, Bruce, Webster, and others, are among the converts. We have formed a little meeting especially to pray for individual conversions, and you are one for whom we plead this week. We are sorry you are not here to profit by the sweet influences we enjoy, but we try to have faith that the Holy Spirit, in answer to prayer, will reach you wherever you are."

"The reply I returned to that letter breathed the hope of a new-born soul. It was twenty years ago; I have tried to serve God from that day to this; and I trust I shall serve Him while I exist.

"If my friend's communication had preceded my interest, we might feel that the letter awakened my attention; but it was only on its way; all unknown to me my friends pleaded for my soul, and while they were yet speaking the Spirit strove with me in answer. If you ask me: Do you believe the prayers of

your absent friends influenced God, applied to your conversion? I answer: I do believe it. My best knowledge of the Word of God, my best observation of facts, as well as this which I have related and other circumstances in my own experience, all unite to confirm my faith in the power of intercessory prayer."—Congregationalist.

PAYING A CHURCH DEBT.

It is twelve thousand and five hundred dollars. See how easily it can be done in one year, providing the money is paid regularly every week.

100 pay 5 cents per week.....	\$ 200 00
150 " " " " " " " " " " " "	300 00
200 " " " " " " " " " " " "	400 00
250 " " " " " " " " " " " "	500 00
300 " " " " " " " " " " " "	600 00
350 " " " " " " " " " " " "	700 00
400 " " " " " " " " " " " "	800 00
450 " " " " " " " " " " " "	900 00
500 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,000 00
550 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,100 00
600 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,200 00
650 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,300 00
700 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,400 00
750 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,500 00
800 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,600 00
850 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,700 00
900 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,800 00
950 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,900 00
1,000 " " " " " " " " " " " "	2,000 00

Suppose the church wishes to raise for its current expenses anywhere from one thousand to three thousand dollars. How easily it can be done on the above plan, providing it is paid regularly and weekly. If one allows a few weeks to go by without paying, then the amount will be large, too large for some, to be paid at once. The pew rents uncollected at the end of the year can all be saved by paying weekly. Let people take their choice of paying weekly, monthly or quarterly, and then hold them promptly to their pledge. We are all the time overlooking the little, and therefore generally behind at the close of the year.—Era.

A CUNNING ARTISAN.—No bird, or other animal, not even man himself, can excel the beautiful workmanship of the tiny, little creature known as the "brickmaker," which is scarcely visible to the naked eye. By the use of the microscope it has been discovered that she not only builds her house, but manufactures her own brick, and lays them up, one by one, with no workman to assist. The house is usually attached to some water-plant, but they sometimes anchor their dwellings to the parent-house. When the animal is resting, or is in any way disturbed, she settles down in the lower part of the tube; but when all is quiet and she is in good working condition, with no nursery of young ones around her, she is pretty sure to reward us with the sight of her four beautiful wheels which she sets in rapid motion, thus forming a swift current which brings the food and the material for the brick close to her head; and she has the power of selection, for she often rejects particles brought to her mouth. The apparatus for moulding the brick is within the body. The material is brought through the action of the wheels to a small opening, where it passes down to the apparatus, which is in rapid, whirling motion, soldering the particles together until they become, seemingly, a solid ball; now she ejects the brick from its mould, bands her head over, and securely places it on the top of the structure. It takes her about three minutes to manufacture each brick.

TEACH CHILDREN HONESTY.—Children at home and at school must be taught to be honest. Honest in their words and deeds, as well as in their accounts. Integrity should govern them, even in their amusements, so that rolling marbles and pitching buttons should not have the shade of a shadow, of the first step to gambling. Playing at cards, even for very small sums of money to give a zest to sport, should never be tolerated among the most intimate friends in a family. Children must be impressed with the truth that in all the affairs of life, honesty is essential, and that falsehood and lies and dishonesty are downward steps to hell. If children are encouraged to look upon wealth as a principal source of happiness, and are taught to make invidious distinctions between the rich and poor, their young hearts will overflow with a desire to dress in richer clothing than others can afford to wear, and to live a butterfly life of flutter and display. Will the pampered children of luxury, or any others who have an idea that money makes the man, and that self-indulgence is the chief end of life, be safe clerks in a bank, in a store, in any situation where there is a chance to steal? Start a child in the right way, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Teach him "the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom," and he can be trusted with uncounted gold.—G. W. Bungay.

—Having been, in one or another capacity, busied about Sunday-schools for forty years, I venture my judgment, that if a pupil must forego one or the other—the explanation of the meaning by question and answer, or the possession of the text in his memory, verbatim—he had better let go the former. With those attainments which such knowledge insures or infers, there is no part of household and juvenile learning so valuable as what, in good old, idiomatic mother English, is called getting "verses by heart. Beloved children, having almost worn out my eyes by reading and study, let me testify to you, of all I ever learned, I most prize what is level to you all—the knowledge of the English Bible—and for one verse that I know by heart, I wish I knew a hundred.—Dr. Jas. W. Alexander.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

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

LESSON XXIV.

JUNE 13.]

A KING DESIRED. About 1075 B. C.

READ 1 SAM. VIII 4-9.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 7, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.—Ps. cxviii. 9. CENTRAL TRUTH.—Conformity to the world is dangerous.

DAILY READINGS. M. 1 Sam. viii. 4-9. T. Ex. xviii. 13-26. W. Deut. xvii. 8-20. Th. Hos. xiii. 5-14. F. Luke xxiii. 1-12. Sa. Isa. i. 2-20. S. Rev. v. 1-14.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—You will understand this lesson better by reading Deut. xvii. 8-20, and 1 Sam. xi. 1-15. Notice how the Lord warned the people of the foolishness of their request (v. 9); and though they wickedly rejected the Lord, yet he gave them their desire. The request was granted as a judgment upon the people (see Hos. xiii. 11).

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(52.) Samuel's sons judges. (53.) A king desired.

NOTES.—King. The Israelites desired a king, that they might be like the heathen nations around them. The bad rule of Samuel's sons was only an excuse for making the request.

EXPLANATION.—(4.) unto Ramah, where Samuel lived, ch. vii. 17. (5.) walk not in thy ways, not just and good, as their father was; make as a king (see the directions in Deut. xvii. 7, 15). (6.) displeased Samuel, his feelings were hurt; Samuel prayed, good men in trouble seek the Lord. (7.) Hearken, yield, grant the people's request; not rejected thee, but... me, the Lord rejected—the people given their request. (8.) According to all, as they forsook the Lord in the wilderness so they do now. (9.) howbeit yet protest, although you grant the request, yet warn them: the manner of the king—that is, how harsh and severe he will be (see vs. 11-18); reign over them, in place of God, who ought to have been accepted as their ruler.

ILLUSTRATION.—A foolish prayer. A fond father, having a very sick child, near unto death, was urged to submit to the will of God and leave his child in His hands; but he replied, "I cannot give him up; I pray God to spare this child to me, whatever may be the consequences." The child was spared, became a wicked, hardened wretch, a constant grief to his father, and finally paid the penalty of his crimes on the gallows.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) A KING DESIRED. (II.) A KING GIVEN. (III.) A SOLEMN PROTEST.

- I. When Samuel was old, who ruled over Israel? v. 1. Give the names of his two sons. What was their character? Who came to Samuel at Ramah because his sons ruled? How did they speak of Samuel? Of his sons? What did they ask for? Whom would they be like? II. How did Samuel regard their request? To whom did he go? How did the Lord comfort Samuel? What was he to do? III. While giving Israel a king, what was he to show the people? By whom was this request foretold? (See Deut. xvii. 14.) What kind of a king would the people choose? (See vs. 11-18.) What fact in this lesson teaches us— (1.) That people may desire what is not best for them to receive? (2.) That after warning them God may permit them to get what they desire?

GIVE USA K I N (4.) -lag of kings rejected. -intercessious of Samuel. -of the Lord's way. -and grants their request.

LESSON XXV.

JUNE 20.]

SAUL CHOSEN. About 1075 B. C.

READ 1 SAM. X. 17-24.—COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 19, 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their souls.—Ps. cvi. 15. CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord, dishonoured, can curse our blessings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. x. 17-24. T. Judg. vi. 1-20. W. Josh. vii. 10-21. Th. Acts i. 15-26. F. 1 Kings i. 32-40. Sa. 1 Tim. ii. 1-10. S. Rev. vii. 9-17.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice how the Lord repeats his warning to the people but as they are determined to have a king, he grants them one. Read carefully chs. ix and x. to see how Saul was chosen as king.

FIND THE MEANING OF—Rejected, adversities, tribulations, staff.

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(54.) Saul chosen king.

NOTES.—Mizpeh. Probably the ark, tabernacle, or house of the high priest was in Mizpeh at this time; hence the people were gathered there rather than in Ramah, where Samuel lived. Saul had been anointed king by Samuel privately, and assured that he would be chosen to that office, and a sign was given him in proof of it (see vs. 1, 4, 6).

EXPLANATION.—(17.) unto the Lord—that is, where the ark, tabernacle, or high priest's abode was; to Mizpeh, (see Notes). (18.) Thus saith the Lord, the words of God, not of Samuel; brought up Israel, the Lord recalls all his goodness to Israel. (19.) rejected your God, who had chosen you; saved you, when Israel could not save himself; adversities, distresses (see Ps. lxxviii. 13, 53); set a king (see Lesson XXIV.); your thousands, used in place of "families" (see ch. viii. 12). (20.) come near (see Josh. vii. 16, 17). (22.) among the staff, among the camp baggage. (23.) higher, etc., "head and shoulders taller" than any other of the people. (24.) none like him, in height and beauty (see ch. ix. 2); God save the king, Hebrew reads, "Let the king live."

ILLUSTRATION.—Blessings abused. In one of Goethe's works there is a picture of angels dropping roses down upon demons; but every rose falls like molten metal, burning and blistering wherever it touches. Is it not so with gully hearts upon which drop the gracious mercies of God? Even the richest blessings are changed into curses.

TOPICS AND QUESTIONS.

(I.) THE LORD REJECTED. (II.) SAUL CHOSEN. (III.) THE PEOPLE SHOUT.

- I. Where did Samuel now gather the people? When before had he called them together at Mizpeh? (See Lesson XXIII.) Whose words did he now speak to the people? What had God done for Israel? v. 18. How did the people now show their wickedness? v. 19. Before whom were they to present themselves? How? II. Who was chosen king? By what method? When Saul was chosen king, what did the people do? v. 21. Where did he hide himself? Who told them where Saul was? III. How did he come out among the people? What is said of his height? What did Samuel say of him? How did the people receive him? What fact in this lesson teaches us— (1.) The sin of Israel in rejecting God? (2.) That God may allow those who reject him to rejoice for a time?

God R ejected. Saul received.

PROGRESS OF THE MESSENGER.

The MESSENGER increased in circulation from 18,200 on April 15th, to 19,300 on May 1st. By the aid of our readers, old and young, and of Sunday-school organizations, we hope to see this rate of increase continue until we reach a splendid circulation. We are encouraged every day by new evidences of the interest its readers take in extending its sphere of usefulness. With regard to the suitability of this paper for the needs of families whose children attend country Sunday-schools, we have the following from a gentleman who has devoted his life earnestly to their service, and whose commendations throughout the country have won the paper much favor:

DANVILLE, May 20th, 1875.

I am grateful for such a provision for the manifest need of our Sunday-schools. Ever gratefully yours,

JOHN MCKILLICAN.

Agent of the Canada Sunday School Union.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—According to an arrangement which came into operation on the 1st Sept., 1874, Post Office money orders payable in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia, for any sum not exceeding four dollars (\$4.00), may be obtained at any money order office in the Dominion, at the rate of two cents for each such order.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BENTINCK, May 3rd, 1875.

Mr. Dougall.—Dear Sir.—Brother Robert George and I have each a young fox that we caught last Saturday. Richard McFarland has another that we caught at the same time; we shot at the old one but did not hit her. I am taking the MESSENGER this year, and we like it better than any other paper that we know of; we would rather sit than twice the price you charge for it. I am going to try to get you some subscribers. NELSON HARRISON.

HALIFAX, N.S., May 10.

Dear Mr. Dougall.—I think I can answer the three questions my cousin, George Geddie Patterson, of Green Hill, asked in your MESSENGER, of May 1st.—1st. The middle book of the New Testament is 2nd Thessalonians. 2nd. The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs. 3rd. The two chapters which are the same are 2nd Kings, 19th, and Isaiah 37th; and now I will ask two questions: 1st. What verse in the whole Bible has all the letters of the alphabet in it? 2nd. What is the middle verse in the whole Bible? MARY MCGREGOR. 130 Gottingen st., Halifax.

P.S.—I am to get a prize of \$16 for sending on 65 subscribers for the New York Weekly Witness.

M. MCG., aged 11 years.

EASTPORT, Mich., April 25th, 1875.

Mr. Dougall, Sir.—I am a little girl 13 years old. I live in Michigan, Antrim County. I was once in Montreal when I was five years of age; I do not remember much about it, only what pa and ma tells me, as they both lived there once; by what they say it is a beautiful place besides where we are living now in the back woods of Michigan. I have three brothers and two sisters younger than myself. I take the MESSENGER; I like it very much.

M. J. BENNETT.

CASTLETON, Ont., April 16, 1875.

Dear Editor.—I am eleven years old, and I take the MESSENGER, and I like it very much. Pa takes your WITNESS, and we like it very much. The Children's Letters are very nice. I got some subscribers. Please print this letter, as I sent you one when I subscribed for the MESSENGER, and you did not print it. Yours truly, WALLACE HUYCK.

POINT DE BUTE, May 1, 1875.

Mr. Dougall.—Dear Sir.—Will some of your little readers tell me which verse of the Bible has 24 letters of the alphabet in it, and which is the shortest verse in the Bible? Yours truly, HIBERT S. TRURMAN.

COMPTON, P.Q., April 22nd, 1875.

Dear Mr. Dougall.—Last summer I learned how to milk cows; at first it made my fingers ache, but after I got used to it, I liked it first-rate; our folks have made 700 lbs. of sugar. I went to school last winter for the first time in the winter, and got my toes froze, which hurt me dreadfully, and I had to stay from school for three days. Last summer we caught a young crow; it was a very tame one; it would come into the house, light on our shoulders and pick out of our hands, and when he would find anything shiny he would hide it; but one day, in the fall he ate too much and died; we all felt very sorry. Yours respectfully, ANNA ROSS.

BENWLEY, April 19th, 1875.

Mr. Editor.—I will send two riddles for some one to answer. My first is an insect that crawls on the ground. My second, an organ in most things found. My third may be either quite heavy or light, My whole is a mineral useful and white. Keep me in an iron cell, And I'll always serve you well, I'm a servant tried and true, Loose me and I'll master you. ANNA C. COATES.

ALMA, NOVA SCOTIA, May 14th, 1875.

Dear Editor.—I will answer George Giddel Patterson's questions. The middle book of the New Testament is 2nd Thessalonians; the middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs; the 19th of Second Kings and the 37th of Isaiah are alike. I would ask your little readers what are the middle chapters and middle verses in the Old and New Testaments. I go to school nearly every day, and have a nice teacher. JOHN JAMES FRASER, aged 10 years.

NELSON, April 19, 1875.

Mr. Editor.—DEAR SIR.—Reading in the columns of your dear little paper letters from children who also took the MESSENGER, I thought I would also send you a letter. I got up a club of 13 or 16 subscribers for the MESSENGER the first of the year, and you in return made me a present of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, for which I am much obliged; it is very interesting, so much so that I am impatient for it to come. I take the MESSENGER, and would not do without it on any account. I will send you a riddle: "What State is round at both ends and high in the middle?"—Ohio. MARY A. HUSBAND, aged 12 years.

ZURICH, HURON Co., Ont., April 13.

Mr. Dougall, Dear Editor.—This is the first year I take the MESSENGER, I am well pleased with it, only it is rather long to wait two weeks. It teaches us many a useful and moral lesson. It was one of my schoolmates got up seven subscribers for the MESSENGER, and I am sure no one is sorry of having taken it. I will send a few puzzles to be answered:—

- I consist of 11 letters. My 9, 10, 10, 3, 6, a girl's name. " 11, 9, 11, 3, 6, 8, a boy's name. " 7, 6, 11, a color. " 2, 3, 8, 8, 3, 6, a little boy's name. " 5, 6, 9, 8, means carelessness. " 10, 6, 1, 4, something that birds will soon build. My whole is a republic in Europe. I consist of 12 letters. My 7, 11, 1, part of the face. " 12, 10, 3, 11, 2, a girl's name. " 8, 9, 7, 2, a name for valley. " 5, 6, 7, 8, 12, belong to the woods. " 1, 2, 4, is used in writing. My whole is the name of a State. So I remain yours truly, CATHERINE GRIGOR.

The following are the names of others who have sent subscribers, for which they will please accept thanks: James Morrison, Jun.; Achsah C. Gallacher, and Lillie Jackson. Questions were answered by Ann A. Cooper, Herbert S. Trueman, Pointe de Bute; Anna C. Coates, Mary A. Husband, Eddie Henward, H. L. Deane, M. M. Campbell, H. H. Bagnall, Joseph L. Weber, W. H. Winkle. In sending riddles, it is necessary to send the answer not only to the whole, but also to each separate part; also, be sure to state whether or not the riddles sent are original.

MAY FIRST.

The Changes in Rates and Subscription.

to the WITNESS, owing to the new postal law which requires the publishers to prepay postage, will be as follows:—

Daily Witness.....\$3 per annum To Ministers actually in charge of congregations, and teachers actually in charge of schools.....\$2.50 per annum Montreal Witness (Tri-weekly) \$2 per annum

To Ministers and teachers as above.....\$1.50 per annum Weekly Witness \$1.10 per annum To Ministers, &c., &c.....85 cents per annum.

It will be seen that in the case of the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY we have determined to pay the postage ourselves, making these editions, the former \$1.20 less to subscribers than hitherto, and the other 60 cents less. We regret that we cannot do the same for the WEEKLY at present, but promise to do so if our friends can raise our circulation to 35,000 subscribers, double our present circulation, which would be required to cover the deficiency which the reduction of ten cents would involve. The reduction to teachers and ministers will, of course, have to be less, as their rates for the DAILY and TRI-WEEKLY were as low as possible already. We have, however, added a special rate for ministers and teachers for the WEEKLY also. Any present subscriber can, however, get the WEEKLY WITNESS for a dollar, postpaid, by securing us a new subscriber. An old subscriber remitting for a new one along with his own can get the two for two dollars, or if he sends the new subscription of \$1 before his own runs out, he will have his own paper continued a month. With this great reduction in cost, we hope our readers will become more than ever interested in extending the circulation of the WITNESS.

The new rates for the MESSENGER are:

1 copy.....\$0.30 10 copies.....2.50 25 copies.....6.00 50 copies.....11.50 100 copies.....22.00

Surplus copies for distribution as tracts, 12 dozen for \$1.

The new rates for the DOMINION, on the other hand, are somewhat higher than before, as some improvements in get-up are to be introduced. They are as follows:

1 copy.....\$1.50 10 copies.....12.00 25 copies.....25.00

The DOMINION will be clubbed with the WITNESS at \$1.25, instead of \$1, as heretofore.

The new rates come into force this day, but except in the case of subscriptions received after this date the postage will not be pre-paid by us until after October first, when the new law comes fully into force. J. DOUGALL & SON, Publishers. MONTREAL, May 1st, 1875.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$5 TO \$20 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Post card to States, costs but one cent. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS \$3 per an., postpaid NEW YORK WEEKLY do., \$1.20 do. do.

TO MY FRIENDS IN CANADA.

I will send the NEW YORK WEEKLY WITNESS for one year, or the NEW YORK DAILY WITNESS for five months, to any part of the Dominion of Canada, all post, age pre-paid, for \$1 Canadian money, remitted to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, or \$1.20, in American Currency, remitted to me here. Both of these papers contain in every issue market reports and financial reports, and once a week reports of the cattle market and lumber trade. The daily reports of butter, cheese, eggs, and other produce will be found valuable. Both editions contain all American news of any importance, with the comments of the leading New York papers thereon, and much other matter.

JOHN DOUGALL, Proprietor, NEW YORK DAILY and WEEKLY WITNESS, No. 2 SPRING STREET, Tract House, New York.

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