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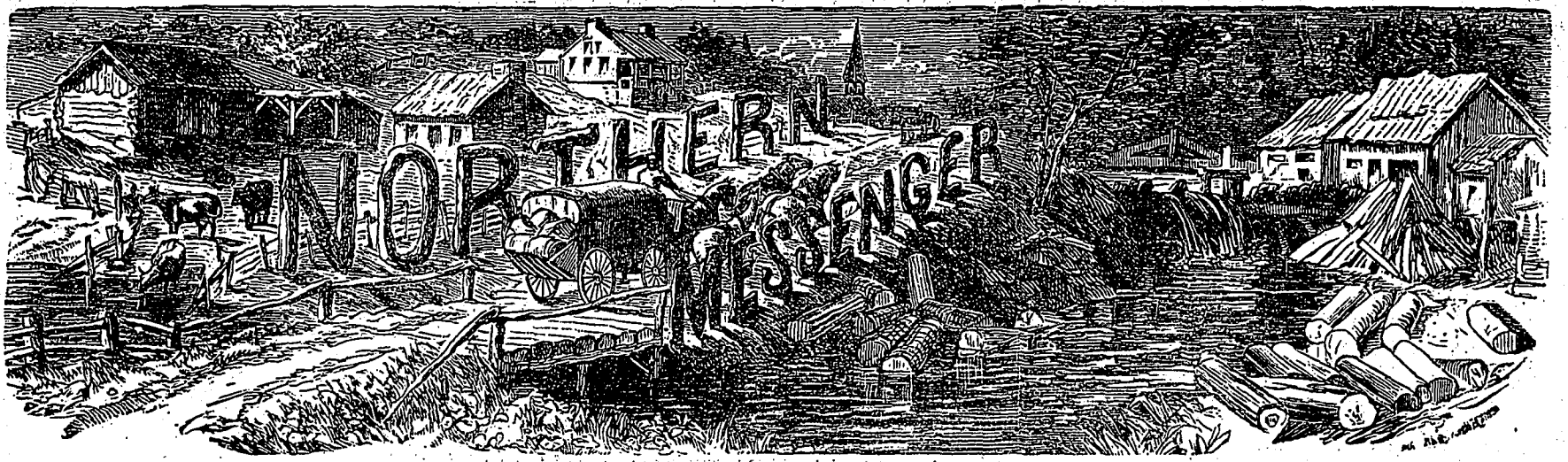
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A MONUMENT TO JOHN ELIOT.

Although there is a church at Roxbury, Massachusetts, named in honor of the Apostle of New England to the Indians, no monument of an artistic kind has been erected to him. The want, says a writer in *Harpers Weekly*, has been now supplied, so far as a design is concerned. Mr. John Rogers, the modeller of popular statuette groups, has undertaken on his own account to put in plaster a heroic group of John Eliot preaching the Word to the Indians of New England. This group may be seen in the large illustration herewith.

We get a pleasant glimpse of the venerable John Eliot in his seventy-eighth year from the Labadist pilgrim Danckers, who came from the Netherlands in 1679 on a flying visit to New York, Boston and other settlements where believers in his form of Protestantism were to be found. Hearing of him in Boston, the pilgrim went out to Roxbury, where John Eliot was the minister. Although Eliot could speak neither Dutch nor French, and Danckers knew hardly any English, they made shift to understand each other by the help of a little Latin. Eliot told him he had been forty-eight years in New England, which would give 1631 as the date of his arrival. Danckers contrasts the courtesy and piety of John Eliot with the minis-



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS. Photographed from the group by John Rogers.

ters of Boston, saying of them (Sunday, July 7, 1679), "We heard preaching in three churches by persons who seemed to possess zeal, but no just knowledge of Christianity." But though John Eliot was the best of the ministers, his son did not please, because he had a disposition to ridicule and dispute. "We told him what was good for him, and we regretted we could not talk more particularly to him." The Apostle informed them that almost all the Bibles in the Indian tongue which he had published were destroyed in the late Indian war, or carried away, but that he was getting out a new and better edition. He supplied them with the advance sheets of the Old and New Testaments, and specimens of his Indian grammar, for which he declined to receive payment. John Eliot accepted from Danckers the Latin tract by Johan de Labadie, justifying his separation from the French, or Walloon, Church of Holland, and pleased the party very much by praising "God the Lord, that had raised up men and reformers and began the reformation in Holland." It seems that John Eliot was dejected concerning the religious situation in Boston and New England generally. He told them concerning the Indians that in many countries their conversion was temporary, but he thanked God, and God be

praised for it, that there were Indians whom he knew who were truly converted of heart to God, and whose profession was sincere. Altogether the glimpse we get of John Eliot from sectarians not of his particular faith, who never exaggerated, and were inclined to be rather severe with men and things in the New World, increases our respect and admiration for his character.

The Rev. John Eliot has every claim on New England; he is one of the few saints worthy of a niche; he can be considered as a set-off against the inhuman conduct of the whites towards the Indians. He is a strictly local worthy for New England's colonial epoch. While New France had its Catholic apostles and martyrs, the New Netherlands had their own Apostle to the Indians, somewhat before John Eliot's time, in the person of *Domine Megapolensis*, who learned Mohawk and preached to that tribe at Albany. His original name was Johan van Mekelenburg, but this, in accord with the quaint habits of scholars in that day, he turned into Greek-Latin, taking Mekelen to mean greater "mickle," whence he formed Megapolensis. He was pastor of the church at Rensselaerswyck from 1642 to 1649, when he came to New Amsterdam, and proved himself here as fearless in telling Governor and citizens their faults, as he had been in reproving Mohawks for their bloodthirstiness. There is a peculiar fitness in erecting monuments to men like John Eliot and John Megapolensis, for in their day they were the only persons who had sufficient real piety to espouse the cause of savages, and enough learning to impose their authority on people released from many of the restraining influences of the Old World, and eager to amass wealth by any means in their power.

Eliot and Megapolensis belong to a period when Protestant churches gained more power than was good for their pastors, yet both of them used that power to protect the weak and withstand the tyrannical.

The sculptor has had no very satisfactory portraits to guide him in the figure of John Eliot, though two exist which are thought by their owners to be genuine. He pictures him in middle age, of a fair, well-balanced countenance, sturdily built, and wearing an expression of calm certainty as to the importance of his mission. He has mounted a bowler, drawn his translation of the Bible from the leather case fastened to his belt, and with uplifted index is telling an Indian audience of a home beyond the sky. A male and female Indian represent the audience. The man wears eagle-feathers in a head-dress, and has plaited locks of hair falling on his bare breast. He holds bow and arrows in the left hand, and rests his right elbow on a bear-skin, which protects him from the rock. He wears buckskin trousers and moccasins. His pose is the most graceful of the three, but his expression is discontented, if not truculent. The squaw also has an eagle feather in her hair, though it is generally supposed that Indians associate that feather with boldness in war, and confine its use to men who have slain their foe. She wears high moccasins, but no stockings or leggings, a buckskin embroidered skirt and a cloak made of the skin of a doe. Whilst the warrior looks off in a gloomy reverie, the woman raises her eyes toward the Apostle, but not sufficiently to fix them on him. On the right of our illustration is a portrait of Mr. Rogers in his sculptor's apron.

John Eliot's costume is a compromise between the clothing of a merchant about A. D. 1650 and the garb of a minister. He wears the skull-cap of a student and the robe of a man in orders. The deep collar and body-coat, the short breeches, stockings, and buckled shoes represent well enough an Englishman of the lower middle class.

Taken as a whole, the three figures are distributed well. It is true that they are not knit together by one dramatic idea which brings each into active complicity with a common purpose. They are more realistically treated, as if, in the ordinary way, the preacher were expounding a text and the listeners were attentive, but not specially hanging on the lips of their teacher. But the lines of the Apostle's robe give a silhouette which is very agreeably carried down by the figures of the Indians, thus producing a composition of considerable excellence. It is indeed remarkable, when

we think of the sculptor's life-long devotion to little statue groups, to find that he could do so well on a large scale, for the monument is about thirty-five feet high. Yet it is not to be denied that the training in small groups which Mr. Rogers has had these thirty years past has influenced him somewhat in the present instance. Meant for interiors, where they are placed on mantel-pieces, bureaus, side-tables or whatnots, his groups are usually approached from one side only. They are intended for the same purposes as the statuette groups in clay which come from Greece and Asia Minor, though these are commonly enough quite rude and unfinished on the back. But, usually, a monument having the bigness and importance in other respects we find in this group is so placed as to be viewed from all sides. It generally stands in the centre of a square, where people may approach it from any direction.

But it may be noticed that such an emplacement would be unlucky for this monument. It needs the background of a great pine wood, or of a mountain, or of some big edifice. It faces one way, and concentrates its interest toward but one quarter. Seen from the extreme right or left, it would still be fine, but seen from behind, it would be unfortunate. The criticism is therefore not a radical one, but simply a limiting criticism, a warning that care should be taken not to dispose of the monument in such a way as to lose its best effect.

If the "John Eliot preaching to the Indians" find favor with New England, it can easily be placed so as to form a notable ornament of Boston, Roxbury, or some other place identified with Eliot's long and praiseworthy career.

THE LITTLE ONES.

At what age may children be received in the Sunday-school as scholars in the primary department? This question is frequently heard from the teachers under whose care very little ones are placed. We can scarcely wonder if such are at times a little impatient of what almost seems like imposition on the part of parents who send children too young to be taught any religious truth except the simple prayer repeated at the mother's knee.

As early as the child can be impressed it may be brought under the influence of the instruction given in the Sunday-school; therefore the question resolves itself into this. How early in life is the mind of the child capable of receiving religious truth? It is perhaps not so much a matter of age as of intelligence, for some children are brighter, more ready, of quicker perception than others, but is it any use to bring a child of four years, or younger, into the school?

In spite of the fact that these very little ones are restless, that they disturb those older, that they distract the attention of the teacher, or that they can, at that age, learn very little, I cannot but feel that no child, when sent by its parents under the desire to benefit the little one, should be refused by the superintendent of the primary department, for it is impossible to decide how far the faculties of the child may be developed, and whether it is capable of receiving into its heart some seed which may germinate at some time and produce a lasting impression for good. If no other good is effected, at least the habit of going to Sunday-school is formed, and the little one is the more apt to attend regularly in after years if its earliest impressions are in favor of going there Sunday after Sunday without fail.

Would the time spent in keeping them quiet be better occupied in talking to the older ones? Are they only sent because mothers want to take a nap? Can we do them good? Restless little busy bodies! We are often tempted to wish they would be kept at home, and yet, even in the wish we feel as if we were following the example of the disciples who, when the mothers came bringing the little ones, rebuked them, and Jesus, we are told in the Gospel of Mark, "was much displeased." Therefore when we look into their bright eyes, their questioning eyes, as we try to explain some simple truth, it is with the feeling that so Jesus did, as he placed his hands on them and blessed them, and we dare not send them away.—*Mrs. Vanderbilt, in Christian Intelligencer.*

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

It is not merely by conversing on serious subjects that you promote serious thoughts, nor by seeking directly to obtain influence that you really influence others—it is being good that you do good—it is by kindness and thoughtfulness for others' feelings, by sufferings and disappointments cheerfully endured, by advantages of intellect or fortune humbly borne, by adherence to fixed principles of duty, by the princely heart of guileless innocence, whose very look is the best rebuke to vice.

THE PERVADING THOUGHT.

The Psalms come from all epochs in the history of Israel; they are of all the characters that lyric poetry can assume; but the pervading thought of them all is the mercy, the justice, the redeeming love of the one God, whose law is enshrined in the life of Israel.—*Fremantle.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 2, 1890.

JESUS ACCUSED.—Luke 22:54-71.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 66-70.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. 53:5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 22:54-71.—Jesus Accused.
T. John 18:12-27.—Before Annas and Caiaphas.
W. Mark 14:52-72.—Before the Council.
Th. Matt. 26:57-75.—The False Witness.
F. Psalm 66:1-13.—"They Wrest my Words."
S. 1 Pet. 4:1-19.—"Watch unto Prayer."
S. 2 Cor. 7:1-12.—True and False Repentance.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Jesus Denied by Peter. vs. 54-61.
II. Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers. vs. 62-65.
III. Jesus Condemned by the Council. vs. 66-71.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Friday, April 7; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Pera.

PLACE.—The palace of Caiaphas, the high priest, in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

After his arrest Jesus was taken first to the house of Annas (John 18:12, 13), and thence to the palace of Caiaphas, the high priest. John 18:24. The council having assembled, he was put on trial and condemned as guilty of blasphemy. During this time Peter, who had followed him with John to the high priest's house, denied him. The council, having pronounced Jesus guilty of blasphemy, suspended its session, to meet at daybreak. During this interval Jesus remained in the high priest's palace, exposed to the insults of his enemies. As soon as it was day the council reassembled, and formally adjudged him to death. Luke omits the examination by Annas and the night-trial before Caiaphas, giving immediately his account of Peter's denial, and then mentioning the mocking, which occurred at the close of the night-trial. Parallel passages, Matt. 26:57-75; Mark 14:53-72; John 18:12-27.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 54. *The high priest's house*—the house of Caiaphas. V. 55. *The hall*—Revised Version, "the court." V. 56. *A certain maid*—probably the porteress, who had followed Peter into the court. V. 57. *He denied*—both his discipleship and his knowledge of Jesus (John 18:17), and also that he understood what she could mean. Mark 14:68. V. 58. *Another saw him*—the second denial. V. 59. *About the space of one hour*—the third denial. *Another*—kinsman of the one whose ear Peter cut off. John 18:25. Others joined in the charge. This last denial was accomplished with cursing and swearing. Matt. 26:74. *A Galilean*—betrayed by his provincial dialect. V. 60. *The cock crew*—the second crowing, about three o'clock in the morning. V. 61. *Looked upon Peter*—a look that touched Peter's heart. V. 66. *As soon as it was day*—both Roman law and Jewish usage forbade a final condemnation before dawn. *Elders*—chief priests... scribes—the three parts of the council. V. 69. *Hereafter*—Revised Version, "From henceforth." Christ's glorification began as soon as the proceedings against him were finished. V. 71. *What need we*—Jesus was condemned because he claimed to be the Son of God. Either his claim was correct or the Jews were right in putting him to death.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus arrested? To whom was he first taken? Where was he then taken? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JESUS DENIED BY PETER. vs. 54-61.—To whose house was Jesus brought? Who was the high priest? Who followed after? How did Peter gain admittance to the high priest's house? John 18:15, 16. What took place there? How many times did Peter deny his Master? What did he do at the last denial? Mark 14:71. What immediately took place? What prediction did this fulfill? What brought this to Peter's mind? How did this look affect Peter? What is repentance unto life?

II. JESUS MOCKED BY THE SOLDIERS. vs. 62-65.—What was done to Jesus? By whom? How did they treat Jesus? What did they say to him? How long did this mocking and reviling continue?

III. JESUS CONDEMNED BY THE COUNCIL. vs. 66-71.—What was done at daybreak? What had the council done during the night? What question did the council ask? What did Jesus reply? What did he then declare? What did they all

inquire? What was his reply? What did they then say?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

I. That we should never be afraid or ashamed to own our love to Jesus.
2. That if we trust in our own strength it will fail us in the time of trial.
3. That we should rely wholly on Jesus to keep us from the power of the tempter.
4. That Jesus was mocked of men that we might be honored of God.
5. That Jesus was condemned that we might be justified.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What great sin did Peter commit? Ans. He thrice denied his Lord and Master.
2. How was Peter brought to repentance? Ans. The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.
3. What did Peter do? Ans. He went out, and wept bitterly.
4. What did those who held Jesus do? Ans. They mocked him, and smote him.
5. On what ground did the council condemn Jesus to death? Ans. Because he claimed to be the Christ, the Son of God.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 9, 1890.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE AND HEROD.

Luke 23:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man."—Luke 23:4.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 23:1-12.—Jesus before Pilate and Herod.
T. Acts 4:13-33.—"Both Herod and Pontius Pilate."
W. Psalm 35:1-20.—Hatred without Cause.
Th. Psalm 38:9-22.—They Speak Mischievous Things.
F. Rom. 8:31-39.—All Things with Christ.
S. Rom. 5:12-21.—Grace Abounding.
S. Eph. 3:1-21.—The Love of Christ.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Pilate and Jesus. vs. 1-7.
II. Herod and Jesus. vs. 8-12.
TIME.—A. D. 30, Friday morning, April 7; Tiberius Caesar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Pera.
PLACE.—Pilate's hall of judgment and Herod's palace, Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The Jewish council had not the power, independent of the Roman government, to execute the sentence of death which they had pronounced upon Jesus. They therefore took him to Pilate, the Roman governor, that he might approve their sentence and order his execution. With the first part of the lesson (vs. 1-7) study carefully the parallel accounts, Matt. 27:1, 2, 11-14; Mark 15:1-5; John 18:28-38. The account of Jesus before Herod is given by Luke only.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Pilate*—the Roman governor. V. 2. *Perverting*—seducing, leading astray. *Forbidding*—a downright falsehood. *Saying*—this charge was false in spirit, though true in the letter. V. 3. *Pilate asked him*—we learn from John's fuller account that Jesus had been led into the Praetorium, while his accusers stayed without, and that Pilate was now questioning him at a private examination. *Thou sayest it*—I am. (See 1 Tim. 6:15.) V. 4. *I find no fault in this man*—the examination during which Jesus had said, "My kingdom is not of this world," had convinced him that no political crime was involved in his claim to be king of the Jews, and he therefore unhesitatingly acquitted him. V. 5. *Jerry*—Judea. V. 7. *Herod*—Herod Antipas, Herod lived at Tiberias, and Pilate at Caesarea. During the Jewish feasts these two rulers came to Jerusalem—Pilate to maintain order, and Herod to gain popularity among his subjects. V. 9. *He answered him nothing*—for such a judge, the murderer of John the Baptist, he had neither miracles nor words. V. 11. *Men of war*—his body-guard. *Set him at naught*—treating him not as a criminal, but as a person worthy only of contempt. *A gorgeous robe*—literally, "bright raiment," in mockery.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus tried? What sentence was pronounced upon him? Why did the council itself not execute the sentence? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PILATE AND JESUS. vs. 1-7.—What did the whole multitude do? Who was Pilate? What authority had he? What charges did they bring against Jesus? What question did Pilate ask him? What did Jesus reply? What further record does John give of his reply? John 18:36, 37. How doth Christ execute the office of a king? What did Pilate then say to him? What effect had this upon his accusers? What charge did they make? What did Pilate further ask? What did he then do? Who was Herod?

II. HEROD AND JESUS. vs. 8-12.—How did Herod receive Jesus? Why? What did Herod do? How were his inquiries received? What did the chief priests and scribes do? How did Herod treat Jesus? What took place the same day?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus Christ is King.
2. That he reigns by truth and love over the hearts and lives of men.
3. That we should bow to him and serve him as our King.
4. That dignified silence is often the best reproof of the foolish scoffer.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. To whom was Jesus taken? Ans. To Pilate, the Roman governor.
2. Why was he taken before Pilate? Ans. The Jews could not put him to death without Pilate's authority.
3. Why was Pilate's decision after he had examined Jesus? Ans. I find no fault in this man.
4. To whom did Pilate send Jesus? Ans. To Herod, who was then at Jerusalem.
5. How did Herod treat him? He set him at naught and mocked him, and sent him again to Pilate.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows the steps it takes;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
No one is paid by naughty blows;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought;
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but a mother.

—Detroit Free Press.

CLARA CALDWELL'S REQUEST.
A TRUE STORY.

BY EMILY C. PEARSON.

"I fear your father will not consent, my daughter," said gentle Mrs. Caldwell to her earnest child.

"O mother, not consent to my going to prayer-meeting? I don't see how I can stay away. There are so many young converts, and the meetings are all alive with interest, and since I have joined the church, I am under obligation to attend meetings if able," replied the young lady, Clara Caldwell.

"I know it, my child, and that was why your father opposed your joining the church. He said as to having you out evenings to meeting, he could not permit it. And I do not think it safe for you to go alone."

Mr. Caldwell was a worthy man of great wealth and having been brought up in a formal way, knew nothing of the power of godliness. He was proud of his beautiful child, Clara, and had lavished money on her education. It was his great ambition to have her a brilliant woman of the world, —an accomplished leader in society.

While in college, however, she was arrested by the Spirit of God, and found Christ. Hers was a complete surrender, and at once she sought to bring others into the fold.

Mr. Caldwell was bitterly disappointed. "Mary," said he to his wife, "Clara is spoiled for this world! Our lovely Clara; it is too dreadful to think of!"

"Oh, no!" she replied, "it cannot be. She is not spoiled. She will always be herself,—amiable, fascinating and a great favorite."

"The truth is," said he, pettishly, "a man cannot send his daughter to a seminary or college, but she gets converted! I don't want my daughter to love God better than she does me!"

"Perhaps she'll love you better for loving God," timidly ventured the wife.

"Most absurd! Mary, see that you don't encourage her in her notions. And as to evening prayer-meetings, she must not think of them!" Clara came in as he uttered these words. At first her eyes flashed; she was a girl of spirit; then, softening, she put her arms around her father's neck, and begged him to let her go.

"O papa, just this once!"

"No darling, you must not ask me that. Ask me anything out of a religious line, and I'm yours to serve."

"But, papa, you are so kind and thoughtful, I do not have to ask, and religious things are what I care for most."

"Bless you, child, I wish you would beset me in a more worldly fashion. I make money for you, it is at your disposal whenever you want it. But about your going to an evening prayer-meeting, I'm as firm as the rock of Gibraltar, and you'll never mention it again!"

Clara, sorely smitten, dutifully kissed her father and mother and went to her room. Too oppressed to give vent to tears, she seated herself by the little table and took up her Bible to listen to God's word.

Her eyes fell on this verse, that spoke comfort to her like a voice from heaven, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

"I'll go to him this moment!" thought she, and, kneeling, she transferred her load to the dear Saviour's keeping. "Sustained," murmured she as she arose, "the Lord's word is pledged, and I will trust him."

Peaceful and at rest, she sat down to study the topic for the evening meeting, "Trust in God," and was soon so absorbed in getting out a Bible reading on the subject, that the time till nine o'clock seemed too short. Just then the kind mother came in to assure herself of her child's welfare.

"What, my darling!" she exclaimed, "busy with your bible! Well, well, that is more suitable for me at my age, but are you not too young to be so studious?"

"But I find Jesus here," brightly said Clara. "That is too joyful to express. Besides I am obeying him in searching his word, and I know that he smiles upon me when I do this."

"I wish, my child, that I could see things as you do. But I do not dare venture out in religious faith, your father would not understand it."

"I find it isn't of faith," replied Clara, "to look too much at consequences; God will take care of them if we only seek to serve him with an eye single to his glory. I yield to papa in this matter of going out evenings, because it is better for me to give up my evening meeting, than to worry him. I do not, however, give up one bit of my faith, and I am praying the Lord to change his mind, so that he will go to meeting with me."

"That would be a great comfort to me," said the mother. She was so absorbed in the will of her husband, that it was seldom that she dared assert as much.

Mr. Caldwell noticed that Clara was cheerful, while she obeyed him. Her religion did not make her morbid, he was sure. She neglected none of her self-imposed and accustomed duties, but went singing about the house for real gladness of heart. She cared for the conservatory and the birds, and had fresh flowers in the parlors and in the library, and was always doing something to regulate and brighten home.

"I don't see for the life of me, wife, as Clara's religion harms her, as I thought it would. That child has lots of self-poise!"

"She has the love of Christ making sunshine in her heart," thought the wife, although she did not say it.

"Now, Mary," said he, "I've a plan, and I want it carried out. Week, after next, remember, we will have a reception and euchre party; we'll have a variety,—play euchre, and have dancing. I'm aching to dance the German. Don't look shocked. We'll have a caterer get the supper, and have choice wines."

Mrs. Caldwell turned pale.

"Well, on second thought, I don't know as I'll have wines, I gave them up to please you and Clara, but all the rest; and you and Clara must help entertain the company in fashionable dress and style. Use money freely, and make things go off in good shape. I shall not invite the young minister. She must forget him. Young Wilson, the millionaire is home from abroad, and will be present, and we must try and stifle these notions of Clara, by a grand offset. I leave it to you to prepare her mind, and occupy her all you can, in the details of preparation for the occasion," and handing her a bank-check, he hurried away to take a carriage ride with some old-time associates.

When Clara came into lunch, fresh and rosy from her morning walk to visit some needy people on the church list, her mother told her of her father's plan.

"I wish he could see things differently," was her reply. "He is planning to have me do what my conscience disapproves. I have covenanted to give up the vanities of the world; and playing cards and dancing are among the prohibited things."

The mother and daughter, however, could devise no way out of the dilemma. Clara could not eat of the inviting repast, but went to her room, and gave herself to prayer.

Quiet little Mrs. Caldwell was not a society woman and dreaded to take her place in the proposed gathering, but as her husband

word was law, gave up in despair. She forgot how easily God could dispose of the plan.

Meanwhile, the day passed merrily with the excursionists. They had a grand dinner at the fashionable seaside hotel, and after strolling on the beach, resumed their drive. It happened that the driver had the horse's highly grained, and had himself taken an extra glass of liquor. As he recklessly used the whip, the restive steeds rebelled, reared, plunged, and swooping around a corner, upset the barouche and threw the men out. One of them was killed outright, and Mr. Caldwell had a leg broken; besides, as he was a heavy man, he was dreadfully shattered and bruised.

It was four o'clock; Clara was sewing beside her mother, in a bower of the sitting-room that led out of the conservatory. Her father was not expected for hours. The door bell rang violently, and he was brought in pale and helpless, moaning with pain.

Clara and her mother, greatly shocked, hastened to show the way to his room. The men gently bore him and laid him on his bed, and his physician in attendance administering an anæsthetic set the broken limb. He had a trained nurse to attend him, but his wife and Clara were always hovering near, doing something to brighten his room.

When he came to himself there were fresh flowers, fruit and dainty refreshments on the table by his bed-side. He looked up and smiled on his daughter, his eyes followed her wistfully, as if he had much to say when he would be able to talk. The doctor said he must be kept quiet, as the shock to his nervous system was very great.

After a few days, he asked Clara to sit beside him, and tell him about her faith. She gladly complied, as tears of joy moistened her eyes. Drawing her chair beside him, he began:

"I find that the Lord has arrested me, and taken me in hand, and I want you to tell me more about him whom I feel is my master!" said he, in a broken and contrite way.

Clara told him the story that was so beautiful to her,—of Jesus and his love, and there on his bed of weakness and pain, he found the Lord. At once the wife's budding faith burst into bloom, and as soon as he was sufficiently convalesced, a reception prayer-meeting was held in the spacious rooms of the Caldwell Mansion, at which time the master of the house and his wife confessed their faith in Christ. Others were moved to call on the name of the Lord, and be saved.

When he was fully recovered, Clara had the great joy of having her father and mother accompany her to the house of God, and unite with his people. She called to mind that the Lord had sustained her, had heard the request, and her heart was filled with thanksgiving and praise to his name.—*Watchman.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AFTER carpets and the underlying papers have been taken up, before attempting to sweep the floor, a liberal allowance of damp sand, wetted newspapers pulled in small pieces, or damp saw-dust, can be scattered about. The floor can then be swept off without raising any great amount of dust.

COCKROACHES, bedbugs, carpet moths, and the legion of small vermin which infest houses, can be gotten rid of by a vigorous application of a hot solution of alum to their haunts. This should be used very strong and put on freely with a paint-brush. It is harmless, so far as children are concerned, yet it is effectual in getting rid of these pests, which do so much to make the lives of housewives so uncomfortable.

A LADIES' TAILOR has invented a dress for business women which has six pockets, viz., the usual skirt pocket, two pockets on the hips, suitable for purse, keys or penknife, two small pockets in the sleeves, to hold railway tickets or loose change, and a tiny vest-pocket on the left side, which may be utilized for a watch or a memorandum book.

THERE IS NO MORE healthful summer drink than good, fresh buttermilk, and it is relished by most persons. There is an in-

creasing demand for buttermilk in the cities, as it has to be procured from the country. City milk, even when available, is too costly to be used for butter making. Farmers, therefore, who keep many cows, can make a handsome thing by sending the buttermilk when quite fresh to some city dairy, where there is always a good market for it. Buttermilk is worth too much to sell thus to be profitably fed to the pigs instead.—*American Cultivator.*

A WHITE QUILT used on a child's bed—or any bed, for that matter—will keep clean and free from wrinkles much longer if, instead of being allowed to remain on at night, it be drawn down over the foot-board, care being first taken to remove all dust. Lest the quilt should reach the floor, and thus become soiled, the top should be folded back toward the bed and passed over the foot-board just far enough to prevent its slipping off. Should the foot-board be of such a shape that the spread will not hang smooth, it might be removed and folded evenly.

FANCY WORK.

NAIL EMBROIDERY.—An entirely new ornamentation for leather, plush or velvet furniture, for picture frames, baskets and boxes of any description, is accomplished with fancy nails. So decorative is it, that the style is designated as nail embroidery. All shapes and sizes of nails are used in the work, and when varied colors are desired, it is an easy matter to paint a quantity of brass heads, silver, bronze, or copper color, as these are not always obtainable. A large, square, plush-covered box, suitable for odds and ends, in a bed-room, was ornamented with these nails in geometrical patterns. The design was readily accomplished by means of a paper pattern laid on the plush surface. Pins were run through where the nails were to be driven. One pin was removed at a time, and a tiny hole bored with an awl in its place, into which the fancy nails were secured with a light tack-hammer. It is astonishing how many novel and symmetrical patterns suggest themselves when one is fairly interested in this nail embroidery.

KNITTED PORTIERE.—It is the easiest thing imaginable to do if you can collect enough silk pieces. An old black silk, no matter how forlorn, is the very thing you want. Cut it in strips about half an inch wide, and sew together. Mix with it any strips of colored silks. The children's old faded sashes or hair ribbons are made useful by dyeing them orange, red, or any other color. After you have wound your strips into balls like carpet rags, get a pair of bone knitting needles about three quarters of a yard long, knit the plain stitch, until you have a very handsome portiere.

PLUSH NAPKIN RINGS.—Plush napkin rings are very pretty and easily made. Take a piece of buckram two inches wide and six long, cover with plush, line with satin and join together as though they buttoned over, with large beads for buttons and two rings of small beads for loops.—*Observer.*

PUZZLES NO. 20.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.

I'm in naughty and in good,
I'm in followed and in stood,
I'm in favor and in fame,
I'm in nature and in name,
I'm in shudder and in glad,
I'm in sorrow and in sad,
I'm in merry and in weep,
I'm in wakeful and in sleep.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we read "They shall take no wood out of the field, neither cut down any out of the forests." 2. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"
3. Of whom was it said "He trusted in God?"
4. What was our Saviour's first exhortation?

HANNAH E. GREENE.

HALF SQUARES.

- I. 1. Pursued. 2. Employed. 3. Space. 4. Ocean. 5. Abbreviation of a boy's name. 6. A consonant.
- II. 1. Changes. 2. Permission. 3. To accept. 4. A lady well known some time ago. 5. Almost "red." 6. A consonant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 19.

DIAMONDS.—

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C	H	J
G	O	K
COT	HOD	GOT
CANDY	HEROD	GURIEL
CONTEST	HORIZON	JOURNAL
BLEAK	DOZEN	TENOR
BEK	DON	EAR
T	N	L



The Family Circle.

SHUTTING UP HER FOLD.

The fire burns dimly on the hearth,
The light is turned down low,
And wintry winds through bare old trees
In fitful gusts of blow.
The mother pulls the curtains down
To keep away the cold;
Tucks tightly in the children's beds—
She's shutting up her fold.
She covers up the little hand,
Thrown o'er the coverlet;
She wipes the place on baby's cheek
Which one stray tear had wet;
Kisses the little ones who sleep,
And smooths the hair of gold,
Then kneels and "prays the Lord to keep"—
She's shutting up her fold.
O little ones, fenced round secure
With mother's love and care,
What looks of peace and trust and joy
Your sleeping faces wear!
Outside to-night some children, who
Are tall and large and old,
Are wishing they could be once more
Sheltered in mother's fold.

—Susan Teall Perry, in *The Home Maker*.

WHY THEY HADN'T COME BEFORE.

Mrs. Stanton was leader of the Woman's Missionary Society and prayer-meeting in Brownsville. The small attendance at these meetings had been a great trial to her, and now that the fall house-cleaning, canning, and sewing had begun, the excuse, "I am too busy to come," was still more common. The addresses heard at the meeting of the Woman's Board had made an impression on Mrs. Stanton. That very week she called on the few regular attendants of the society and had an earnest talk with each; the result of this was that eight ladies pledged themselves to make it a special subject of prayer that the meeting might be blessed, and to do all they could to bring others to attend.

Then Mrs. Stanton began studying geographies, encyclopedias, missionary books, and pamphlets, and asking questions about the Sultan and Porte, until Mr. Stanton said he must buy some cranberries, as they had Turkey three times a day.

The afternoon for the meeting came, and the ladies came—not five or six, but a room full; and still they came, some looking with surprise at seeing others there; some saying, "I didn't expect to find you here!" "How did you happen to come?" "Well, you are the last one I thought I'd see here!"

Instead of beginning the meeting with the usual singing of familiar hymns, two selections from an anthem were beautifully given by a sweet singer from the choir. Then brief selections of Scripture were read by different ladies, each one making a few comments. Short prayers were offered, specially petitioning a blessing on the meeting.

Then Mrs. Stanton announced the subject of the meeting, and introduced a Turkish lady in full native dress, who told the pitiable story of life in a harem. She was asked many questions about the general condition of Turkey and missionary work there. The questions continued so long that the Turkish lady seemed disconcerted, and throwing off her veil, said she would be Mary Halton again, as her stock of information had given out. None except the ladies who gave the first questions knew that they had been carefully prepared beforehand in order to call forth the impromptu questions which followed.

One lady had prepared a large map of Turkey. Upon this she located mission fields, which were then briefly described by different ladies. Another had pictures of Turkish scenes which she had cut from old mission papers, geographies, or prospectus sheets of Bible dictionaries, and had mounted them on cardboard. A letter from a missionary in Turkey was read, and several short items were given. Mrs. Stanton spoke earnestly of the need of mission work in Turkey and of our duty

to help. Fifteen minutes were spent in prayer and in singing familiar hymns.

Then recess was announced, during which grapes and peaches were passed, and the cheerful hum of voices filled the room. Presently Mrs. Stanton called the attention of the ladies and told them of the inspiration she had at the State meeting, and the resolve of herself and others to do more to make the meetings interesting and to try to increase the attendance, and above all to pray more earnestly than ever before that their little society might be a means of doing much good.

"And now," she continued, "I am going to ask each lady present to tell how it was that she came to-day, when heretofore so many of us have been too busy to come."

As she finished speaking smiling glances were exchanged, but no one spoke until, to the surprise of all, the stillness was broken by quiet little Mrs. Perkins, who scarcely ever went anywhere because of "so much to do."

"Last Tuesday," she said, "Mrs. Evans came over and asked me about coming to the meeting to-day. I told her that I had house-cleaning and canning to do, and company coming Saturday. She asked me to let her send her hired girl over to help me part of two days, and she wouldn't let me refuse. It did help me so much. I've enjoyed the meeting so much that I shall try to come after this without having a hired girl lent me."

The ice having been broken, others followed with their stories in quick succession. Mrs. Moore said:

"Mrs. Stanton didn't come to help me about my work or to ask me to be here, but the polite note that she sent inviting me, made me feel that it would be rude to stay at home; so I came as a guest, but now I feel that I am a part of the meeting."

"I had a note, too, asking me to pray for a fuller attendance at the meeting. I have always felt that all my work and care of keeping boarders, and mother too feeble to be left alone, was excuse enough for me not to come; but I found I couldn't pray for a fuller attendance without trying hard to answer the prayer so far as my own self would count one to attend. I've been getting up earlier and planning my work this week, and I found I could come."

"You know I have no one to leave the children with, and I can't take them with me. Yesterday Mrs. Scott came over and got me to promise to come to-day and let her Fanny stay with my children. I feel safe about them, and am glad to be here."

"I can scarcely ever get a horse to drive this time of year, for all the teams are kept busy. To-day Mrs. Moore came around for me almost a mile out of her way."

"Nobody ever asked me to come to this meeting until this week. I never had hard feeling about it, though, for I thought it wasn't for the likes of me," said Mrs. Brunner, the washerwoman. "I have got wonderfully rested sitting still here; and I've found that I'm lots better off than the poor heathen women you're talking about."

"I promised Mrs. Norton I would come, but when she came along to-day she found me with such a headache that I had given up coming. She took the mending out of my hands, rubbed my head, and gave me her headache cure, and at last, in spite of my opposition, she got me here, and I admit that the fresh air and the walk did help me; and this meeting is better for headache than the mending would have been."

"My husband wanted to take me riding, and I must say I felt almost out of patience that I had promised Mrs. Edwards to come here to-day. When she found out about it, she offered me her horse after meeting is over; so George wouldn't be disappointed, and I am sure he will like to hear about the meeting, for he has an uncle who is a missionary."

"I had intended going to the florist's. The gardener sent word that this was his only free afternoon to see about my plants. At first I thought this an excuse from meeting; the note I received showed me how wrong I have been to neglect the meeting. It is my earnest desire to be more faithful in all ways."

"I had a caller, Mrs. Harris, here, whom most of you have met. She came at about time for meeting. When I mustered courage to invite her to come here

with me, she said she would gladly do so, as she always attends such meetings of her church at home."

"I was invited out to tea and declined on account of the meeting; and my hostess said she was glad, for since inviting me she had received a note inviting her here, and she wanted to come, but didn't feel free to postpone my visit; so we are both here to-day."

"To-day was the only time for ten days that my dressmaker could make the basque of my new fall suit. I am glad I gave it up and came."

Those who were best acquainted with Mrs. Ray understood that giving up the dress was a sacrifice.

"I am so afraid to ride that it is a trial to drive down here; but I have prayed specially this week that I might be less nervous to-day; I am sure the prayer was answered, and thoughts of the meeting will stop me thinking of the horse as I return."

"Well, Sisters," said Mother Poulter, as she polished her spectacles, "three or four years ago I decided to put my mantle on daughter Jane, so far as attending this meeting was concerned. 'I'm getting too old,' I says to her. Well, when Jane told me about her note from Mrs. Stanton, I happened to be reading about Anna the prophetess preaching in Jerusalem when she was four score years and four. I'm going to attend meetings more, though I can't help much."

"I am sure you are all surprised to see me here," said Mrs. Thomas, "for I've always said that this meeting and its money ought to be used for the poor people among us; and that's what I told Mrs. Lewis when she asked me to come here to-day. 'I'm sure,' she said, 'it would be a good plan to have such an aid society as you suggest. Why don't you start one?' That set me thinking, and I went around trying to organize it; and the truth is that the only ones who gave me much encouragement were the regular members of this Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Stanton was the first one who encouraged me. She said, 'It is all one work for the Lord, whether it is home-missions or foreign missions or work for the poor among us; I will gladly help you all I can.' So I am here to help her in this meeting and thus work all I can."

"I have not felt opposed to foreign missions like Mrs. Thomas," said Miss Bentley, "but I thought my mission Sunday-school class and boys' evening school were enough to excuse me from this society; but I couldn't find it in my heart to pray, as requested, for a fuller attendance here, and then stay away myself. Duties do not conflict, and I am sure that it is my duty to help this society and that I need to get help from it."

"Both to get help and give help, as Mandy, my colored girl says," said Mrs. Stanton, smiling. "Can we not each one say, 'This is my meeting; I will pray and plan to make it more and more helpful in its work?'" —*Advance*.

NICOTINE AND THE CLERGY.

The New York *Herald* has long been famous for journalistic enterprise, and we are glad to see it in quest of truth concerning moral issues. It has been asking the opinion of eminent ministers as to the use of tobacco, and lately published their replies. These devout men unanimously agree that the proper use of tobacco is not to daze the human brain, or scent the human breath.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger, of Boston, says: Smoking is a vice, because it is master of labor, time and health; intoxicating liquor and tobacco are the chief enemies of the human race, therefore no clergyman can be held guiltless who does not set a personal example in opposition to both.

Canon Farrar's reply is characteristic: It seems to me that when man has so many natural wants, it is not desirable to add to them another want, which can only be regarded as artificial.

Good Chaplain McCabe asks: How can a man reprove boys for smoking if he does it himself? No, save us from clergymen who smoke! I am glad the Methodist Church has decided not to admit young men to her ministry who are addicted to the practice.

Dr. Cuyler says he never smoked a cigar in his life, and never expects to, and

assures the inquiring *Herald* he "fears that some valuable lives have ended in smoke; and there are times when a cigar in a minister's mouth does not help the gospel that comes out of it, and is not a wholesome 'ensample to the flock.'"

Joseph Cook's answer reveals his fine sense of equity, and also his courage in fastening guilt where it belongs, although the guilty one be "reverend."

More than one important religious denomination, notably the Methodist, now regularly makes inquiry of candidates for the ministry as to their habits concerning the use of tobacco. A large number of conferences refuse to accept habitual smokers as preachers. I believe there should be a reform in this matter of smoking among young men, but nothing prevents it so much as the practice of a few distinguished preachers, whose habits in other respects are exemplary, but who in regard to smoking, set a bad example to the young.

Edward Beecher denounces the use of tobacco as an unqualified sin:

My deepest feeling is excited by the great extent to which ministers of the Gospel are involved in the sin of using tobacco. It not only injures them physically but mentally. Against unanswerable evidence of the widespread evils—physical, intellectual and moral—they subject themselves to a habit of ruinous self-indulgence, and do all that example can do to induce others to do the same. Then of what avail is it for them to preach to men to deny ungodliness and every worldly lust? While ministers of the Gospel oppose one with vivid eloquence, they advocate the other by example, and are a rampart to defend it against all assaults.

Newman Hall, the great friend and teacher of the London workingmen, gives his opinion of the weed, and his experience with it in his own quaint style:

I began to smoke at eight years of age, and left off the same day. The cane cut from the hedge made me sick, and all my experience since has made me more sick of what I regard a dirty, costly, tyrannical and unhealthy habit. The practice should be especially avoided by ministers. There are in every church some who will be injured by following it. It often leads to drinking, wastes time and costs money which is needed for better objects.

Lyman Abbott's reply is argumentative and exhaustive, we can only quote it fragmentarily, at its strongest points, as they appear to us:

The physical evils that result from the tobacco habit are notorious. The moral evils appear to me also serious.

Whatever may be the imagined benefit of smoking to overworked men (and women? If it is a sedative, who need it more than the wives and mothers?), it is by substantially universal consent an injury to the young. And yet not only the young men in our stores and colleges, but the boys in their teens are inveterate smokers.

The minister should teach by his life; he should set an example which he is willing his congregation should follow; he should walk in the paths in which he desires that the boys and young men who look up to him should walk. As I personally do not wish to see the boys in my Sunday-schools, nor the young men in my church and congregation smoking, I do not propose to set them the example of the smoker. And I cannot but think that, on the one hand, if all ministers were of this opinion, and set a universal example against the cigar, it would count for something; and on the other hand, that there is a certain incongruity in a smoking clergyman preaching a sermon on crucifying the lusts of the flesh or denying ourselves for the sake of our neighbors.

The venerable Dr. McCosh, believing with all consistent Presbyterians that woman's influence is mighty and to be feared, declares that,

Smoking will be put down when young ladies declare that they will not look with favor on a young man who smokes, and when congregations declare that they will not take a minister who smokes. —*Union Signal*.

PARDON cannot be bought either with money or work. It is a free gift and always on the ground of repentance and faith.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

That Mr. Gladstone remains at eighty unshaken in health and in the fullness of his mental vigor is largely due to the life-long care and devotion of his wife. Little is heard of Mrs. Gladstone. She is not a society woman or a political woman. Nominally she is the head of the Women's Liberal Federation, but her politics consist of an intense admiration for her husband's programme. Mrs. Gladstone has not been conspicuous in any department of life in which her husband has won honors, but she has played a more important part in his life work than is generally known. It is in a great measure owing to her that he has been able to accomplish all the work associated with his name. She has always regarded her husband's work for the nation as of the first importance, and has relieved him from all troubles about business or household affairs. She has shielded him from all the petty worries and frictions of life. Blessed herself with a perfect constitution and unbroken health, she has looked after her husband's health with the skill of a professional nurse and the vigilance of a guardian angel. She has been a most devoted helpmate, and the ideal wife for a great man.

When Gladstone first met the lady, then Miss Glynne, who was to share with him the honor of his triumphs, he was a young member of Parliament, and one of the rising hopes of the Tory party. Miss Glynne belonged to an aristocratic Welsh family. Her father was Sir Stephen Glynne, of Hawarden, Cheshire. Young Gladstone had no aristocratic connections. He was the son of a Scotch merchant settled in Liverpool. It was not the fashion in those days for the daughters of aristocratic families to marry any one bearing the taint of trade, and Miss Glynne's friends were anxious that she should choose a husband from the ranks of the nobility. Her own charms and beauty were considered sufficient to win her a marquis, a lord, or a duke. What first attracted Miss Glynne's attention to young Gladstone was a remark made by an English minister who sat beside her at a dinner party at which Mr. Gladstone was also present. "Mark that young man," said he; "he will yet be Prime Minister of England." Miss Glynne keenly scrutinized the handsome and expressive features of the young M.P., who sat opposite her, but it was not until the subsequent winter that he made her acquaintance in Italy. Perhaps this courtship in Italy may have something to do with Mr. Gladstone's fondness for that country, and his frequent visits to it.

After his marriage Mr. Gladstone went to live in his father-in-law's house, Hawarden Castle. Sir Stephen Glynne was in embarrassed conditions, and Mr. Gladstone helped him by buying part of the property. The two families lived happily together in the same house until Sir Stephen's death. After having put the affairs of the estate in order, it is said that Mr. Gladstone seriously took in hand the tuition of his handsome young wife in book-keeping, and she applied herself with diligence to the unwelcome task. After a little practice she went in triumph to her husband to display her domestic accounts and correspondence, in what she thought perfect order. Mr. Gladstone cast his eye over the results of his wife's labor, and then said, quietly, "All wrong, my dear, from beginning to end." Mrs. Gladstone has not succeeded as a book-keeper, but she has been a valuable ally in helping her husband to keep all his books, papers, and correspondence in a neat and methodical way. She never touches his papers, or moves anything in his study.

Mrs. Gladstone has been an ideal mother as well as an ideal wife. She nursed all her seven children herself. She looked after them in infancy, and cared for them in every way. The girls were educated by governesses, and the boys went to Eton, and then to Oxford. There were seven children, four sons and three daughters. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, the eldest, manages the Hawarden property for his father. Stephen Gladstone is rector of Hawarden church. Henry Gladstone has recently retired from parliament. Herbert, the youngest, is in parliament, and is regarded as a bright young man who is likely to make a name for himself. Two daughters have married Church of England clergymen, and the other, Helen Gladstone, helps her

father with his correspondence. Except when Mr. Gladstone is in London attending to his parliamentary duties, the whole family live near each other at Hawarden.

Mr. Gladstone is fully sensible of what he owes to his wife, and has made no secret of the fact that his continuance in public was dependent on the health of his partner in life. To be the wife of a great statesman and Prime Minister is no doubt to occupy a fine and imposing position, but the position has its trials. The wife of a British Prime Minister who fills two ministerial offices at the same time—as Gladstone recently did—and who is leader of the House of Commons, sees very little of her husband. When Mr. Gladstone was in office he was absorbed in legislative and state business, and had little time for domestic intercourse or to spend with his family. During these times the self-denial and self-abnegation of Mrs. Gladstone were beyond all praise. She always avoided doing anything that would interfere in the very least with her husband's official duties. She has been known to remark that when Mr. Gladstone was in office and in London during the season, it was quite a treat to her to be invited with her husband to a friend's house to dinner. She always tried to get seated next to him. "when,"

problems, and attending to his vast correspondence. His wife sees that his time is not wasted. She knows precisely when to disturb him and when to leave him alone. When visitors go to Hawarden, Mrs. Gladstone receives and entertains them until an opportune moment arrives for them to be introduced to her husband. She will show them over the castle, tell them enthusiastically about her husband's work, and then lead them to the "Temple of Peace," as she calls the library. She will enter gently, and show the visitors the room without disturbing Mr. Gladstone. He will continue intently reading or absorbed in his work, and will never look up until she calls him. When the "Grand Old Man," has once begun to talk, he is sometimes led away with his subject, and will prolong the conversation, much to the enjoyment of his listeners. But Mrs. Gladstone is at hand to quietly interrupt the conversation. She knows that her husband has some work to finish which he will be glad to be reminded of.

Mrs. Gladstone often watches her husband at his favorite recreation, tree-felling—and goes on long walks with him. Both are excellent pedestrians, and believe in exercise in the open air. As already remarked, Mrs. Gladstone's first care is for



MRS. GLADSTONE.

she said, "it is at least possible for me to have some conversation with my husband; otherwise I see nothing of him."

Mrs. Gladstone is a frequent visitor in the ladies' gallery in the House of Commons; she is sure to be there when Mr. Gladstone is expected to make a speech; and no matter how late the House sits, she always sits up to welcome him home. She takes the keenest interest in his political work. When he addresses meetings she often accompanies him, and sits on the platform beside him. It is delightful to see how proudly she looks up to him, and how charmed she is to hear him praised. From her worshipful attitude toward him, and the pride she took in hearing his name cheered, one might think that he was a young man just crossing the threshold of political life, and receiving the first signs of the nation's favor.

At Hawarden Mrs. Gladstone is equally solicitous for her husband's comfort and watchful for his interest. He is a great economizer of time. If it were not so, he could not get through the marvellous amount of work which he does even when out of office—making speeches, reading more books than any other man in England, writing for reviews, poring over the ancient classics, investigating theological

her husband's health. She has been his best physician. She is now seventy-seven, and Gladstone is eighty; and if either of them were to break down, the work of the other would be finished. But the whole world rejoices that the sunset of the two honored lives is so glowing and peaceful. —Harper's Bazar.

TWO KINDS OF CAPITAL.

In 1848 two young men graduated from an interior college. When they were about to leave for home, the president shook them heartily by the hand, and wished them success in life.

"Ah, doctor," said one, "it has come to Jim already. He has a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. But I have no capital to begin life with."

Jim's fortune was a large one for those days. He invested it, and for a few years lived on the interest of it. The investment proved a bad one, and he lost everything. He had neither trade, profession, nor business habits. Hence he remained for the rest of his life a poor man.

His comrade, knowing that success depended on his own efforts, studied a profession which, without a dollar of capital, brought him a competency, and at last, wealth.

Young men are apt to estimate money alone as capital. That one of their number who has inherited money is, they think, better equipped for the struggle of life than any other. They should look into the comparative commercial value of money and of knowledge and skill, before they are quite so sure of that.

Figures, in this case, tell no lie. Of late years, money in this country has decreased in value as a money-getter, while human ability has increased. That is, the income from money invested at interest has diminished, while the compensation for service rendered has become larger.

For example, a capable domestic servant in our cities may annually lay by a sum equal to the income upon three thousand dollars in government bonds; and an industrious mechanic, in steady employment, earns a sum equal to the interest of twenty thousand dollars at four percent. A teamster in Montana, or cowboy in Colorado, finds that his strength and skill are worth to him, in money each year, as much as would be forty thousand dollars invested in the same lands, even if he could buy them at par.

The lawyer or physician in a country town who earns his two thousand dollars annually, if suddenly debarred from practice would require sixty-six thousand dollars in bonds to yield him the same income; and the editor in chief of a great city daily has a power in his brain worth to him, in hard cash, the capital of half a million.

Such estimates, of course, vary with place and time, but they will serve our purpose if they convince the boys and girls who read them that they have in their brains sufficient capital.—Youth's Companion.

SELLING TO MINORS.

Judge Reeding, of Chicago, in sentencing a saloon keeper for selling liquor to a minor, said:

"By the law you may sell liquor to men and women if they will buy. You have given your bond, and you have paid for your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be; no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law; you have paid your money for the privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; no matter what children strave or mourn over the degradation of a parent—your business is legalized, and no one may interfere with you for it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all, and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed. You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipment for your own lawful trade; you may furnish it with the allurements of amusements; you may skilfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink, because it is lawful; you have a license. You may allow boys and children to frequent your saloons; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate—for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips; but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. For while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, the privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have a right to say to you, 'Leave our son to us until the law gives you a right to destroy him.' Do not anticipate that terrible moment when we can assert for him no further right of protection.' The father may say, 'That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his friends, for the community, to see him take the road to death! Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few hours of his youth in which we can enjoy his innocence to repay us in some degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.'"

MY OTHER ME.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

Children, do you ever,
In walks by land or sea,
Meet a little maiden
Long time lost to me?

She is gay and gladsome,
Has a laughing face,
And a heart as sunny;
And her name is Grace.

Naught she knows of sorrow,
Naught of doubt or blight;
Heaven is just above her—
And her thoughts are white.

Long time since I lost her,
That other me of mine;
She crossed into Time's shadow
Out of youth's sunshine.

Now the darkness keeps her;
And call her as I will,
The years that lie between us
Hide her from me still.

I am dull and pain-worn,
And lonely as can be—
O, children, if you meet her,
Send back my other me!

—St. Nicholas.

[For the MESSENGER.]

THE OLD STOCKING.

"Isn't darning horrid?" exclaimed Nellie's bosom friend to her the other day, as she came in and found her working away at a stocking, which, from the size of the hole in the heel she knew could belong to no one but Nellie's brother Fred.

"Horrid?" Nell repeated, "No, Nan, not now; but, dear me, how I used to dread it!"

"Well, I think I should dread it still, if I had to fill up such enormous holes as that!"

"O, it isn't bad at all when you once know how," replied Nell contentedly, intent on the long slender needle working its way carefully in and out among the straight gray threads.

"Well, I'm glad I don't know how, for then I might have to do it."

"That's all very well for you Nan; but if you had a big brother like Fred, you would soon know the difference. I try to get him to throw off his stockings when the holes first begin to come, but he always forgets and mamma and I can't always watch him.

"But, do you know," she continued, "since grandma was here last winter and taught me, I have got to quite like it. She made me begin on little holes first in Fred's coarse stockings, and it did not seem half as bad as the fine work that mamma does. But I am going to try that myself, too, sometimes."

"But isn't it very hard to learn," persisted Nan.

"Not very," said Nell, "it's slow at first, but do you know I have to laugh yet when I think how sly Grandma was about it. I was as hateful as could be and wouldn't learn at all for mamma. But one rainy day I was poking about Grandma's basket, and I found the dearest little silver thimble.

"O, what a beauty, whose is it, Grandma," I asked.

"Mine," she said.

"But you can't use it, Grandma," I said, "it would only go on your little finger. Do tell me who is it for?"

"I haven't decided yet," she said, so mysteriously, and kept darning away at one of Allie's fine black silk stockings. And would you believe it, Nan, when she had finished you couldn't tell which was stocking and which was darn."

"Truly, Nell?"

"Truly, Nan."

"And do you remember that awful hole I tore in my new dress the other day? Well, just wait until I show you how she mended that with ravellings of the stuff."

"There, do you see, you would never notice it at all."

"Sure enough, you wouldn't, but I could never, never in the world, mend like that. You can't either, can you, Nell?"

"Not yet, but I must tell you, that day that I was poking in Grandma's basket I found a paper of such lovely darning needles, all sizes, and all so slender and bright, and she had so many cards of darning yarn, cotton and linen, and wool and silk, and all sorts of colors. It was raining and there wasn't a single book in the house that I wanted to read, and mamma

was away, and I think Grandma saw that I was lonesome. Suddenly she said:

"Let's play something, Nell!"

"Play! what can we play here Grandma, you are too busy."

"No," she said, "let's play I am my own grandmother and that you are me when I was a little girl."

"O, lovely," I said, "do tell me what you did when you were only twelve years old!"

"Wasn't I a little silly, Nan? I fell right into her trap, and before mamma came home I had darned two little holes in one of her stockings, and hadn't to rip out the second one at all. And all the while we sat there Grandma told me the loveliest

stories of what she did when she was a little girl.

"And do you know, Nan, Grandma said the other day that I was doing so well she would soon have to pay me for helping her, and then a few minutes after she said:

"Isn't that thimble too small for you; child, doesn't it hurt your finger? Dear me, we must see about that!"

"And oh, Nan, I'm not sure, I'm almost afraid to think it, but I almost believe that sometime she is going to give me that silver thimble! It's new, you know, and it's too small for Allie, and I do believe that if I am awfully good she will give it to me."

"Yes, I shouldn't wonder at all if she did," said Nan.

DRAW TOO MUCH WATER.

You cannot send the "Great Eastern" up the Penobscot river. Profoundly educated men seem to draw too much water. I have heard finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonian affluence, yet their words fell dead on the meeting. But when some poor, uneducated man arose and said: "I suppose you fellers think that because I don't know anything I haven't no right to speak; but Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the miserablest chap in town; and if God will pardon me, he will pardon you. Come to Jesus! Come now!"—the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion.—Talmage.



"WHEN YOU ONCE KNOW HOW."

ALL ABOUT A BROOM

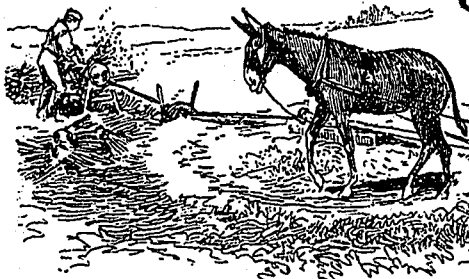


With a whistle or a song
"Jack, get up!" or "Jen, go long!"
Plough and plant till set of sun;
Now our broom's begun.

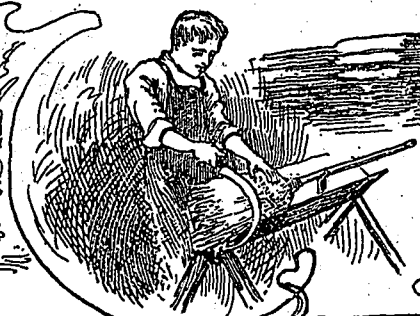
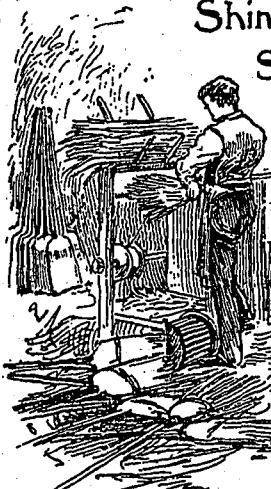


Showers of April, suns of May, "Go long Jack!" and "get up, Jen!"
Heat of June, and lo! today Up the field and down again
August crowns with tossing plume. Gather in the plumes with brown
All our field of broom. Heavy seed weighted down

Clickety! Clackety! "Get up Jack!"
Turn the scraper round and back,
From the pliant brush we need
Now to scrape the seed



Round the handle, neatly wind
Shining wire the brush to bind;
Sew trim, paste the label on;
And our broom is done



THE LITTLE LOG-CABIN.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It stood, half hidden in shrubberies, on the edge of a large country place; and all their lives long the Harmony children had used it as a play-house. It was their special property, and the delight of their hearts. No other children whom they knew had just such a little log-cabin as theirs.

The outside was built of rough logs, mortised at the corners, like the houses of the early settlers. The chinks between the logs were stuffed with rough cement; and over this, and over the logs, moss and lichens had gradually grown, till the whole wore a beautiful mottled green and brown color, which made the building look very old. May, the eldest of the Harmony girls, delighted in this look of age, and helped it on by sticking now and again a bit of lichen or a tuft of red-capped moss, which she had brought from the woods, into the chinks.

Inside were two rooms, besides a rough little staircase, leading into a tiny loft. One room was a kitchen, with a stove in it. It was a small stove, but quite large enough to boil molasses for candy, or to bake potatoes in; or hold two or three saucepans at a time with experimental messes in them. There was a kitchen table, too, with wooden chairs, and a set of dresser shelves, with frilled-paper edges, on which stood a row of queer old dishes and cups; many nicks and cracks adorned them, but they were warranted to last a long time yet, as they had lasted a long

time already; besides,—which was an advantage,—they were not so overwhelmingly valuable that any one need grieve very much if they did break. That was one reason, perhaps, why the children liked them so much.

The other room had a wide fireplace, with iron dogs and a crane, from which hung a lot of real pot-hooks and hangers. Do any of you know what these are? The furniture in this room was of a very old-fashioned kind. The children had begged it from their mother, and from various aunts and uncles, in whose garrets they had discovered it, stored away and useless.

To tell half the tale of the delightful times which the Harmony children had in the log-cabin would be impossible. It was a place for bad weather, and good weather as well. The very sight of it seemed to suggest something to do or something to play at; and from April to November they never tired of it.

But the time came when, much as they loved the log-cabin, they outgrew it. Children do not remain children always. Even so delightful a plaything as this lost its zest. The two elder boys went to college, and Fred, the third, to boarding-school. May grew into a young lady; even the twins began to look forward to the time when they should be young ladies too. The cabin, which had rung with so much laughter, took on a dull, deserted air, and sometimes, for weeks at a time, none of its former occupants would go near it.

"I hate to leave it so," May said one

day to her mother; "but what can we do?"

"I wish we could think of some use to put it to," replied Mrs. Harmony. "It is a pretty little place. It seems a pity no one should enjoy it."

"If we lived nearer the village, it would be easy to ask children up to play in it," suggested May. "There are the Allens, and the Prevosts, and Linie Peyton's children; they would like nothing better. But it is too far for such little things to walk, and the hill is so steep."

"I was not thinking of just that sort of thing," her mother said. "The children you mention all have nice play-places of their own. I was thinking of the poor."

"But there are so few really poor people hereabouts."

"I know. But think of the hundreds and hundreds just beyond, in the city." This talk was the beginning of the plan which, later on, restored the play-house to its place in the affections of its former occupants, or made it dearer than ever to them. May and her mother both thought the matter over; and the result of their united thinkings was that, once a week, for all the summers from that time forward, a party of poor women and children, selected by the City Missionary Society, have been asked to come out for a long day in the little log-cabin.

The first of these parties was on the first of June, six years ago; and, as the others have all been exactly like it, I will tell you what the arrangements were. It was judged best to limit the number to eight

women at a time, with as many children under ten years old as they chose to bring. Older children, Mrs. Harmony said, would have a chance at country outings through the Fresh Air Fund. So she asked only babies.

The morning was beautiful; and I may as well mention here what is a curious fact,—that all through the six summers there has not once been a storm on what the Harmonys like to call "Friends' Day." For other entertainments there have been thunder-gusts and rain-storms in plenty; but on the days when the poor women came for their treat the sun has invariably shone, as if he loved to see the sight.

Some one sent by the City Mission met the mothers at the ferry, and saw that they were properly started, each with a return ticket provided by Mr. Harmony, on the eight o'clock train. A big three-seated waggon met them at the end of the short railway journey, and by half-past nine they were safely up the long hill and at the door of the log-cabin, where Mrs. Harmony and the children were waiting for them in a state of great excitement.

Oh, such tired, shabby-looking women, and such pale little babies! There were three babies in this party, and two little boys just big enough to toddle about alone. The first thing was to give them all a drink of fresh country milk, and put the babies to sleep, all three at once, in the roomy, century-old cradle. The twins took turns in the rocking, rather quarrelling over who should have the first turn, while their sister helped the older people off with their bonnets, and made them comfortable in the shade of the trees,—for it was a warm day.

By-and-by the gardener appeared with some nice young peas and summer squashes, and a basket of strawberries, and Mrs. Harmony suggested that the mothers should prepare these for their dinner. She could easily have had this work done for them; but she thought, and very wisely, that a little something to do would make them feel more at home, and the day seem shorter. Loaves of nice bread, a plate of freshly churned butter, and a big pitcher of milk, appeared to help on the meal, and, at half-past twelve, a joint of roast beef, hot and savory, from the kitchen of the big house. So the city guests had a good hearty dinner, after which they washed the queer old plates and cups from which it had been eaten, and which they considered quite beautiful, and put them back in their places on the shelves.

Then they sat under the trees resting and talking, or strolled into the woods picking wild flowers,—for the place was large, and there were plenty of daisies and dog-tooth violets and purple flags and yellow buttercups to be found. And as the hours went on, it seemed as if with each the pale babies grew a little rosier, and the tired mothers a little less tired-looking. May came in her village-cart, and gave some of the women a short drive to see the wide view from the brow of the hill half a mile away, and the twins carried off the two little boys for a run down the lawn. Mrs. Harmony meanwhile was talking with the mothers, and learning something of their histories and their needs. The histories were pretty short and the needs very evident; but it was all interesting, and she saw her way to help along more than one of them.

At half-past four a treat of ice-cream and cake was served, and then the waggon came round to carry the guests back to the station. They drove away, each with a big bunch of wild flowers, looking back, as they descended the hill, to kiss their hands to the twins, who stood far out in the road beyond the gates to watch them depart. It seemed dreadful that they must go back to their narrow homes in the close city so soon; but even one day in the cool, delicious green of the country was good for them, and the sense that some one cared for their pleasure was better still.

"I have seldom enjoyed a day so much," Mrs. Harmony observed, as she and the children walked back to the house. "Generally, when you give a party, you are rather uncertain as to whether or not your guests have had a good time, but to-day I did not have the least doubt about it."

"I should think not," cried Ethel, the impulsive twin. "How those boys did

ent! And how contented the babies looked in the red cradle!"

"I don't think we ever had such a nice time before in the play-house," put in Margaret, the quiet twin. "It's twice as much fun as making believe. O mamma! let us do it always."

And they have done it always,—so far as six years can make up an "always." The parties come and the parties go every Wednesday all summer long, and, as I said, invariably in sunshine. May, or one of her twin-sisters, grown-up girls now, take turns in presiding over the entertainment and seeing that all goes smoothly, and "Friends' Day" is established as part of the happy sequence of life among the Harmonys. Scarcely ever do the same women come twice during a summer; not that they would not like it, but that there are so many in need of such refreshment that it can seldom be allowed. And I do not think that any Little Log Cabin or play-house could ask for a better fate in its old age than to be turned to a blessed use like this,—do you?

"MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

It was Monday morning, and Mrs. N— was very busy doing her morning work before commencing to wash, when she felt impressed to go and see a woman living not very far away.

"How can I leave my work?" she said to herself.

But the words of Jesus came to her memory, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"—"I will go," she said. "My Father's business is of greater importance than mine."

This woman she had felt impressed to visit was not a very reputable one, most of her neighbors having long since ceased to call upon her. Reaching the house, Mrs. N— knocked, and being admitted she found the woman in great agitation.

"I think I'll tell you," she began, "since you have taken the trouble to visit me. A little tract was left on my doorstep a few days ago. I read it and became deeply concerned for my soul. Yet I wanted to learn more, so I went to church yesterday. It did me no good though, for everyone seemed to shun me. After service I hoped some one would speak to me, but they did not. Then I thought I'd wait and speak to the minister; but Mrs. R— said, 'See! you are blocking up the aisle. Can't you move on?' So I passed out with the only words which had been said to me ringing in my ear.

"So this is all Christians care for me! I used to hear them tell of the worth of a soul. So I 'blocked the way!' Well, perhaps I did in more ways than one. I came home and passed an awful night, and I had just determined to take something to get me out of other people's way when you rapped," and the poor woman held out to the astonished Mrs. N— a bottle of laudanum.

Mrs. N— talked and prayed with the woman, and ere she left had the satisfaction of hoping that another soul was born of the Spirit.

"Go home with me," said Mrs. N—. "For a time you need some one to show you how to find the 'sincere milk of the Word'; babes in Christ need it."

When Mr. N— returned to dinner he said, "So you did not wash to-day, Hannah."

"No," replied his wife, "I was 'about my Father's business.'"

"If I had only done the same, poor C— would not have been tipsy again. I was on my way to my business when C— met me and asked me to give him work or tell him where to find it. I was in a hurry and told him I would see about it to-morrow; but it seems Satan is not in so great a hurry as I, but gave him work to-day; for when I came in to dinner the poor fellow was reeling past."

"Go call him in, husband," said Mrs. N—. "It may not be too late, even now, to reclaim him."

So C— was sought and found. He afterwards gave evidence that what those kind Christians had done for him had been the means not only of his reformation, but of his salvation.—*American Messenger.*

It is ALWAYS a more wholesome exercise to discover our duties than to assert our rights.

CANADA PRIZE COMPETITION.

LORD DUFFERIN'S AWARD.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1891.

We have received the following letter from the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, awarding the Dominion Prize for the last competition and kindly undertaking to adjudge the prize for the coming year. We heartily congratulate Miss Maude Saunders, of Lawrencetown School, Annapolis, Nova Scotia, in being the winner of the piano, and we are convinced that when her striking story is published in the *Witness*, few will look upon it as derogatory to the other stories that this one receives the prize.

LORD DUFFERIN'S LETTER.

BRITISH EMBASSY, Rome, August 29th, 1890.

GENTLEMEN,— I have now the pleasure of returning you the nine stories you sent me, selected from 2,257 written by the school children of Canada. It has been a somewhat difficult task to determine to which of the foregoing stories the first place should be given, as so many various characteristics combine to create literary excellence, and each of the compositions possesses some of these in a lesser or greater degree. Looking, however, to its general merits, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to the story entitled "By Fire," written by Miss Maude Saunders, of Lawrencetown school, Annapolis, Nova Scotia.

As you are good enough to ask me to do so, I beg to say that I shall have great pleasure in acting as judge next year.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, Your obedient servant,

Dufferin and Ava

To Messrs. John Dougall & Son, *Witness* Office, Montreal, Canada.

COMPETITION FOR 1891.

Hundreds and perhaps thousands of the scholars in Canadian schools have been waiting anxiously for a definite announcement of the *Witness* Prize Competition for Canadian stories for 1891. We have received intimations that some of our young historians are already at work on the stories for this competition. This is well, and we hope that their enthusiasm will meet with the success that it deserves.

All scholars of public or private schools in Canada may engage in this competition, excluding only schools which are merely finishing schools, such as universities, normal schools, and the like. Perhaps the distinction may best be made as follows: If the school is one in which the scholar may enter while young and work up to even the highest point of scholastic knowledge it will be included in this competition; if, however, he may only enter to complete his education, this school will not be included in this competition. Newfoundland, as in previous years, will be included.

THE STORIES.

Each story must be in the handwriting of the competitor, and in this competition it must not exceed 2,000 words—the shorter the better. It must be written on one side of the paper only, the paper used to be one quarter of a sheet of foolscap,—that is 6 1/2 inches deep by 8 1/2 inches broad, or thereabouts. These sheets should be numbered and placed in order, and the backing sheet added. [As many of these backing sheets as may be required to supply the competitors in each school will be sent free on the request for the required number being received.] The stories should then be folded so as to be 8 1/2 inches long by 3 1/2 broad, and be enclosed in a backing sheet, which must be endorsed with the name of the story, the name of the writer, the school, the county (or city), the post-office address of the writer, the age of the writer, the name of the teacher, and the teacher's address. The blank teacher's certificate on the backing sheet should be filled out and signed by the teacher. The name and post-office address of the writer should be placed at the end of each story. Minute directions will be contained on the backing sheet.

THE SUBJECTS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

As we have intimated above, the field for the selection of the subjects of these stories has been broadened. The competitor will not be required to confine himself to his own county for the incidents on which to base his story, but the scene of his narrative must be, in part at least, in the province in which he lives. The writer need not in his story confine himself in all points to literal truth; but the story must be founded on a solid basis of fact and must have artistic truth; that is, the events narrated must be such as might have happened in the places and at the times treated of in the story.

THE PRIZES.

As last year, we offer a series of seven sets of Prizes:—

1. A School Prize, a copy of the *Northern Messenger* for a year. The first year 653 school prizes were awarded; this year, 850 prizes; next year we hope to award double that number at the very least. One of these school prizes will be presented to the writer of the best story from each school, under the conditions mentioned above.

2. A County Prize to the writer of the best story from each county. Each city ranks as a county division. This prize will be a book containing a selection of the most interesting stories from the first and second competitions, and perhaps the present one, and which we think will make a valuable volume and one of very special interest to the writers in this competition.

3. A Province Prize for the best story selected from amongst the county prizes awarded in each province. The Province Prize will be a copy of Kingsford's *History of Canada*, in four volumes. The fourth and last volume of this history is now in the press, and the work is characterized by critics as the most important history of Canada which has yet been published.

4. The Canada Prize.—This prize will be awarded to the best story selected from amongst the province prizes. It will be a gold watch and chain,

with the name of the winner and the conditions under which it was received engraved on the watch. If the winner is a boy the watch will be a gentleman's watch; if the winner is a girl it will be a lady's watch. Either will cost one hundred dollars.

The watches are described by Messrs. Henry Birks & Co., of Montreal, from whom the prizes will be purchased, and whose name is sufficient evidence that the articles will be just as reported, as follows:—"Gentleman's watch—solid 18 carat gold, heavy case, engine turned finish, fine Waltham movement, 15 jewels, adjusted to temperature, stem winder; warranted a perfect time-keeper. Chain, solid 15 carat gold. Price watch, \$80; chain and charm, \$27. Lady's watch—solid 18 carat case, strong case, half hunting, plain; monogram to be engraved on the back; movement, fine nickel, full jewelled, chronometer balance, lever movement, made by Ulysse Nardin, warranted a perfect time-keeper. Chain, solid 15 carat gold. Cost of lady's watch, \$81; chain, \$15.

We think that this prize will be as attractive as any previously offered and will have this advantage that no one will receive it who will not find use for it, and if carefully handled it will be a pleasure as well as useful during the life time of the winner.

The second best story from the Province securing this prize will obtain the Province Prize, while the second best story in that Province will obtain the county prize.

5. The Recognition Medals which last year were sent to every competitor were received with so much delight that we have concluded to repeat them again this year, of course changing their form.

6. Fifty Prizes to Schools which show the best general result in the stories sent from them, neatness, good hand-writing, number of stories, and all similar points being considered. Those fifty prizes will be divided among the provinces in proportion to the number of stories sent from each, and will be awarded by the province judges. This prize will be a framed portrait of Her Majesty the Queen, to be hung up in the winning schools, but in the event of any school having last year gained this prize, a picture which, we hope, will prove of equal interest, will be sent in its place.

7. A Copy of the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness*, as may be chosen, will be sent to the winners of the Canada, Province and County prizes. Those papers will contain many of the stories and much to interest competitors during the year. If a copy of the *Witness* already goes to the residence of the winner, the subscription will be extended for one year, or the paper will be sent for one year to anyone whom the winner may indicate.

A PRIZE FOR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last year a few writers of stories sent original drawings illustrating their stories. This year we offer to the scholar in each province, on the condition specified above, who sends us the best pictorial illustration for any story, in this or former competitions, whether written by himself or another, a copy of the book of prize stories offered as county prize. Should the artist be already the winner of a county prize, another interesting book will be substituted. The sketch should be signed by the author, who should also give his post-office address and school, and it should be accompanied by the story it illustrates. These sketches will not be sent to the province judges, but will be judged by an expert in such matters.

THE DATA.

The stories must all be mailed on or before January 31st, 1891, and the prizes, if possible, will be forwarded in time to be distributed publicly before the summer holidays. If the stories are sent to us as soon as they are ready it will enable us to classify and register them earlier and a few days may be gained in sending them to the judges.

ONTARIO.

Last year, in consequence of the very large number of stories which came from Ontario, we had to divide it into two provincial districts. Notwithstanding this division the number of stories, especially from one of those divisions, was largely in excess of those from any other province, and we have, therefore, determined this year to divide Ontario into three provincial districts—east, centre and west. Those divisions will comprise the following counties and cities:

ONTARIO EAST.—The counties of Prescott, Glenora, Russell, Stormont, Carleton, Grenville, Lanark, Leeds, Renfrew, Frontenac, Addington, Hastings, Prince Edward, Nipissing, Haliburton, Peterborough, Northumberland, Parry Sound, Muskoka, Victoria, Durham, Ontario, Dundas and York, and the cities of Ottawa, Kingston and Belleville.

ONTARIO CENTRE.—The counties of Simcoe, Dufferin, Peel, Halton, Grey, Wellington, Wentworth, Lincoln, Welland, Hamilton, Norfolk, Brant, Perth, and the cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph and St. Catharines.

ONTARIO WEST.—The counties of Waterloo, Bruce, Huron, Oxford, Elgin, Middlesex, Lambton, Kent, Essex, Algoma and the cities of Brantford, St. Thomas, London and Woodstock.

JUDGES.

Canada—The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, Her Majesty's ambassador at Rome. Newfoundland, Manitoba, N. W. Territories, British Columbia—S. E. Dawson, D. Lit, Montreal, Que.

Nova Scotia—Wm. Houston, M. A., Toronto, Ont.

New Brunswick—(To be announced later.) Prince Edward Island—Prof. Chas. D. G. Roberts, A. M., F. R. S. C., Windsor, N. S.

Quebec—(To be announced later.) Ontario East—Rev. Chas. J. Cameron, A. M., F. H. S., Canington, Ont.

Ontario Centre—J. M. Harper, M. A., Ph. D., F. R. S., Quebec, Que.

Ontario West—A. A. Stockton, M. P. P., Ph. D., D. C. L., LL. D., St. John, N. B.

TO TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

We recognize that in the past much of the enthusiasm of the scholars in regard to this competition has resulted from the interest taken in it by the inspectors and teachers throughout the Dominion. We hope that their good offices in that respect will not decrease, but rather that even a larger number will take active interest in advancing an enterprise which, already, has resulted in much good in promoting patriotism among the young people of Canada, while it has taught them much of the early conditions and history of their country, and given them practical lessons in English composition which they

could obtain so effectually in no other way. It has done more than this. We have undoubted and wide-spread evidence that it has been the means of engendering a new and lively interest in the regular studies in very many schools, and has placed in the hands of teachers a means of promoting the education of their pupils as effectively as many of the incentives previously experimented upon.

STILL ANOTHER PRIZE.

As announced above, the county prize will be a copy of a book to be made up of stories selected from the different competitions. With a view to learning something of the wealth of undeveloped artistic talent there is in Canada we offer a prize of Ruskin's works for the best illustrations of any of the Canadian stories published in the *Witness*. If the pictures happen to be illustrations of stories selected for that work they will, if of sufficient merit, appear therein. They will, however, be judged not on the merits of the story, nor altogether on their own merits as pictures, but on their value as illustrations. Competitors may send several illustrations to the same story, which will be counted as one, or they may send illustrations of different stories, which will be counted separately. Competitors should sign these sketches and add their post-office addresses.

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