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## MONTREAL \& NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1 1884.

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## MARGARET WILSON.

tee martyr maiden of gallofay.
"The bonny lassie" as her neighbors called her, was brought up in a pretty farm. house at the head of agreen glen, embosomed amid the purple hills of Galloway, where Gilbert Wilson, her anxious father, would fain have shielded his wife and bairns-two gentle girls and a brave-hearted boy-from the persecutions that were beginning to scatter the families of the faithfu and make their hearthstones deso. late. There was a lovely prospect from the little homestead: the glen stretched itself away, in feld and meadow bare and hollow, while the glittering burn gleamed forth here and tinere in the bright sunshine. Behind the farmbouse and around the glen stood the purple hills, looking as if they would fain shut out all evil from the dwellers in the valley, to whose hearts they brought bome the strengthening word, "As the moun. tains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about Bis peoplo ....for ever." Yea,truly, and in love! not only does He stand as a wall between them and their foes, but also when He sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," when, as in those days of persecution, evil men were saying, "Thou, God, carest not for it."
But the teachinge of nature and grace were alike unheeded by the fan. atical and brutalized soldiery, who, as the historian tells us, sought out the wretched fugitives in their rocky hiding-places. If a conventicle was held in a house, the preacher was liable to be put to death. If it was held in the open air, both minister and people incurred the same fate. The Presbyterians were hunted liko criminals over the mountains. Their cars were torn from the roots. They were braaded with hot irons, their fingers wrenched asunder by tho thumbscrews, the bones of their legs shattered in the boot, and women were scourged publicly through the streets.
Under these circumstances it is not surprisinig that many apostatized from the faith of their fathers, and among these was Gilbert Wilson, So it cane about, that while the hearth was desolate in many neighboring dwellings; the blue smoke still wreathed about the chimneys of the farm-house at Glenvernoch, where Gilbert and his wife sat mournfully by their silent fireside. They had, in happier daya, brought up their children to count
all things but loss for Christ's sake ; and widow' named Margaret McLauchlan." Oh now both Margaret and little Agnes, with the wailing that went up from the farm-
their steadfast brother, allowed themselves house at Glenvernoch when it was known to be driven out homeless, to take refuge to the Wilsons that their girls were taken among the rocks and caves from the furious soldiers, rather than renounce their cherished convictions.

- Seven weary months of homelessness passed by, and the two girls were at length captured, sheltexing for the night in the


MARTYDOM OR MARGARET WILSON.
age of sixteen yoars, unless she would abjure her faith. "I cannot," said Margaret; "I am one of Christ's children." During her imprisonment she wrote a long letter to her friends, full of the deep sense she had of the love of Christ to her soul, and of her ardent attachment to His cross and crown, and to Scotland's Covenant.

When the day of execution dawned, the takes were driven deep into the sand in the of Bladnoch, almost within sight of her home. Crowds of people gathered round the cdge of the Bay, and far up among the sheltering rocks and hills the saints of God were kneeling on the heather in carnest prayer. From their dwelling of rocks they could see a company. of soldiers, commanded by Major Windram-black Windram he was called-lead two women to the falal spot. One was the aged widow, Mlargaret McLauchlan, the other was Margaret Wilson, in all the beauteous promise of her youth. They could see the elder martyr fasteued to the stake nearest the cruelly advancing tide, and Margaret Wilson so placed that her sufferings might be sulliciently prolonged to awe her to submisson. They watched the tide advancing, and saw the aged widow bow her head in the waters and die, just as the first wave broke about Margaret's feet.
"What think ye of yousight ?" said a heartless soldier to her, as he pointed to the dying martyr.
"I think I see Christ yonder, wrest ling in one of lis members," was her auswer. "Think ye it is we who are the sufferers? He sends none to the waufare on his own charges."
Then, as the tide advanced, slowly but surely, from knee to waist, the watchers on the haights could hear $f_{1}$ e voice in song. From waist to breast, from chin to lip, the waters Aluwly rose, while she sang with clear voice the well-known Psaln-
"Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered bo;
In morcy, for Thy gooduess sake,
Dear Lord, renember me!
Oli, do Thou keep my soul, my God, Do Thou deliver me;
Let me not be ashamed, since I
Do put my trust in Thee.'
The breathless crowd gazed in silence at the scene-a silence that was at last broken by the agonized father, who cast himself at Windram's feet, crying, "My child! my child! Save my child!" So piercing was his cry that Windram's heart relented and he ordered her to be released jus (Continued on elghth page.)


Temperance Department.

## GOODY'S CUP OF MILK.

## by e. ar. dadalish.

"You want to know how it was I became foreman of these works? Well, r'll tell you. It was all along of a cup of milk!"
There was a slight laugh among the men Who sat round George Robson as he said these words, but they knew he was "fond of his joke, as they expressed it, so
waited to hear what was coming next.
He was a fine tail fellow, this forem and as he stood amid his men he over-topand as he stood amid his men he over-top-
ped most of them. His hair was grizzled, ped most of them. kis hair was grizzled,
and his face marked with lines that told of and his face marked with lines that told of
an accomplished purpose and struggles over. an acco
come.
It was the dinner-hour, and as the men' homes were in many cases distant they gathered in a neighboring coffee tavern for heir meal.
"Wut if it, you may laugh," went on Robson, "but if it's true that the acorn :s the beginning of the oak tree, so it is that Goody Brown's milk-jug was the first start I got on the road to a better life. Ah! she was a good old soul."
"Well, tell us the story," said one of the "en.
"Well, but about Goody's milk-jug," went on the foreman. "It was a good many years ago, and I was a lad somewhere about sixteen, and as hardened a young villain ns you would see anywhere. I had been a
regular 'gutter-child.' I never knew my regular 'gutter-child.' I never knew my
mother'; my fatheriturned me out at seven mother; my father turned me out at seven
years of age to shift for myself. He drank years of age to shift fur myself. He drank himself to death, and E just lived on the streets. I often got in prisou for stealing
little thing, but at last for a little things, but at last for a bigger offence I was put in a reformatory. After a year or two I managed to run away, and took to a roving life, often up to wild pranks that might have caused my ruin, only God in his mercy held out His hand to save me. After a time I got work as a navvy on a new railway they were making down in the country. Though so young, I was strong for my age, and willing eeoough to work. better to earn my own living by honest labor than to get ii by stealing. Cimscience was not quite dead in me, and I knew well cnough when I was doing wrong. The navvies I was with were a rough lot, but none worse than myself, and some a deal better. Ilodged in some sheds near the cutting, and every day, as I went to
pass Goody Brown's cottage.
pass Goody brown's cottage.
"She was a tall, old woman, and used to stand at her gate and watch us as we passed, stand at her gate and watch us as we passed,
never heeding the rude. words some of us gave her. She had a pretty little garden gith roses and southernwood in it, and a row of beehives in a corner. She had some of behive in $n$ coraer. she had sone
chickens too, and I fear we thought it would be a jolly plan to make off with one or two for our supper some fine evening.
railway cutting whe pubic close to the railway cutting, where we used to go and drink, but I never took kindly to it. I had
seen too much of it when niy father was alive, so I really suffered when my mates tried to make me drink.
"Well, one morning, after a drunken bout overnight, I started off to my work before the others. I felt very good for nothing, and almost wished I could kill myself and get rid of life altogether. As I passed the little cottage I noticed the old woman at her gate,
seceningly on the lookout for me seenningly on the lookout for me. It was very early, hardly light, and I felt surprised
to sce here there. to see here there. As 1 came up she called
to me 'Hero! to me, 'Hero! my lad!'
notice, but her voice sounded and take no notice, but her voice sounded uncommon pleasant after the rough ones I'd been ac-
customed to, so I just stopped in the midcustomed to, so just stopped in the mid-
dle of the road. She beckoned me to come nearer, and when I wentshe held outa large mug full of milk. 'Here, lad,? says she, 'drink this; you must feel thirsty' this morning,' ${ }^{\text {and she }}$ shoked nt me with a look
that went through me, hard and wretched that went through me, hard and wretched
as I was. It was so full of pity that as $I$
drank the milk it was like to choke me. She said nothing more till I gave back the mug; then she said, 'Look here, lad, you'ra too young to take to drinking ways Come in here for a sup of milk or coffee a you pass in the day. It will be better than the beer.
Thank we missis, and hurre of only say, Thank ye, missis,' and hurry off as fast as I could. You. felliows can hardly under-
stand the stunning effect of a bit of kindstand the stunning effect of a bit of kind-
ness, when you've never veen used to it all ness, When you'vo never peen used to it al
your life. As I went to my. work 1 telt as if Goody Brown had,given me a blow on the head. I could not make out what she me her mill. When I went home that night I was with a lot.of others, and they carried me along with them, so I never stopped to see if the coffee was there, though 1 was thirsty. Next morning, however, it was just the same, there was Goody and her
big mug. She watched me drink, with a smile on' her face, and then said, 'Well, lad, is it good ?"

## for the likes of me.'

"'Nay, lad, nothing's too good for one of the Sariour's sheep.'
"'What do you mean, missis?" said I, though a faint idea of what she meant began to come into my mind.
"'Why, your Saviour cares for you Don't you know that, my lad $?$ ' said Goody, putting her kind old hand on my shoulder and looking earnestly in my face. 'Neglect mim as much as you will, he cares for you and so I am glad to give you a cupful for his sake.'

I hardly understiood a word of whatshe said, yet all day it kept running in my head, 'He cares for youl', and then because Fe cared old Goody did too-cared enough to stint herself for the sake of a young goodfor raught who had meant to rob her hen house! Day by day went on, and the milk never failed. She always said a word or two about the Saviour ; not much, only one
or two little thing6 that I never forgot or two little things that I never forgot;
and in the midst of my rough life and and in the midst of my rough life and
wicked heart, there arose a desire to be betwicked heart, there arose a desire to bo bet-
ter, just for the sake of Goody and the Saviour sho served.
"I made no change to speak of in my life ; however, I did keep out of the public most times. Once I got drunk, and next day was too ashamed to go for my milk an waul, but slunk to my work another way. When I went again she never scolded me,
she only said, 'Well, lad she only said, 'Well, lad, you've had a fall,
but the Lord upholdeth all that fall, so yau but the Lord upholdeth all that fall, so you
won't do it again, most likely; won't do it again, most likely:'
"At last came a sort of crash that ended all this, and drove me away to another part of the country. One night soms of my mates made up thnir minds to steal one of the thief./ They had hated my friendship with her, and some of the worst of the lot meant to put a stop to it. Being almost the youngest among them, they thought they could force me to do anything, but they were wrong. They got me into the little public, and with.threats and oaths told 12 c when I started off, as they thought, in the direction of Goody's cottage, I only went to have a last look at it in the moonlight, and then I took to my hecls and ran as hard asi could till I was far away from my old com. rades and could smell the sea air.

I got on board a slip, and was taken out to Australia as captain's boy. He was a gody man, that captain, just the same sort
as old Goody, and he fuished the milk jug had begun."
"It was something more than her milk jug," remarked one of the more serious of George Robson'sauditors. "That begun it "erbaps, but it didn't carry it on."
ou're right there, Joe, it was God's grace that saved me at last, but I owed the nowledge of it. to old Goody, who first "I told all this story after a bit to Cap ain Graves this story after a bit, to Cap tain Graves, and he advised me to go and see Mrs. Brown as soon as 1 returned, and how bitterly she must think of me, after all er goodnces-to go off without a word; and.
"I was too shy to write to her, so the voyage came to an end; and about a year and a half after I had left England
ance more at Goody Brown's gate.
shat, butno light shone in the little window

I felt chilled to the beart: What if the old woman were dead. As I stood there, a
train rushed by in the cutting below, and startled me into giving a good hard knock at the door.
"Come in,' cried a cheerful voice, which made my heart beat with joy-for it was Goody's,
"I opened the door, and could just see her sitting in the dark all alone. "Who is it $7^{\prime}$ she asked,
"' Don't youknow me, Mrs, Brown? It's me-George-the navvy boy you used to be so good to.
orful smile, she said, getting up, with a by the sound and a new man, too, know, in. I can't see you, for I've been blind the last six months.?
"When I heard that I ran forward and took both of Goody's hands and we kisser each other. She made me sit down by her and tell her all the story. How ske wept, to be sure, poor old soul. It seems she had a son about my age who had died, and from the first she had taken an interest in me for his sake.
"' But it was your cup of milk that first made me want to be better, Goody,' I said ; 'and now with God's help, I'll be a help to you for the rest of your days.
know a cup of cold water given for you sake of the tord shall wot losi it and I'm sure mine far exceeds what I deserve I never thought the Lord would let you be lost, but I did not feel sure he'd let me know lost, but I did not feel sur about it as he has."
"I did not go back
rith Goody no back to sea again. I lodged with Goody and got work on the railway She was glad to have me lead her about and e a comfort to her in her declining days. I gradually improved my position, and she
took a delight in every fresh step I made, till she was called home a few years ago. "That's the story, mates. It's a ve simple one, but it is quite wonderful what a little act of kindness can do for one who is in need."
The great bell rang and called the men back to their work; but the hour had no been lost, tor the foreman's slory made its mark, even though the good seed did not mmediately shoot up and bear fruit.-Temperance Chronicle.

## JANIE'S SHOES.

"James," said Mrs. Townsend to her husband, "Janie won't be able to go out again "Why! you don't mean to say that those I bought last are worn out ?"
"Yes, they are; they have been patched and stitched until they are now quite be ond mending. Poor little thing, it is hard she cannot run out, even in the garden wet it is the least damp, without getting "Well, she
is e, she can't have them this week Inat is certain ; I haven't a penny more than things."
"What do you do with your money James ?" asked Mrs. Townsend, piteously " "can't think where it all goes."

No more can I," answered the husband it seems to me there must be great waste of it all?"
an show you an account of all I have pent," replied Mrs. Townsend. "Can you ell me what you spond?"
This was not said angrily, but, on the
"Well you know, Katreating tono.
take any notice of the few pence I spend," aswered her husband.
"But what becomes of the money? it must go somewhere, and I am sure I do not "Liet me look at your book,
Let me look at your book, Kate, and The a jun judge for myself.
Town account-book was brought, and Townsend looked it carefully through; find no arror ; and he acratched his could nis no error, and he scratcaed his head in hoing perplexity, as though he could solve the ught that by doing so he could solve the mystery as to where his money had gone.
I can't make it out," he said; "but if Janie wants a pair of shoes, of course she must have them. I lent John King fifteen shillings a little time ago, and I will go and ask him to return it ; certainly I have had a little beer there since, but that will only

King kept a becr-house not far fromi To wisend's home, and somelimes the latter had obliged the former by advancing him a few shillings when the collector had been coming and King was short of money
"I wish you did not have so much to do with King," said Mrs. To wnsend. "He will do you no good,
Nor harm either, Kate. I must have a is handicst for and then, and King's house him from a child, and he is a very good sort of fellow."
So saying, Townsend took his hat and walked out. In a few minutes he was at "The Six Bells."
"Oh! Mrs. King," he said, "will it be innvenient to you to return the money I lent your husband a few days ago?"
"Certainly, Mr. Townsend," answered the Jandlady." "Shall I deduct your beer score?"
"Yes, you may as well. I shan't have it to pay another time, if I do it now, that's one good thing," returnel James.
"Let me see," said Mrs. King, looking at a book in which James' score was entered. "Let me see; I don't think there is much "Lifference between us, is there?"
"Notmuch difference!" cried Townsend ;
"yes, I should think there is ; it was fifteen "yes, I should think the
shilings I lent King."
"Yes, and your score comes to fourteen and elevenpence.
"What!" said Townsend, "You must have made a mistake."
Monday here it is, you see; tenpence on Monday last week, a shilling on Tuesdaybut there, you can see for yourself." So James scratcled his book to her customer. James scratcled his head again, this time a little harder than before, but could not " Fourteen was any error in the account. "Fourteen and elevenpence!" he said at ength; "I didn't think it was half that.'
"Well, you know you have had a little extra lately, and then I seat in more on Saturday night to serve you for Sunday.

Yes," said James, "I know you did but fourteen and clevenpence; I can't make it out:"
But it was no good for James Townsend to puzzle his brains or scratch his head there was the amount, and he could dispute none of the items.
"Weil, have a pint of beer and we will ery quits," said the landlady; "and I aun sure we are muck obliged to you for the loan." "So I should think," thought James Townsend; "and I and very glad Idid lend the money to you; if I had not clone so I shonld have paid for my beer as I had it, a pemy or twopence at a time, and then I houd never have known how much I dil spend on it. Let me see," he continued, as he walked slowly home, "fourteen shillings and elevenpence in a fortnight; why, that is more than a shilling a day. I couldu't have believed it; a shillinga day is eighteen ixpence a day in the ordinary way that's ine pounds two and six a year. I'll throw it up altogether. I won't buy a drop more, that I won't."
And he kept his word, and the next week Janie had a good pair of shoes, and now there are no complaints about being short goes.
If every one who is in the habit of "dropping into" a public-house for a pint or half a pint several times a day, would take the trouble to reckon up what he spends weokly, astonishod to tind what their bear costs them as was Janses Townsend un this occasion British W orkman.

Acl Railway and other large corporaHons are becoming great total abstinence societies. When an applicant comes for a position is asked if is a drinking man ; he takes a dring now and then; if so, they do. not want him. Ihis is not because man road superintendent cares more for one man for others, but because he must look out for the trais in his care, snd must have be be depended on. And you can't depend on the man who drinks. Why, the other day Lheard of a distiller that declined to hire an droper because he admitted that he took a drop now and then. They wanted a sober and reliable man. Insurance companics won't insure men who driak heavily be-

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

## EBY HOPE LEDYARD

We all know it is most unjust to show any spirit of favoritism, yet every mother must watch against an inclination to do this very thing. Perhaps it is not the brightest or best child that she favois; perhaps just because she feared being too fond of her good, dutiful, talented boy she has overdone matters as regards a blundering, heedless, unattractive child. - A relation or visitor sees her partiality in act towards the blunderer and tells her of it, and the mother, not realizing that "by our deeds hurt and indignant. Instead of watching herself carefully, she only remembers that she was once tempted to partiality to wards her cldest boy, and so will not believe she car be partial'to any other.
But this spirit of partiality has to be cut down and rooted out again and again. We mothers must not treat all alike, for each child requires special treatment; this one needs to be sent alone, that one is brought
to the right-about by a smart whipping, a to the right-about by a smart whipping, a
third is punished most effectually through his stomach, or rather his palate (a child's stomach should never be denied what it needs.) But while we treat our children differently, we must love them all alike. How can we do it?
I know of but one way. Ask God forhis love : the natural mother love, the mere animal love which we have in common with all the brute creation, will not suffice. For instance, a child mortifies you by doing an unmannerly thing before some friend. Your natural love will at once give way, Yonr natural ove wil at once give way, and you strike out just as a cll bred to strike.
kittens ; or if you are too well you have no love, no pity, at the moment you have no love, no pity, at the moment
for the child. You are simply provoked for the child. Yoll are simply provoked
and perhaps would "like to shake him." and perhaps would like to shake him."
But ask God for his love; let him abide in But ask God for his
you, and you are only anxious to correct you, and you are only anxious to correct
sins, loving the sinner, day by day and hour by hour, with his strong tender love. This love can only flow into our hearts as we let
it flow out; it must be used if we would it flow out; it must be used if we would
have it. I know this may seem unreal and bave it. I know this may seem unreal and
paradoxical ; but act it out and see how it will help you in your home. The next time Dick heedlessly breaks something, think for a moment before you say a word to the boy; try to find out God's thought as to the act, and ask Him to give you His wisdom ; you know we have Scripture war rant for ithis.
This is the only way I know of to escape being partial, and you must give this secret to the children as they grow up. Boys should not be allowed to have their favorites. One sister may be more congenial to a boy than another, and he iuay choose her oftener for a companion, but all must share his favors alike.
We mothers should so bring up our children that they will stand by each other all through life ; if one is more successful than another, let him share his success with the
others. This is not a mere theory ; two mothers (at least) have already brought up their children to do this, and I trust there are others.
One set of brothers in Boston agreed to share their net profits every year. The eldest brother made much more than the others, but he put his larger amount in the general fund, and year after year all divide cheir profits. Shall we not be stimulated by such examples to cultivate in our chiidren the spirit of that wisdom from above
which is "without partiality"? $-1 l l u s t r a t e d$ Christian Weelly.

## EXERCISE FOR GIRLS

We have been much interested in a small vork on "Health and Strength for Girls," written jointly by Mary J. Safford, M. D. and Mary E. Allen, the latter Superintendent of Boston Ladies' and Children's Gymnasium.
Chapter third is entitled "My Little Pa: tient,", and reads thus :
"I am going to tell the young school-girls who read this about the little patient who came to'me yesterday. What a wretched' little huddle she looked as I came down to her! . She is only thirteen, but the tired outness of forty-five was on her pale face. Her
lungs were lost-folded up somewhere be-
tween her rounded, bowed shoulders, as she drooped in herchair.

Sit upl sit up-up-up, I said, my wn lungs aching sympathetically at sight of her.
" I -can't!" she answered me, and with uch a hopeless respiration.
I doubt if she will, or can yet; of her own accord. Idrew her ihoulders back, but they fell forward again, in a moment, as I took my sent.
My patien
two pi m:
The schoo
The school is about foiur block ${ }^{i 6}$ house. I learn from her that she almost always rides to school on the horse-cars that pass by her door.
When my pale young friend gets home from school, does she do as does her brother two years her senior? He takes bat and ball, and makes a bee-line for the nearest play-ground; and there, with a rollicking set of playmates, throws his whole soul and body into fun-making for two or more hours. 'No, she doesn't do that. A' piano lesson is to be practised; or there is a fascin ating piece of K Kensington stitch to be finished in time for a present for' some festal occasion. She gets no change of position; her head still droops, her shoulders still bow forward, her spine still curves.
And thus the twelve hours of previous sunshine have faded into evening, and the pale girl has had it all under giass.

Now night closes in upon her, the lamp is lighted, and the brother and sister draw about it and begin the task of study for the coming day.
His mind is fresh. His body tingles with ruddy health from head to foot. He is ready for bed. Probably "study hours out of school" will work him no serious harm.
But his pale sister! She was so weary and nervous when she began to study, that nothing seems clear to her ; and after spending two hours, bowed over her books, in an endeavor to commit her lessons to memory discouraged, and it may be tearful, she is persuaded to go to bed, But it is not to sleep in quiet, restful sleep. Her lessons hanurt her dreams. She awalkens in the morning unrefreshed, to begin
What did I.do for her ?
1 did not put up any medicine for her to carry home. I showed her how to sit correctly and healthfully, how to stand healthfully, and how to walk healthfully. But before the lesson was oyer, I saw that I must send for the mother and instruct her. her must fall, for a while, the responsibinity stands and walks healthfully.
She should have begun this supervision long ago when her daughter was but ten years old:-Standard.

DISH WASHING AND DISH CLOTHS.
A practical subject certainly to present to a young wife just beginning to be disgusted with housework in general, and dish washing in particular. At home she never did more in that line than rinse out the silver and glass and perhaps wipe the cemainder of the table dishes, while mother did the rest. Now no hands but her own stand ready to attack the huge pile, and she sighs as she commences and sighs as she finishes them.
Now, my young friend, let me give you and you will dread science of this matter, and you will dread it.no longer. When you clear up your table, remove all the food take a knife and scrape all the crumbs from every plate and dish into the hens' pail, put every plate and dish in to the hens' pail, put
the bits of butter into the plate.of cooking butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee butter, and pour out all slops of tea, coffee
or water. Then pile up the plates artistically or water. Then pile up the plates artistically
(here is some of 'the' sciepce,) the larger ones at the bottom, and so on,
When all are picked up and arranged in order, convey them to a shelf or table in close proximity to the sink. Mix in your dish pan; which should be a large tin one with two handles, as tin is so much easier to keep soweet and clean than the little wooden tubs we used years ago, and will never rust if scalded and wiped, dry every
time it is used, a quantity of pretty warm water, with a little soap. Wash every dish separately, commencing with glass and silver, wash' out your dish pain', pile all, or as man
of the dishes as you can into it, pour a dip per of hot water into your tins, and wipe while hot-never drying by or on the stove as it spoils them. Rinse your silver and glass and wipe immediately; then pour the hot water over the dishes, with enough more to scald them thoroughly, and rinse off all the dish water. Whirl them around rapidly in the pan, then turn one by one upon a rack to drain, said rack supposed to be an indispensable appendage to the sink. Wipe as fast as possible. You will have to work nust not be allowed to drain drys, as by doing they have a spotted, streaked look You will be perfectly astonished at the fun of washing dishes if you proceed in this way They are finished up so suddenly that you They are finished up so suddenly that you
wonder what has become of them:-Ex wonder
change.

## A. MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.
"It would litter the carpet"-so said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy
All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.
${ }^{4} \mathrm{up}$
lay he's holding up one foot" the mother said quickly.
"Do real horses, mamma?"
"Oh, yes, sometimes."
"I will"- and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.
It was a little thing, the mother's answer but the quick sympathy, the ready tact made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with his play, while the mother sewed on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.
"I Iam tired cutting pies, mamma," said
Josie, after.a while
"Well, get your horse waggon, and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kinding box; play thal's the wood house."
Pleased and proud, the jittle teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

Well," said aunt Martha, " old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise. "What do you mean, auntie?"
"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "Auntie" to people generally, and things were in a snarl, all the time starting with less than Josie's given you dozen times since I sat herc. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there wo couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was 'Don't do that,' and You naughty child, spill and scratch and break and tumble; scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, IM send her over here only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.
little tact springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!--Selected.

Parker Hoose Rolls.-A At aight take two quarts of flour, rub in three tablespoonfuls of lard, make a bole in the middle of the flour and put in one pint of cold boiled milk, one-third cup of good yeast, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one teaspoouful of salt, stir well, let it stand until morning without mizing, then mix and let stand until noon, roll out thin, cut with a biscuit cutter, spread with butter, fold them over, let them get very light and bake in a quick oven.

PUZZLES.

## WO-TORD CEARADE

fy first the radiant summer skies When showers bave passed, will sometimei span,
With varied haes of richest dyes,
God's sign of promise unto man.
My second with the ills we class
To which our mortal fame is heir
For here not all is bliss-alas !
Some pains we surely all must bear.
My third is something,-nothing, too,You'll find, when you have searched it through,
There's no beginning and no end.
My whole is fixed and well defined, Yet limitless must ever be
nd in its hard embrace you'll find
No charms, I think, for you or me
beheadingas and ourtailings.
Behead and curtail No. 1 to find No.. 2. 1. A lord.
2. Atmosphere.

A rope with a noose.
2. Part of the lead.

1. A bank built along a river.
2. The latter part of the day.

An Eastern prince. 2. An interjection A bird. 2. Charity.
The course travelled. 2. Not in nonsense reymes.
The italicized letters put in proper order pell the names of rivers in Europe.
When we were on the Uba Den.
Its waters, blue as the $H o$ Ren.
Reminded us of the Ir Hen.
Then, then we thought of bright Oa Sen, And often spoke of wild Die Stren, Tet loved far more our own Ei Sen.
answers to puzzles.
pussy puzzle.


To the cat l've added 65,
An Anctent Brodi, mallye

DO NOT WAKE THE CHILDREN: The habit of waking children early in the morning, before they are thoroughly recuperated with sleep, is an exceedingly injurious one. Sleep is nature's time of recuperation, a condition in which the principal, cardinal, and voluntary functions of the organism are largely suspended, in order that the process of recuperation may take place. Nature in this respect comprehends her necessities better than either parent or governess. A child grows rapidly, and is called upon, in the building up of the constitution, to recuperate abundantly, so that youth requires much more sleep than age. After one's constitution becomes consolidated, and he has passed middle life, he sleeps very much less than in younger
times ; but up to the age of twenty-five mess; ; leep in large degree is desirable the he constitution may be thoroughly in vigorated and preserved saginst taxationg in the future Children should be put to bed the future. Children sinould be put to bed early-say beven to eight occlock; they should, if possible, go to sleep in a pleasant rame of mind, at peace with the world, nad in loving submission to those who have them in charge; and they should be permitted to sleep until, having thoroughly recuperated, they waken of themselves in
the morning. Be particular that their feet the morning, Be particular that their feet are warm, and that they have more covering placed upon the feet than upon other parta, of the body. As, long as a person. seeps warm feet there is little danger of colds and serious illness, but when circula. tion in the extremities fail, we may look out for congestions or inflammations, which constitute nine-tenth of the diseases which afflict human beings.-Heälth.
"RED DAVE";
Or, "What wilt Thou have ma to do or (From the Family Friend.)
CHAPTER II, - Continued.
For answer, his father lifted him gently on to his knee, and put his strong arms around him, as though to defy' even the thought of Death to touch his precious boy; and when the teathings came in, Willie woke up from a cosy nap, lively and smil: ing; but his smiles could not banish from his father's mind the thought that, for the first time in his life the child had appealed to him for help in vain. Willie had turned to him, hoping his clever father would relieve him from the fear of lying for ever underground; but what could his father tell him, since he had determined the child should never hear of Him who says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"?

Chapter III.
"our father!"
Intense hunger often prevents sleep, and though Davie felt tired and faint, he was still wide awake that evening when he crept away from an approaching policeman to rest within one of the recesses made by the seats upon the bridge. Away in the distance he saw everywhere the lighted windows of homes, but he-like the King of earth and heaven"had not where to lay his head." It was cold and damp, curled up on the stone seat above the river, and some might even have pre: ferred the warm, safe prison cell ; but to the street boy liberty was next to life. He was free-free to look up at the golden stars, and wonder vaguely concerning their calm, sacred beauty; free to look down at the flowing waters, and think of a boy he had seen drawin up out of the river drowned.
"Anyways he ain't hungry," thought Davie; "I mind he were often short of cash like me, before he got drownded ; wonder what's comie of him now !"
The next moment he was conscious of a faltering step beside him, and the starlight showed him dimly the bent figure of an aged woman, with a little basket on her arm. He saw she was poor and feeble, so he-felt there was no need for him to make his escape.
"Why, my lad!" said a weak, quavering voice, "ain't this a blessing that we've got into this cosy place out of the rain? It's just beginning to come down, but we shan't feelit much if we creep under that there shelter."
"The bobby will be by," said Davie. "I spects I can give him the slip, but he'll see you, and he'll turn you out, sure enough."
"He's turned his light on here a while ago," said the woman
"I don't think he'll look right in again, and if it rains hard, he'll turn into the cabmen's shelter at the top; I hope he'll let me alone just this one night.".
"They'll take you in at the Union," suggested Davie, "if you hain't got no tin."
"Why ain't you there, child ?" she asked.
Oh, $\mathrm{I}_{\text {i }}$ couldn't-1 wants to feel free."
And so do I, lad; I've lived off the parish, and I hoped to die off:the parish, but our FatherHe knows better nor I do May: be l've got stuck up of late, for Im over seventy, and I've earned my living and nursed my good man till he went to glory ; and what with charing and needlework and washing, I never wanted no. parish relief; but Ive got the rheumatiz this three month, and I couldn't do no work nor pay the rent, and I'm two month behind, so the landlord he sold being being out here better than


## OLD EETTY AND DAVIE ON THE BRIDGE.

me out to day, and told me to go to the Union."
"What a shame!" cried Davie "I'd like to shoot the old fellow."
"Ye mustn't talk like that, child; I ought not to hare been betind with my rent, but this poor hand got terrible bad a while ago."
"Won't it get worse if you stay here? "the rain is getting in to us now."
"It don't feel over bad to-night I feel somehow stiff and chilly, but I'm not in pain, thank the Lord!"
"Well, I'm glad you're come," said Davie. "I likes company and I'm that hungry I can't sleep." "Well now, that's queer. I've got half a loaf as a neighbor give me-poor dear tshe wanted it bad Jarris pretended to care a lot for enough herself-and I can't gellme, and he got me in gaol.
no appetite to eat a morsel. here it is, dearie, and do you eat
every bit of it ; dear now where's. your mother, to leave you alone, and you such a little wee boy?"
"Haven't got no mother," said
Davie, snatching at the food,' " and
I ain't little; I'm bigger than I look in the dark. But I say, you'll be hangry maybe to-morrow and then you'll want this."
"No, lad ;it ain't no good keep. ing up my pride-the Lord knows better nor I do, and since Hé sends me there, Ill go there. He'll come along of me, I lknow. I'm a going to apply there in the morning. only 1 just wanted one night more to feel free like afore I goes to the -Workhouse being shat up there, so I" says to
myself, ‘Betty, you shall say one more prayer out of the Union, and then you goes in to morrow!' 'I'd athoped to have died out of the House, but sure and I ain't no call to be discontented and to grimble-it's nothing to what the Lord went through.".
"Who's the Lord? do you mean the Lord Mayor ?" asked Davie, with his mouth dangerously full. "Why, laddie! our Lord-our Lord Jesus."
"He ain't our Lord," said Davie, "I ain't heard nothink on Him."
"Not heard of Jesus! why, there's nobody loves you like Jesus does, laddie."
"Nobody loves me at all," said Davie; "nor I don't want them to;

Reckon you wouldn't sit so close to me, if you'd a-known I'm out of gaol to day."
"I don't know about Jarvis," said Betty ; "but whether you've been in gaol or not, I know the Lord does love you. Why, He used to touch the lepers-poor creatures nobody wouldn't have about them, and who had to get out of the way of everybody."
"Just like me," said Davie, "Guess He wouldn't touch me though; I'm horrid dirty, but I means to wash in the morning."
"You don't know my Lord Jesus, you don't know nothing of Him if you think He wouldn't touch you; why, boy, we touch Him when we pray to him."
"Pray-what's that?"
"Talking to Jesus; He likes us to tell Him all we feels, and all. we wants."
"All we wants? my eye!" cried Davie, "I wants something more to eat, and a new suut, and kittens, and lots. Where does He live? Guess if 1 go to Him, some one will drive me off."
"No, nobody can," sard the old woman, "there ain't nobody can drive us off from God."
"God! isit Him as you means? -I can't get to Him."
"Yes you can, and He will hear you and help you."
"Tell me how." The boy crept close up to her, his face upturned to hers in the darkness.
"I can't tell you much, laddie ; I'm only old Betty, and don't know nothink. But God did teach us one prayer, and I knows that right enough. You say it after me-say it quick, 'cause something queer's come to my tongue, and I feels a bit sleepy. Our Father."
"Our Father." said Davie, in wondering, hushed tones
"Our Father," came again more feebly from old Betty, and a adain the boy spoke it after her. But she did not speak again, only leant back against the wall, and her basket rolled from her hand. "She's gone to sleep, sure enough," said Davie. "Guess I'd like to tell Him all I wants. But it don't matter about me; I'm used to sleeping out of doors; but she's too old for it;", and then his face looked up to the sky where the dark cloud hid the stars, and Davie uttered his first prayer"Our Father, can't you find a place for old Betty to-night ?"
He dropped fast asleep by her side, so sound asleep that he was not conscious when in the gray dawn of morning a policeman flashed his lantern into the recess, and found a little ragsed boy asleep on the seat, wrapped round in Betty's shawl. But the old woman slept more deeply still,for though she had been turned from her earthly home, One whom she loved had drawn nigh unto her in the darkness, and lifted her away to our Father's house, "where the many mansions be." (To be continued.;

## SEA GULLS

The sea gull is usually " whole footed," that is, more or, less web toed; although many of them are no swimmers, being far outdone in that graceful accomplishment by the awkward, waddling duck. Its buoyant body eminently fits it for flying, in which gay and fascinating employment it spends most of its days, apparently never wearied on its long and strong wings. It is thickly dressed with oily feathers, which effectually protect it from the assaults of the beating rain, the dash of the breaking wave, or the pene trating moisture of the sea-fog It is also fitted out with a sharppointed bill, slightly crooked or hooked at the end, with which it captures its.prey See this one, for example, as he shoots down like a dart upon the water, where his keen eye has descried a little fish. There! he rises again, with the wriggling captive in his bill. Now, you think, he must re. tire to some near rock or bend ing bush on which to cat it But no; without any assistance from foot or folded wing, this capable bill has no trouble in instantly disposing of the little wriggler; and the work of plunder goes right on again.

At times you will see them in idle groups, alighted on some projecting sand-point, as though refreshing themselves from weariness of wing; but the true explanation is, that they are waiting or watching for signals that the rapacious blue-fish, or the bonito, are driving another schnol of helpless youngsters of other tribes to the surface, in the scizure of which they will lend a hand. For they are apparently always hungry, with no set hours for dining. These domestic gulls are said not to be divers; but they are, notwithstanding, frequently seen, in striking for a fish, to disappear entirely for a moment or two beneath the surface. They are no waders. like the snipe or the sand piper.

In color, some varieties are pied, or parti-colored, while others are gray or brown, Reeds, or rushes, or the long grasses, afford them shelter for their nests; while others of them seem quite satisfied with theopen sand, where they unconcernedly drop their eggs, leaving them, as the ostrich has been said to do, "in the earth, and warming them in the dust, forgetful that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them." Take care! don't tread on that little congress of unfledged young ones on the beach before you. They look so much like the sand itself that you must look sharp to see them. But you may handle them with impunity, as they make no outcry, and their good easy mothers are probably far away,
fishing ; or, if near by, they will|before he exclaimed: "I am go. not fy into your eyes with unap- ing to have a good education first peasable fury, like the fierce eagle then I will have money, for brains or the falcon.-1llustrated Christian and money give a man power and Weekly.

## TWO BOYS VERBS

by a. L. NOBLE.
Tom Fuller and Ed: Horton were making a snow image. They had worked all one cold day at their Sphinx, as they had called it, for no particular reason. To
position. Father says that ever time he points out Judge Wells, who was a poor cartman's son Bolton, the banker, he too started out with only will and pluck Why can't we do what othei poorer boys have done?".
"Sure as you live now, Ed, we can do that same," roared Tom slapping the Sphinx's broad cheek with his shovel; but just then

Sphinx once rose and melted.
Where were the boys? They had gone after their verbs. I will "have" had been Ed Horton's, and he had gained by his talents, money. Wealth and knowledge easily gained:him political power, and men began to call him greatly successful. Tom's verb had all along been I will "be". whatever is just, worthy, upright; and pure; true to myself, helpful to other men. Moderate wealth and also a certain power of character had come to Tom. He had because he was.

One cold November evening, Tom, who was a physician with a large practice, was coming home from a call when he passed crowds of noisy men rejoicing over a great political rictory, for it was election night. He heard "Horton's name everywhere, and he knew his old schoolmate had grained a long-coreted office. Coming suddenly to a brilliant-ly-lighted liquor-saloon, he found the entrance blocked by a swearing, shouting, halfcrazy crew already drunken. Glancing in he saw Horton dispensing unlimited whiskey to these his political adherents.
"Poor Ed! poor Ed!" sighed Tom. "He took a wrong start someway, and now he does not seem to care what he is so he gets what he wants. He is cheating himself. He is a shrewd politican, but he is getting to be a fraud as a man. I wish he could begin life over ; but it is too late."-Youth's
Temperance Banner.

## ABOUT THE BANYAN TREE.

The Banian or Banyan tree is of enormous size. Each tree forms a small grove; for each branch sends out small tender fibres which are actually roots and when these reach the ground they root themselves, and in time become thick turnks. As this process is continually going on it is easy to see that one tree becomes in a short time a series of trunks which form delightful alley's with cool retreats most desirable in hot climates. The Hindoos
the last touches and chatting ly white monster was declared about matters in general.
" Nobody would say we lacked perseverance if he knew how much snow we had managed to day," said Ed.
"No, indeed," returned Tom "Professor Wilson said yesterday that neither of us lacked will nor energy."
" What of it?" asked Ed.
"Oh! he meant, of course, that it cnly depended on us to decide what we would be hereafter," returned Ton hacking away on the Sphinx's nose with comical gravity.
Eid dumped a new load of snow
to be a bauty, then left for the
night. As the boys turned away, Ed Horton said, laughing: "If the Sphinx would only open her cold lips and tell us our fortunes. I would just like to see twenty years from to day, for instance."
Two bright, winning fellows they were, and no man or woman could have told which was more likely to be the better man. They were equal in scholarship, and if Ed was ambitious Tom was earnest.

Twenty years went by; parents and teachers were dead; a hink much of this tree-theylook upon its sheltering branches as emblematic of the outstretched arms of God affording them safety and contentment. The Brahmin's pass much of their time beneath the pleasant shade and meditate upon their religion. And where there is no temple, the Banyan tree is made to take its place, and worship is conducted under its leafy ceiling.-Little Folks:

IT IS THE performance of every duty, and the exercise of every function in the fullest manner, that
运號


The Family Circle,

## ONLY A PENNY.

Mamma, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say.
1 heard a wee girl say
And it seemis so very little
For me to give a away:"
"To givè away? Where?" said mamma. "Why, don't you understand? want ever so much money
For our new mission band.
"There's a lot of litile heathen
In a country far away, Who don't know hardly, ho don't know hardly anything,-
Not even how to pray "As we do here. Their gods, you see, Are made of atone and wood; And so they are not good.
""We're going to send them Bibles, So theyll know the God we do;
And when they know how good be is, They'll love our Jesus too.
"And then they'll all be happy," But it takes a in sweet conten But takes a lot of money,
And I have only a cent.
"If it were ouly a five-cent piece It't would not look so small;
But it'seems as if a perny Were not anything at all."
"My dear," said mamma quietly,
Though a smile o'er her features You say you hove ouly a penes played. Of what are dollars made ?"
"Of cents," said the little maiden. That, if there were no pennies, There would no dollars be?
"Suppose that every little girl
A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help any one'-
"How many Bibles do you think
That you would send away?
So, don't despise the pennics,
But save them day by day;
"And poon you'll find you have enough For all you want to do ;
For in saving up the pennies
Youn save whe dollars, too."
-Children's Work for Children.

## the boy captive.

4 story of brigand life in europear
rorker.
By Miss 1. M. Leybum.
There might have been seen in a cavern, near the summit of one of those high moun-
tning in Southern Eurone tains in Southern European Turkey, just
after midnight, a band of a dozen or more Greek brigands. They were reclinivg or sitting cross-legged on their capotes, or large furry overcoats, drinking rachi. Their white fustanelles and scarlet jackets and gaiters formed a picturesque tableau in the brightly, lighted cavernous room; for each brigand kept his Jamp burning before the picture of the Virgin, or of some specially revered saint, and however bloodthirsty or
cruel the deeds of the day may have been cruel the deeds of the day may have been,
their devotions before the sacred pictures their devotions before the sacred pictures
were duly'performed at night. In another were duly ' performed at night. In another
apartment the younger, raw recruits, who acted as valets for the rest, were busy pre paring supper,
tall, emetre," вaid the captain of the band a tall, stalwart Greek, whose intelligent face and fine commanding appearance indicated that he could, under different circumarmy" instead of a band of robbers, "go
arme outside and tell those boys to roast four outside and tell those boys to roast four
lambs ; we are famishing, and may have lambs; we are fomishing, and may have
nothing more to ent in twenty-four hours.

And tell them to make no fire near the
opening of the cave for one spark corild opening of the cave, for one spark cotild be seen, by : those Turks, whose camp-fires
are now burning on Mt. Pelion; and if they are now burning on Mt. Pelion; and if taey
discover this retreat, there is not another discover this retreat, there is not another
for a hundred miles around so well suited for a hundred miles around so well suited
to our needs, and so inaceessible to them to our needs, and so inaccessible to them ;
though I scarcely believe the cowardly dogg would attack us, should our retreat be discovered."
"Truly," growled one of the band, and of the Sultan and all his followers head "However" replith thowers.
English might force them to ferret us," English might force them to ferret us out :" then turning to the group around him, he
said, "Well, my boys, we must make another capture ; our funds are getting low; and our capture ; our funds are getting low, and our
wives and our children are starving. What shall we do ?"
"Capture the
Consuptat" reple child from the Euglisb Consuatate, replied the old Greek, with an-
other oath, accompanied this time with the other oath, accompanied this time with the solemn bowing and reverent crossing of himself before the picture of the Virgin,
adding, "May the most holy mother help us."
adding, "May the most holy mother help us."
"Old Petros advises us to capture lit-
tle Ernest Kamanski ; shall we ?'" asked the captain.
captain,
"No
non
No, never," replied Nicholas, a kind-
"Whorted old Greek who sat near.
istocles a handsome youth who had Themistocles a hancsome youth who had joined
the band the day before. "Who is he "" replie
"Why, the only son of an English lady who lives at the port some twenty miles distant and whose residence is the English Consulate, though her husband is a German and ect, and besides, a captive from the Consuect, and besides, a captive from the Congu
ate would secure for -us a much lariger booty than any other capture we could
ben a booty than any other capture we could Nicholas, my boy?"
"Why, captain," snid the old man, "because the child was the playmate of my litlle rannie, over whose grave thero burns wretches the Turks bave left us nothing in our home. But little Ernest came every day to see my boy when he lay sick, and brought him part of his own food. He wept, too, as if his little heart would break, over little Yannie's grave, when the priest threw the spadeful of earth into.his face...No, IM
never see him talken from his mother's arms as my child was taken from mine. Besides, the Greeks have not a better friend in the country than Mrs. Kamanski."
"What," shrewdly inquired the captain, took your child from your arms? Did choose that all of our children perish in the same way ${ }^{\text {" }}$ Then pausing for a moment he added with great warmth, "No ; oppression begets revenge, and cruelty-is but the natural child of cruelty; and just so long as fiends are allowed to rule over us, our actions must partake of fiendishness, No power on earth can so long retain or so 8oon fore let the weight of these calamities come upon England's children as well as our own."
"Then why not capture the English consul at once," said old Nicholas, partly convinced, at once, said old Nicholas, partl
still wanting to spare the child.
"Why, for more reasons than one" remounted guard, and it would takean armed force, more than we could muster, to capture him. Then, too, he is brave and daring. I do not believe we would ever take him alive, and his dead body wonld only bring it once and failed."
"Then take the child," said one whose sorrow of countenance was mingled with hatred and revenge. "If revenge is sweet, let me drink deeply of it, for where are my wife and three little ones? Dead on Mt. Pelion! I went out on that bright spring morning and fought bravely until the suu set, and when I went back to my village at night what was left me? A barren, naked, desolate house, my wife and three'little ones murdered by the Turks. The springtime has come and gone again, but no brightness or sunshine has ever come to me since. There is nothing for me to live for now but "Aud I
"And I," said old Petros, not less vindictively, "have suffered more. My wife and daughters were brutally treated and cruelly beaten, and my boy, my only son, who would have perpetuated my name and family, cut of with the dull knives of Turkish

## suldiers, while I was tied hand a sight and hearing of the deed." <br> "ght and hearing of the deed."

Who has eaten more bitterness than I $?$ " rowled atill another of the band, "for only a few weeks ago my old father, mother, and and my beautiful sister was spared only my beautiful bister was spared only that the fiends might revel in her anguish When she was taken in to see the dead bodies
which they had placed in mocking attitudes before the open door. She, poor child, was foure the open door. She, poor child, was
ferm hours later and taken to the English consul a raving maniac."
"But were they not. brigands hke ou
"Like ourgelve thoung Themistocles.
"Like ourselves! no," replied the captain Never; they were sheep.stealers-a luwe grade of brigands who have no code of
honor-and besides they were Turks. We capture only for booty, they to gratify their loodihirsty passions. ${ }^{\text {² }}$
"Yet we often shed blood, and innocent "Weon" answered the youth.
"We never do," Eaid the captain, "unless forced to it by our necessities and
our suffering wives and little ones."
" But, as in the case of Ernest Kamanski, may we not be forced to kill bim, or ski, may we not be forced to kill bim, or
at least multilate his body ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ asked Themisat least multilate his body ?" asked Themis
tocles.
"What i" aroused, "then we will never capture him. aroused, "then we will never capture bim.
I'll go to his mother to-night and waru her id go to his mother to-nght and waru her
of the threatened danger, unless, captain, you give me your word of honor, here in the presence of your band, that the child's body will be returned alive and whole to body will be
his "nother."
"The fool will betray us, or I should not bind myself," said the captain asule; then to Nicholas," My word of honor is given, and as leader of this land ito solemnly alive and whole to hisparents. But to ease your conscience we willask 'Papa Demetre' your conscience we wita
if this capture is right."
A lazy-looking priest with unkempt beard and long hair sat drinking a cup of strong coffee as an antidote for the rachi he had drunk so freely. "Well," said he "our religion does not teach that revenge is right, ture becomes a necessity. Why my five daughters* will never marry if i have no money to give them; and my portion of this child's ransom must go towards that."
"Upon the same plea he charged for his time for making a list of the sutfering poor in his own parish, that they might receive aid from a benevolent socicly in Eugland,' said the young Themistocles aside to a comrade. "Sure they are pretty girls, aud I should not object to marryius one of the myself if she brought a fair dower."
"Well, then," said the captain, "it is decided we are to get the boy. Themistocles, you are to be trusted. Go down to old
Diouysius at the foot of the mountain, tell him that twenty Napoleous in French gold will be paid him precisely at twelve o'clock to-morrow night if the child, alive and unburt, is ours, Hasten, my boy; you will eat upon your return." Then, turning to the band, he said, "Leave it to old Diouy. sius, my brothers, we have no more failhful ally than he, and well he may be, for we have paid hirn nigh a thousand francs for information given and received from the country below."
The young Themistocles bastily adjusted a more sombre attire and went rapidy down the mountain-side, knowing only to obey he cruel command, yet having within him enough of those higher characteristics of the Greek to give him an uneasy, strange desire to do and be something better than the life of a highway robber permitted, A certain ihis brigand life. To betray his band or ven to shrink back from an underiakius entered into, would not an undertakiug enteredinto, would not for a mument be hought of by him; but he resolved that might to take no booty from ernest La-
manski's capture, and to leaye the baud honorably as soon as this was over. At ten o'clock the next night Ernest Ka. manski reached the home of old Dionysius carefully concealed by the old man from his wife and daughters. He had been decoyed and gagged by the old Dionysius, thrown into a coarse bag, and put upon a mule, and thus brought out of the town without any suspicion on the part of any. one except the few accomplices employed by the old man. As soon as it was dark old Dionysius had taken the child up into his
Tho lower order of Greet priests marry.
arms and the gag from his mouth. Poor little Ernest then cried and pleaded most piteously with this strange man, but all in vain. Now in the sheep-cot, tired and hungry and exbausted, carefully wrapped in soundly ; nor did be wake as be was carried: on the back of the strong young Themis. ocles up the mountain alde. and teaderly laid on a bed of straw prepared for him in he cave by his old miend Nicholas
Waking early next morning he cried out, "O mamina, l bave had such a dreadful dream, and I' am so bungry:" Then opening lis eyes wide he gazed around him in amazemeal for a moment, then burst into: a piteous wail as the truth flashed upon bim; for Eruest' was too faniliar with the habits of these mointain robbers not to recognize at once bis surroundings. He had but a few months before listened with intense interest to the account of a merchant of the town who had been captured and pent several weeks with this band. The ransom being refused, the brigands had cut off his two thumbs and an ear aud sent them to his frieuds, threatening at the same time to skin them alive if they did not immediately send what was demanded. Aud, hnowing this would be done, his fricuds,
had borred the money and paid the had bor
ransom.
Litule
Little Ernest's piteous cries brought orth the sympatiy of all around him, for nost of them had chilltren of their own, and he Greeks lo ve their children very tenderly Butnone could comfort and soothe him ntil old Nicholas took him into a little wom in the cave all alone, and let him weep is very sonl ont. Then, hagged up in his arma, he talked whim first of little Yannic, hen of his mother, hen told him how the hurt him and that before long be would bo hurt him, and that before
"They womt put me in the ground and hrow ey wome put foce will ground and he chilh. "Oh, nn," sail
Fimally the litite fellow put an end to a Fimally the fitle fellow put an end to all bungry." Old Nicholas wasionly 1.00 glad to find something to do for the child. fie and something to do for the child. Ae
soon brought in some browa bread and warm milts from a goat, which the oll man warm milk fom a goat, which the olit man
had bronglit up the mountain the night behad bronght up the mountain the night be-
fore especially for the camfurt of the child. After eating heartily and really enjoying it, Ernest looked upso pleadiugly into bis friend's face, and said,
"Now take me home to see my mother."
To deny this request seemed too havd, so Nicholas did what most Greeks would have done undar similar circumstances, told an untruth, and made the child helieve that it vas raining hard outside of the cave and hat as soon as it clearel off he should go. This Ernest readily accepted, as the! darkess of the cavern made him think it must be clondy.
Themistocles just then came in, bringing with him a reed, out of which he proposed carving $n$ shepherd's flute. Taking Ernest on his knee close to one of the lamps, they were soon so engrossed in each other and in making the thute that th
the time all his sorrow.
Themistocles toll him how the Thirks had come over into the plains of ahessaly, where he lived, and had burned and destroyed all their houses, and how he and'a half a dozen young men had gone up.on a mountain and concealed themselves near the pathway where he tarkish soldiers would pass on their rethen the port and had shot so many of horrible ta in revenge. All these were there was nolting young a listener, but lives of these poor people düring those dark days when they were kept in waiting for their liberty.
"But what made you join the brigands ?" asked Ernest. "They are such wieked men"" "I know they are," said Themistocles; "and I wish already I never had. But, you see, 1 have an old móther almost seventy years old. She had one daughter and one son. My sister married when I was a little
boy, and had six or seven children! boy, and had six or seven children. When killed her husband over the mountain they killed her husband in the hight and burned her house. My sister soon after took sick and died, and I was a prisoner for a long tirne down in the Turkish fort: My poorold mother bas ever sincelived in an old shed with iny sister's children, with nothing but
the few clothes they had on'their backs, and
eating grass and roots. OL, it was too pitiget work and came out of pribon rolbers a few days ago, that my old mother and my sister's children mlght not die of what can I do ""
"Why don't you ask the English consul to make you a soldior? He has a little arth to keep the Turks and brigands from verything from other people. full "he"has an armed force in order to protect the ingathering crops, and I believe I will go right to him and ask permission to join it. The pay of a regular soldier would be better than this uncertainty."
"Then take me with
child, "because I know you," begged the child, "because I know hi
me right to my mother."
"I cannot to day," sadly replied Themistocles ; "but I will not go until I can take you with me, I'll promise you that."
By this time the liute was finished, all beautifully carved, and Themistocles went into an adjoining apartment of the cavern
and asked the captain's permission to blow and asked the captain's permission to blow
it. This was readily granted, as they were it. This was readily granted, as they were
entirely out of liearing of every one. entirely out of hearing of every one
Themistocles thes played the Greek national air, whose wild, plaintive notes sounded peculiarly sweet withiu the cave. Thus en-
tertained, the first day passed and at the end tertained, the first day passed and at the end
of it Themistocles and the child found of it Themistocles aud the child found
themselvas warm friends. themselvas warm friends.
That uight, at supper, the only meal which the brigands take, Ernest had a special seat of honor, down on the ground but just at the right of the captain, and he was given the beft of everything their table supplied. A fat mutton, cut to pieces and cooked in large earthen vessels with rice, seasoned with tomatoes, formed a large part of their repast, while beets, boiled with the maks a a salad much enjoyed by them all. Brown'lread and coarse white cheese completed the whole. This was spread unon a prough straw matting, and tha brigands sat rough straw matiog, and the pround. But cross-lecged around on the ground. But near hithe Ernest there was a savory chop
of the mutton broiled on the coals, two fresh of the mution broiled on the coalk, Hem the boat, and a large buuch of grapes. These had all been carefully prepared by old Nicholas, and he had walked some eight or ten miles that day to the
get the grapes and eggs.
Soon after eating, Ernest went soundly to sleep on his straw pallet, but not without kneeling in one corner of the cave and saying aloud his little prayer in Greek, which was as familiar to him as English, To his usual prayer which he said at his mother's knee every night, asking so earnestly to be forgiven his sins and made a good boy, he added to-night, "And please, God, make adhese brigands all good, and give their little these brigane aing to eat, but don't let them
children somether catch my mother and father and bring them here, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'
To the wild mountain robbers, whose devotions consisted of hastily-read prayers in their churcles, or a few rapid crossings of themselves before some sacred picture, this seemed strange and touching. They had never felt any need of forgiveness of sin, nor had they ever gone to aod althount trouble and asked for" help; "and altough,"
"May God help us" or, "God forgive," was often on their lips, they knew nothing was often on ther mps, hery and as little of any religion of he beart, and as hithe Ernest got in-bed every one of them wiped
from his eyes the tears they could not keep from
back.
back.
Late that night the captain called a council of war and decided what proposition should be first sent below to the Consulate for the redemption of the child, also exact particulars of his condition. This was all to be arranged through accomplices, who, of
course, would pive no clue to his wherecourse, would give no clue to his where-
abouts, though the recapture of a prisoner abouts, though the recapture of a prisoner
is too dangerous to be undertaken, as it is too dangerous io his murder. The brig. necessarily resultsin his murder.
ands, of course, demanded at first somenorands, of course, demanded at first squenormous a ransom that there would be n6-pos-
sibility of its being paid; but this was sibility of its being paid; but this was always done, accompanied with threats, and
with the expectation of receiving in return with the expectation of receiving in return
an offer much smaller than they would rean offer much smagler than they would re-
ceive. These negotiations would generally occupy some weeks until the two parties came to terms.
We cannot follow out each day in the life of our little captive. Every morning during the time he would awake and call old Nich-
olas, who slept right by his side, and ask
him if it was still raining, always receiving the same answer. "Yes," he would reply "do you not see how dark and cloudy it is You can't go home to-day, 'rhis woull as he was never pernitted to go outside the inner rooms of the cave, he never knew that it was not ralning all the time, and so was content to wait. Once during this o cross over the mountains not far from his retreat of the brigands, and fearing it might mean a surprise inand attack upon them, they dispersed intemall parties out through the mountains to watch their movements. Those few days were very trying to little Ernest. He was taken up in the night blindiolded, though it was per fectiy dark, aud carried by old Petros he was kept in a dimly-lighted smaller cave by was old man with nothing to eat but coarse bread nud cheese, aud water to drink from an earthen jus. Old Petros had never been specially friendly towards the child, and had always been feared by him, so the little fellow had a sad time of it, and those three days seemed long aud weary. But at the end of that time his two best friends came and Ernest was overjoyed to see them. They again blindfolded him and took him on their shoulders, this time not to the cave,
but to the foot of the mountain. Old but to the foot of the mountain. old
Nicholas could not help whispering to him Nicholas could not help whispering to him,
when it came his turn to carry the child when it came his turn to carry the child, that it had stopped raining and they were carrying him to see his mother. The movements of the Turkish army had had no conuection with his capture, and during those three days of his close confinemeut all the arrangements for paying the ransom and the safe delivery of the child had been made. This had not below had until the consthe in the vilage should be made to capture the brigands who brought the child down and returned with the money. Under cover of night, near one of the mountain villages, the child was brought by Nicholas and Themistocles, wio met others of the band at the appointed place, and there a party from the Consulate back and under conceaiment until the money was counted out, then the oxchange was made. Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski were both there awailing anxiously the first sight of their boy. A torchlight lit up the scene and little Ernest, no longer blindfolded but still pinioned, could see the brigands, closely masked, the party from the Consulate masked, the party from the Consulate counting out the gold, and his father and
mother standing by, fearing that even now some mistake or misunderstanding might cause their little one to be murdered. But at last the money was all counted, and as it was laid on the back of mules the child was unloosed and soon clasped in his mother's arms.
Earl
Early the next morning found Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski and little Ernest on a French steamer ready to set sail to England. They felt that the danger to their child was too great in this unsettled country. Themistocles came on board and was gladly recognized by Ernest. When Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski learned of his great kindness to their boy, they wrote a warm letter of recommendation to the Engligh consul who gave him employment with ample wages
for the support of his old mother and little for the support of his old mother and little
nieces and nieces and घephews. Old Petros, Nicholas,
Papa Demetre the captain and others con Papa Demetre, the captain, and others con-
tinued with the band till tho tinued with the baud till the ceding of Thessaly to Free Greece two years later,
November, 1881. Thus the hearts of all were made glad except perhaps old Dionysius, who like Othello, had lost his occupation, and whose cunning and craftiness brought him more gain in times of trouble than in peace and prosperity.-Illustrated Christian $W$ eekly.

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE. A few years before the death of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, the well-known editor of Punch, the writer had the pleasure of travelling with him on the railway from London Brighton line. Mr. Lemon's request on the Brighton line. Mr. Lemon's request to the inspector, "let us be alone," secured the
compartment to ourselves, This led to much frank and interesting conversation bemuch frank and interesting conversation be tween us. Aler vanous topics had been discussed, such as improved dwellinge for working men, the better education of the poor, \&c., \&c., the writer remarked :-
"There are many good things you have
furthered, Mr. Lemon, by means of your pen and the shaft of ridicule; but there is one thing in which you have always been on the wrong side.
"What is that?" he asked eagerly.
"You reem never to have lost an opportunity of throwing ridicule on those who desire to uphold the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and who earriestly labor to prevent what you and others wish to see
Feeling deeply on this matter, I spoke warmly, and expressed my belief that he and others who sympathized with him on this subject, were seeking to bring about a state of things in our. country which would in the end be most disastrous to our national welfare, and especially prove one of the greatest wrongs ever inflicted on the working classes. Mr. Lemon replied with great rankuess:-
"Well, now, you speak very plainly; but I like to hear a fellow do so, when [ feel sure that he is honest and believe what he says, allhough I differ from him. Go onam listening."
The writer continued: "On this question, I believe the working men of this country are sounder than many professing Cluristians, and they are wide awake to ibe fact that if the barriers which surround the Lord's Day in this country were broken down, ultimately they would have to do seven days' work for six days' pay."
With a eniling face Mr. Lemon said: "Now I will make a confession to you
which I bave not made to others. Some time ago I got up a pelition in faver of the opening got up a petition in favor of the and sent of the British Museum on Sundays, to sign, when judnting olice for the ment the foreman came to me and said, 'If you please, sir, do you pross for the signing of this petition? For unless you do, the men had rather not sign it.' 'What in the world do they mean by that hy, on Sundays!' 'Well, sir,' replied the foreman, 'the men think that would not be the end of it-it would only be the thin end of the wedge, and that, before long, workshops, oflices, and all kinds of places as well ab "Now," added Mr. Lemon, "that petition was never signed. The conduct of the men made a strange impression on my mind, and I honestly acknowledge that it furnishes a strong fact for your side of the question."
From the day of our interview until his death I never heard of Mr, Lemon having penned an unkind line against the better bservance of the Lord's Day.-Episcopal Recorder.

## A FRIEND IGNORED.

I met on the street the other day my friend Mrs. Anstey, whom I had not seen since we parted in June for a summer
jaunt. After a cordial greeting and num. jaunt. After a cordial greeting and num-
erous inguiries after our respective families, I said to her.
"I believe Mrs. More was in the same boarding-house with you this summser; we
all three have a dear mutual Friend; did you hear her speak of him ?"
She hesitated, then replled, "No, I don't think 1 heard her mention Him once."
Why, that's very strange; are you ure?"
"Yes, I am quite sure. We were together constanily, read together and walked together, but I never heard her allude to this Friend."
"I believe her children were with her dian ' $y$
Him?"
"No, she raised her children beautifully teaching them to be truthful and unselfisb and kind and amiable, but I never her appeal to a higher motive than love to her or the desire 'to please papa.'"
I felt quite astonished, and now asked "Didn't you see her do anything for Him?
"No ; she was busy all the time, during retty little pieces of work, but I never pretty little pieces of work, or his poor, or to be given for his aake, or indeed in any to be given for his aake,
"Tell me what you thought
More, how did she impress you?"
"Well she impressed us all most favorably zas a great fovorite full of gentlo mirits was a great lavore, 1 ind gentlo spirits, and a great energy. of kindness to all, and o a very sweet temper; but unless you had that she was a devout lover of this bebt of Friends."
"Then it is a fact, is it, that for three months you were in. the bouse with a lady whe professes to love this Friend more.than
father or mother, and that you never beard father or mother, and that
her mention his name?"
Sorrowfully she admitted that it was, and we parted with our bearts full of strange doubts.
Reader, that friend was Jesus, and this incident is true. Is it also true of you?American Messenger.

It may be Thodget by some of our boy readers that we are too strict in in variably forbidding the mention of fire-arms as articles of excliange. Let those who have have had this opinion listen to this heartrending incideut. A few days ago a lad who had earned the money to subscribe for Young People by sawing wood, patiently saving it till he had enough, went with a friend to mail the amount to Messss. Harper \& Brothers. The friend writes the same evening: "Fifteen minutes after Arthur and I reached home be was sfilled instantly -shot by his little brother who was playing with a loaded gun. His poor mother witnessed the fall of her child." The little brother did not mean to do this dreadful thing ; it was an accident ; but the memory of it will darken his whole life. It is a sare rule, boys, never, under any circumbtances, to medule with fire-arms or use them as playthings,-Harper's Young People.

## Question Corner.-No. 17.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS. beripture eniga.

With reverend hands they laid him to his Nor doubted but his wort on earth was o'er.
In life-the living had his power confest. In death-the death still greater witpess bore.

Fair wife, to thee no memory $\mathrm{g}^{\prime}$ er can of the dear Of the dear sacred atmoephere of home No childhood's hour (that gay unthinking time)
When young companions mixed their joys with thine.
Brother beloved-nor as a friend less dear How sad the hearts now lingering round thy bier.
But where is he, that loved and lookedfor guest,
Why came he not, $\theta^{\prime}$ er thou badst sunk to rest?

An only child, thino aged motber's joy, Thy father's hope-his bright, his promised boy.
Yet nol the dearest to that faithful breast,
Son of a king, and greater still than ho In pride of pomp, and real majesty;
Yet high above the splendors of thy throne .
Shines forth thy Sire's title-his alone.
Meek matron, wouldst thou seak from all to hido
The griefs that in thy patient heart abide? It may not be-speak out aloud thy woe,

## Then whisstul from

And didst thou think that thou coulds lightly sin,
And in the sinning not draw others in ? Couldst thou not see the bitter grief, the shame.
Eutailed on all the race that bears thy name?
NSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15 . 1. Solomon's temple, 1 Kings 6, 7.
2. Absiom. $2 \mathrm{Sam}, 18,9$,
 many th
27. is.
dav
4. Darld mourned

SCRIPIURE ENIGMA.


Correct answers have deen recelved from
Albert Jesse Freach.

NORTHENMESNENGER.


## SCHOLARS NOTES.

* 

(Froni Westminster Quesfion Book.) apparently liffless form. The cold waves had blanched her cheek, avid míatted ber chestnut hair, but as concipusinesis was re stored her eyes re-opened with a calm ligit in them of faith and :hope and love, that showed there had been no bitterness, in the: death that she had tasted ; and ghe came back to life with the name of her Saviour on her lips:
At this moment the watchers on the hills heard the valley ring, with such a shout from the multitude on the shore as showed the tension of their pent-up feëlings. But their joy was shortliyed. Whien urged to abjure her pyinciples, and tale the test, Margaret replied, "I may not, © c cannot, will not! Pam Christ's; let me go." "Margaret, Margaret!" cried her / iher "say, God save the king!?" his salvation I desire"
"She has said ft"" cried Wilspn." "she has said it! My precious bairn! ! P P : Windran would have sparediter on this expression of loyalty; but his comrade Grier of Lagg, crueller than "Black Wind ram," insisted on the oath, which her con science forbade.
The brave girl was thrust rudely back into the sea with the words of ber dying Saviour on herlips, "Father, inito Thy hands I commend my spirit."' Her body was found sadly changed when the tide went back, and was committed to rest; in the sure and certain hope of a blessal resurrection, in a corner of Wigton chbu, y yard.
It is not easy to decipher io much as her name to-day on her cruabling tombstone, all moss-grown and lichen-staiked as it is; but it is written on the hearts and memorie of young and old in her native land. A lady; not long since, searching for her grave in the old kirkyard at Wigton, had almos given it up in despair, when, a sunburnt barefoot boy led her to the spot, and said as he looked up, with mingled love and awe "See, ste was but a lassies, yot she died for the Covenant!" and then he helped her to nake out the following lines, half hidden by the protecting heather-
Let earth and stoue still witness beare, Ther lyes and ifgine martyr bere,
Murder' for owning Christ supreme.
 -Family Friond.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.
descriptions of tee piotures.





 9.-GOING TO SOB
very





## who can get these piotures?

Everybody who chooset to work for them I

Lessón XI.
pt. 14.1884 .1
arting for trie Consirt to Meagryve 2 i . dined walted pallently for the lorg, and be in
 rockr, pud astabilished my soting.
3. Ani he path put a peì oong le my mouth aven praisionntlo our Goitmany
rear and shail trust pailheitord
4. Blessed 'ts llanitrifan: that manketh the Lor as surys aside to tiles
5. Many O Lordi my Gad, are Lig woiderfu which are to us-ward $;$ they canno byy thougbts up in order. unto thee if I would déclare and bared.

- fi. Sacrifice and offaring thou difitt not destire mine earsig 7 abtering tast hou not require
 3. I dellitht to do thy will, O my dod; yea, thy
law is wichin my heart

0. 1.have preached righteousness in toe grea
 10: I have not hid
10: 'f have not bid thy richleousness withio hy salvation I have ioticoucealed thy lovint rindues
gation.
1. Wilnhold not thou thy tender mercies by truth continually prestrve me.
2. For lnnumerable evils hive compassed mo me, so that 1 am not able to look up. more than the hairs of mine head: tinerefore my earl falleth me.
3. Be pleased, o Lord, to deliver me: 0 Lord,
4. Let them be ashamed and confounded toghem be drlven backward and put to shame
inat wish me evil hat wish me ev
5. Let them be desolate for a réraud of their
hame that say unto me, Aha, aha.
6. Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be
glad luce; let such as love thy salvation say 17. But I am poor and magnifled.
7. But I am poor and needy: yet the Lord


## GOLDEN TEXI:

"1
40 . delight to do thy will, 0 my Gou."-Pe. HOME READINGS.
M. Pf. 40:1-17.....The Waillng Sufferer De-
T. Ps. 22:1.31......Cbrist's Complaint and
W. Hob. $10: 1-14 . \ldots$ Tbe One Oforing.
 Heb. 12:1-13....."Lest ye be wearled."

LeSSON PLAN.

1. Mercy Remembered. 2.Obedience Promised.
2. Confidence in Danger.

Tinne, Placeand Occasion unknown.- Written he was a hype.

LESSON NOTES.

## I. V. 1. I Waited pattentiy-"In waiting I


 and bis fathers answer to bis prayer in bring-
ing him up from the grave and exating him to
joy tory, are here described. V. 3 . OvR joy and glory, are here described. V. 3. OvR
GoD thus dentifying hismself with his people.
To Us-Waro-here the use of the plaral agaln shows the union of Christ and his people in suf-
fering and 1 t triumph. Rom. $8: 17$ Pnil. 1:20;
2 Tim. 2:11, 12. II.-V. 6. SAORI

Th.-V. 6. SAORIFIOE-a bloody offering. OF-
BURING-WIiLLout blood, as a peace-ofering. DURNT-oFrERING-one wholly conssumed Dy
ire. SIN-orrering-one mado to atone for sin ire SIN-orfering one mado to atone for sin.
Mhese four embrace all the kinds of. sacrifices
known to the Jewish law. V. 7 . Lo, I come-
 sin, he came to do the will of God by meelng
the demand of the law wy his obedlence unto
death. Phil. $2: 8$. (Compare Heb. $10: 7$. .) death. Phil. 2:8. (Compare Heb. 10: 7.)
IIL,-V. II. Wrmbond Not-a prayer or
Cbrist that God would give him suppori and de liverance in his sulnerings. V. 12 . EVILS Estif-


 with the sulfering Saviour a milited, crusbed, forsaiken, yet coundent in God, and assu
hesyili not leave him in his sufferings.

WHAT Have I LEARNED?

1. That God will hear the ory of those in dis.
2. That his mercies ghould be aoknompedge
and remembered vith gratitude aud pralise. 3. That we cannot be saved by our own obed ence or oferiage.
3. That Ohrlst by his obedlence uuito death
has purcnased full salvation for us. 5. That the mercy of God In the gilitiof Ohrist
Bhould till our hearts with joy and falth.

Sept. 21; 1881]
LESSON XII. A SONG OF' PRAISE:
Commit to Memory vs $1-5$.

1. Bless the Lord, o my soul; arad alt that is
pithln me, bless, his boly namep Withln

## hid Beneflus

W Who forgivethall thine snidiulios
heado forgiveth all th
Who crowhetheth theo with life from destruculon

16. The Lord (6écuteth: righteousness and Jugment for anlthat are oppressed.
7. He made known his ways unto Moses, hise
acts unto the children of isracl. 8. The Lord is nerif
8. The Lord is nierciful aind graclous, slow to 9. He will not always ghlde: nelluer will he 10. He hath pot deall with us after our sins; nor rewarced as according to our iniquities. 11. For as beaven is high above the carth, 50
great is his mercy to ward them that fear him. 12. As' far as the east is from the west, so far
uath he removed our trauswressions from us. 13. Liko as a father pitietil bis children, so lie Lord pllieth them that fear him.

## i4. For be knoweth

is. As for man, bis days aro as grass: as a
duverof hie detd, so ue tlouristuer 16. For the wind passeth over it. nod it is
gone, and the place thereor shall know it no goré.
miti
17.
17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upou them that faar bim,
and his rignteousuess tuto childron's children; 18. To suchas keep his covenant, and to those
that remember his commandments to do them. 19. The Lord bath prepared his throne in the 20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in harken.
21. Bless ye the Lord, all yo his hosts; ye min-
isters of his that do his pleasure. 22. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places
of his dominion; bless the Lord. 0 my.6oul. GOLDEN TEXT,
"Bless the
his benetits."-Pra, 0 my soul, and forget not all HOME READINGS,


WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. Tuat God is the giver of all my mercies
a. That God's goodness calls upon me for gra-
itide aud praise.
2. That God is ever ready to pardon the peni-

## 3. That Go tent slaner.

4. That his love for his children exceeds that
of the most tender and loving father.
5. That he will crown with everlasting glory
all who fear him "and "keep his covenant"
and "do his cominandmen
"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

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