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## 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 ton 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 go ing along Brier Lane, and I saw, oh! such nice blackberries. 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 / Him, and lead their feet in a safe and happy

 the berries will taste much sweeter to you way.-Youth's Temperance Banner. 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 wory lyn some years since, Rev. Dr. Hodge reperson when tempted to do wrong, would lated the following interesting fact. During

THE POISON-BUSH.

## by eliot.

BY ELIOT.
At a Sabbath-school Anniversary in Brook-
bertrand fell exhausted on the shore. (See fifth page).

shat 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, in stead of becoming 'lighter' at every step,
will grow darker all the dreary way. We will grow darker all the dreary way. We thatd always remember who it was that taught us to ask, 'Lead us not into tempta-
tion.' He is able to keep all who look to
age, however, was not dense enough to keep him from the rain, and he was wet by the water trickling thruogh 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.
a visit he made to the Bahama Islands, a to his home. Dr. Hodge was requested to shower of rain unexpectedly fell. Such an attend his funeral. The circumstances of occurrence is very rare at the Islands except his singular death excited his curiosity and during the rainy season, and is regarded he wished to learn something more about with great dread by the natives, who as the fatal poison-bush. An aged negro told rapidly as possible seek the nearest shelter. him that it grew abundantly upon the island, On this occasion, a little colored boy was 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 ubbed himself with the leaves of the healing bush, the poison would havedone 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, proviled 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 shail be saved, for "its leaves are for the healing of the nations."-Christian Weekly.

NEVER FOBGET ANY THING.
Charge your mind with your duty. That is largely the true definition of faithfuiness. But memory and mistakes are used as apologies a great deal oftener than necessary. A boy beginniṇg business life will generally lose his place who pleads such an ex cuse 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 occturrence. You must not lose it!"-Selected

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

## telling fortunes.

BY ALICE CARY.
I'll tell you two fortunes, my little lad, For you to accept or refuse,
The one of them good, and th The one of them good, and the other one
bad; Now hear them, and say which you choose.
I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand, A fortune right fair to behold, house and a hundred good acres of land, With harvest-fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging
With apples of russet and red
I see droves of cattle, some white and some But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barndoors,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast See men that are threshing the wheat on the And now the bright picture is past.

And I see rising dismally up in the place Of the beautiful house and the land, A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand.
Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee.
In walking he staggers now this way, now that,
And his eyes, they stand out like a bug's
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.
Now which wily you choose-to be thrifty and snug,
And to be right side up with your dish;
Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

## JOE'S PARTNER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASket," \&C.
(National Temperance Society, New York).

## I.-JOE's номе,

A whole family working in the field together! Small, slight father, tall, gaunt girl. There they all were, as busy as bees, and hoping to make money if not honey by their labor.
The sun was hot, and the soil was tough, and it was plain it was a new business to them all; y
steadily on.
steadily on.
First came
the corn, the the father making the holes for the corn, the boy dropped in the seed, then followed the mother covering it all up nicely,
and finally little Mollie danced and jumped by every hill, as if hers were the most im portant duty of all.
As the day wore away, the father stopped whistling at his work, and looked doubtfully at his small, blistering hands. The large eyes of the wife grew darker and, more sunken, and her mouth was firmly shut, as if there were words within that needed more than prison bars to keep them from doing mischief. Kate Barber was very tired, and tired women will take, gloomy views of life. "It is rather hard," she thought, "that I
should have to work in the field in the hot sun until I am ready to drop, when we might have had a comfortable home if-"
Mollie peeped under her mother's sunbonnet, and saw something there that made her cease to trip merrily at her side, and she drooped and lagged in the little procession
like a wounded soldier. This could not last ong with healthy, happy little Mollie. She
found a dead bird, hushed it gently on he it, until she was the perfect picture of content. The words of the childish singer came to her mother's ears

## "Jesus loves me, this I know

Right to her heart they went like a message from heaven. Yes, Jesus loved her, tired Kate Barber. She believed she was His child. Had he not comforter her in many a was now-engaged an answer to her prayers? was now-engaged anked for some quiet home where her husband could be out of temptation? Had she not been willing to endure any hardship, if she might have a hope o keeping him from a drunkard's path Got pledge herself that the first year's rent of this pledge herself that the first year 's rent of this
little place should be paid, that Harry Barber little place should be paid, that Harry Barber
might have a chance to keep the good resolumight have a chance to keep the
tions he professed to have made.
Kate Barber was ashamed of herself that she so soon had begun to murmur at her share in the labors of the new home. She plain. Harry's red hair hung in dark points round his damp forehead, and her boy-her dear Joe-was actually limping, though he tried to put a good face on the matter and augh a little now and then with Mollie.
"Come," said the mother, cheerily
have all worked enough for to-day, and I
think we had better goin" think we had better go in."
This proposition seemed to put new life into the little party, and they trudged to ward the house as contentedly as if a luxurious meal were awaiting them. Fresh water, white bread, and a little cheese-how good they tasted! Hungry as they all were, it was no
wonder that there was but little left when they arose from the table
"Yes," thought Kate, "I must make bread to-night, and have it ready for breakfast in the morning, and that will be the last of the flour."
Kate knew that in their poor home the pantry and the purse were equally empty, Father would care for her and help her in all her troubles.
While Kate was silently clearing away the table, with these thoughts in her mind, Ha fy walked restlessly about. Now he was at the door, now at the window ; at last he said, decidedly

I must go to town to-night. It can't be helped. I must mend the chicken-coop in the morning, and there's not a nail in the
" "
"Never mind about the chickens, I'll see to them," said Kate, cheerily. "You are too tired to take another step this day. Come, rou stretch out on the settee.
"Stop, Kate," said the husband quickly
"I'm going to town. Didn't you say this morning the flour was almost out, and your brown shawl must go for the next? I can
take it in to-night, and get the flour and take it in to-night, and get the flour and
other notions and that will be taking time by other notion
"Harry, I think there's a shower coming up ; it's very black in the west. Ther no use in going to-night," urged the wife. "Get the shawl, woman," said Harry, angrily. "Why m
Kate silently obeye
She had not far to go, for there were but two rooms in the one-story house, and it was but a step to the trunk where her choicest treasures were kept. She had the key on a Siring, which she wore round her neck, lest herself, though she knew there was some one else who might be tempted to go there secretly - some one who once had been as honest and true as the sun.
The brown shawl with the yellow spots had been a Christmas gift fron her old aunt, long y ears ago, and yet the folds in it were as
fresh as if it had been bought y esterday. To Kate it was a most valuable possession, just the thing for a respectable married woman, and connected, too, with those bygone days before she knew care or bitter sorrow. To Harry it was an almost useless thing, that was kept locked up in a trunk, to come out once or twice a year on special occasions. It was much more to the purpose, that it should provide for the family, he thought, and he hrew it over his arm, without so much as a "thank you" to Kate when she quietly handed it to him. Kate sat down on the
door-step and watched her husband as he walked quickly away.

The house stood far back from the road,
and on the edge of the field where they had all been working that day. Along by the fence there was a foot-path beside the two
deep ruts that marked where occasional deep ruts that marked where occasiona
waggons had come up to the house. It was a poor, lonely-looking place, and a poor,
lonely-looking woman Kate seemed, as she kept her eyes on her husband until he reach ed the turnpike and turned his face towar the town three miles away
It was not her beloved shawl that Kate was regretting as she sat there silently. If it were but brought back in good food for them all, she would only be too thankful that so they were provided for ; but there were saloons be met with. Would Harry keep his new
be passed, there were old companions resolutions?
Kate was so anxious and miserable that she bowed her face on her knees, and sat for a moment the image of silent distress. Mollie came behind her, and, throwing her little brown arms round her neck, she said
"Come, mamma, I want to say my pray "rs and go to bed. Will you hear me?"
Prayer ; that was just what the mother needed at that moment. She must place her hand in her Saviour's, or she could not go on in the dark, dreary road that seemed the Lord's Prayer, and then added her usual petitions:
"God bless father, God bless mother, God bless brother, God bless Mollie and make her a good girl."
This was all, but in those few words, the mother, too, drew near to the throne above and found comfort

> (To be Continued.)

JANE DUNLAP'S WISH

## BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"O dear ! I wish-"
"What do you wish? Tell us, and perhaps we can help you get your wish," said a pleasant-looking girl, coming up to wher The child who had first espole gate
the firight at this response to the started she had uttered. She would have hurried she hay but it away, but it seemed impossible for her to move. She could only look at the intrude with wide-open eyes. There were two other
girls and a boy coming toward her. "We wouldn'thurtyou for anything. Mother "We wouldn't hurt you for anything. Mother said we might come to see you, she thought you'd be lonesome. She means
see your mother to-morrow."
Jane Dunlap drew a long b
Jane Dunlap drew a long breath of relief, yet she was ill at ease with her visitors. She was a stranger in a strange place. Her parents were so poor and wretched in the city they were glad of any change, but, unfortunately, the husband and father brought with him the enemy of the household.
"I guess you wanted to see somebody," now said one of the girls. "There ain' many neighbors round here, and we were real glad when we heard there was a little gir over at the camp. The wood-chopper used to live where you do, so folks called it a camp. Do you like it?"
"I should if I could get my wish. When you come I was wishing-just what I always do. I read in a book once that if you keep wishing and wishing you'll get your wish some time.
ever so long."
"Tell us, and perhaps we can help you. We know how to do lots of things."
wish my father would stop drinking
liquor."
Does he drink liquor ?"
Yes, that's what makes usso awful poor Mother says so, and it makes us feel so awful bad we 'most wish live now, but it' bin' than the old cellar we come from. You can't help me, can you?" asked Jane wistfully.
'I shouldn't wonder a bit if we can. We are poor, but it an't because anybody drinks liquor. Father got hurt, and it made him We ho he couldn't work for ever so long We have a queer little home, and we don't have much money, but we are real happy, Father could always tell us what to do, and now he's getting better we are so glad we want to sing all the time. It an't very bad to be poor if you only know how to mak the best of it."
"Drinking liquor an't making the best of
"I guess it ain't. It's making the worst
But don't you be discouraged. We'll
will all try, and four children on the right side are too much for one man on the wrong
side. Father and mother'll be on our side side. Father and mother'll be on our side,
too, so that will make six, and God is stronger than will make six, and God is we have the best of it anyway. Father says if all the children in the country would band together to put down liquor-drinking they could do it. We'll try and stop one man from drinking."
"So we will," replied Jane, in a voice which had lost much of its sadness, and before summer was over she exclaimed joyfully : "I've don't drink a drop of liquor
What four children have done four other children may do.-Temperance Banner.

## THE DKINK CURSE

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place It is to bu army ready to take its place. It is to be children Tramp, tramp tramp - the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired. Treotseps of the army just expired. Tramp, tramp,
tramp!-the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp ! the host now passing. Tramp, tramp, tramp !
comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to his A great
death.
What are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-homes with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of des-
troying both body and soul in hell before troying both body and soul in hell before
their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, their time. Meantime, the tramp, tramp, and ! sounds on-the tramp of sixty and tupid, some vicims. Sume are with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs,somestop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and are doomed to death. Wherever they and despair hover in awful shadows.
There is no bright side to the picture. We fret the men who make this Their children are make this are obed in purple and fine linen, and live upon ainties. Some of them are regarded as espectable members of society, and they till conventions to proct ! goes on, and Still the tramp, tramp, tramp! goes on, and
before this article can see the light, five before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame ane.

Any Saint or Sinner who dreams tha the principle of prohibition will ever prevail o ady considerable exforts is laboring under earnest and persistent delusion. Whene or speak a word, th unity to write a me improved most faith fully. In the church and Sabbath-school, at ome and elsewhere, in season and out of eason, there must be constant energetic work. Somehow or other New England, which is now the deadest part of the North on the question of temperance, must be waked up. There are more than 800 Methodist ministers in New England, and we call upon them to take the most radical round on this great question. Come to the front on this line, brothers, and wake the thunder of victory along the line!-Zion's Herald.
Dr. Willard Parker says: "The average ife of temperance people is sixty-four year and two months, while the average life of intemperate people is thirty-five years and six months. Thus the average life of a
drinker is but little more than half that of drinker is but little more than half that of
the non-drinker ; and yet we are asked to believe brandy, whiskey, gin and beer are wonderful promoters of health, strength and wonc
life!

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## TOM'S MAXIM

"So you and Tom Wilson are soon going 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 $t$ go to him for every sixpence you want." "But Tom won't hear of it, Lina. H says I shall have quite enough to do to 0 keep the house clean and cook the meals, and h
shall earn monev enough to pay for shall earn money chough to pay for them
he says he never thought of getting married 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 way ; but wait till the novelty's worn off way; but wait till the novelty's worn off,
and you will find he'll grumble you want new pair of yout want new pair of boots or a yarḋ of
ribbon. No, you havea good business at your Tibbon,' No, you have a good business at your
fingers' ends. Don't give it up, or you'll be fingers' ends. Don't give it up, or you'll be
sorry ; and just toll Tom straight out that you will have your own money the next time you see
"Well, won't like it pa to him about it ; but he Caroline and Alice were orphan sisters The elder had been married some fears. 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 stinted and complained of as ex-travagant-which she certainly was notsoon after their marriage returned to her own
business, and worked whenever she could business, and worked whenever she could.
They had three little children, who were They had three little children, who were
"minded" by a neighbor's child, but the re"minded" by a neighbor's chil,
sult 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 even-
ing with her sister. Tom would be there ing with her sister. Tom would be there
too, and would walk home with her to the houlie 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 owen married life, which was a great mistake, as Tom's ideas on the subject did not coincide at all with Wilham's, and so poor
Alice was troubled with doubts and fears which were quite unnecessary. On the even ing 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 ; th
gether."
"T
gether." "I will come in, but I hope to see Alice to-right, so can't go with you to the club." unstairs to William's home spoke and went upstairs to William's home-three nice large rooms on the second floor of an old-fashioned
house, which hal once been described as "a house, which hat once been described as "a
genteel family residence," but was now let genteel family residence," but was now let
out to working people in floors. How cheerlessand un-homelike the sitting-room looked! Tom had lived in lodgings alone for several Tom had lived in lodgings alone for several
years, and he had visions of a happy home, years, and he had visions of a happy home,
where plenty and comfort reigned supreme, where plenty and comfort reigned supreme,
of a bright fire-side, and a cheerful, loving of a bright fire-side, and a c
wife-saiting 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 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 worthiess 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.
to get tea and put the children to bed she's got to stay late, and won't be home till "What a nuisance! Well, get tea then, to me." And he took the little, fellow baby fed and soothed him; for he really loved cry. The tea was weak and smoky, and the children, neglected and spoiled, by turns, Tom's areat discomfort
"Father, speak to Johrny; he's pinching " Loll," shrieked little Lina. 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 scuffing 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 be
She felt mortified to see Tom sitting there nursing baby, in the miast 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 quet the children, and com 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 departed, only too glar to leave his cheerless
home before he returned he had spent more than Lina had earned all day, includmore than Lina had earned all day, includ-
ing her extra two hours' work. Meanwhile ing her extra two hours' work. Meanwhile
Tom waited quietly until Alice had finished 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 serious to
suit me."
"No, Tom, I know ; but you see it isn' 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 miser-
able. Come, Alice, we'll hear no able. 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 nat keep yowshort, 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 for the next half-hour-but there I disile 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 isficulties to be encountered and that it is very difficult, nay, impossible, 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 dust incident to the frequent sweeping of
the same; from the insects which infest plants the same; from the insects which infest plants
which can not be smoked and showered fre which can not be smoked and showered fre-
quently, and from the imperfect supply of quently, and from the imperfect supply of
A
A greenhouse avoids these difficulties, but equires an outlay of money and a devotion of time beyond the reach of many lovers of lowers, 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 are would require.
The situation for a greenery should be the south or southeast side of the parlor, or din-ing-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 outcof the honse into the greenery. Get some sash made at the sash factory that will inclose a space $3 \times 4$ 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 rubber. This by an of india the removal of the whole thing in Moy whit the glass can be replaced by an in May, when the plants removed to their an awning, and in a half-shady garden.

The floor is best made of hard pine 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, lamp placed on the floor and aliowed to burn all night will assist surprisingly in keeping Wesired warmth
When the house is undergoing a sweeping or when the greenery has to be smoked to kil insects the window opening into the house i
closed, tightly ; at all other times it is kept closed, tightly ; at all other times it is kept
open and gives all the ventilation required open and give
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
sowering.
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 dry an be needed to avoid too hot and regetation greenhouse plants,not tropical in their nature a damp temperature and uniform atmosphere is needed, the thermometer rancing 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 np a greenery of this sort. I will only say, ly way of advice, avoid all tropical or stove plants and such as have a very delicat character. The following are general favor tes, and will be almost sure to give satisfac ion: Calla lilies, heliotrope, geraniums, ranges, carnations, violets, roses, jessamine ivy, smilax, cyclamen, bouvardia, azalia aphne odora, camellia, and many others Such delicate things as the heaths, and a tropical or stove plants, should be avoided, as their requirements are beyond the conditiops of so simplea greenery, and disappoint-
melt will surely follow placing them therein. - American Cultivator.

## HOUSEHOLD PERILS

Under this head the Boston Journal of Chemistry names several dangerồus substanc which find their way into households. Ther are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and Inust be employed, if at all, with special care Beuzine,ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first namer liquids are employed in cleansing glove and other Wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, \&c. The liquidsare highly volatile and.flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the vial containing them tible, and will infir vapors are very combusignited candles or gas flames, and consequent they should never be used in the evenin when the house is lighted. Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor room in considerable quantity escape into a the great hazard of handling these liguids cautious housekeepers will not allow 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 ou from taking a few drops throngh mistake. Breathing the gas under certain circumstance 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 holding it should be kept apart from others containing medicines, \&c., and rubber stop-
Oxalic acid is employed in families for eansing brass and copper utensils. This stance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crysof magnestructure 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. 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 ver 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 his 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 Trumbul 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 theco-operation of the farmers
along the way. These he repaid with gold. along the way. These he repaid with gold.
Smith's horse took him safely to the postern Smith's horse took him safely to the postern
entrance of the city 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. The whole nation is in a disturbed state of affairs.
or . You must come and see me to-morrow oroke Effie, in will speak with you again,"

## harade.

## My first possessign 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 transAnd I give 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 That through Italian valleys seeks the se 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 vege-
Behead an article of clothing, and leave an animal.
Behead a verb, and leave yes.

## eharade.

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 oasess mid scorching sands
Tell of the welcome spring
Tis there we're told my second grows,
In bunches rich and fair
Though few have taste but know,
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 vai Each mother laments for her child,

## BERTRAND THE VRAICGATHERER

ohapter if.-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 springand autumn.'

Curious kind of stuff, isn't it?' asked Ned, as they leant over the seawall 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 re turning very late.

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

Ah! and how is the grood 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 ill.-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 Bertrañd was ashamed of what he had done and shrank from the further shame of having to confess it. Then, too, he forgot one thinghe 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 expedientwhich he thought would serre 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 rraicking, father?'

The evening before the last day $\mid$ sionary-boxes will be opened next $\mid$ of the season came, and as the Sunday, and -
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 have got enough use for our land me'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.

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

I can't go with you, my foot is too bad, answered the foot is too bad, suffered such pain all night that I could hardly sleep. But alone, father-may I go alone?

- Well, yes, if you will be care ful. 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 never give me trouble,
deserve a little reward.

Bertrand's cheeks flushed as he him - coveting love of gain; for had been that had brought him fault; I overloaded the boat be
heard his father's words of praise, had not his overloading the boat, to it. Conscience was speaking and thought how that fond heart so as to get more money, been the would ache if he really knew how he had acted.

Farmer Hibert concluded,-
' Get the vraic, 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 vraic
with the large kind of reapingwith the large kind of 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 th heavy vraic, and others on which lichens, black and golden, grew plenti fully. There were sea weeds, too, of all colors; every shade of brown and green, and some nearly black, growing in clusters or tults, 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 heartbeat 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 wais 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 instantall 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

"bertrand turned away from his supper." pily, after much rubbing with hot| me feel so bad. 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 boathad been recorered, and as Bertrand looked out of his bedroom window he caught sight of it stranded on the shingle. The sight recalled

## he 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 T've been before alone when I was only a little lad, and
cause I wanted more money.
And as Bertrand stood by his father's side in the doorway ha 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 lore of gain had led him to sin againsttruth and honesty, and how very nearly it had cost him his life.
L. E. D

## PRIDE.

Pror. xii. 16-19: "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are abomination unte 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; "Ouly by pride cometh contention, but with the welladvised 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 ishumility."

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


The Family Circle.

## SAVED

by rose terry cook.
Oh ! how shall I abide the day, When God shall roll the skies away And call the sleeping dead ?

When all my sins unveiled shall stand, And on His judgment book The tribes of men, on every hand, With eager eyes shall look;
Drawn out in lines of living fir
Or strokes as black as night,
Or strokes as black as night, Arrayed to bla:t my sight
Across that page Thy bleeding hand, My Lord and Saviour draw !
Thy blood is Gilead's sacred balm, Thy blood is Gilead's sacred balm,
Thy death fulfils the law.

That flood of anguish and of love Shall cover ali my shame
And all my life in heaven above
Be glory to thy name.

## RAY'S MISSION.

"I wish I could do something." Ray Severance drepped the needle she was threading with violet zephyr idly upon the dainty
square of cream canvas and gazed dreamily square of cree
into distance.
A large, pleasantly located room, with the afternoon sun streaming in through the a faint suggestion of dust and neglect about it, a few scattered books and papers, chairs it, a few scatterea books and papers, chairs
and tables witl: a reckless demeanor of location, and an imperfectly dusted what-not with nameless trifles irregularly disposed about it. A little glimpse of a dining-room with light and hores holding supreme control partially prepared tea-table, and a general partially prepared tea-talde, and a getion This was the scene.
Ray Severance, tall, slender and seventeen, with that subtle suggestion of "style " that made everything she wore and did seem
namelessly graceful and indescribable about namelessly graceful and indescribable about
her : Ray, with her unusually brilliant record her : Ray, with her unusually brilliant record
as a student in the city academy, and her as a student in the city academy, and her
proficiency in music and drawing, was the proficiency in music and drawing, was the
housekeeper here; her father was rarely housekeeper here; her father was rarely
at home ; he travelled in the interests of his own commercial business; her mother was dead.
Handsome, hard-working Jack, nineteen-year-old Will, struggling with his book-
keeping in his father's office and his scholkeeping in his father's oftice and his schol-
astic desires, twelve-y ear-old Ralph, the school boy and torment of the household, and nine-year-old Ben, clustered around Ray, the only girl of the family and unconsciously looked to 1. ;..nd yet this illogical, unreasoning young lady, who had lately given
herself to the Lord, her heart warm with loving ent ${ }^{l}$ usiasm and zeal, and overflowing with desire to honor and glorify her Sa-
viour, folded her hands and wished for work viour, f
to do.
to "What would you like to do?" The gentle query came from her companion,
Grace Pemberton, a diminutive little lady with curling chestnut hair clustering about a fair forehead placid with settled peace and dows of life and warmed and gladdened and inspired, so joyous and loving it was.
"Oh, something grand and noble that would heip others, and show them I really d
to do honor to the cause of Christ.
there nothing you can do ?"
號 here at home I do not have time," said Ray as she turned he
she was making.
she was making," was the mild suggestion
"And here ?", was trom Grace, as she placidly worked a buttonhole. the apartment, then she langhed -" - there is the apartment, then she laughed- "there is
room for improvement surely, but the fact room for improvement surely, but the tact
is, Grace, my room does not look like this

I keep it in some kind of order, but the bo don't care for the fussy little trifles that I
have, and I do the work the easiest way, and have, and I do the
save hiring help."
"I am aware your room is perfect in the matterof neatness and attractiveness," smiled Grace. "I have rested there too often not
to know that. Are you sure the brothers do not care?"
"Weil," hesitated Ray, meditating a little "I never thought they did. I always get their meals and have their shirts in order. Now, Grace, you're thinking of something.
Tell me what it is. What have I done or Tell me what it is. Wh
what have I not done."
Ray was called proud, but she rose and came over to. Grace and sat down by her,
looking earnestly into her face. "I believe you think I have a field of labor here that I have not discovered. Tell me about it." She took Grace's work gently from her hands, and held them in her own. There was no disputing that a strong affection, sweetened and broadened by this living love
for their Saviour, existed between these for their Saviour, existed between these
"I was only thinking, dear," said Grace with that winning sweetness of which she was so largely possessed, "in what a grand, bea boys have no mother They cluste round their home with you as its joy and attraction." Ray sat still, thinking soberly and silently At last she said "Grace, do you thenk they
would notice if there were flowers in the would notice af there were flowers in the
rooms, and fancywork, as there is in mine?"
ooms, and fancywork, as there is in mine "ey
"Yes," said Grace unhesitatingly, "they might not notice each article individually, might not notice effech article ind and beauty but the general effect of grace and beauly
would impress them, and whenever their wourts recurred to their home, it would be hearts recurred to their home, it would be
to remember it as holding the strongest atto remember it as holding the strongest at-
traction of any place on earth. Ray, dear, it is ,your God-given work to make it all this."
"But I could not do so much work," said Ray, doubtfully. "It takei nearly all the "ime, as it is.
"Yes, I know," resumed her friend. "Do not do any more. Keep your strength and energy to minister to the minds and hearts of your brothers. Take your place as the nominal head of this home. Make it happy, beautiful one, and hire some help. It will pay.
"I know the boys would be willing", saia Ray. "They are very good to me though I don't stay with them as I ought. It is so tiresome when you want to shut the door in a good time, to feel that you ought to stay, "I know it," came the gentle, sympathetic answer, " but, Ray, let us remember 'even Christ pleased not Himself.'
"And I do want to please Him," said Ray humbly and earnestly. "Grace, dear, you have given me new thoughts, a great many work any more. I'll take what the Lord has given me cheerfully and try to do it well. has given me cheerfully a"
Is there anything more?"
"Wouldn't you open the piano?" It was a gentle, telling suggestion, and Ray said eagerly, "Yes, I will. I never play for them and they all love to sing.
"Then you have a new power to keep them with you evenings," said Grace enthusiastically, and Ray reproached herself
as she thought how often even her little as she thought how often even her litte
brother Ben spent his eveningsin the street rother Ben spent his evenings in the street.
"You must stay to tea, Grace," she commanded, "and next time it shall be nicer," and with a faint remonstrance or two Grac complied. She opened the piano and played several spirited melodies, hat toming in from work clapped his hands to hear.
As they rose from the well-spread table, for Ray took pride in her ability to cook well, and went into the sitting room, Grace clustered about the piano, and sung song after song.
"Ray, are you going out?" asked Ben as Will left them, and Jack went up to his room, first promising Grace that he would see that she reached home safely.
Ray shook her head and smiled. "I was going to the library, but you'll go for me, won"t you ?" she said.
vour bour "" said Ben promptly, "where'
"On the table," said Ray, "you might
bring something we could read together,
"Robinson Crusoe?" questioned Ben,
rightening. "If you choose," said Ray ; it
was a threadbare story to her, but
liked it she would enjoy it with him.
iked it she would enjoy it with him
Don't stay long, will you ?" she called a he closed the door, and he opened ifs."
"Boys, do you care if I hire a girl ?" "Boys, do you care if I hire a girl ?" Ray looked across the table, and asked thequestion
as Jack buttered a biscuit and Will sipped as Jack
The boys looked amused, and Jack said, "What for, sis?" He was fond of his pretty
"Oh, some extra work, and by the way, 1 don't seem to have much time with any o you. I think we ought to have some pleas-
ant evenings here together, and if you will ant evenings here
help me, we will."
"Count on me," said good-natured Jack "What is to be the programme?" asked Will.
"Oh, reading and music, study and general improvement,"
"Do you admit checkers?" asked Ralph growing interested.
"O yes," replied Ray, "but you will have
o instruct me, Ralph."
"Well," said Ralph, "I will, sis. To-night, did you say? I promised the boys to go with them to-morrow evening.
"And that makes me think," said Ray you can have the dining-room."
"All right," said Ralph, as they rese from the table, and he went out of the room puzzled but happy
"Well, we'll come," said Jack as he left. "What time does the curtain rise?
"At half past seven,", said Ray promptly,
"I'll send up Mary Murphy," said Will as he shut the gate.
"Do, that's a treasure," called Ray after him, at which gentlemanly Will took off his hat, and bowed with a polite good morning, saying to Jack as they parted at the corner "eiving for an answer, "I do not know, but ceiving for an answe,
is a pleasant one."
And Will,
And Will, as he took down the ponderous edger, thought "the pleasantest thing that ras happened since mother died.
"It is a real shame," said Ray to herself, as she surveyed the bare walls of Jack and Wik's room, and looked back into her own,
prey y and carefully kept. They occupied pre $y$ and carefully kept. They occupied but it looked desolate and somewhat neglected. "It shall not look so long," decided Ray, as she industriously swept, while Mary
Murphy sang, washed dishes, and scrubbed Murphy sang, washed dishes, and scrubbed
"It looks some better," she announced to herself after she had worked an hour. The carpet was bright as sweeping could make it; the bed dressed in a new white spread heretofore sacred to the spare bed, but which her braided pillow-shams with the dainty monogram " S " were added to the plump pillows. Ray brought up, with Mary's help, a writing-desk from her father's room, and arranged their books and papers, hung up curtains, promising herself some lambrequins for their windows at the earliest moment of manufacture. Then she added a bright bout quet to the little table with it white cover quet the study -lamp on her prettiont laver, in the centre, and pronounced it for the present done.

How nice you look!" said Jack, coming In wearily and dropping down into the firsi chair, while he looked in a pleased way about. The room was cool and shaded with curtains drooped low, with open piano and invitingly scatterea books, papers and music, a study table, and a domino box for Ralph and Ben. Ray had brought in her ivies, twined them gracefully about the pictures, pillaged her room of all the suitable fancy
work, and dotted the whole with two pretty bouquets.
"Rests a fellow to see this," said Will, appearing in the back door. "Ray, you're an angel !"
Ray's eyes filled with pleased tears, even while she felt a regretful throb. No work ! Ah, how she had been mistaken! These were not perfect young men, only broth ers, yet here they were gratefully praising her every effort for theircomfort. This would be hers all the time, and the approving smile oumble "T'm afraid you have not humble duties. "Im anrald be at home,"
she said, "but I mean to do better now. I
did not know you cared so much for these things," she finished, smiling at Ben, who things," she finished, smiling at Ben, who
came in rosy and damp from his hasty toilet. came in rosy and damp from his hasty toilet, said Jack as heoc came down stairs. "Thank said Jack as he came down stairs. "Thank
you, sis. I mean to stay there all the time."
"But we won't let you," said Ray ; "and now attention, boys! if you don't fold the spread and pillow-shams every night they "I give your.
"I give you my word of honor as a gentle-" man that ceremony shall never be omitted," said Will, while Ray laughed and called them
to supper. o supper.
What n
What need to speak of the happy evenings that followed, or of the bright months, even years, that succeeded this new erain the lives f this family
Life was not all successes and smooth places for Ray. There were dark days, and discouragements, and troublous times for the young housekeeper. There were self-denials and self-forgetting, hard things to do, but the God who gave Ray her mission abundantly blessed the cheerful, loving willingness with which she labored. Ray lived to know, in a happy home of her own, that her brothers were earnest, Christian,temperance men, who looked back uipon that home as the brightest spot, the most endeared, hallowed place in their lives.
They had always looked upon sister Ray as the infallible counsellor, guide and sympathzer of their every trouble and gladness; their happiness, and their hope of heaven, And she said reverently, "Let no woman say
An in there is no work to do who has a home, however lowly ;"and she read, with happy smiles and tears struggling for ascendency, upon the fly-leaf of the fanily Bible which. Will had sent her from Harvard where he was studysent : " Give her the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates." -Interior.

## DAISY'S LESSON

## by m. b. waldron.

A frogie would a.wooing go
Whether his mother would let
So off he sat in his onera

## So off he sat, in his opera hat; On the road he met with a rat!'

Gaily sang Daisy, sitting on the rug on the piazza, amanging the drapery of her doll's overskirt.
A voice coming through the curtains of the long window at her back interrupted her.
"What do you know about frogs, Daisy ?"
The child's bright face grew serious.
"What do I know about frogs, Nell? Oh ever so many things ! I know a frog begins with a pollywog and grows into a tadpole, and by-and-by his tail drops off, and he's a frog. And sometimes frogs and toads get into the middle of great rocks and trees, and live hundreds of years without anything to eat or drink."
And Daisy returned to her doll-dressing with an air of wisdom.
There was a rustling sound behind the curtains ; they parted, and out stepped a young miss of fifteen summers, who had her hair stylishly arranged, and her pretty her hair sty relieved with dainty lase and ribbons, not at all such a looking person as you would not act to be interested in frogs
"Come with me, Daisy, and I'll show you something."
Daisy laid her doll carefully upona cushion nd followed her sister.
Presently Nell stoppe
the back yard, and said:
"What do you see, Daisy ?"
I see an old pail with some water, and
grass and weeds in it."
"Do you see nothing else? scum floating
"Nothing, except some around on the top of the water."
"Well, look closely at the scum, as you call That is a gluey substance, and the black specks you see in it are frogs' eggs. I was
out with Jack this morning, looking for out with Jack this morning, looking for
outetles, and we brought this home. If you will watch these eggs every day, you will learn how frogsgrow. Each female deposits about twelve hundred eggs in the water;
then the sun shines on them and keeps them then th
warn "Dn't the mamma frog have any more
bother about them, Nell?" bother about them, Nell?"
"No. You will see that each one of these eggs will turn into a tiny lump of jelly, and sucker ; then it will devs means of a small sucker ; then it will develop a tail, and it
"What do you see, Daisy?"
"I see an old pail with so
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$
$\qquad$


will breathe by means of a wonderful appar－
atus called gills，so that really a baby frog 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 daisy．

## Daisy． <br> Nell continued her lesson，well pleased that

 Daisy was interested．ind legs forming then discover a pair 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 ab－
sorbed into the aninial system．The month sorbed into the aninial system．The month
will grow wider，until it reaches the size you will grow wider，until it reach．
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＇$a$－wooing go，＇if he chooses．＂
＂How queer！I didn＇t know there were so many funny things about a frog，＂ob－
served Daisy． ＂Yes a frog is a wonderful little fellow，
and Ilike to study him．Come，and I will and Ilike to study him．Come，and I will show yout a splendid green croaker we cap－－
tured this morning．I put him in this tured this morning．I put him in this
glass－jar and supplied him with food，so I cousld watch him．I will let him ont by－and－
coll by＂＂ ：by＂Oh，Nell，he is choking！，See how he opens his month and gasps！＂＂He 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 anything suffocate．
would
＂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 Sometimes，if suddenly frightened，he will
eject a large quantity of water from his body． It is clear and pure，though people used to It is clear and pure，though people used to
think it poisonous，＂
＂I darted out his tongue quick as a flash．＂
Yes his tongue is a wonderful instru－ ment．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 frog does not chew his food，
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 po wer 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
when all supplies were cut off they would whe．
＂ie．＂Toads，and frogs also，have been found in very curious places，but there must have been some small way for air，and moisture， not possibly have existed for the length of not possibly have existed for
time they are said to have done．
have been known to reach the comfortable 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 us
parts of areople in thos
in the poplath in the heabyg 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 squirm－ ing，into the baby＇s mouth．
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 to be
nich．

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 buried，in yonder vineyard which you will now own．Dig and you will find the hidden treasure．Take it，divide it equally between
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 ve sha
to to speak ble to speak．He looked earnestly into the
faces of his sons，and soon his painful breath－ g 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 carefuly the entire fied
to see if any mark would show the spot to see if any mark would show the spot
which held the treasure．In order to do whis 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 flour－ ished．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 left it to，
trouble．＂
Soon spring came，and the eager sons
were quickly on the ground with spade and shovel．
They began work in a neglected corne strewn with stones．Every stone was up－ turned，tossed over the fence in fact，that they might not fail to know under which of den treasure．

Whew！but isn＇t this work？But we must dig deep ；for our father was too careful up，＂said Harry，as they foot mi
But the corner was cleared of every stone and weed without revealing the object
their search．
＂Where shall we try next，John ？＂，spid the younger son，as between hope and d ouragement he leaned upon his spade．
＂Don＇t you know how often father usel to be in the south side of the field？I believe the treasure is there．＂
And so they went to work again throw－ ing up and breaking in pieces every clod ing up and breaking in pieces every clod
in this part of the vineyard．But it was in in this
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 re－ membered to have seen his father only a
week before he took to his bed． week before he took to his bed．
They worked here with new zeal；but it
soon gave way to discouragement．But they soon gave way to discouragement．But they
could not make up their minds to give up 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 him－ self＂＂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 so faithfully，were fairly loaded with fine
grapes．They did not realize the abundance grapes．They did not realize
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 con－ temptibly lazy that we should never dig the
field unless he set some trap，＂Harry an－ fwered．
＂Dear old man，I guess his mind was
sound enough when he said there was a sound enough when he said there was a
reasure buried in the field．Say，Harry，it will pay us to dig for it again next year，＂ So they did，and the fertile，well－tiller reasurnined year，which，as their fathe had bade them，they divided equally，and were
Home．
＇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 Several were heard in it every night after dark． 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， stop ；then pit，pat ；a full stop again．The noise was repeated several times，as though some creature，ghostor no ghost，were coming up－stairs．At last the thing，whatever it was， came close to the door of the room where th too，chimed in with the tune pit，pat，rather faster than it was wont to do．He flung open the door－hurry，skurry，bang ；some－ open the door－hurry，skury，ong，sondous 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 sentrysestablished 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 am－
bush，he seraped his match and set fire to his oush，he scraped his match and set fire to his
straw，which blazed up like a bonfire in an straw，which
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 and beast having mutually inspected each
other，the biped hurled a sword at the quad－ ruped，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 from the neighboring plantation，and had 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 －Bucte of the

## EAST LONDON．

＇Twas August，and the fierce sun overhead Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal And the
the pale weaver，through his window seen
In Spitalfields，looked thrice dispirited
＂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
Thou mak＇st the heaven thou hop＇st indeed thy home．
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Watce 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 sword．The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept ；but as they did oot seem to hear him barking，he drew a way by the arms，forcibly awaked them ；then barking very loud，he showed the way to barking very loud，he showed ；but the men
the thieves，and went on before the thieves，and went on before ；but the men
would not follow him，and at last locker would not follow him，and at last locked
their door．The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men，undertook the tasi 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 neighbor hood，and begged they would assist him against a mad dog；the tailors believing him， came to his assistance，and compelled the poor animal to－etire．

## Question Corner．－No． 2


 bible euestions．
13．Fire from heaven fell and consumed two companies of soldiers．Who were
these soldiers and who called down these soldiers and who called down
the fire？ At whose water？ food by birds of prey ？
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
18．Prison doors opened of themselves，and
chained prisoners were set free．Who chained prisoners wel
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 coun－
try．Who was the boy and what did he do？
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＂
the Good Samaritan？ Who says＂He that loveth not，knoweth BIBLE ACROSTIC．
A twin son of one of the patriarchs． 2．The youngest son of his twin brother． 3．The mostauciant of the prophets，whose 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 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 Samiel in commemoration of a signal victory over the enemy at Mizpah． $i a, N . H$ ．
ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO． 24. 277．Joshua and Judges ；they give the ac－ count of the entrance and establish－
ment 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 seumeth him good， 1 Sam．iii． 18.
282．The Lord gave，and the Lord hath taken away；blessed be the name of the Lord，
283．Sixteen．
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．
288．Malachi ；concerning John the Baptist， Mal．iv．5， 6.
ANSWER TO BIBLE ACROSTIC．
Bethany，Emmans，Tiberius，Hermon， Lebanon，Ebal，Hebrew，Ephesus，Melita．－ Bethiehem．

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED．
To No． 24 －Helen Cranston， $12 \mathrm{ac} ;$ Mary E
Voates， 12 ac ；Edward B．Craig， 9 ac ；Emerson
Bull，ac． 23 －－Edward B．Craig， 12 ；Edward
Too No
Pooenix， 12 ；Helen Cranston，
Phoenix， $12 ;$ Helen Cranston， 12 ；William（：
Wickham，12；Andrev Paterson ，I2；Isabella
Barr， 12 ；Mary Jane Brown， 12 R．Doaglas， 12.
15．What man was supplied with his daily Why was he fed in this way？

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[^0]:    $\qquad$

[^1]:    
    

