



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVI., No. 2.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1881.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

RUNNING FROM TEMPTATION.

A TRUE STORY, BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

It was a long, hot walk for Jessie, nearly a mile, to Sabbath-school. She lived in the country, and could not get in to the village church every Sabbath, and she was only too glad to go to the little Sabbath-school in their district every week. And very likely she paid better attention to what she heard when she got there, because it did require some trouble to go so far and always be in time. Jessie's mother was very particular about the Sabbath-day. She never forgot how her own mother regarded it, and the first text she ever learned from that mother's lips: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

One day Jessie came in with a flushed face from Sabbath-school.

"I 'remembered!'" she said, going up to her mother with a pleased look.

"Remembered what, Jessie?"

"The Sabbath-day. I was going along Brier Lane, and I saw, oh! such nice blackberries. I could see some ripe ones, and I was sure there were some further down the little stream. I picked two or three, and was half tempted not to go to school, but stay and get berries. Then I knew that wouldn't do. But while I was saying my lesson I thought of the berries. Susie Boyd told me after school there were lots of ripe ones, and Milly Ford and Fanny were going to stop with her and get some. They wanted me to go too."

"What did you tell them, then?"

"I said I couldn't stop on Sunday. I walked along with them until I came in sight of the berries, and then I shut my eyes and ran, just peeping out a little to keep from falling, till I was past the lane, and then I walked on fast, and every step was lighter and lighter all the way home."

"That is worth a great deal to me," said Jessie's mother tenderly.

"To-morrow I will take you over to your Uncle Arthur's and Walter and Harry and Daisy, and you shall go blackberrying, and have a little picnic besides. And I am sure the berries will taste much sweeter to you than they would have done to-day."

"I know they will," said Jessie. "And it's just as easy when I shut my eyes and keep saying 'No, no,' to myself."

"It would be a blessed thing if every person when tempted to do wrong, would

shut their eyes and run from the temptation. It is easy, at first, to do that, but if one begins to go in a wrong path, saying 'Just this time,' instead of 'No, no,' they will find it grow harder and harder, and their way, too, instead of becoming 'lighter' at every step, will grow darker all the dreary way. We should always remember who it was that taught us to ask, 'Lead us not into temptation.' He is able to keep all who look to

a visit he made to the Bahama Islands, a shower of rain unexpectedly fell. Such an occurrence is very rare at the Islands except during the rainy season, and is regarded with great dread by the natives, who as rapidly as possible seek the nearest shelter.

On this occasion, a little colored boy was caught in a shower at a distance from home, and having no place to go to for protection, crept under a bush that was near. Its fol-

to his home. Dr. Hodge was requested to attend his funeral. The circumstances of his singular death excited his curiosity and he wished to learn something more about the fatal poison-bush. An aged negro told him that it grew abundantly upon the island, but that by its side there always grew another bush which was its antidote; and that if the little boy had known it, and had rubbed himself with the leaves of the healing bush, the poison would have done him no harm.

What an illustration is this of the sad fate of those who have been poisoned by sin, and know not how to escape from its dreadful consequences. But for this fatal poison there is a sure remedy, provided by the same God who placed the antidote beside the poison bush. The Cross of Christ is the Tree of Life. Let the suffering and the dying come to that and they shall be saved, for "its leaves are for the healing of the nations."—*Christian Weekly.*

NEVER FORGET ANY THING.

Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfulness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginning business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an excuse more than once or twice.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were afterward of great use to him; namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," enquired the young man, "suppose I lose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not lose it."

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"—*Selected.*

How many a Christian is spending in what is sheer luxury and ostentation an amount that would confer countless blessings on the heathen world. Surely we are "playing at missions."



BERTRAND FELL EXHAUSTED ON THE SHORE. (See fifth page).

Him, and lead their feet in a safe and happy way.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE POISON-BUSH.

BY ELIOT.

At a Sabbath-school Anniversary in Brooklyn some years since, Rev. Dr. Hodge related the following interesting fact. During

age, however, was not dense enough to keep him from the rain, and he was wet by the water trickling through the leaves. Unfortunately for him, the bush was a poison-bush, and the water falling on the leaves caused the poison to strike into his little limbs, so that in a short time he was dead.

After the shower he was found and carried

ion for any such occurrence. You must not lose it!"—*Selected.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TOM'S MAXIM.

"So you and Tom Wilson are soon going to be married, Alice? Well, I'm glad to hear it, and I hope you will be happy; but take my advice—keep on with your own work, and have your own money. Don't have to go to him for every sixpence you want."

"But Tom won't hear of it, Lina. He says I shall have quite enough to do to keep the house clean and cook the meals, and he shall earn money enough to pay for them; he says he never thought of getting married until he could get enough to keep his wife."

"Ah, that's all very fine, Alice, and just for a week or two you'll have it all your own way; but wait till the novelty's worn off, and you will find he'll grumble every time you want a new pair of boots or a yard of ribbon. No, you have a good business at your fingers' ends. Don't give it up, or you'll be sorry; and just tell Tom straight out that you will have your own money the next time you see him."

"Well, I'll speak to him about it; but he won't like it, I'm sure."

Caroline and Alice were orphan sisters. The elder had been married some years. Her husband was a clever, steady workman, who earned plenty of money, which, however, he was rather too fond of spending on himself. His wife, who did not like being constantly stunted and complained of as extravagant—which she certainly was not—soon after their marriage returned to her own business, and worked whenever she could. They had three little children, who were "minded" by a neighbor's child, but the result was not always satisfactory.

Tom Wilson worked for the same firm, and had long been a friend of William Harris, Caroline's husband. It was in their house he had met Alice, who often spent the evening with her sister. Tom would be there too, and would walk home with her to the house of business at which she was employed; and so they fell in love with each other. Alice was a pretty, sweet-tempered girl, but rather too easily guided, and her elder sister thought it but right to give her a lesson from her own married life, which was a great mistake, as Tom's ideas on the subject did not coincide at all with William's, and so poor Alice was troubled with doubts and fears which were quite unnecessary. On the evening of the day when Alice had promised to speak to Tom, he and William were walking home together.

"Come in with me for an hour or two, Tom; then we can go down to the club together."

"I will come in, but I hope to see Alice to-night, so can't go with you to the club."

They entered a house as he spoke and went upstairs to William's home—three nice large rooms on the second floor of an old-fashioned house, which had once been described as "a genteel family residence," but was now let out to working people in floors. How cheerless and un-homelike the sitting-room looked! Tom had lived in lodgings alone for several years, and he had visions of a happy home, where plenty and comfort reigned supreme, of a bright fire-side, and a cheerful, loving wife waiting to welcome him.

He looked at his friend's home and shuddered. The remains of the dinner lay on the table, the fire was out, the fireplace untidy; the two eldest children, with dirty faces quarrelling on the floor, the baby whining hungrily on the girl's lap, who, busy reading some worthless book, took no notice of its cries.

"Where's your mistress?" demanded William, sharply.

The girl started up in confusion, knocking the baby's head, who thereupon howled dismally.

"Please, sir, missus sent in to say I was to get tea and put the children to bed; she's got to stay late, and won't be home till nine."

"What a nuisance! Well, get tea then, and be quick about it. Here, give baby to me." And he took the little fellow, and fed and soothed him; for he really loved his children, and could not bear to hear them cry.

The tea was weak and smoky, and the children, neglected and spoiled, by turns, quarrelled and clamored all the time, to Tom's great discomfort.

"Father, speak to Johnny; he's pinching my doll," shrieked little Lina.

"Lina's making faces at baby, father; she's

been doing that all day," presently retorted Johnny.

"Take these children to bed; I can't bear their noise any longer," at last said their father, in despair.

After many objections and some scuffling on their part, and threats on their father's, they were at last hustled into their bedroom, whence presently arose muffled screams, as Johnny refused to take his boots off, and Lina persisted in going to bed without being washed. At this moment Alice arrived.

She felt mortified to see Tom sitting there, nursing baby, in the midst of all this dirt and confusion; she could not help seeing that this would not make married life appear very attractive to him. She therefore quickly set to work to tidy the place and quiet the children, and Tom watched her about and thought what a clever wife she would make.

"Well, as you're here, Alice, I'll just step out for a little while. You'll stay till Lina comes home? Yes—well, you're not alone, you know." And with a sly look William departed, only too glad to leave his cheerless home; and before he returned he had spent more than Lina had earned all day, including her extra two hours' work. Meanwhile Tom waited quietly until Alice had finished her work and the little maid had gone home, and then he drew Alice close to him, and taking her hand said in a kind but very serious tone—"Alice, my girl, this wouldn't suit me."

"No, Tom, I know; but you see it isn't always so. Lina was late to-night, and—"

Alice nearly cried with vexation. "I know, Alice. No offence to your sister, but trust me, a married woman's place is in her home. My maxim is this: it is the man's place to earn money, and the woman's to spend it; and what she earns out at work is worse than wasted, for her home goes to rack and ruin and everybody in it is miserable. Come, Alice, we'll hear no more about you working; I can earn enough to give us home, and food, and clothes, and a holiday now and then. Trust me, Alice, I will not keep you short, you shall have all my money—I know you are not the girl to waste it; and when you find me unable or unwilling to work for my wife, it will be time enough for her to begin working for herself. Now, isn't that a fair bargain?"

Alice thought it was, and agreed to it, and then it was sealed—never mind how; and for the next half-hour—but there, I dislike telling tales. Only I will just say that when Lina came in, tired and cross, she remarked that they looked very comfortable.—*British Workman.*

A CHEAP GREENERY.

Every one who has had any experience with window plants in winter knows there are several difficulties to be encountered, and that it is very difficult, nay, impossible, to make plants grow in a window with the same thrift and vigor that they show in a greenhouse.

These difficulties arise chiefly from the excessively dry air of most dwellings; from the dust incident to the frequent sweeping of the same; from the insects which infest plants which can not be smoked and showered frequently, and from the imperfect supply of sunlight which a window affords.

A greenhouse avoids these difficulties, but requires an outlay of money and a devotion of time beyond the reach of many lovers of flowers, who yet would be able to spend a few dollars to erect and stock such a greenery as I propose to describe, and who could easily devote the few hours each week which its care would require.

The situation for a greenery should be the south or southeast side of the parlor, or dining-room, or study—some room that is well warmed, whether by a furnace or stove, and that has a southern window reaching nearly to the floor, through which one can easily step out of the house into the greenery.

Get some sash made at the sash factory, that will inclose a space 3x4 feet and 7 feet high, with a glass roof and sides, provided there is no danger of icicles falling on it, in which case the roof should be made of matched boards. These sashes should be made to fit exactly, and are best fastened in place by hooks upon the inside, the joints being made tight by a lining of list or India-rubber. This style of construction admits the removal of the whole thing in May, when the glass can be replaced by an awning, and the plants removed to their summer quarters in a half-shady garden.

The floor is best made of hard pine or spruce boards, with a hole in the lowest side to drain off water after showering the plants. Curtains will be needed to draw down behind the plants in cold nights, to keep out frost, and in very severe nights a large kerosene lamp placed on the floor and allowed to burn all night will assist surprisingly in keeping the desired warmth.

When the house is undergoing a sweeping, or when the greenery has to be smoked to kill insects the window opening into the house is closed, tightly; at all other times it is kept open and gives all the ventilation required for the plants.

The plants in a greenery of this kind should be freely showered every day, which will soften the harsh effect of the very dry air of most of our dwelling houses; they should also get a good smoking with tobacco stems, burned in an inverted pot, once a week; and, after the smoking, a good showering.

If it is desirable to have a much larger space than this for a greenery it will be found necessary to provide heating apparatus. This is always troublesome and expensive; but if the dwelling house is heated by steam or hot water it can be arranged very easily, and sometimes a pipe from an ordinary hot-air furnace can be carried into a greenery from a house cellar. Wherever artificial heat, however, is supplied in this way a good deal of care will be needed to avoid too hot and dry an atmosphere, which is injurious to vegetation. To winter the common kinds of greenhouse plants, not tropical in their nature, a damp temperature and uniform atmosphere is needed, the thermometer ranging from 40 degrees to 55 degrees by night, and from 60 degrees to 75 degrees by day.

Any one will probably be able to choose such plants as will best suit his own taste in filling up a greenery of this sort. I will only say, by way of advice, avoid all tropical or stove plants and such as have a very delicate character. The following are general favorites, and will be almost sure to give satisfaction: Calla lilies, heliotrope, geraniums, oranges, carnations, violets, roses, jessamine, ivy, smilax, cyclamen, bouvardia, azalia, daphne odora, camellia, and many others. Such delicate things as the heaths, and all tropical or stove plants, should be avoided, as their requirements are beyond the conditions of so simple a greenery, and disappointment will surely follow placing them therein.—*American Cultivator.*

HOUSEHOLD PERILS.

Under this head the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* names several dangerous substances which find their way into households. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care. Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleansing gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, &c. The liquids are highly volatile and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into a room in considerable quantity. In view of the great hazard of handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is a very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists. An incident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstances causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at the present time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The vials holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, &c., and rubber stoppers to the vials should be used.

Oxalic acid is employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost.

Every agent which goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe place, and labelled properly and used with care.

APPLE SNOW.—Stew some apples till tender; sweeten to taste; mash them up, and place them in the centre of a dish; round and over them place a layer of boiled rice, dry; whisk the whites of three or four eggs until quite light and frothy; cover the whole with this froth; sprinkle over it powdered sugar coloring a little of it with cochineal.

PUZZLES.

TEN WRITERS OF FICTION.

James brought his cot to the fire, and on it laid baby Dick. Ensigns Johnson and Trumbull were here on account of the thaw. Thornesby might have found his walk to Hebron, ten miles or more, disagreeable, had it not been for the co-operation of the farmers along the way. These he repaid with gold. Smith's horse took him safely to the postern entrance of the city. Here he met three couples starting for a stroll. Opening his eyes in wonder at this spectacle, he followed them to the water's edge. Worth all the struggle he had endured was the grand panorama of nature now spread out before him.

UNDERGROUND RIVERS.

1. Oh! I owe that man a dollar.
2. You will find us at the post-office.
3. It was a company of soldiers.
4. Is ever not a long time?
5. Well, De Kalb, any more soldiers?
6. No rangers were to be seen in the distance.
7. The whole nation is in a disturbed state of affairs.
8. "You must come and see me to-morrow or else I never will speak with you again," spoke Effie, in an angry tone.

CHARADE.

My first possession does imply,
A number for my second try;
My whole to press does signify,
You'll find it if your wits you'll ply.

WORD CHANGE.

I am a beautiful tree when entire,
Behead, and unburned, I often hold fire;
Replace my head, curtail—and then trans-
pose
And I give voice to the heart's loves, joys
and woes;
Transpose, and I'm heard 'mid the din of
strife,
Where sabre and ball are searching for life;
Beheaded I'm a hue that ne'er was seen,
In blooming flower or in forest green;
Transpose, I am a river broad and free
That through Italian valleys seeks the sea;
Changed again, I'm a city that stands
On the borders of Africa's arid sands;
Now change me to a baby's name, that will
Beheaded remain a baby's name still.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a sly animal, and leave a useful one.
Behead a fish, and leave an interjection.
Behead glassy, and leave an Egyptian vegetable.
Behead an article of clothing, and leave an animal.
Behead a verb, and leave yes.

CHARADE.

"The sage who lit a candle in the day,"
Was looking for my first;
And ever since prim maidens gray,
'Tis said keep up the search.
When true and good, the noblest thing
By the Creator made,
My first walks forth, all nature's king,
In conscious power arrayed.

Where graceful palms in Eastern lands
Their grateful shadow fling,
And oases' mid scorching sands
Tell of the welcome spring;
'Tis there we're told my second grows,
In bunches rich and fair;
No child its pleasant taste but knows,
Though few have seen it there.

My whole by the monarch is spoken,
And quickly the soldiers obey;
They heed not the hearts that are broken,
The mothers in anguish who pray.
The city with weeping is wild,
Though tears 'gainst my whole are in vain;
Each mother laments for her child,
With Bethlehem's innocent slain.

BERTRAND THE VRAIC-GATHERER.

CHAPTER II.—VRAICKING TIME.

Although a great impression had been made on Bertrand, it did not result in his acting rightly. He ought to have told his father what he had done, for he had sinned against him as well as against God. He certainly had never possessed a shilling that gave him the annoyance this one did. Since the day he received it from his father, it had lain in a little white-wood box in his chest among his clothes. What he wanted money so much for was to have enough to buy some fowls of his own. Ned Lane had told him that he would sell him his for five shillings, and Bertrand longed to possess some hens, for he thought he could sell the eggs and soon make money. He had heard of many people who now were rich who had begun upon eggs.

He knew quite well that it was wrong to have taken that shilling; that it was stealing, and stealing of the worst kind, for it was taking money that had been given to God.

The August days came to an end, and in September the weather was splendid. The farmers all rejoiced, for they predicted that it would be fine weather for the vraicking.

Ned Lane had been brought up in England, and had never seen the vraicking.

'How often do you have it?' he asked Bertrand one day, when they had been talking for some time about the hens.

'Twice a-year is 'racking time,' replied Bertrand, pronouncing the word as the Jersey people do; 'in spring and autumn.'

'Curious kind of stuff, isn't it?' asked Ned, as they leant over the sea-wall watching the tide coming up. 'Is it all that yellowish-brown kind of seaweed you see on the rocks over there?'

'And can any one go?'

'Yes; and we can never cut it except on the days appointed by the States, in March and September, for a fortnight.'

'Oh yes, at those times they can.'

'Why not at other times?' asked Ned.

'Because in spring and autumn tis ripe, and better for the ground.'

'Fancy its being valuable! I heard the other day that it was,' remarked Ned.

'Yes; the farmers think a good deal of it. You see, in spring we generally put it on wet and

in the autumn we dry it and burn it, and then put the ashes on the ground.'

'Father uses some dark stuff for the fire, but I did not know it was vraic.'

'I suppose you have never seen it before,' said Bertrand.

'No. Do you get plenty of it?'

'Oh, yes. La Rocque is a fine place for it. All those rocks, when the tide is out, are mostly covered with vraic.'

Of course Farmer Hibert made the most of the season, going out every day with the tide, taking Bertrand with him, and often returning very late.

'Father, when you were out to-day the new clergyman called,' said Jeanne.

'Ah! and how is the good gentleman?' asked Farmer Hibert.

'Very well,' answered the farmer's wife. He says that on Sunday week there's to be a missionary sermon.'

Bertrand at the words was bending over the table, and he lowered his head and turned away from his supper.

'I remember last year you liked it so much, Bertrand, and the same gentleman is coming again,' continued Mrs. Hibert. 'And Mr. Esnel told me that the mis-

he has run away in this fashion.'

'I haven't noticed anything of it,' said the farmer. 'Perhaps he has not gone to bed, and will be coming back.'

But the mother's eyes were more observant, and though she said no more she wondered to herself what could be the matter with Bertrand. She might indeed wonder, for all her guessing would never have resulted in her finding out the real cause.

CHAPTER III.—THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

Bertrand lay awake for some time that night. He was in a tangle of perplexity, and very miserable. If he had only had the courage to go to his father and tell him all his trouble, matters would have mended. It was not that his father was severe, for that he rarely was, but Bertrand was ashamed of what he had done and shrank from the further shame of having to confess it. Then, too, he forgot one thing—he forgot to ask God to help him in his difficulty. He puzzled his brains to find some way out of it; he thought and thought and at last he hit upon an expedient which he thought would serve his purpose. He had now quite resolved to put back a shilling into the missionary-box if only he could get one. The same shilling he had taken he could not put back, for he had spent it, but if his plan succeeded he would be able to give not a shilling only, but more. The next morning early he went to his father.

'Father I want to ask something,' he said.

Farmer Hibert was standing at the sea wall, looking at the splendid sunrise away in the east, and the flood of light that was poured over the shining sea and the rippling waters.

'Well, my boy, what is it?' asked the farmer.

'May I go out vraicking, father?'

'I can't go with you, my foot is too bad,' answered the farmer. 'I've suffered such pain all night that I could hardly sleep.'

'But alone, father—may I go alone?'

'Well, yes, if you will be careful. But there's really no need, for we've got vraic enough for all we're likely to want.'

'Yes, but father, I wanted to know if I might sell it for myself.'

'Oh, that's it!' said the farmer, smiling. 'Very well, yes; you're a pretty good boy, Bertrand, and never give me trouble, and you deserve a little reward.'



BERTRAND ILL AT EASE.

The evening before the last day of the season came, and as the tired farmer sat with his wife by the kitchen fire he said he did not think he should go on the morrow.

'Why not, father?' asked Jeanne.

'I have hurt my foot, dear! I sprained it a little getting out of the boat to-day; and besides, I have got enough vraic, quite as much as we shall use for our land. We've worked hard; haven't we, Bertrand?'

'Yes father,' said Bertrand, contemplating his great high boots, which were drying at a little distance from the fire.

missionary-boxes will be opened next Sunday, and—'

Without saying good night to any one Bertrand rose from his seat and ran out of the room, not even waiting to hear the end of his mother's sentence. Up the wide, low stair-case, two stairs at a time, he rushed, to his bedroom.

'Dear me! what can be the matter with Bertrand?' said Marie. 'How quickly he went off! And he looked so queer!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Hibert; 'I can't make out what has come to the boy lately. He is not the same as he used to be, and several times

Bertrand's cheeks flushed as he heard his father's words of praise, and thought how that fond heart would ache if he really knew how he had acted.

Farmer Hibert concluded,—

'Get the vrac, and sell it, and keep the money. There now, be off, and get the boat ready.'

The day was a lovely one, and Bertrand, after a hurried breakfast, took some bread and cheese with him and went out with the high tide. He rowed far out and then waited in the boat until the tide had gone down and he was able to get out and cut the vrac with the large kind of reaping-hook he had brought with him. He worked very hard. Above him was the blue sky, in which there was not a single cloud, and around him the rocks, covered in many places with the heavy vrac, and others on which lichens, black and golden, grew plentifully. There were seaweeds, too, of all colors; every shade of brown and green, and some nearly black, growing in clusters or tufts, and lining the little pools.

At last he had got a large quantity, the boat three-quarters full, but he thought he might get a little more. If only he could make some money! The very idea was so delightful that his heart beat quickly at the thought. Then he remembered how his father had cautioned him over and over again against filling the boat too full, boats through being overladen had been swamped, and more than once lives lost as well. But he would not heed the unpleasant thought, and went on loading the boat with the heavy seaweed. At last he had quite done his work. The tide was flowing fast, and flinging the reaping-hook on the top of the seaweed he got into the bow of the boat.

The rising waves lifted her gently off the strand, and when once afloat Bertrand began to row, but he had gone scarcely a dozen yards when, in a way that seemed quite extraordinary to Bertrand, who was not on the alert, the boat went quietly down, and sank in deep water.

Bertrand by a great effort freed himself from the boat and rose to the surface. In an instant all his past life seemed unrolled before him. He seemed to remember every action, right or wrong, that he had ever done; every word that he had spoken, every scene that he had taken part in, and above all, the sin that so easily beset

him—coveting love of gain; for had not his overloading the boat, so as to get more money, been the cause of swamping?

While he thought thus he was struggling hard among the floating masses of seaweed that entangled him. But he was very strong and a good swimmer, and at last freed himself and struck out boldly for the land, which he reached, and fell exhausted on the shore.

His cries for help were heard by some vrac gatherers, but when they carried the wet and dripping body of the lad into the great kitchen of Ferme-du-Roi there was no sign of life about it. Hap-

had been that had brought him to it. Conscience was speaking very clearly to him, and Bertrand listened, humbled and repentant.

Dressing himself quickly he went downstairs. His mother was not down yet, Jeanne was helping her upstairs; only Farmer Hibert, who always was an early riser, was in the open doorway.

'Father,' said Bertrand, 'I want to tell you—'

'Ah my boy, don't go over it all again; you told me last night about the boat sinking, and of how nearly you were lost,—don't tell it again, for it was my fault letting you go alone, and it makes

fault; I overloaded the boat because I wanted more money.'

And as Bertrand stood by his father's side in the doorway he told him everything. He kept nothing back; all about the boat, the cheating the missionary-box, and the shilling, all was told. His father said he must tell Mr. Esnel about it, and Bertrand, too, felt that it must be done.

Much bitter pain had Bertrand to suffer, much shame and remorse, for the sins he now saw in their true light. But the pain was the godly sorrow that worketh repentance, and it helped to change Bertrand's character very much. He determined to be watchful, and, God helping him, never to forget that the love of gain had led him to sin against truth and honesty, and how very nearly it had cost him his life.

L. E. D.

PRIDE.

Prov. xii. 16-19: "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are abomination unto him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

Prov. xiii. 10: "Only by pride cometh contention, but with the well-advised is wisdom."

Prov. xxi. 24: "Proud and haughty scorner is his name, who dealeth in proud wrath."

Prov. xi. 2: "When pride cometh then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom."

Prov. xvi. 18: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

Prov. xviii. 12: "Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility."

Prov. xxix. 23: "A man's pride shall bring him low; but honor shall uphold the humble in spirit."

Luke i. 5: "He that shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts."

Matt. xxiii. 12: "And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."—*The Christian*.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."



"BERTRAND TURNED AWAY FROM HIS SUPPER."

pily, after much rubbing with hot towels, breath and life returned, and Bertrand was carried to bed and nursed by his mother and the doctor, who had been sent for, and by the next morning was not much the worse for the accident. The boat had been recovered, and as Bertrand looked out of his bedroom window he caught sight of it stranded on the shingle. The sight recalled all that had passed the day before.

Never could he forget those few moments of agony when he was so near death; never could he lose the remembrance of what it

me feel so bad.'

'But father, I—'

'Ah, my boy,' interrupted the farmer, 'it was terrible to think I had so nearly lost you!' and as Bertrand looked up, he saw tears in his father's eyes. That touched him more than anything. He loved his father dearly, and the thought that he had caused him so much sorrow made him strong to confess all.

'Father, don't blame yourself about letting me go alone. You know I've been before alone when I was only a little lad, and I know the sea well. It was my

will breathe by means of a wonderful apparatus called gills, so that really a baby frog is a fish."

"Oh, I know what a fish's gills are! They are made to draw oxygen from the water, so the fish can breathe, papa said; but I don't know what oxygen is," interrupted Daisy.

Nell continued her lesson, well pleased that Daisy was interested.

"After awhile you will discover a pair of hind legs forming, then a pair of front ones. The creature will soon cease to be a tadpole. You won't see the long tail drop off, but will observe it grow less and less as it is absorbed into the animal system. The mouth will grow wider, until it reaches the size you see in a fully-developed frog."

"But, as you know, gills are an apparatus for obtaining oxygen from water, and as our frog intends to spend the greater part of his time upon land, he will need a pair of lungs. Accordingly lungs are gradually formed, and then our froggie can 'a-woooing go,' if he chooses."

"How queer! I didn't know there were so many funny things about a frog," observed Daisy.

"Yes, a frog is a wonderful little fellow, and I like to study him. Come, and I will show you a splendid green croaker we captured this morning. I put him in this glass-jar and supplied him with food, so I could watch him. I will let him out by-and-by."

"Oh, Nell, he is choking! See how he opens his mouth and gasps!"

"He is only swallowing air. See how firmly he shuts his mouth now. That is to keep the air from escaping and force it into his lungs. He has no ribs, as we have, to keep his lungs distended, and so has to work very hard in keeping them filled with air. Should anything hold his mouth open very long, he would suffocate."

"A frog absorbs some air through his skin, however, and he has the faculty of imbibing a quantity of water through his skin, equal in amount to his whole weight. Sometimes, if suddenly frightened, he will eject a large quantity of water from his body. It is clear and pure, though people used to think it poisonous."

"I saw him catch an ant then, Nell. He darted out his tongue quick as a flash."

"Yes; his tongue is a wonderful instrument. He sits perfectly quiet and the poor ants never suspect anything until they are struggling on the tip of his tongue. When he is through his meal, his tongue is doubled over so the tip is at the back."

"You would never guess, Daisy, that a frog has teeth, but he has eighty of them; but no one knows what they are for, as the frog does not chew his food, and the teeth are in an undeveloped state."

"One of the most singular things about a frog is his gymnastic performances. He has a short, thick-set spine, and is possessed of great muscular strength. I have read that a frog is capable of leaping fifty times its length at one jump, and that if a man had equal muscular power he could clear three hundred feet at a bound, or leap over a wall one hundred feet high."

"I guess Jack would like to change into a frog a little while, he loves to jump so well," said Daisy, looking upon the croaker with a sudden respect.

"You are mistaken, Daisy, in thinking that frogs and toads can live for a long period without food or air. It has been proven by very thorough experiments, that when all supplies were cut off they would die."

"Toads, and frogs also, have been found in very curious places, but there must have been some small way for air, and moisture, and tiny insects to reach them, or they could not possibly have existed for the length of time they are said to have done."

"Under favorable circumstances, frogs have been known to reach the comfortable age of fifty years, which I think is quite long enough for a frog to live. I must tell you what a funny thing used to be done in some parts of Great Britain."

"The people in those places had great faith in the healing properties of the frog, and when a baby had a sore mouth, its mother would procure a live frog, and holding it by its hind legs, thrust it, struggling and squirming, into the baby's mouth."

"Oh, dear! how thankful I am that we have a sensible mamma!" observed Daisy. "I'll try and remember everything you have told me, Nell," she said, as she returned to her doll.—*Golden Days.*

WAS HE IN HIS RIGHT MIND?

BY JULIA SARGENT VISHER.

A wise old man had two sons who loved to be idle and were yet very anxious to be rich.

On his deathbed he called them to him and, with many pauses for breath, he feebly said:

"My boys, I have worked all my life, and now that I have come to die, it is pleasant to be able to leave to my sons a treasure. It is buried in yonder vineyard which you will now own. Dig and you will find the hidden treasure. Take it, divide it equally between you and be happy."

The young men listened closely to his words, but the oldest said: "Dear father, you have not told us in what spot of the vineyard we shall find the treasure."

It was too late. The father seemed unable to speak. He looked earnestly into the faces of his sons, and soon his painful breathing ceased forever.

When the funeral was over, the two young men started for the vineyard. It was winter and the ground quite stiff with frost. They could only search carefully the entire field to see if any mark would show the spot which held the treasure. In order to do this they were frequently obliged to cut back the neglected vines, that they might clearly see the ground. The vineyard was quite large, and in former years had flourished. But since the old man had become too feeble for its care, his idle sons had left it to itself, not thinking it "worth the trouble."

Soon spring came, and the eager sons were quickly on the ground with spade and shovel.

They began work in a neglected corner strewn with stones. Every stone was upturned, tossed over the fence in fact, that they might not fail to know under which of the whole they had still to look for the hidden treasure.

"Whew! but isn't this work? But we must dig deep; for our father was too careful to hide money where a foot might kick it up," said Harry, as they worked.

But the corner was cleared of every stone and weed without revealing the object of their search.

"Where shall we try next, John?" said the younger son, as between hope and discouragement he leaned upon his spade.

"Don't you know how often father used to be in the south side of the field? I believe the treasure is there."

And so they went to work again throwing up and breaking in pieces every clod in this part of the vineyard. But it was in vain.

It was now twilight, and they were ready enough to pause in the work, to begin the next morning in a spot where John now remembered to have seen his father only a week before he took to his bed.

They worked here with new zeal; but it soon gave way to discouragement. But they could not make up their minds to give up the search as hopeless. Much as they disliked to work to earn money, it was quite another thing to work to find it. And work they did; but when every clod in the vineyard had been beaten to pieces, and they had searched about the roots of every vine, they could clearly search no more.

"Who would have thought our father was out of his head, when he spoke so like himself?" said John.

"Of course he was," said Harry, "and we may as well give up this business."

Neither son entered the vineyard again for months. It had borne so little in previous years that they thought nothing of the crop until they passed that way at nearly harvest time. Then they saw that the vines which they had accidentally pruned and dug about so faithfully, were fairly loaded with fine grapes. They did not realize the abundance of the crop until it was sold.

On their way home from market, both John and Harry seemed to have more thinking to do than talking.

But when they reached the vineyard and sat down to count the gold once more, John said:

"Do you know I wondered at the first why father should have buried a treasure in the field, when he never seemed afraid of thieves. I wonder if he meant the money we got for the grapes."

"I suppose he knew we were so contemptibly lazy, that we should never dig the field unless he set some trap," Harry answered.

"Dear old man, I guess his mind was sound enough when he said there was a treasure buried in the field. Say, Harry, it will pay us to dig for it again next year."

So they did, and the fertile, well-tilled field furnished its diligent young owners a treasure every year, which, as their father had bade them, they divided equally, and were prosperous and happy.—*Church and Home.*

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a plantation not far from Guildford. This house nobody would ever take, because it was haunted and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark. Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself *cap-a-pie*, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms. Shortly he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again. The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, were coming up-stairs. At last the thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and listening, his heart, too, chimed in with the tune pit, pat, rather faster than it was wont to do. He flung open the door—hurry, skurry, bang; something went down-stairs with a tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard! This was enough for one night. The next night our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches. Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat. When the noise was close to his ambush, he scraped his match and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant. And what did he see? Only a rabbit, which stood on his hind legs as much astonished as was the sentry! Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, which disappeared downstairs quicker than he came up. The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind feet hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to the other. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue as to the cause of the ghost. He got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit-pies made of the ghosts' bodies into the bargain.—*Buckland.*

EAST LONDON.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green, And the pale weaver, through his window seen In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited; I met a preacher there I knew, and said: "Ill and o'er-worked, how fare you in this scene?" "Bravely!" said he, "for I of late have been Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, the living bread." O human soul! so long as thou canst so Set up a mark of everlasting light, Above the howling senses' ebb and flow, To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam, Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night! Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WATCH DOG.—A thief, who had broke into the shop of Cellini, the Florentine artist, and was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at some jewels, was arrested in his progress by a dog, against whom he found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bedclothes, and pulling them alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before; but the men would not follow him, and at last locked their door. The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs; he could not find the villain in the shop, but immediately rushing into the street, came up with him,

and tearing off his cloak, would have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighborhood, and begged they would assist him against a mad dog; the tailors believing him, came to his assistance, and compelled the poor animal to retire.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

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

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. Fire from heaven fell and consumed two companies of soldiers. Who were these soldiers and who called down the fire?
14. At whose command did iron float on water?
15. What man was supplied with his daily food by birds of prey?
16. Why was he fed in this way?
17. Bitter waters were made sweet by the branch of a tree. What waters were these?
18. Prison doors opened of themselves, and chained prisoners were set free. Who were these prisoners?
19. A boy, sent with some bread and parched corn to his brothers, was the means of deciding a battle in favor of his country. Who was the boy and what did he do?
20. What three young men walked in the midst of a fire without having even their clothes singed?
21. Deep darkness overspread a land for three days, but in some dwellings there was light. Where was this?
22. Who said, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food"?
23. To whom did Jesus relate the parable of the Good Samaritan?
24. Who says "He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love"?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A twin son of one of the patriarchs.
2. The youngest son of his twin brother.
3. The most ancient of the prophets, whose prophecy, though not included in Scripture canon, is recorded in one of the epistles of the New Testament.
4. A town in Galilee where Jesus spent the days of His youth.
5. A village where He revealed Himself to two of His disciples on the evening after His resurrection.
- 6-7. The father and mother of John the Baptist.
8. The ancient name of the place where dwelt Joseph, in whose tomb our Lord was buried.

These initials form the name of a memorial stone raised by Samuel in commemoration of a signal victory over the enemy at Mizpah.—*E. S. J., in Franconia, N. H.*

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 24.

277. Joshua and Judges; they give the account of the entrance and establishment of the Children of Israel in the promised land.
278. Acts of the Apostles supposed to have been written by Luke; and first, second and third Epistles and the Revelation by John.
279. Fire from the Lord devoured them, Lev. x. 1, 2.
280. He held his peace, Lev. x. 3.
281. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good, 1 Sam. iii. 18.
282. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord, Job i. 21.
283. Sixteen.
284. The Book of the prophet Jeremiah, and The Lamentations of Jeremiah.
285. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel.
286. Samuel, 1 Sam. ix. 27.
287. Nathan, 2 Sam. xii, and Gad, 2 Sam. xxiv.
288. Malachi; concerning John the Baptist, Mal. iv. 5, 6.

ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Bethany, Emmaus, Tiberias, Hermon, Lebanon, Ebal, Hebrew, Ephesus, Melita.—*Bethlehem.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- To No. 21—Helen Cranston, 12 ac; Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Edward B. Craig, 9 ac; Emerson Bull, ac.
To No. 23—Edward B. Craig, 12; Edward Phoenix, 12; Helen Cranston, 12; William C. Wickham, 12; Andrew Paterson, 12; Isabella S. Barr, 12; Mary Jane Brown, 12; R. Douglas, 12.

