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WORTHINGTON

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 14.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1893.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

WALTER BESANT AND EAST LONDONERS.

This noted novelist is described by an interviewer in a recent number of *Cassell's*, as a short, sturdy, pleasant-faced and pleasant-voiced man, full of sympathy and common sense, with a brisk, bright, business-like manner, which puts one quite at ease immediately.

The writer questioned him with regard to the great East End of London, the stories about which have won him world wide fame.

"It is practically an undiscovered country," said Mr. Besant. "We know a good deal about Timbuctoo, and the Falkland Islands, and the Himalayan recesses, but we know little or nothing about the East-End. It is a world, a great, weary, heart-breaking and heart-broken world in itself. Let us divide it into its natural sections. First of all, let me observe how new it is. Only a hundred and forty years ago the vast great city we now call the East End didn't exist at all. There was no East End; all was open country, with an occasional village or cluster of houses.

Now—well, you know what the East End of London is quite as well as I can tell you. But what, perhaps, you don't know so well as I do who have made a life-long study of it is the marvellously varied types of life which you find in different parts of the East End. There is the riverside at Shadwell, where you meet with scarcely any but sailors: 'Seven men from all the world, just come home to-day,' and reeling joyously about the streets, as Rudyard Kipling so graphically depicts them after having 'brought the "Bolivar" safe across the bay.' Shadwell, in which there are now so many streets, with a fine, breezy, free-and-easy, roystering, drinking, singing, dancing, roaring, fighting, love-making, stabbing, robbing, murdering, press-ganging kind of life going on in them—the short and merry life, the live to-day and die to-morrow life—the devil-may-care life. And there, in Execution Dock, just below Wapping New Stairs, are quantities of ships lying off either bank, where, when the pay is gone—which takes very little time—and the man is sobered down, he may find a craft for any port he pleases in the whole world. And there are Ratcliffe and Poplar, with the dockers; all sorts and conditions of men there, I can tell you," emphatically cried Mr. Besant: "the simple rustic, the university graduate, the broken-down tradesman, the farmer who has failed, you will find them all there, making up with the regular native East Enders a whole world of itself. Then there is the world of the Sweaters and the Sweated. That extends all over London, I fear. There is the foreign element, and the element of those who were once foreigners, but who now probably know of no life, except by tradition, but the hard, weary, grinding life of the East. Hackney resolves itself into a collection of dull villas, inhabited by the

apparently well-to-do. Then there are Bromley and Mile End, with their houses running from twenty-five pounds to forty pounds per annum, and which are inhabited by that class—that very large class—of the Respectable. A dreary, weary monotony pervades it all—pervades and permeates the whole of this vast district, in which two millions of people are living out a monotonous existence."

"Held down and crushed under the heel of the Giant of the Commonplace," I interpolated.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Besant, with an eager vivacity: "you have described it to the life. It was that terrible monotony that had so fatal a fascination for me, and which really drove me to the writing of those books. Far more than the poverty. I often think there is more poverty in the West end than in the East. There you

Conditions of Men,' and rose from it to help to build in real bricks and mortar the People's Palace I had so airily dreamed of on paper. Of course, when I speak of no centres and no institutions, I speak with a certain reservation. I don't mean there were no churches and chapels—and what the East End would have done but for the church I don't know, I really don't know," said Mr. Besant. "The church has been her salvation. I quite frankly own," he continued, "that the churches and chapels had their little institutions which brought the people together, but there was no centre; you had to go and find these little places of assemblage for yourself. What was most wanted was the element of organized amusement. I mean people working with people for recreation of the Higher Kind."

"Above all, I was struck with the total

houses can be recognized by all. I think the original of Captain Sorenson died about five years ago. The brewery is not Charington's, as has been suggested, but Barclay and Perkins', which I visited years before I had any thought I should use it in a novel. The Salvation Army man is from life."

I remember what Mr. Besant had once before said to me on the subject of General Booth and his schemes, and his remarks are worth repeating.

"He talks," said he, "of the submerged tenth; I do not think it is more than the submerged thirtieth. The result of his plan will be that he will rescue that proportion of the population worth raising. The secret of his success is personal sympathy. But then, the Church of England has that. The East End would have been lost but for the Church. I have, however, no patience with the people who run down Booth, and who ask sarcastically what he makes out of his army. He does not touch for himself one penny of its vast funds."

To return to our present conversation, Mr. Besant told me that practically all his small characters were portraits.

"I made notes," said he, "wherever I went. I talked to everybody; on a steamer, in the street, behind a counter, coming out of chapel. I would tackle them as best I might. A 'bob' went a long way sometimes, but a pleasant smile went further. The factory girls I found very difficult to deal with."

"Yes," I replied, "they are dreadful. I used to have a class of factory girls in an East End parish for reading and writing, and I would infinitely prefer their brothers."

"Exactly," said Mr. Besant; "the young men are more get-at-able, and more easily influenced for good, and more persevering in the Good Path, when once they are directed into it. The girls wander about and are like shy birds: difficult to get hold of. There is better soil in the young men. We ought to get hold of them between fourteen and eighteen. There the Church has been so successful. She has certainly saved many of them from barbarism. But you want young and vigorous clergymen and ministers for the East."

To which I heartily assented as we drifted into a dissertation on the extraordinary influence which the East End exerts upon all sorts and conditions of men; how even the most refined, the most cultured, the most highly moral man can hardly escape a certain blunting of the perceptive faculties and an undefinable rubbing off, if I may so term it, of the fresh bloom which once characterized his views of life and his outlook upon life.

"East End life, it appears to me, always eats into a clergyman's soul, and sometimes, almost unconsciously, a man is apt to deteriorate," said I.

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Besant. "I know of a fine fellow who feels this so terribly that he leaves his curacy every year



WALTER H. BESANT.

have miles and miles of streets, the long, unlovely streets: a hideous sameness, which, more than anything else, crushes the life out of the inhabitants. And all this vast city is a city without a centre. That was what struck me as being so remarkable. No government, no municipality, no mayor and aldermen, no resident gentry, and at first sight no institutions, no newspapers in a city of two millions, except, perhaps, a little local sheet here and there, no magazine, no booksellers, except a few second-hand shops, no public school, no public buildings, no old buildings, except Bow church and Stepney church: nothing, in short, to hold the city and the people together—no focus, no lighthouse, no place of assemblage. It beat into my brain. I was not satisfied until I sat down and wrote 'All Sorts and

absence of literary ambition. I have since discovered that there are ambitions in that direction in the East end, but not a tenth part in the whole of that great region which you would find in an American city a tenth part the size."

"And now about the people themselves in your novels, Mr. Besant."

"Well," he replied, "generally speaking, they are all drawn from life. For instance, the old figure-head carver in 'All Sorts,' is taken from a man I know well. He is now dead. The American candidate for the Peerage and the wife were acquaintances of mine. I have described them with certain differences, so as to avoid giving offence. I should think they are long dead, poor dears!"

"Miss Messenger, my heroine, was not real; she was purely fictitious. The Alms-

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and takes a month's yachting. Only on the high seas can he get free from that dreadful East End pressure. It is a terrible life, that East End life, for a refined and cultivated man."

"And you have a set purpose in writing these novels, Mr. Besant?"

"Why, yes," he replied. "I think that the West End should know how the East End lives. I am not a professional philanthropist, mind you," he continued, with a smile; "I am only a story-teller. But a story purely of poverty has a grimy effect. I must brighten by contrasts. So next time I write a poor people's story I shall go to the purlieus of the West End. Mind you, I don't describe nearly all I see. I couldn't—I am not a Zola. I have to soften and tone down very much."

I observed that I thought "The Children of Gibeon" was an even finer study of East End life than "All Sorts and Conditions."

"The fanatic socialist; the cold, calculating Board schoolmaster; Lotty, who sat in the bed because there was something wrong with her spine; Melenda, with her flaming red fringe, and who always looked hungry; and Lizzie, who belonged to that class of London girls who are all eyes; why, Mr. Besant, they are to the life."

"Ah well!" replied he, "when I wrote that book I had so much more experience. I went to very different 'settings. Yes, perhaps it is a finer study of London life."

"And are you satisfied with the partial realization of your ideal in the People's Palace as it now is, Mr. Besant?"

"Yes," said he; "the Palace is a very good beginning. We can't get all in a day, but it is working out all right. The recreative side is not fully enough developed to please me. The essence of such an institution is that it should be run by the people for the people. It is wonderful, however, to notice what an advance in the musical tastes of the East Enders there is. I went once to a recital. The hall was nearly full. A working man sitting next to me said most enthusiastically, 'I say, governor, ain't it fine? They can't get music like this at the West End.' But I don't want the Recreative side to be separated from the Educational and Technical. I want it to be all under one roof, to be all one vast system. Let the technical students feel that it is all one, and that they can step from their class to the concert-room, and vice-versa."

"But Miss Messenger's pretty ideal is realized in many details, is it not?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Besant; "we have our own band, our own choir, clubs without end. We ought to have, and we shall have, a dramatic society, and our own writers for our own papers, and our own teachers for our own schools. We have in full swing a Ramblers' Club, which I sometimes accompany in its excursions in town or country."

"And it is all owing to your book. You must be a proud man!"

He replied—

"It is the greatest thing that could have happened to a man to have had that People's Palace built in response to a novel he had written; but I wish to insist that to Sir Edmund Currie, who has been such a noble friend to East London, belongs entirely the credit of its success. He has been its life and soul since the beginning, and I grieve that he has gone."

UNCLE JOSIAH'S BEDTIME.

Such headaches as Uncle Josiah had! And such doctors! Their efforts left the patient worse instead of better. At last, however, a young doctor gave Aunt Polly a prescription which, he said, was sure to help if not cure.

Uncle Josiah was a strict temperance man. Not a drop of ardent spirits, as a beverage, had ever passed his lips. He was a man firm of principle—strong and unyielding where his well-trained conscience was concerned. The doctor's prescription was egg-nog. Aunt Polly was to prepare and administer it to Uncle Josiah at his bedtime, when sleep would follow and the headache disappear.

Very grateful the remedy proved, prepared under Aunt Polly's skilful hand. She was generous to a fault, and perhaps mixed a thimbleful more than the prescribed proportion of whiskey in the nightly draught.

As the headache was a very real fact,

Uncle Josiah's conscience did not forbid him to give the remedy a fair trial. His usual time for retiring was ten o'clock. When he was in bed Aunt Polly carried to him the fragrant steaming cup.

One night, about two weeks after he began taking the nightly stimulant, Uncle Josiah grew restless at about a quarter to ten o'clock, and said:

"Polly, I feel pretty tired; I think I'll go up now and be ready for my medicine and sleep."

"Well, Josiah, it's only quarter of ten; but you do look tired, and I will prepare it now."

The next week, one rainy night, as the clock struck nine, Uncle Josiah left his old arm-chair, a bright fire, and his cheerful wife. He was "quite tired out, and would have his nog now."

"What makes you so tired to-night, Josiah?"

"Well, working about the factory all day I suppose, Polly;" and he drained his nightly remedy, and went off to sleep.

One week later Uncle Josiah's bedtime came at quarter to nine o'clock! He went up stairs, but just before Aunt Polly was ready for him, he called down: "Polly!"

"Well, Josiah."

"Don't bring up that stuff! I'm coming down."

"Coming down! I thought you were ready for bed!"

"So I was, Polly, but I'm coming down to be with you till ten o'clock, and I shall never take another cup of nog!"

He came down, fully dressed, and added: "Polly, do you know why I have been getting tired so early of late? It was just because I was in a hurry for that medicine; and when a man begins to relish whiskey as I have been getting to do, there's a serpent lurking near. We'll both sit up till ten o'clock and then sleep the sleep of the just. Not another drop shall pass my lips, Polly."

And he kept his word.—*Julia P. Ballard, in Youth's Companion.*

PRAYING ALWAYS.

There is an old saying, 'Exertion without prayer is atheism; and prayer without exertion is enthusiasm.' The work of the Sunday-school teacher demands both prayer and exertion. Before commencing the study of the Bible lesson which he has to teach to his scholars on the following Sunday, the teacher should pray earnestly to the God of wisdom, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, for the help of the Holy Spirit to enable him fully to grasp the meaning of the words which that same Holy Spirit inspired the author to write on the page of Scripture. 'God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain.' And then, before he goes to the school-room on the Sunday, he should, conscious that no human effort can be effectual without the divine blessing—that though Paul may plant, and Apollos water, God alone can give the increase—pray to his Father in heaven to direct and assist him in his teaching, and cause the seed that he sows to take root, and grow, and bear fruit in the hearts and lives of his scholars. He should pray also that God would increase and strengthen in him the qualifications needed in a teacher, granting to him wisdom, and zeal, and patience, and perseverance—granting to him more of the power of making his teaching attractive, interesting, and effective, and a more earnest desire for the welfare of his scholars. Above all, he should pray unceasingly for personal growth in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus; for increased holiness in heart and life, and development in the Christian graces. Ah! fellow-teachers, our scholars will, after all, be more influenced, by what we are than by what we say. If our lips teach one thing and our lives another, they will be very quick-sighted to detect the inconsistency. Our great aim is to bring souls to Jesus; and, oh! how essential it is that we ourselves know Him as a personal Saviour, and Master, and Friend; how essential it is that He be to us (as the late Dr. Punshon said when dying) 'a beautiful reality' for how can we introduce others to one who is a stranger personally to ourselves? May God help us all so entirely, unreservedly, to consecrate our hearts and lives to our Master that, out of the abundance of our hearts, our lips may tell the 'Old, old story of

Jesus and His love' to the lambs of His flock, and that our consistent lives may furnish an incentive to lead them into, an example to guide them in, the narrow path that leadeth unto everlasting life!—*Rev. Canon Hill.*

It is ONE OF GOD'S greatest mercies that this world is full of troubles; for if we so much court her now she is foul, what should we do if she were beautiful!—*Capel.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—JULY 16, 1893.

PAUL AT ATHENS.—Acts 17: 22-31.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 30-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—John 4: 24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 16: 35-17: 15.—From Philippi to Athens.

T. Acts 17: 16-31.—Paul at Athens.

W. Isaiah 44: 1-20.—The Only God.

Th. Psalm 139: 1-12.—The All-seeing God.

F. Gen. 1: 1-31.—God the Creator.

S. Rom. 5: 1-21.—God the Redeemer.

S. Rev. 20: 1-15.—God the Judge.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Unknown God, vs. 22, 23.

II. The Living God, vs. 24-29.

III. The God of Judgment, vs. 30, 31.

TIME.—November A.D. 51; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Cumanus governor of Judæa.

PLACE.—The Areopagus in Athens, the capital of Attica and the most celebrated city of Greece.

OPENING WORDS.

From Philippi Paul continued his journey through Amphipolis and Apollonia to Thessalonica, and thence to Berea. There many received the word and believed. To escape the violence of the Jews Paul was sent from Berea to Athens, the capital of Attica, the seat of Greek literature and one of the most noted cities of the world. Waiting at Athens for the coming of Silas and Timothy, he was deeply moved when he saw the city filled with idols, and could not refrain from preaching Christ. At length certain Epicureans and Stoics brought him to the Areopagus or Mars' Hill, that they might hear an account of the new doctrine. There, to this company of Athenian philosophers, the apostle delivered the remarkable discourse which is the subject of this lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

22. *Mars' hill*—"the Areopagus," a rocky height in Athens, opposite the western end of the Acropolis. The council of the Areopagus met here in the open air, sitting on seats cut in the rock. *Too superstitious*—Revised Version, "somewhat superstitious." 23. *Your devotions*—Revised Version "the objects of your worship." *To the unknown God*—Revised Version, "an unknown God." 24. *Dwelteth not in temples*—according to the heathen idea of an idol in a temple. Compare Acts 7: 48, 49. 25. *Worshipped*—"served," ministered to. 26. *Of one blood*—of one common parentage. *The times*—"the appointed seasons." 27. *Might feel after him*—like one groping in imperfect light. *Not far*—very near. Rom. 10: 6-8; Isa. 59: 2; Jer. 23: 23, 24. 28. *Your own poets*—Greek poets, Aratus of Cilicia (b.c. 270) and Cleanthes the Stoic (b.c. 300). 29. *Like unto gold*—thus to deity matter is to make God the Creator inferior to man the creature. 30. *Winked at*—"overlooked," bore with. *Repent*—turn from every evil way, especially from the sin of idolatry. 31. *The world*—the whole human race. *In righteousness*—on righteous principles. *Ordained*—chosen, appointed for this purpose. *Assurance*—conclusive evidence.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did Paul and Silas do when released from prison at Philippi? Give an account of their visit to Thessalonica. Of their work in Berea. Where did Paul go from Berea? What do you know about Athens? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE UNKNOWN GOD, vs. 22, 23.—Where did Paul preach in Athens? What did he say to the Athenians? What altar had he found? What did he say about this unknown God? What is God?

II. THE LIVING GOD, vs. 24-29.—What work did Paul attribute to this living God? How does he differ from idols? What else did Paul claim for him? What has he done for all nations? What then is their duty? What reason did he give for not worshipping idols? What quotation did he give from their own poets?

III. THE GOD OF JUDGMENT, vs. 30, 31.—In what respect did Paul say the times had changed? What is meant by God's winking at ignorance? What does God now command? What is repentance? How is this command enforced? What well-attested fact proves that God will judge the world? What effect had Paul's address on his hearers? vs. 32, 31.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is the Creator, Preserver and Lord of all.
2. All the nations of the earth belong to one family.
3. God is not to be likened to idols of gold or silver or stone formed by the skill of man.
4. He commands all men everywhere to repent and render him a pure and spiritual worship.
5. He has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What inscription did Paul find on an Athenian altar? Ans. "To the unknown God."
2. What did he say to the Athenians? Ans. Whom ye therefore ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.
3. What is the Godhead not like? Ans. The Godhead is not like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and device of man.
4. What does God now command? Ans. All men everywhere to repent.
5. What great truth enforces this command? Ans. God has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ.

LESSON IV—JULY 23, 1893.

PAUL AT CORINTH.—Acts 18: 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."—1 Cor. 1: 18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 18: 1-17.—Paul at Corinth.

T. 1 Cor. 2: 1-17.—He Preaches Christ Crucified.

W. 1 Cor. 15: 1-20.—He Preaches Christ risen from the Dead.

Th. 2 Cor. 11: 1-12.—He Labors at His Own Charges.

F. 1 Thess. 3: 1-13.—He Receives Good Tidings.

S. John 15: 17-16: 4.—Human Opposition Foretold.

S. Matt. 10: 16-31.—Divine Help Promised.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Working with his Hands, vs. 1-3.

II. Rejected by the Jews, vs. 4-6.

III. Received by the Gentiles, vs. 7-11.

TIME.—From early A. D. 52 till summer of A. D. 53—a year and a half; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome.

PLACE.—Corinth, the political capital of Achaia, and residence of the Roman proconsul or governor.

OPENING WORDS.

Paul went from Athens to Corinth, then the capital and the most important commercial city of Achaia. There he remained for eighteen months, supporting himself by working as a tent-maker, being at the same time earnest and diligent in his apostolic work. A church was planted, which became an important centre for Gospel influence throughout Achaia.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Corinth*—forty-five miles from Athens, on the isthmus that joins the Peloponnesus to the mainland of Greece. 2. *Pontus*—the north-eastern province of Asia Minor. *Claudius*—the Roman emperor. 3. *Craft*—trade. Every Jew was required to teach his sons some trade. See 1 Cor. 9: 6-12; 2 Cor. 11: 7, 9. 5. *Were come*—Silas from Berea (Acts 17: 13, 14), and Timothy from Thessalonica (1 Thess. 3: 2). *Pressed in the spirit*—Revised Version, "constrained by the word." 6. *Your blood*—the guilt of your destruction; I am clear; free from blame. 7. *Departed thence*—from the synagogue. *Entered*—as his preaching place. *Joined hard*—was near. 8. *Crispus*—one of those baptized by Paul, 1 Cor. 1: 14. *Chief ruler*—president of the board of elders. *Many of the Corinthians*—among them Gaius and Stephanas, both of whom Paul himself baptized (1 Cor. 1: 14-16). 9. *Be not afraid*—Christ thus assured him of help, protection and success in his ministry. 10. *Much people*—many yet to be converted and saved. 11. *Continued*—had his headquarters there, meanwhile visiting other parts of Achaia, preaching and planting churches. During this time he wrote the two epistles to the Thessalonians, the earliest of his epistles.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What did Paul preach at Athens? What was his text? What do you remember about his sermon? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. WORKING WITH HIS HANDS, vs. 1-3. Whom did Paul find at Corinth? Why had they left Italy? Why did Paul live with them? Why was Paul taught the trade of tent-making? What further mention do you find of Aquila and Priscilla in the New Testament?

II. REJECTED BY THE JEWS, vs. 4-6.—What did Paul do on the Sabbath? Who came to him? How was Paul affected? What did he testify to the Jews? Who is the Redeemer of God's elect? How did the Jews treat Paul's testimony? What did he then do? To whom did he say he would go?

III. RECEIVED BY THE GENTILES, vs. 7-11.—After leaving the synagogue, where did Paul preach? What effects followed his preaching? What ordinance was administered? What special encouragement did Paul receive? What assurance was given him? How long did he remain at Corinth?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Working with the hands is no shame.
2. Week-day work should not interfere with Sabbath-day work for Christ.
3. Those who refuse the gospel bring ruin upon themselves.
4. If Christ be with us, we have nothing to fear.
5. Christ has "much people" even in the worst places, and it is ours to find them.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did Paul support himself at Corinth? Ans. By working as tent-maker with Aquila and Priscilla.
2. What did he do on the Sabbath? Ans. He reasoned with the Jews in the synagogue and testified that Jesus is the Christ.
3. What did he do when the Jews rejected his testimony? Ans. He left the synagogue, and preached to the Gentiles in the house of Justus.
4. What effects followed his preaching? Ans. Many hearing believed, and were baptized.
5. How did the Lord encourage him in his work? Ans. He said to him, Be not afraid, for I am with thee; I have much people in this city.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LUNCH DISHES.

It is what we eat between meals that makes us fat. The three regulation meals supply us with what we need for normal nourishment and development, but we must appeal to outside aid for the little extra flesh we crave. A sandwich and a glass of milk at eleven, another at night, ought to be a rule in every family, especially where there are growing children. And there should be more attention paid to the family luncheon than is generally the case. People whose breakfast is a farce, cannot really do with cold meat, and bread and preserves, washed down with tea seven days in a week, as they are often expected to; one might as well live in a boarding house at once as try to have a home-feeling on such fare.

POTATO SOUP.—This is very good for lunch. Peel and slice a dozen small potatoes and boil ten minutes. Drain off the water, pour over the potatoes two quarts of cold water, one small onion and a bunch of soup greens. Boil an hour and then rub the whole mass through a colander and return to the pot. Rub a tablespoonful of butter into as much flour and stir into the soup. Add salt and pepper to taste, one cup of hot milk, and serve.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Take two cupfuls of canned lobster, add to it one tablespoonful chopped parsley, quarter of a nutmeg grated, salt and cayenne pepper. Bring one cup of milk to a boil, stir into it one tablespoon of butter and three of flour rubbed together, then the beaten yolks of two eggs. Now add the lobster and let it cool. Form into croquettes, dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry. They will brown in two minutes. Garnish with parsley.

AN APPETISING MINCE.—Take any kind of cold meat that has been roasted or boiled, mince fine, heat in a mixture of butter, tomato ketchup, or Worcestershire sauce, and serve on hot buttered toast.

Grated cheese helps out a bread and butter lunch nicely. It should be kept in a jar with an air tight top. Lay a very thin scraping of French mustard on bread and butter with some cheese sprinkled over.

HAM AND LETTUCE.—The next time you boil a ham save the gravy, and pour it hot over a lettuce. This is delicious, and an old Virginia dish.

In making chicken or ham sandwiches put a crisp lettuce leaf on each side of bread before adding the meat, which should be chopped fine and well seasoned. There is nothing much worse than to bite a sandwich and have all the meat come out and hang against your chin.

DEVELOPED SARDINES.—Put in a hot frying pan two tablespoonfuls of any kind of ketchup, a dash of pepper sauce and a tablespoonful of butter; squeeze in the juice of half a lemon. Remove the skins from your sardines and let them heat through in the mixture. Serve on hot buttered toast with the gravy poured over.

RICE POPOVERS.—One cup of cold boiled rice, two of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder in the latter, add two beaten eggs, a cup of milk and one big tablespoonful of butter, beat light and bake in little tins. They can be made in a very few minutes. A pleasant variety is obtained by splitting them open and putting jelly inside. They are nice made with cold boiled hominy or oatmeal.

A NOVEL HASH.—Mince and season highly your cold meat, put it in a baking dish with some gravy, about half fill the dish, then put mashed potatoes over the top and brown in the oven.

If you are making pies save some of the crust dough and make cookies of it. Bake quickly and serve hot for lunch.

Little meat pies made in patty pans are quickly prepared and make a dainty luncheon.

Salad of some sort should be served at every luncheon. If there is no green salad to be had, any cold boiled vegetable will taste good with a simple French dressing, providing you have good oil. Remember that doubtful oil is always bad.

Open a small can of potted chicken, moisten it with ketchup or chutney, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, some celery salt and a little pepper. Heat in a chafing dish and eat with buttered biscuit.

Baked beans are good for supper if they have pepper sauce poured over them. Eat them with plain white onion pickles.

A dainty sandwich is made by frizzling the thinnest possible bacon till it can be crushed with a fork, then spread it between slices of bread and butter.

Remove the bones from any cold boiled fish, put in a deep dish without breaking, pour over it hot vinegar with a few cloves and whole peppers in it. Let it stand in a cool place. Eat with lettuce or celery.

Always have a few biscuits where they can be reached without leaving your bed. Many people waken as soon as the stomach is empty, and lie awake for hours. A bite to eat will put them off again in a few minutes.—*Jenness Miller Monthly.*

HELEN'S FLOWERS.

Last summer I said to Helen, my little ten-year old, "You may have a flower bed for your own if you will take care of it."

How her eyes danced. "Can I really, mamma? And when I want flowers may I pick them without asking you?"

"Certainly." I divided my seeds and bulbs with her and gave her four rose-bushes. I watched to see what she would do when the blossoms came; for I knew her disposition in this particular would tell through the flowers, or rather her disposition of them would tell.

The pansies came first, and when she espied them she ran in to ask me, if she could pick the nicest ones for Miss McKinley, her teacher.

"They are yours, don't you remember?" I said.

"Of course I do, but I thought maybe you wouldn't want me to give them away." I didn't tell her it was just what I did want.

The roses were picked as fast as they opened and always for her teacher or a schoolmate, "who hasn't any flowers, mamma."

When the Annunciation lilies sent up their spikes she could hardly wait till the buds burst, and then such ohs! and ahs! and "please, mamma, come and see them. There's one with seven flowers, counting the buds and all! If you really wouldn't mind, I'd like to send that to Tommy Coats. You know he is sick and his mother is dead."

Her voice grew husky, and a blur dimmed my eyes, but I said "run and get the shears."—*Nellie S. White, in Housekeeper.*

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

That is a fine foamy batter, Little Housekeeper, but do not think your work of cake-making is over. Now comes the baking, which is even more troublesome. You must control our giant, the fire, else he will scorch the cake with his fierce breath, or if he is sulky, he will just simmer it and leave it sodden and uncooked. You must test your oven. If the cake is a plain one, with only a table-spoonful of butter in it, the oven should be hot. You should be able to bear your hand in it and count twenty-five.

For the cakes with more butter the oven should be cooler, while for pound, sponge, or angel cakes the oven should be very moderate in its heat, the count being increased to thirty or more. For layer cakes the oven should be very hot, and the count but twenty. All cakes should bake first on the floor of the oven. If the oven is too hot, either the crust will form too quickly, and the soft inner dough will burst it in the rising and escaping of gas, and it will make a ragged, cracked loaf, or else one end or side will bake first, and the loaf will be warped, with one thin side and one thick side.

Placing the pans of cake on the shelf of the oven first will cause similar mishaps. If the oven is too cool the cake will rise too much, sometimes running over the pans and be full of coarse air-holes, besides being very liable to collapse the moment it is taken from the oven. If the oven is inclined to burn on the bottom do not set the pans directly on it, but on the grate, a sheet of iron, or even folds of paper. Burnt cake is unpalatable, and pans in which cake is once burned are more than liable to burn again in the same spots.

Careful cooks always scour off the least trace of burning from all pans and kettles.

Shield the cake with paper if the over-heat scorches, being careful to warm it before placing it over delicate cakes, as cold paper will sometimes cause such cakes to fall. It is wise to line the tins with paper when cake is to be baked slowly, especially fruit cakes. Grease the tins, then fit in clean white paper, and do not forget to grease it also.

While the cake is baking gather up the dishes, my cook, and put them in clean hot water. I am sure that the Little Housekeeper does not wish to make any one extra work. Do not leave the table strewn with soiled dishes. Wash them up, if possible, and leave the kitchen as neat as you found it.

Here are three more don'ts: Do not leave a lot of batter on the mixing dish and spoon. Clear it off neatly with a knife and add it to your loaf. Do not slam the oven door. Not only the sudden jar but the draught of cold air which it sends into the hot oven will make your cake fall. Do not stir your pans when the batter is still uncooked.

When the Little Housekeeper's cake looks sufficiently baked, test it by running a clean broom-splint quickly down in the thickest part of the loaf. If the cake is cooked, the splint will be dry when pulled out. Take the pans out gently and stand them up edge-wise, or on a flat-iron stand, that the bottom of the loaf may cool as quickly as the top. Be careful that you do not place your hot loaf in a draught or before an open window, little housewife, for the sudden chilling will make the cake fall.

There is a right time, too, for taking the loaf from the pan. This is when it is warm. You must wait until cooling has given the cake enough firmness to keep it in shape, or handling will break it in pieces. On the other hand, if you wait till it is entirely cold, the grease with which you coated the pan will be absorbed into the cake, and it will stick to the pan. You will be very lucky if it does not break in many pieces while you are trying to take it out.

Another point in making cake nicely is not to use too much flavoring or spices. Too much of either robs the cake of that delicacy of flavor, which is as much the part of a fine cake as its feathery texture. One teaspoonful of flavoring is usually enough for two medium-sized loaves. In the case of spices, do not heap the spoonfuls. Clove, particularly, is a very pungent spice; be cautious in using it.—*Harper's Young People.*

IN CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

The nurse's first duty in a case of contagious disease is to prevent the spread of infection. It rests with her, and she shares her responsibility only with the doctor. In most communities a house where there is contagious disease is quarantined, and casual visitors do not pass in and out of it.

As large and sunny a room as is possible in the second or third story should be chosen for the patient, the higher the better. No one should sleep on that flat, or come there, except the immediate attendants and the doctor.

The carpet should be taken up and the floor well scrubbed and dried. Stuffed furniture and draperies of every description should be removed from the room, leaving nothing in it that cannot easily be cleaned and purified. The necessary furniture is a bed, a small table, an easy-chair for the nurse, and, if there is but one nurse, a low iron bedstead where she can rest when she is not needed. This is better than a stuffed couch as it can be thoroughly cleansed. All else can be kept in an adjoining room, or if that cannot be had, a part of the hall. There should be a bureau to hold bed-linen night-dresses, an extra blanket, old cotton, etc. Do not let the ectera consist of anything that cannot be washed or burned. A washstand with the necessary toilet apparatus, the vessels that are needed in the sick-room, a pan to wash dishes in, broom, dustpan and brush for sweeping, and, most important of all, a tub and disinfectant solution for disinfecting the clothes.

When the nurse takes charge she should say to herself, "nothing goes off this floor that is not disinfected." If she carries this out faithfully the infection cannot spread. If she is obliged to go down-stairs herself she should have a cotton wrapper, a fresh

pair of shoes and a cap to put on; these should be kept outside the room and never be allowed within it.

In cases of infectious disease it is especially important that the air of the room should be kept pure by free ventilation. This does not mean having a constant draught through it. The thermometer should register 65° in fevers, and 70° in diseases of the throat. If a window cannot be kept open in a sick-room one in the hall or adjoining apartment should never be shut. Whenever the nurse, coming to her patient from this fresh air, perceives that the room is close she should cover him carefully, protecting the face, and open the window for a few minutes, leaving on the extra covering until the room is again warm. In old houses there is sometimes a disused pipe hole in the chimney. If the cover is taken out of this it is an aid to ventilation.

There are many good disinfectants. Each physician has his favorites. Different kinds are required for different purposes. Some will stain clothing, while others are harsh and disagreeable for personal use.

Cheap and efficacious ones are: Copperas, one and a half pounds to a gallon of water.

Sulphate of zinc, two ounces, and the same quantity of common salt, to a gallon of water.

Boracic acid, two ounces to a gallon of water.

The copperas solution should be put into vessels before they are used by the sick person, the discharges covered with it before they are emptied, and a pailful thrown down the water-closet two or three times a day. If an earth-closet is used it should be plentifully sprinkled with dry copperas.

A tub half filled with the sulphate of zinc solution should stand ready to receive soiled clothing as soon as it is removed from the person or bed. It should be well soaked in this, wrung out, carried to the laundry in a covered pail, and boiled in a covered boiler with washing soda in the water.

The dust collected in sweeping the room should be burned. The furniture should be wiped every day with a cloth wrung out of the sulphate of zinc solution. No food should be allowed to stand in the room. The nurse should never eat in the sick-room. A shelf outside of the hall window will be found a great convenience for keeping a pitcher of milk cool. Dishes and spoons used by the patient should be disinfected.—*Elizabeth R. Scovil, in Ladies Home Journal.*

SUMMER RECIPES.

CHERRY PUDDING.—Heat one quart of juicy cherries canned or fresh, to the boiling point and stir in smoothly four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch which has been wet in cold water, and cook five minutes. Place it in molds, cool, set on ice, and serve with sugar and cream. If the cherries are fresh or unsweetened, one cupful of sugar should be added when placed on the stove to heat.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Take one quart of cream, the yolks of four eggs and beat together. Take one pound of granulated sugar and one pint of water; heat, and when quite hot add one-fourth pound of pounded almonds (previously blanched), one ounce of citron, finely chopped, one ounce of grated cocoanut, two ounces of raisins, one orange and lemon each, peel and juice. Freeze one hour before required, and let harden after freezing.

MACAROON ICE CREAM.—Pulverize four ounces of macaroons; heat one pint each of milk and cream to the boiling point; then remove from the fire, and stir in one-half pound of granulated sugar until dissolved. When cold, freeze and when quite stiff stir in the pulverized macaroons. Let stand two hours before serving.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Take one quart of fresh strawberries, crush slightly and cover with a cupful of powdered sugar. Let stand three or four hours, then rub through a fine sieve. Place in the dish in which it will be served; then take one pint of rich cream which has been previously chilled on ice and whip it, skimming off the stiff froth as it rises, and laying on a sieve to drain, returning the cream which drips to be whipped again. Place on the ice to harden, after adding sugar to sweeten. In half an hour serve with the strawberry pulp, or pour over it.

SUMMER SALAD.—Take two heads of nice crisp lettuce, one pint of green beans, cooked tender, one medium-sized cucumber, sliced thin, two medium-sized tomatoes, sliced, two hard-boiled eggs, sliced, one young onion. Cover with Mayonnaise and add a dash of cayenne pepper. After placing in the salad bowl garnish with young beets sliced finely.

GRANDMA'S BROWN BREAD.—On baking day save about a pound of dough when working out your loaves. Seal one quart of yellow cornmeal, stir in while hot one cupful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and thin with one cupful of cold water; when cool add the dough, picked to pieces, and mix thoroughly. Set aside until light, then add one cupful of cornmeal and flour, or shorts, or both, enough to mix stiff; work into loaves; when light bake slowly one or one and a half hours, according to size of loaves.

BOOKS IN CHAINS.

An interesting feature of many an old English parish church is the curious library attached to it. Some of these, apart from possessing books of considerable value, deserve special notice as illustrating an almost forgotten chapter in the history of parish life in days gone by. In modern years, when most villages have their circulating library, literature of every kind is disseminated throughout the country in a manner that would have surprised our forefathers. But this was not always so; for, prior to the time of railways, country parishes were in a great measure dependent on their own resources for literature; hence originated the old church library. Here it was that the parson retired for study, and in the quietude of the sacred building enriched his learning by the perusal of many a noted divine otherwise inaccessible to him. Those also of his flock who were desirous of acquiring knowledge on some special subject resorted thither, and thus the church library was held in esteem by clergy and laity alike. As a local institution, therefore, the parish library was necessarily popular, and some idea of its value may be gathered from the frequent bequests made for its maintenance.

To prevent the mutilation and loss of books, an Act of Parliament was passed in the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne, for their better preservation. In some cases, as an additional security, the books were chained to the shelves, as was the rule at Dunchurch. When this church, however, was restored in the year 1852 by Mr. Street, "the vicar's retreat," as the library was nicknamed, was removed, the books being deposited in the vicarage, and the chains taken away, with the exception of a few which have been preserved as specimens. This library at one time possessed some exceedingly rare volumes, among them being a copy of the "Golden Legend," printed by Caxton in the year 1483, and which, according to a correspondent of the "Rock," was sold by a former vicar, in 1843, to Messrs Parker, of Oxford, and by them to the Bodleian Library. The proceeds were applied to the rebinding of books and enlargement of the book-cases. Of other valuable volumes which have been retained is a Cranmer's Bible, four black-letter volumes of Aquinas, a copy of Bishop Burnet on the articles given by the author himself, and a Life of Christ, by Ludolphus Saxo, formerly in the possession of Bishop Juxon, with chains attached.

The late Mr. William Blades, rich in all Caxtonian lore, and one of the most eminent of bibliographers, wrote a treatise on "Books in Chains" which is issued as one of the series of "The Book Lover's Library," published by Elliot Stock. The volume contains many curious details about the best-known collections of chained books, and also facts as to the use of printers' signatures, as helping the identification and correct description of volumes.

The books in the library at Wimborne Minster are fastened by chains to an iron rod running along the front of each shelf; an arrangement to be seen in Hereford Cathedral library. At St Paul's Cathedral two books yet retain their chains.

One of the greatest enemies of the church library has been ignorance, pew-openers and others having used the books for any purpose they might require. Thus, we are informed how, in one of the vestries of the beautiful church of St. Mary at Beverley, "was a small library, consisting mainly of good folios, chiefly theological, covered with dust, in a most dilapidated condition, the fires in the church having usually been lighted from this literary source for some years." This small library has long ceased to exist.

A correspondent of the "Gentleman's Magazine," writing in the year 1807, complained of seeing one of the books at Westerham acting as a fender to the clerk's fireplace; and in the year 1856, it seems that all the books had disappeared—the catalogues only being left. Again, in some instances, writes Mr. Shore in the "Proceedings of the Library Association of the United Kingdom" (1879, vol. i. p. 53), the books have disappeared "by the old method of having been taken out and not returned, as at Wimborne and Barnstaple; or by being sold, as at Reepham; or sold by the cartload, as at Boston; or by having been given away by the churchwardens, as

at Swaffham." The same writer further adds that books which once formed part of our old church libraries have not unfrequently been sold with the goods and chattels of deceased incumbents; such books turning up long afterwards in second-hand book stores. Such then are some of the many ways whereby these old libraries have either been neglected or partially destroyed, and hence it is not surprising that only too often they present a very unsatisfactory appearance.

Space will not permit us to give illustration of these old libraries, but some of the incidental remarks respecting them deserve notice. Thus, in "A Graphical and Historical Sketch of the Antiquities of Totnes" (1889, p. 38), the author says; "I know not what the library contains. I believe nothing more than theological lumber. It is always locked up, and made no use of by those who keep it, and is inaccessible to those who would wish to examine it. I was once there by accident, and looked into some books, which were all on divinity." We may mention, however, that if all the custodians of our church libraries had been equally careful they would not have fallen into the sad state of neglect which has been the ruin of so many.

These libraries doubtless did good ser-

vice to the age which originated them. We have fallen upon different times. Parish libraries have taken another, though not less useful, form. Books abound. Free libraries also are being established to distribute them. But there is still need for something akin to these old libraries. Centres are still wanted where the masterpieces of literature can be easily consulted—likewise "libraries" replenished not merely for popular reading, but with the more important books which can now be seen only by the few.—*Sunday at Home.*

HELEN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY JULIA S. LAWRENCE.

Helen was miserable, there was no doubt of it; and the whole family were aware of the fact, for the otherwise pleasant breakfast hour had been chilled by her gloom. Her father left the house immediately after prayers, and Ben slipped out the back door rather than to go through the dining-room again, while Clare, who was making rapid preparations for school, wore a saucy look on her bright face.

"Poor Tabitha! I wish I could take you with me to-day!" she said to the great yellow cat who came purring about her. "I fear it is going to be a regular no-easter," she went on wickedly, "so keep in a snug corner, Tabitha, out of the wake of the storm."

Then she stood with the door partly open, so that a rush of cold air came directly on Helen's poor neuralgic face, and waved a mournful farewell to Tabitha.

"Do shut that door!" screamed Helen, with her handkerchief to her face.

Clare ran off laughing, and Helen turned to her mother for sympathy.

Mrs. Wilson was hurried, and only said in reply to her bitter lament, "I would try to be a little more patient, Helen. We are all sorry for you, but it can't be helped; so do try to make the best of it."

Make the best of it, indeed! That was too much. How little they understood her disappointment! Helen could endure no more, so she hurried away to the solitude of her own room.

Reaching it, she first leaned both elbows on the pretty dressing-case and studied the reflection of her face in the glass; then, throwing herself upon the bed, she buried the troublesome face in the pillow and cried as though her heart would break.

What was it all about? Why, simply this. Dr. T. of Boston was to lecture in the Hall that evening, and Helen desired above all things to hear him. A friend who had heard him had given her such glowing accounts of his eloquence that she had looked forward to this evening for weeks. She would rather lose all the other lectures in the course, she had said, than this one; but neuralgia, with its needle-like twinges, had been about her for some time, and this morning she had awakened to find one side of her face so badly swollen

"Mother said a funny thing last Sunday," said Clare, closing the Bible and beginning to make preparations for bed. "I read to her from her Comforter, and I said it was a silly idea to talk about 'gaining the whole world'; no one could ever do it, if they ever wished to; and I asked her what she thought it meant, and she said 'having your own way in everything.'"

"That would be gaining the whole of the little world in which you live, would it not?" asked Helen.

All this conversation came back to Helen now. What would Clare think of her self-denial or cross-bearing to-day? How would her religion appear to the ever-watchful, critical sister now? Completely sobered by this thought, she slipped from the bed to her knees and poured the whole miserable story of her disappointment and sin into the sympathizing ears of him whom she was learning to trust. A quiet peace filled her soul ere she rose from her knees, and lying down once more, she was soon sweetly sleeping.

"I am sorry I was cross this morning, Clare," said Helen that night. "Forgive me, dear, and please don't think I am not trying to be good. I do try every day."

"I was the one to blame," replied Clare quickly, for she had been ashamed of herself before she had gone half a block that morning. "I am the one to be forgiven, I think; I ought to have thought you did not sleep much last night. It is too bad, though, that you can't go to-night when you thought so much about it!"

"A burning shame, I say!" interposed Ben. "I wish the lecture could be put off just for your sake. What will you do with your ticket?"

"My ticket! I had not thought of that!" said Helen. "Some one might use it, but you all have tickets and so have my friends. I wish some one might enjoy it or get some good out of it."

Crossing the hall a few minutes later Helen met John Monroe, her father's office-boy, who had come to the house with a message for Judge Wilson.

"He is in the dining-room, I'll speak to him," she said in reply to his question and was just passing on when a thought struck her. "John," said she, turning back, "wouldn't you like to go to the lecture to-night? You may have my ticket, and welcome, if you will take it. You see I can't go with such a face as I have, and it is too bad to have any vacant seats."

Surprise and delight made John well-nigh speechless. He tried his best to thank her, though, but the sudden lighting of his face and the flash of his gray eyes were thanks enough for Helen.

"I don't know what to make of John, lately," said Judge Wilson at the dinner table one day some weeks later. "He is at his books every moment when not otherwise employed, and I never saw a fellow make a more rapid improvement."

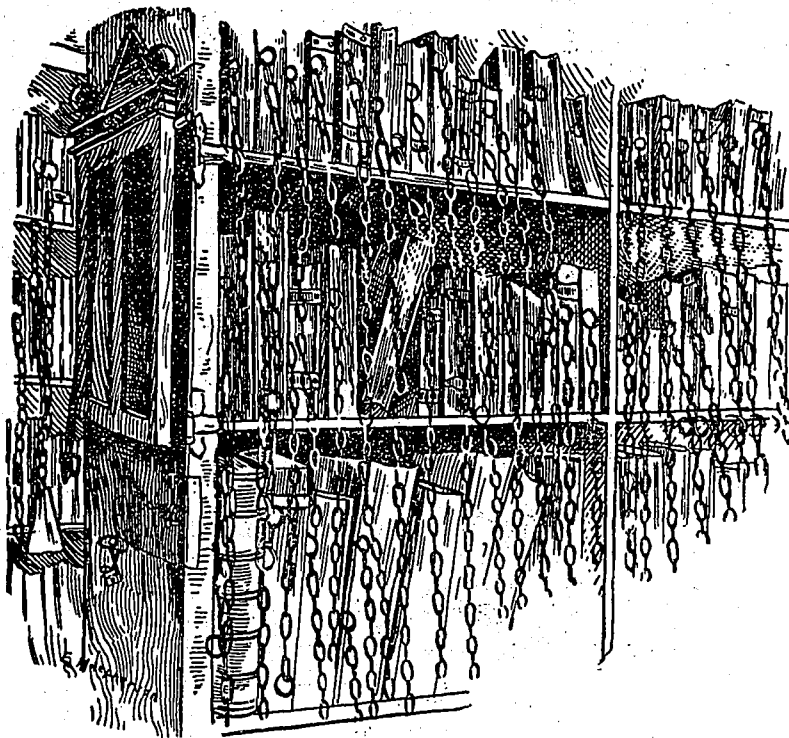
"I told you those gray eyes were not given him in vain," replied his wife. "He will make a smart man yet, you will see. I always said so, though the rest of you called him stupid. I pitied him when he first came, he seemed so spiritless and unhappy."

"That's just it, he was spiritless," said the judge. "He did what he was told simply because it was his duty. Now he puts so much animation into his work, he hardly seems like the same fellow; and it is astonishing how much information he picks up every day."

"What has got hold of him?" asked Ben.

"I asked him that same question to-day," replied his father, "and he said it was Dr. T.'s lecture; he heard him, it seems. He said, to use his own words, that he had about given up trying to be anybody—thought it was no use with such a father as he has; but Dr. T. talked right to him, he says, and told him there was a chance for him yet. I believe there is, and, if Dr. T. never does any other good deed in this world, he has saved one soul from ruin."

"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee," thought Helen, as she listened with a glad heart to this conversation. "I wonder if the disappointments and sufferings of his children cannot be made to add to his glory also. My disappointment opened a 'door of hope' to John, it seems, and Clare has certainly been more thoughtful since that day, while it taught me a lesson I shall never forget."—*Morning Star.*



BOOKS IN CHAINS.

A BLIND SINGER.

BY REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D., IN
"GOLDEN RULE."

According to a recent writer, in order to find the picturesque points of the great West, which he had so graphically described, he was forced to travel hundreds of miles, to endure discomforts innumerable, and to rough it in camps pitched in the chaparral. The interesting is so deeply overlaid by the commonplace that an author must delve deep ere he can find the true metal.

So, in attempting to delineate the chief points in the life of any composer of popular hymns, it becomes a matter of some moment to select one to whom our sympathies turn instinctively, and most writers would think that they had found a jewel from the deep sea when they came to Fanny Crosby. Her full maiden name was Frances Jane Crosby, but she prefers to have all her friends call her by the old pet title even now.

"Jesus, keep me near the cross,"

appeared in "Bright Jewels," 1869. Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne, as she is recognized and honored now since her marriage to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne in 1838, was born at South East, N. Y., in 1823. When she was only six weeks old she was made blind by improper treatment of a childish distemper: "A warm poultice laid on my eyes," says she in her quaint, bright, pathetic way, "did the mischief, and caused the loss of sight in a moment." When about twelve years of age she was sent to the Institution for the Blind in New York city; she studied there seven years, and then became a teacher under the same roof for eleven years more. In the fall of 1851 she united with the Thirtieth Street Methodist Episcopal church, and has since lived in New York as one of the loveliest and best of God's afflicted children. It is touching to think of the happy and devoted couple as their home life rises on our imagination. Her husband is also blind; he was a teacher, likewise, in the institution where she was educated. He is quite a musician in his way; he makes tunes, and she makes words for him. They never saw each other; but they are lovers, comrades, and friends all the same.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"

was published in "Bright Jewels," 1869. Fanny Crosby from the beginning has possessed a wonderful readiness or fluency in composition. Many of her pieces are known to have been given out as if almost offhand. Mr. Doane used to come in with his energetic and frank summons, plant himself at the piano, start a fresh tune, say, "Fanny, I want you to write," and she would put the verses on paper while he waited. "Safe in the arms of Jesus," was written in twenty minutes. But the very fact of its spontaneity argues that the soul of the author was full to overflowing with the love of the divine Master, and that its sudden pouring forth was but natural. She has written more than two thousand hymns, most of which have been introduced into many collections in America and in Great Britain; and these links of the far-reaching chain of her life's great song serve to draw together the people who, through her melodious words, have come to know and love the very name she bears. Generous old Dr. George Duffield wrote to the publishers of his son's books, just before his death, this estimate of Mrs. Van Alstyne's work: "I rather think her talent will stand beside that of Watts and Wesley, especially if we take into consideration the number of hymns she has written."

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,"

we find in "Songs of Devotion," 1870. Simplicity and earnestness are the main characteristics of this author's poems, and most of them have been put to music that will catch and hold the popular attention. "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," is a great favorite in our prayer meetings. The cry of Bartimeus by the wayside has a never-failing interest for the sinner and the saved. "Lord, that I might receive my sight," cry the sin-sick and blind of soul; and the answer of the Redeemer of the world is received with the same eager longing by him who knows that his salvation is assured, but longs for a repetition of the words of

healing; "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

"Saviour, more than life to me,"

was written for "Brightest and Best," 1875, and is one of the most popular and beautiful hymns she has ever made. The secret of this woman's life is an open secret. She lives, as she here sings, "closer, closer, Lord, to thee." When she was fifteen years old, they told her that she was always to live in darkness thereafter. She then showed her pluck as she afterward showed her piety. She went by herself and wrote a poem, of which we can give only one verse:—

"O, what a happy soul I am!
Although I cannot see,
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be,
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't!
Whew! to weep or sigh because I am blind
I cannot, nor I won't."

"Come, O come, with thy broken heart,"

was published in "Calvary Songs," 1875. Heart always speaks to heart. In this lies the vast strength of Mrs. Van Alstyne's hymns. They sink into one's memory, and hold their place in times of utmost turmoil and tempest of pain. A pathetic incident

it for Bradbury's "Golden Chain," 1861. It owes something to the music, but more to the taste of those that seem to like to sing mostly to sinners, frequently to things, and sometimes to God. The spectacle of one's singing out at the top of his breath, "while passing through the air," on the way to heaven, "Sweet hour of prayer!" over and over again, argues a much stronger attachment to conference meetings than modern congregations are apt to display. Just now this honored and beloved woman has been making a few public addresses. She is an elderly Christian, at last, about seventy years old. She dresses in good taste, as a delicate and refined lady might be expected to do; she speaks forcibly, for she is vigorous and perfectly unbroken still. Her face is pleasant, her voice is sweet, her manner is modest. Every one loves to take her by the hand; and each friend says as he departs, "The Lord spare her to us for yet many a year!"

DUMPING.

Our spiritual life begins, and goes on by the giving up of bad habits. Peter puts it plainly: "Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new born



FANNY CROSBY.

was related by one engaged in missionary work in this city. Among those led not long since to the Saviour was a woman who was wont to use her tongue most foully. "I had to get out of her house when she began to talk," said the brother. Of course, this was a bad state of affairs for her children. But the Lord saved her, and all this was changed. For a while past she has been in the hospital, sick. For her recovery an operation was necessary. She was willing to undergo that, but, before an anaesthetic was administered, she prayed, "O, Lord, keep the door of my mouth." She feared lest she should say something amiss while unconscious, so strong had been the former evil habit. "Did I say anything wrong?" asked the sufferer of the surgeons as she came to consciousness, after the operation was over. "No, indeed," was the reply; "the only words you have uttered were, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" We felt that the salvation of this woman was a miracle of grace. So, indeed, is the salvation of any soul.

"Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!" is one of the earliest, one of the weakest, and yet one of the most popular, of all Fanny Crosby's productions. She wrote

babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby."

Christian workers desire new graces. They read of Barnabas. He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord. A given result from a given character. How many thousands have been thrown into a tumult of prayer by that text! And yet the majority fail. Let us fall back on the 'dumping' method.

We are Christians. We need say nothing about whiskey, tobacco, Sabbath-breaking, hates, grudges, and the like. But have we no prejudices, dislikes, fears, doubts, whims, notions, that are in the way of the Lord's sweet grace? You haven't liked to hear Mr. A. preach since you were told the naughty thing he said about you. You 'can't abide' Mr. B's interminable prayers, or Mrs. C's execrable singing, or to see Mr. D. take the collection with such an air, when he is really no better than he should be; and all along down the alphabet are those who have done you some small personal damage, the memory of which is like sand in the eyes or gravel in the shoes.

You want our Lord to come into your heart. Do you make ready for him? When you invite a friend you clear the guest

room of all rubbish, all odds and ends of common work. Even the dust must be wiped from the furniture, the stale air blown out and the dainty odor of flowers brought in. If Christ delays his coming, instead of begging and begging him to come, and half blaming him because he does not, would it not be well to see if you have thrown out all pride and selfishness and love of the world? He said that if your hand or foot caused you to fall into sin you must cut it off and cast it from you.

A whim may hinder our faith. Martha's overdone sense of propriety would have kept our Lord from working his greatest miracle and giving her back her brother. She had a faint hope that Jesus would raise Lazarus, yet she objected to having the grave opened, the very thing that was necessary for the dead man to be called forth. She had to lay aside that notion before her prayer was answered.

When we make up our minds to 'dump,' it is not such a difficult thing to do. A good man was shown how wrong was his dislike of a brother minister. It took three mortal hours of prayer to get his courage up to the point of going to the other to be reconciled. The adversary insisted that he would meet an ugly rebuff. At last he seized his hat and rushed off to the duty as if it were the bayonet charge of a forlorn hope. Before his confession was half out the other grasped his hand: 'You'll not get the start of me on that, old fellow. I've been ten times meaner than you have.' The result of that 'dumping' was a large incoming of grace.—Mrs. Jennie Fowler Willing, in Union Signal.

AN INCIDENT WITHOUT COMMENT.

A merchant of this city met an old acquaintance recently on an elevated railway train. In the course of conversation the man told him that since they had last met, a few years previously, he had passed through a wonderful experience. He then told a story which we reproduce in the briefest possible form.

He had been a member of the Produce Exchange, and had been in good circumstances. He fell into the habit of drink, not because he loved the taste of liquor, but a mania of thirst seemed to possess him, so that he often drank from twenty to thirty times a day. He soon lost his business, and drifted steadily downward. His wife and children were forced to leave him, and he became utterly discouraged, and was most of his time in a half-drunken state. While in this condition he chanced one day to meet a man he knew, who was a hard drinker like himself. After some conversation this man proposed that they should go to a certain mission to hear the singing. They went. A woman attached to the mission came and spoke kindly to them and invited them to remain; but they declined. The merchant's friend, however, felt drawn to return the next night. He went thereafter steadily every night for a week to the mission, feeling, he said, as though he could not stay away. Every night the faithful woman missionary would come and speak kindly to him and urge him to seek salvation; but he always declined. One night he felt as though he ought to make an effort to become a man again. While this feeling was in his heart, though he was even then in a drunken state, she came to him as usual and invited him to go forward. He got up at once and went with her. Before he knew what he was doing, he was kneeling at the altar, and she was praying for him, and then he began to pray for himself. He was fully converted, and went to work, in connection with the mission, to bring in others and save them. From that moment, he says, the desire for drink left him entirely. Started once more in the right way, he began to prosper. He notified his wife and children, and they came back to live with him, and now he is at the head of a happy and comfortable home. He believes, it is needless to say, most implicitly in the efficacy of prayer. He believes he was led, half drunk though he was, by the Holy Spirit to the meeting through the instrumentality of his drunken friend, and that the same divine influence prompted him to return night after night and finally to pray for himself.

GOD SOMETIMES TAKES AWAY earthly props that we may rest more completely on him.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER VII.

What is there in the world to distinguish virtue from dishonor, or that can make anything rewardable, but the labor and the danger, the pain and the difficulty?—*Jeremy Taylor.*



HE V. C. did not look like a bloodthirsty warrior. He had a smooth, oval, olivart face, and dreary eyes. He was not very big, and he was absolutely unpretending. He was a young man, and only by the courtesy of his manners escaped the imputation of being a shy young man.

Before the campaign in which he won his cross he was most distinctly known in society as having a very beautiful voice and a very charming way of singing, and yet as giving himself no airs on the subject of an accomplishment which make some men almost intolerable to their fellow-men.

He was a favorite with ladies on several accounts, large and small. Among the latter was his fastidious choice in the words of the songs he sang, and sang with a rare fineness of enunciation.

It is not always safe to believe that a singer means what he sings; but if he sing very noble words with justness and felicity, the ear rarely refuses to flatter itself that it is learning some of the secrets of a noble heart.

Upon a silence that could be felt the last notes of such a song had just fallen. The V. C.'s lips were closed, and those of the master of the house (who had been accompanying him) was still parted with a smile of approval, when the wheels of his chair and some little fuss at the drawing-room door announced that Leonard had come to claim his mother's promise. And when Lady Jane rose and went to meet him, the V. C. followed her.

"There is my boy, of whom I told you. Leonard, this is the gentleman you have wished so much to see."

The V. C., who sang so easily, was not a ready speaker, and the sight of Leonard took him by surprise, and kept him silent. He had been prepared to pity and be good-natured to a lame child who had a whim to see him; but not for this vision of rare beauty, beautifully dressed, with crippled limbs lapped in Eastern embroideries by his color-loving father, and whose wan face and wonderful eyes were lambent with an intelligence so eager and so wistful, that the creature looked less like a morsel of suffering humanity than like a soul fretted by the brief detention of an all but broken chain.

"How do you do, V. C.? I am very glad to see you. I wanted to see you more than anything in the world. I hope you don't mind seeing me because I have been a coward, for I mean to be brave now; and that is why I wanted to see you so much, because you are such a brave man. The reason I was a coward was partly with being so cross when my back hurts, but particularly with hitting Jemima with my crutches, for no one but a coward strikes a woman. She trode on my dog's toes. This is my dog. Please pat him; he would like to be patted by a V. C. He is called The Sweep because he is black. He lives with me all along. I have hit him but I hope I shall not be naughty again any more. I wanted to grow up into a brave soldier, but I don't think, perhaps, that I ever can now; but mother says I can be a brave cripple. I would rather be a brave soldier, but I'm going to try to be a brave cripple. Jemima says there's no saying what you can do till you try. Please show me your Victoria Cross."

"It's on my tunic, and that's in my quarters in camp. I'm so sorry."

"So am I. I knew you lived in camp. I like the camp, and I want you to tell me about your hut. Do you know my uncle, Colonel Jones? Do you know my aunt, Mrs. Jones? And my cousin, Mr. Jones? Do you know a very nice Irishman, with one good-conduct stripe, called O'Reilly? Do you know my Cousin Alan in the Highlanders? But I believe he has gone away. I have so many things I want to ask you, and oh!—those ladies are coming after us! They want to take you away. Look at that ugly old thing with a hook-nose and

an eye-glass, and a lace shawl, and a green dress; she's just like the poll parrot in the housekeeper's room. But she's looking at you. Mother! Mother dear! Don't let them take him away. You did promise me, you know you did, that if I was good all to-day I should talk to the V. C. I can't talk to him if I can't have him all to myself. Do let us go into the library, and be all to ourselves. Do keep those women away, particularly the poll parrot! Oh, I hope I shan't be naughty! I do feel so impatient! I was good, you know I was. Why doesn't James come and show my friend into the library and carry me out of my chair?"

"Let me carry you, little friend, and we'll run away together, and the company will say, 'There goes a V. C., running away from a poll parrot in a lace shawl!'"

"Ha, ha! You are nice and funny. But can you carry me? Take off this thing! Did you ever carry anybody that had been hurt?"

"Yes, several people—much bigger than you."

"Men?"

"Men."

I wanted to see you. Do you mind my talking rather more than you? I have so much to say, and I've only a quarter of an hour, because of its being long past my bed-time, and a good lot of that has gone."

"Please talk, and let me listen."
"Thank you. Pat The Sweep again, please. He thinks we're neglecting him. That's why he gets up and knocks you with his head."

"Poor Sweep! Good old dog!"
"Thank you. Now, should you think that if I am very good, and not cross about a lot of pain in my back and my head—really a good lot—that that would count up to be as brave as having one wound if I'd been a soldier?"

"Certainly."
"Mother says it would, and I think it might. Not a very big wound, of course, but a poke with a spear, or something of that sort. It is very bad sometimes, particularly when it keeps you awake at night."

"My little friend, that would count for lying out all night wounded on the field when the battle's over. Soldiers are not always fighting."



"Let me carry you, little friend, and we'll run away together."

"Men hurt like me; or wounded in battle?"

"Wounded in battle."

"Poor things! Did they die?"

"Some of them."

"I shall die pretty soon, I believe. I meant to die young, but more grown-up than this, and in battle. About your age, I think. How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty-five in October."

"That's rather old. I meant about Uncle Rupert's age. He died in battle. He was seventeen. You carry very comfortably. Now we're safe! Put me on the yellow sofa, please. I want all the cushions, because of my back. It's because of my back, you know, that I can't grow up into a soldier. I don't think I possibly can. Soldiers do have to have such very straight backs, and Jemima thinks mine will never be straight again 'on this side the grave.' So I've got to try and be brave as I am; and that's why

"Did you ever lie out for a night on a battle-field?"

"Yes, once."

"Did the night seem very long?"

"Very long, and we were very thirsty."

"So am I sometimes, but I have barley-water and lemons by my bed, and jelly, and lots of things. You'd no barley-water, had you?"

"No."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing till the rain fell, then we sucked our clothes."

"It would take a lot of my bad nights to count up to that! But I think when I'm ill in bed I might count that like being a soldier in hospital?"

"Of course."

"I thought—no matter how good I got to be—nothing could ever count up to be as brave as a real battle, leading your men on and fighting for your country, though you know you may be killed any minute. But

mother says, if I could try very hard, and think of poor Jemima as well as myself, and keep brave in spite of feeling miserable, that then (particularly as I shan't be very long before I do die) it would be as good as if I'd lived to be as old as Uncle Rupert, and fought bravely when the battle was against me, and cheered on my men, though I knew I could never come out of it alive. Do you think it could count up to that? Do you? Oh, do answer me, and don't stroke my head! I get so impatient. You've been in battles—do you?"

"I do, I do."

(To be Continued.)

THE COOKING CLUB.

The B class in a certain grade of the Birchville school was made up of five boys and seven girls.

They often played together at recess. The five boys were generally too many for the seven girls in games of ball and marbles, but the girls were apt to come out ahead at croquet or tennis, and that made it even.

When vacation came there were more games, but there were other things too, and one thing was the girls' cooking club. The seven girls met at each other's houses, and the seven patient manmas did all they could to turn out seven accomplished cooks. And before vacation was half over they had learned to make a number of tasteful dishes very nicely indeed.

When they had tried them often, and were very sure of their skill, the seven girls asked the five boys to tea. The invitations were written on smooth slips of birch bark.

"Cora," said Gertie, as she whisked the whites of eggs into a pretty foam, "would you believe, our boys have got up a secret society, but I can't find out much about it."

"Oh, well, we'll be sure to know before long," answered Cora, as she measured the sugar. "Those boys can't keep a secret a great while."

"I wonder how their mothers like it," said Gertie.

"Oh, the mothers are right in it, I think," said Florence. "And I know what they call it, too. It's the K. K. Here, Cora, these yolks are ready. Shall I sift the flour?"

"Yes, if you will," said Cora. "What do you s'pose K. K. is for? Well, I shan't bother my head till this cake is done."

So the K. K.'s were forgotten for the time, and the cake was a perfect success, so were the other dishes prepared in the afternoon. The supper was on time, and you may be sure the boys were prompt. Grace and Pearl appeared at the table with damaged fingers neatly done up, which made them look quite interesting, and didn't seem to lessen their enjoyment.

"Ladies, this is an occasion to be proud of," said Roy Hall, as he took his last sip of lemonade. "You have covered yourselves with glory and honorable scars. I hope you will invite us to tea again; but now it is our turn, and we invite you to a meeting of our secret society, at my mother's a week from to-day, at five o'clock. The password is flapjacks."

Wasn't there a buzzing among the seven girls and five boys after that! I don't think Cora ever said again that boys couldn't keep a secret. Those boys did, and so did their mothers.

But one week later, at five o'clock, the secret was out. The seven girls were shown into Mrs. Hall's dining-room, which was decorated with vines and evergreens. And there was a tea-table as full of good things as the girls' had been. And there were the five boys in snowy caps and aprons with K. K. embroidered in red on each one.

"Well, who'd have thought!" cried Gertie. "You dear boys! But what does K. K. stand for, anyway?"

"Why, Kooking Klub, of course," said Roy. "I guess boys can learn cooking as well as girls if they take a notion."

And then they all laughed, and the boys in their white aprons were so jolly that they all kept on laughing; but they found time to eat between laughs, especially when the ice-cream came on.

And if you had seen both parties you would have said the boys' was just as nice as the girls'. It really couldn't have been any nicer, but it was just as nice.—*Eudora Stone Bumstead, in Youth's Companion.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"You're a V. C., and you ought to know. I suppose nothing—not even if I could be good always, from this minute right away till I die—nothing could ever count up to the courage of a V. C.?"

"God knows it could, a thousand times over!"

"Where are you going? Please don't go. Look at me. They're not going to chop the queen's head off, are they?"

"Heaven forbid! What are you thinking about?"

"Why, because—look at me again. Ah! you've winked it away, but your eyes were full of tears; and the only other brave man I ever heard of crying was Uncle Rupert, and that was because he knew they were going to chop the poor king's head off."

"That was enough to make anybody cry."

"I know it was. But do you know now, when I'm wheeling about in my chair and playing with him, and he looks at me wherever I go; sometimes for a bit I forget about the king, and I fancy he is sorry for me. Sorry, I mean, that I can't jump about, and creep under the table. Under the table was the only place where I could get out of sight of his eyes. Oh, dear! there's Jemima."

"But you are going to be good?"

"I know I am. And I'm going to do lessons again. I did a little French this morning—a story. Mother did most of it; but I know what the French officer called the poor French soldier when he went to see him in a hospital."

"What?"

"*Mon brave*. That means 'my brave fellow.' A nice name, wasn't it?"

"Very nice. Here's Jemima."

"I'm coming, Jemima. I'm not going to be naughty; but you may go back to the chair, for this officer will carry me. He carries so comfortably. Come along, my Sweep. Thank you so much. You have put me in beautifully. Kiss me, please. Good-night, V. C."

"Good-night, *mon brave*."

CHAPTER VIII.

"I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind; but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrims' way. When I came at the gate that is at the head of the way, the lord of that place did entertain me frooly . . . gave me such things that were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. . . . Other brunts I also look for; but this I have resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank him that loves me, I am fixed; my way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though I am as you see."

"And behold—Mr. Ready-to-halt came by with his crutches in his hand, and he was also going on pilgrimage."—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.



AND if we tie it with the amber-colored ribbon, then every time I have it out to put in a new poor thing, I shall remember how very naughty I was, and how I spoil your poetry."

"Then we'll certainly tie it with something else," said the master of the house, and he jerked away the ribbon with a gesture as decisive as his words. "Let bygones be bygones. If I forget it, you needn't remember it!"

"Oh, but, indeed, I ought to remember it; and I do think I better had—to remind myself never, never to be so naughty again!"

"Your mother's own son!" muttered the master of the house; and he added aloud: "Well, I forbid you to remember it—so there! It'll be naughty if you do. Here's some red ribbon. That should please you, as you're so fond of soldiers."

Leonard and his father were seated side by side at a table in the library. The dog lay at their feet.

They were very busy: the master of the house working under Leonard's direction, who, issuing his orders from his wheelchair, was so full of anxiety and impor-

tance, that when Lady Jane opened the library door he knitted his brow and put up one thin little hand in a comically old-fashioned manner, to deprecate interruption.

"Don't make any disturbance, mother dear, if you please. Father and I are very much engaged."

"Don't you think, Len, it would be kind to let poor mother see what we are doing and tell her about it?"

Leonard pondered an instant.

"Well, I don't mind."

Then, as his mother's arm came round him, he added, impetuously:

"Yes, I should like to. You can show, father dear, and I'll do all the explaining."

The master of the house displayed some sheets of paper, tied with ribbon, which already contained a good deal of his handiwork, including a finely illuminated capital L on the title-page.

"It is to be called the Book of Poor

chair close to the organ. And the tuner was tuning, and he looked round, and James said, 'It's the young gentleman;' and the tuner said, 'Good-morning sir;' and I said, 'Good-morning, tuner; go on tuning, please, for I want to see you do it.' And he went on; and he dropped a tin thing, like a big extinguisher, on to the floor; and he got down to look for it, and he felt about in such a funny way that I burst out laughing. I didn't mean to be rude; I couldn't help it. And I said, 'Can't you see it? It's just under the table.' And he said, 'I can't see anything, sir; I'm stone blind.' And he said perhaps I would be kind enough to give it him. And I said I was very sorry but I hadn't got my crutches, and so I couldn't get out of my chair without some one to help me. And he was so awfully sorry for me, you can't think! He said he didn't know I was more afflicted than he was; but I was awfully sorry for him, for I've

there never was anybody but me who wasn't. And I wished I knew their names, and I asked the tuner his name, and he told me. And then I thought of my book, for a good idea—a collection, you know. And I thought perhaps, by degrees, I might collect three hundred and sixty-five poor things, all brave. And so I am making father rule it like his diary, and we've got the tuner's name down for the first of January; and if you can think of anybody else you must tell me, and if I think they're afflicted enough and brave enough, I'll put them in. But I shall have to be rather particular, for we don't want to fill up too fast. Now, father, I've done the explaining, so you can show your part. Look, mother, hasn't he ruled it well? There's only one tiny mess, and it was The Sweep shaking the table with getting up to be patted."

"He has ruled it beautifully. But what a handsome L!"

"Oh, I forget! Wait a minute, father, the explaining isn't quite finished. What do you you think that L stands for, mother dear?"

"For Leonard, I suppose."

"No, no! What fun! You're quite wrong. Guess again."

"Is it not the tuner's name?"

"Oh, no! He's in the first of January—I told you so. And in plain printing. Father really couldn't illuminate three hundred and sixty-five poor things!"

"Of course he couldn't. It was silly of me to think so."

"Do you give it up?"

"I must. I cannot guess."

"It's the beginning of '*Lætus sorte mea*.'"

Ah, you know now! You ought to have guessed without my telling you. Do you remember? I remember, and mean to remember. I told Jemima that very night, I said, 'It means "Happy with my fate;" and in our family we have to be happy with it, whatever sort of a one it is.' For you told me so. And I told the tuner, and he liked hearing about it very much. And then he went on tuning, and he smiled so when he was listening to the notes, I thought he looked very happy; so I asked him, and he said, 'Yes, he was always happy when he was meddling with a musical instrument.' But I thought most likely all brave poor things are happy with their fate, even if they can't tune; and I asked father, and he said, 'Yes,' and so we are putting it into my collection—partly for that, and partly, when the coat-of-arms is done, to show that the book belongs to me. Now, father dear, the explaining is really quite finished this time, and you may do all the rest of the show-off yourself!"

(To be Continued.)



"Do you know now when I am wheeling about in my chair."

Things, mother dear. We're doing it in bits first; then it will be bound. It's a collection—a collection of poor things who've been hurt, like me; or blind like the organ-tuner; or had their heads—no, not their heads, they couldn't go on doing things after that—had their legs or arms chopped off in battle and are very good and brave about it, and manage very, very nearly as well as people who have got nothing the matter with them. Father doesn't think Poor Things is a good name. He wanted to call it Masters of Fate, because of some poetry. What was it, father?"

"Man is man and master of his fate," quoted the master of the house.

"Yes, that's it. But I don't understand it so well as Poor Things. They are poor things, you know, and of course we shall only put in brave poor things: not cowardly poor things. It was all my idea, only father is doing the ruling, and printing, and illuminating for me. I thought of it when the organ-tuner was here."

"The organ-tuner?"

"Yes, I heard the organ, and I made James carry me in, and put me in the arm-

tried shutting my eyes; and you can bear it just a minute, but then you must open them to see again. And I said 'How can you do anything when you see nothing but blackness all along?' And he says he can do well enough as long as he's spared the use of his limbs to earn his own livelihood. And I said, 'Are there any more blind men, do you think, that earn their own livelihood?' I wish I could earn mine!" And he said, 'There are a good many blind tuners, sir.' And I said, 'Go on tuning, please; I like to hear you do it.' And he went on, and I did like him so much! Do you know the blind tuner, mother dear? And don't you like him very much? I think he is just what you think very good, and I think V. C. would think it nearly as brave as a battle to be afflicted and go on earning your own livelihood when you can see nothing but blackness all along. Poor man!"

"I do think it very good of him, my darling, and very brave."

"I knew you would. And then I thought perhaps there are lots of brave, afflicted people—poor things! and perhaps

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.

"I was present at the autopsy of a noted old "rounder" of my town a few weeks ago," said a resident of Troy, N.Y., recently, "and I was startled and shocked at what I saw. The dead man was about sixty years of age and had been the town drunkard for forty years. The doctors had surmised that when they cut his head open a pronounced smell of alcohol would issue from the skull."

"I thought it only one of those grim jokes that Æsculapians indulge in sometimes when they are carving a fellowman to mince meat in the interest of their science. But I soon learned that it was no joke, for when the surgeon's saw had cut off the top of the man's skull the odor of the alcohol that filled the home room was strong enough to almost sicken one. Then one of the surgeons struck a match and held it close to the brain. Immediately a blue flame enveloped the entire portion of the cerebral organ exposed, and the quivering flesh sizzled as if on a gridiron."

"That experiment and disclosure set me to very serious thinking about the error of my way. I am not a temperance lecturer nor a prohibition politician, but I must most respectfully and firmly decline your invitation to have something. I don't want my brain to float around in a sea of alcohol, as did that of the poor old town drunkard of Troy. There is no telling how many other men's brains will reveal the same condition if an autopsy is held upon them."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

NELL'S SELF-DENIAL.

BY CHARLOTTE ARNOLD.

Nell was a little girl, only nine years old, but she was already a member of a Society of Christian Endeavor. For in the town in which she lived there was no Junior Society, and it was the custom to allow the little children, if they so desired, to become associate members of the regular society. So as it happened, there were quite a number of these small members in the B— Society, and their faithfulness to the pledge was remarked by the older members, who often spoke of their young associates as bright examples to them.

This particular small member, however, was in a deep study, and as she sat in a corner of the sofa, with her head propped on her hand, and her brows drawn in thoughtful lines, any one would have known that a matter of grave importance was occupying her youthful mind. Her mother, sitting opposite with her sewing, found time occasionally to wonder what mighty problem was keeping Nell quiet so long, for usually the restless feet kept their little owner trotting hither and thither, and her tongue chattered like a noisy magpie, much to the annoyance, sometimes, of her older brothers and sisters, who were trying to get their lessons.

Indeed, it was only that morning that her brother Dick, after a fruitless attempt to close his ears to the merry voice that sang nonsense rhymes to her dog, called her to him, and, affixing a Columbus stamp to the laughing lips, said:

'There, Nell I have placed the seal of the government upon you, so see if you can keep quiet five minutes.'

But the energetic little clock on the mantel had ticked out six times five minutes on this bright Saturday afternoon, and still Nell's spell of silence continued. Her absorption was so complete, that a peremptory scratch, and pathetic whine at the door was unheeded, and even when the door, not being unlatched, yielded to the pressure, and first the white nose, followed by the black-and-tan body of her favorite Scotch collie appeared, she still paid no attention. And Growler, finding that his little mistress took no notice of him, got up on the sofa, and laid the stick he had brought her on the edge of her dress, and his white nose beside it, and then went to sleep. After a while, however, Nell woke from her reverie, the quiet tongue unloosed and mother found that the problem that was vexing Nell, was one that has tried older souls—the problem of giving. On the preceding Sabbath, as Nell told her mother, the president of the Christian Endeavor Society had read to them a letter from the board of Foreign Missions, asking the young people to join in making a self-denial offering for the cause of Foreign Missions. The need for aid was set forth in unmistakable terms, and besides Miss Carol, the president, had spoken very earnestly and feelingly on the subject from the Christian Endeavor standpoint, and concluded her remarks by calling for a grand rally to the cause of missions from every true Christian Endeavorer. She desired the secretary to call the roll, and she asked each one who was willing to bring something the next Sabbath that had cost self-denial, to respond.

Nell was much impressed, both with the letter and Miss Carol's talk, and had answered, 'I will,' when her name was called. But the week was almost gone and Nell had nothing to give. She had planned that if any one should give her money during the week to spend for herself, she would contribute that, but unfortunately she had not received a cent. Nell was one of a large family whose means were limited, and as the children were used to doing without every thing but the actual necessities of life, there was not much of a field for self-denial in their every-day life. Sometimes an aunt or cousin gave Nell money to spend on herself, but alas! this week had brought her nothing.

This then was the secret of Nell's deep abstraction. She was planning what she could sacrifice for Christ's sake. Her face and voice were very rueful as after giving her mother the foregoing explanation, she went on:

'I haven't a single thing I can sell. Growler isn't mine, and, anyway, nobody would want him. Why, if the person who

bought him didn't happen to suit his fancy, he'd fly at him and bite his feet, wouldn't you, Growler?' And as the little girl patted his head, the dog growled in his sleep, as though to say, 'Just give me half a chance.'

At this moment a twitter was heard from the bird hanging in the window. And, looking up, Nell saw the beautiful golden canary with its head between the bars, looking straight at her with a saucy twitter, twitter, which said, as plainly as possible, 'Give me, give me.'

'No, no!' cried poor Nell, with both hands over her ears. 'Don't say that again, little bird. Did you hear him mamma, just as plain as any thing, 'give me, give me!' asked Nell. 'But I never could give my darling, good, little bird.'

Nell's distress was very genuine, for her bird was her delight and pride. It had such pretty ways, and Nell had taught it so many funny tricks, and had even taught it to whistle the air of "Home, Sweet Home." No, to give up Fluffie was out of the question; no one could expect it. And Nell wept and sobbed at the very thought. Her mother tried to comfort her, by telling that she need not give up her bird, that no one would ever think of such a thing. She told her, too, that she would give her some money to contribute.

But Nell only said, piteously, 'Miss Carol said we ought to be willing to give up our very best to Christ, who had given up so much for us.'

Mrs. Grey pitied the child very much, as she watched the signs of the struggle that was going on in her heart, while the bird kept up an incessant hopping and dancing, peeping at Nell, and twittering, 'Give me, give me; give me,' until Mrs. Grey, like Nell, thought it sounded very plain. At this juncture Mrs. Grey was called away, and Nell was left to fight her battle alone. She cannot stop now to tell you every stage of the conflict, but only that a half hour later Nell might have been seen on her way to Miss Carol's home with her precious bird carefully protected from the chill air. When Miss Carol heard that Nell wished to sell her bird, she at once offered to buy it for two dollars, and so Nell walked home with her self-denial money held tight in her hand. Miss Carol said nothing, but her sharp eyes noted the signs of the struggle in the sorrowful little face before her, and she thought 'Nell's offering is given in the true spirit of the Master.' And she pondered.

The next evening there was an unusual number in attendance at the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting. Some who were strangers in the town; others who were too often strangers in the society. These may have wondered, as also did the regular members, at the presence of a canary in the meeting. It was a well-regulated little bird, and in no wise disturbed the assembly, but sat quietly on his perch, looking about with its bright eyes, as though it wondered at this strange, new phase in its life. During the voluntary exercises, Miss Carol rose and told the story of the little bird, how he was a self-denial offering made by one of their youngest members, so that she might aid in sending the story of Jesus, the Saviour of children, to those who had never heard of his wonderful love. Miss Carol pictured, in graphic language, the devotion of the child for her pet, and the bitter heart-ache it caused her to part with it. And then without other comment, she simply questioned:

'Are there no sacrifices that we who are older can make for Christ's sake?'

Just before the collection was taken the leader asked for a moment's silent prayer. Every head was instantly bowed, and a solemn hush stole through the room. But presently through the stillness floated a low sweet melody. The notes soft and faint at first, gradually increased in strength until rich, and clear, and high rang the jubilant song, making one think of a triumphant Gloria. Then, just as each soul was fairly captivated by the swelling notes, a descending trill was executed, and like the voice of a plaintive flute sounded the familiar strain of "Home, Sweet Home," and again all was still. Fluffie had found his opportunity and improved it. There were some there who never forgot that night or that occurrence, and whether due to the influence of the little girl's example, or to the wee bird's song I know not, but there

never had been such a liberal collection for any missionary purpose before in that church; at this one given in the Christian Endeavor prayer-meeting.

I am glad to be able to tell you that then and there it was voted that Fluffie be known as an associate member of that society. At the close of the service, Miss Carol carried the cage to Nell and begged that she would take care of Fluffie for her, as she was a teacher and must be away from home all day. And happy Nell carried Fluffie home again, while Miss Carol remarked to her companion, as she walked away, that perhaps as our Heavenly Father marked the sparrows fall, he also directed the canary's song.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE TRYING OF YOUR FAITH.

It is not a hard thing to fight, so long as we may gain the victory; and the victory is already partly gained when we are anticipating the attack of a foe, and are thoroughly prepared with the armor of God against him. It is a tremendous warning that says that 'we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places.' It is indeed true that the nearer we come in our lives to God, the more subtle and deadly are the emissaries of evil that are sent against us, so that the very shrewdest of all devils in hell are the wicked spirits that attack those who would live in heavenly places. But it is also true that there is a way of continual victory, as in that same passage the writer says, 'Ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; Ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand; Ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.' The armor which he so graphically and particularly described is all of it summed up in a word in another place, where he says 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ; for Christ is called the truth, and our righteousness and our peace and our faith and our salvation, and just so far as we have appropriated him will he in the hour of testing make himself all these things to us,—girdle and breastplate and sandals and shield and helmet, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'

When the Romans landed on the coast of Britain, there came swarming to meet them tens of thousands of the savage natives of the country; and as the primitive people gathered along their white cliffs and looked down upon this strange, foe, they uttered howls of rage, and seemed to be about to cast themselves down and exterminate the invaders. It was then that the Romans, offering sacrifice to their gods, and looking for one moment out across the sea, toward far-distant Rome, which they might never see again, instead of preparing their ships for flight, that thus, in case of the defeat which seemed to be almost a certainty, they might flee in safety, lighted each man a torch and set fire to the vessels which would have been their only hope of escape in a case of disaster. And as the savages along the cliffs, many times in number the invaders, looked down upon that heroic act, they were struck with a fear that caused a panic to come upon them, and they fled before the heroic band who had counted the cost and squarely met the issue in time of testing, as the dry leaves are whirled along by the tempestuous wind.

God said to the shrinking Jeremiah: 'Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them, for behold I have made thee this day a fenced city, and an iron pillar and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee, for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.'

The sound by which a man says, 'I do now belong to God,' is a challenge to the enemy to do his worst; and the doing of the worst by the adversary, and the consequent victory that comes to the child of God who has no confidence in the flesh, is the means by which his eyesight is cleared, his strength increased, his faith developed, and he is led in the confidence of triumph, from victory unto victory.—*From 'Victory through Surrender' by the Rev. B. Fay Mills.*

DIVES' SIN.

What was the sin which doomed Dives to such awful agony? He was no monster of vice. On the contrary, he seems to have lived respectably. It was selfishness that blasted his moral being and finally damned him. He sinned the sin of inhumanity. God gave him the means and opportunity to help a poor brother; but he refused the helping hand, and thought only of his own comfort. Let his terrible fate be a warning to us.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at No. 142 St. Peter street and from 672 to 682 Craig street, "Witness" Building, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"