

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. IV. No. 42.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

The Weekly Messenger.

SAILING THROUGH HELL GATE MADE EASY.

It was a mere child—a girl who has not yet reached her teens—who set in motion the forces that shattered Flood Rock, one of the great impediments in the way of large ships entering New York harbor.

Nine years ago an explosion on a much smaller scale had occurred in the same place and it was the same person (then two years old) who had the honor of being the direct cause of it. This first explosion was caused by 42,000 pounds of dynamite and more than an acre of solid rock was blown to pieces. For weeks previously people had been talking about the great event which was to take place, and the most absurd opinions as to its dangers were freely expressed. Last Saturday morning things were quite different although six times the amount of explosives was to be used, and nine acres of rock to be blown up. People flocked from all quarters to see the grand sight which was expected. All along the shores of the East River, as far as the eye with the aid of an opera glass could see, were crowds of men, women and children. Fully fifty thousand people must have witnessed the spectacle and were not disappointed with its grandeur.

UNDERWATER GALLERIES.

Immediately after the explosion at Hallet's Point, which removed one of the obstacles in the way of ships passing Hell Gate, work was begun on Middle Reef, one of the most prominent parts of which is that called Flood Rock. In this rock a shaft sixty feet deep was sunk. From the material thus excavated they built an island on and about it, which they made the base of their operations. This was about half an acre in extent, and was covered with buildings containing engines, steam-pumps, hoisting apparatus, machine-shops, and all the appliances necessary to mining. From the bottom of the shaft, galleries were driven in every direction. The ground plan of the excavations shows twenty-three galleries, some of which were four miles long, running nearly north and south. These were crossed at right angles by forty-six galleries. All the passages were twenty-five feet apart, but differed greatly in height and in some places it was necessary for the workmen to stoop to prevent knocking their heads against the stone roof. In this roof and in the walls and pillars supporting it nearly 15,000 holes were drilled and filled with copper cartridges, containing dynamite and rackerock powder. But of this immense number of cartridges only two or three thousand were connected with each other, as it was supposed, and the conjecture proved to be correct, that the concussion produced by those which were connected would explode the remainder. The handling of the dynamite and rackerock cartridges had to be conducted with the utmost precaution. One of a company of gentlemen who went to examine the underwater galleries describes the scene thus: "As the visitors

followed their guide in Indian file through the long straight galleries, holding their flaring lamps above their heads and splashing through pools of black water, the effect was that of a small and forlorn torch-light procession parading through muddy streets on an intensely dark and very rainy night. The ominous silence was unbroken save by the rush, splash, or steady drip of the encroaching waters, and the throb of the great pumps that worked unceasingly to the very end to keep the mine from being flooded; there was no noise of busy steam-drills, nor rattle of stone-laden cars. The men who handled the cartridges were a grave, sober lot, who worked in silence with a full consciousness of the awful hazard they were running, and a knowledge of the terrible

checks glowing, and the breeze waving her loose brown hair. The others moved back exposing her to the scrutiny of thousands of eyes turned on the pier. Presently Gen. Abbott stepped to the side of the child, holding the keyboard that was to control the circuit in his hands. Before it was attached to the wires he allowed the little girl to examine it, and showed her the key which under the pressure of her finger was to discharge the mine.

"You must just touch it like this," he said, giving it a tap with his finger.

The child looked at him with sparkling eyes, but without evincing the slightest nervousness.

"I know," she said, "like this." And she tapped the key with a tiny gloved finger.

little group of spectators, and, with a choked crash and muffled roar, the great volume of seething and foaming water sprang into the air.

All eyes were turned toward Flood Rock until the first commotion had ceased, and then the officers rushed up to congratulate Gen. Newton, and at once turned to shower compliments upon the little girl, who seemed a very well poised little girl indeed. She only smiled brightly in response to their pleasantries, and turned to her father, who kissed her tenderly, remarking, as a great tidal wave rolled in upon the beach, "There, just see what you've done!"

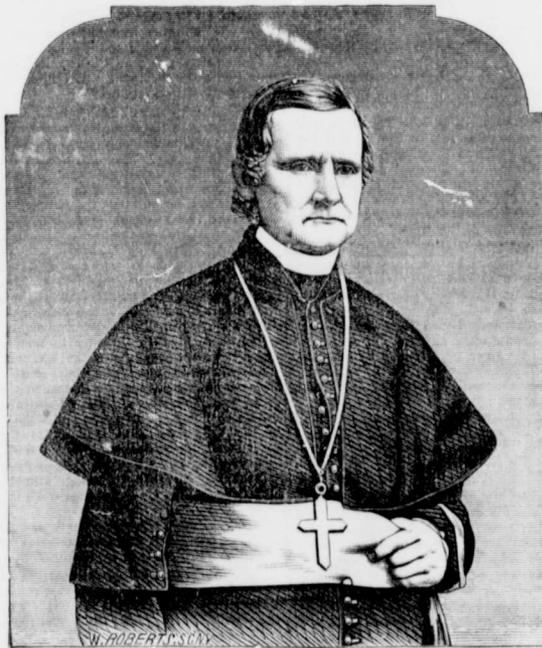
"Yes, indeed," said Gen. Abbott. "You have probably created more commotion this morning than any other little girl in New York."

One account of the scene of the explosion says:

The contortion of the wreathed waters was like the dumb agony of some stricken thing. For a trembling moment the sublime spectacle stood sharp against the sky, like a mighty vision of distant snow-capped mountains. Then down, down, and still down the enormous mass rushed with a wild hissing, as if ten thousand huge steam valves had been opened. The yellow waters of the river were riven and torn into immense boiling masses of white foam. Great waves, ten feet high, rolled outward. Big streaks and spots of deep brown mingled with the white and made ominous shadows under the silver lights. All around the rocks the river swirled and rolled and leaped upward like the whirlpool of Niagara. A dazzling yellow cloud—the pent up gases of that subterranean convulsion—spread over the spot. Then it widened and turned to a brilliant green, then to a faint blue, and floated slowly away. Showers of spray all like summer rain through the air and returned to the river. The big hoisting apparatus over the shaft had toppled over and lay broken and smashed on its side. It had not risen into the air. Not a stone was seen to go upward. The wall of ghost-like waters was unbroken. And when the spray had sunk down and the waters of the river filled with brown mud lay boiling around the site of the great explosion, there lay the old rock, torn into myriads of pieces and scattered with debris, a ragged, smoking, dun-brown mass.

Those in the public institutions on Blackwell's Island, except a few bedridden people whom it would have been absolutely fatal to move, were turned into the open air. It was a strange sight. Ambulance surgeons, staff physicians, and trained nurses in the Charity Hospital wrapped nearly 900 patients up in warm blankets and moved them from their beds in the wards to cots ranged in double rows on the lawn, where the sick people could get most of the warm sunshine. Persons too ill to be moved had nurses watching around their beds. Male prisoners in the penitentiary were marched out on the parade ground and made to stand shoulder to shoulder, with arms close at side, under the surveillance of watchful keepers. The almshouses, including the incurable wards, were emptied of the lame,

(Continued on fourth page.)



THE LATE CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

consequences that might follow a single misstep or careless motion. Some of them, mounted on ladders or rude platforms, received the cartridges as they were handed up to them, and carefully inserted them in the holes that had been drilled for their reception, pushing them home with wooden rammers."

THE EXPLOSION.

When the mine had been flooded and everything was in perfect order, Gen. Newton, under whose superintendence the work has been carried on, indicated by a nod as he landed that the time had come when he should ascertain whether his long and anxious work was to be a success. Then he turned toward his wife and daughter. A path was made for them in the gathering. The child stepped quickly forward, her

When the cable leading to the mine had been connected with the keyboard, the ladies and gentlemen near where the end of the cable was moved back, leaving only Gen. Newton, Gen. Abbott and the little girl alone, Gen. Abbott still holding the keyboard in both hands, taking care to keep it well away from him lest his clothes might touch the knob and complete the electric current.

Almost involuntarily the spectators behind the trio of principal actors shrank closer together as Gen. Abbott nodded to the child, who stepped up to the instrument and, after the merest moment of hesitation, touched the key.

There was a single instant of breathless silence. Then there came a sudden jar of the solid rock underneath the feet of the

HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

(Narrative Publication House, N. Y.)

CHAPTER IX.

THREE YEARS LATER.

Billy Knox, who went up in the Langham Fair balloon, had disappeared—the Will Knox of three years later had, in personal appearance, very little resemblance to the long-legged, fourteen-year-old Arab. Three years of good living, and of healthy exercise in farm work, had made him a broad-shouldered, handsome young fellow. Even the obstinate red hair had taken on a shade dark enough to be no longer conspicuous; while there was a gleam of good comradeship in Billy's black eye, something open and attractive in his sun-burned face. As Silas and Prissy had predicted, his career in the district school had been highly successful. He had led the boys in every kind of mischief known or to be devised. He had tormented all the girls, Nan excepted; but he had carried the old will and spirit into his study. He learned everything between the covers of the books he attacked. He spelled down the school when occasion offered, and no boy learned great swelling orations easier, or roared them out more emphatically, than Billy Knox, on "speaking days."

The Ellerys continued to befriend him, and Silas Barnard many a time had, as Billy confessed, made him "toe the mark," when he was a out to cut a quite unalloyed for of some sort. Now "Will" was seven years old. He had learned considerable about farm work in the past three years, and he liked it well enough to think he would become a farmer; but he wished first to get more of an education. There was in the near town of Sefton, an excellent academy, where were taught all the higher English branches, as well as Greek and Latin.

Billy—for so his farm friends continued to call him—resolved to give himself, by some means, at least one school year at the Academy. Accordingly, one morning, late in the summer, he started for Sefton, to see how this might be accomplished. As he passed the cottage, Prissy Tarbox called to him to stop there a moment, while she made ready a parcel to send by him.

"All right," he returned, going in to see granny, who sat comfortably enjoying the late breakfast that Prissy had set out for her. It seemed to Billy that three years had made granny younger. Indeed, she had, after one severe attack of illness, recovered more strength of body and greater clearness of mind than she had possessed for a long time previous. To be sure, this morning she asked Billy three times, with eager curiosity, where he was going; and she forgot almost immediately the answer she received; but she remembered that he had mended her rocking-chair the day before, and now insisted on his sitting in it.

"So you're going to try town-life a while, are you?" asked Prissy, tying her bundle. "How are you going to manage?"

"Well, you know the fourth story of the Academy is divided into rooms for fellows from the country. They can bring their provisions from home, cook for themselves, or board in town; the room rent is small."

"What are you going to do?"

"I can tell you better when I have found out. If you'll lend me a loaf of bread I'll tuck it under my arm and play I am Benjamin Franklin. I am as poor as he was and twice as promising, if my friends only thought so. You know I'll be a great success in some line, don't you granny?"

The old woman set down her trembling cup and let her mild blue eyes rest on the boyish face, as she answered, tenderly:

"Yes, Ben, if you start right."

Prissy smiled, thinking of Ben Franklin, but Billy knew she thought him the little ben who long ago started right, and that in heaven, not here. He said, as Prissy gave him the bundle:

"How shall I start right?"

"Take with you the message for to-day. See, Prissy has it ready for me every morning."

Billy followed the glance of her eye toward the wall, where just a little higher than her head hung her "texts," in great printed letters—"There, child, you couldn't start with a better one. Just you go saying, honestly: 'Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of brightness.'"

"Sefton is a pretty hard town. I don't believe it's located in that land," said Billy, lightly, but under his breath; then giving the old lady a kindly pat on her bent shoulders, he was off again.

The Sefton Academy was a great stone building, quite picturesque, being overran with vines, and standing in a grove of maple and elm trees. The principal and his family occupied part of the first floor, the second and third floors were for recitation and assembly rooms; the upper floor was reserved for the purpose mentioned. Billy pushed open the great front door and went quietly about examining the empty rooms, on up through halls, and came at last to the "Boards' Hall." The rooms here were low and dark with the smoke of innumerable messes cooked by generations of boys, while the woodwork of every window and door was covered with names, pictures, or doggerel rhymes. Each room had a closet, but no furniture beyond a "four-foot," instead, corded with ropes, on which could rest the mattress and the boy, to be each season provided. A withered old man, with his neck curiously awry, was sweeping the hall into which these upper rooms opened, and Billy asked him a few questions about ways and means.

"Yes, I know about everything, for I've took care of this here building goin' on fourteen years. Some rooms is more, some less, accordin' to size and heatin' conveniences. That 'ere north one, now, is big, has two closets, and the fellers that had it last year could fire up there hot in the coldest weather."

Billy listened attentively, but with some disappointment, on learning that this meant "took care" of the building. He had imagined he might pay his way by some such work.

"What is the cheapest room here?" he asked, putting his head into a small apartment with no chimney-hole.

"That very cubby-hole you're in now. It can be warmed only by the general heat from the hall, and there ain't no arrangements for cookin'." "Dingy!" Jess o' Hiram Cox had it last year; he made his coffee over a lamp, got something warm at a catin' house when he was sharp set, and eat cold snacks the rest of the time."

"Hiram is still alive, I suppose?" said Billy musing as he stood by the window. He wanted to be entirely self-supporting throughout this school year—how was he going to be so? He studied the church steeple, the long shaded streets, looked away to the distant hills, and the line of woods beyond the river, glittering in the noon-day sun. Then he called out to the old man, who was about departing with his broom and dust pan:

"Do you know any way a fellow could get outside work enough to keep him here?"

"Well, this Hi Cox did that very thing, but for the life of me, I don't remember what 'twas. Kind of seems as if some old maid hired him to—to—well, I give it up!"

"I wish I knew what he did. Any old maid may have me for ordinary work or for ornamental purposes, if she will pay me for the time out of school."

There was something about Billy that interested "Uncle Zeph," who came in and perched himself on the old bedstead to rest, putting the broom between his legs, and twisting one arm around the tall post.

"Do you know any of the Sefton folks?"

"Some of them."

"Know old Doctor Higbee?"

"I've seen him racing around the country in a two-wheeled 'shay,' with half a dozen dogs behind him."

"Yes, he likes dogs; he's a queer case, old Higbee is! You needn't never go near him if you ain't got something awful ailing of you. He'll act madder than a hornet if you pester him with little aches and ails. My wife's weakly, and one-spell her stomach ached—betwixt you and me, and this bedpost that was about all there was of it; but nothin' would do but she must consult Doctor Higbee. She'd figured out just what did ail her, and she mostly wanted to go and tell him. She said her 'erds was ossified partly, and partly they was all galvanized over with a fungus growth; and how on earth was I to know't want so, if Silome said 'twas so! I jest took her and went centerin' over to the office. Well, old Higbee set out and berated her for eatin' salt pork, pickles, mince pie and green tea for her supper; and he never gave her medicine enough to kill a kitten. He neglects folks that way, awfully, till they git just to where

Death's sort o' got one claw on 'em; then, I tell you, there's a free fight betwixt him and the old doctor. Why, the sick 'un will fairly get one foot into the tomb, but old Higbee will have a grip on his e at tails and yank—yank him back every time. He beats many a time after the heers-at-law have bought black kids for the funeral. He!"

Billy began to betray his impatience, and laughingly exclaimed: "But I haven't got the stomach-ache nor one foot in the tomb." "No, no, certainly not; but the old doctor, you know, why, he has hired one boy off and on for one thing or another, he?"

"Where does he live?"

"Next the Methodist church, in a big red brick house, and his sign is over the door."

Uncle Zeph was perfectly willing to sit still a while longer in order to find out leisurely where Billy came from, and all about him; but in a moment the young fellow was whistling down the old worn staircase, with full purpose of mind to find Doctor Higbee. This was easily done, for his house was only a block away, and the old gentleman himself stood on the piazza, awaiting some one or something. Billy gave a quick look at his weather-beaten face, framed around with yellow hair, which was gray and white in patches; then he explained in the briefest way that he was looking for work, and under what conditions he hoped to find it.

"Know anything about horses?"

"Everything about them," returned Billy. The doctor put a few more questions, then remarked: "A woman rules every house. I haven't any wife, but my sister keeps us all in order here. She has said lately she wouldn't have any more hired men eating and sleeping in the house. The last one broke the cook's heart, and then eloped with the chamber-maid, Catherine! Come to the door a minute!"

In response to his call, which came from no weak lungs, a tall, prim lady appeared, a polished, metallic kind of a spinner, clad in spotless steel gray. She heard what the doctor and Billy had to say; then she was inclined to make terms with the latter. After further consultation, the old gentleman made this proposal. Billy was to do all necessary work at the stable, morning, noon and night. He was, as soon as the weather grew cold, to bring coal and feed the furnace which warmed the house, and to empty the ashes. Later yet, he must shovel snow from the walks about the place. He must, when required, sit and study evenings in the doctor's office, in order to receive messages when the old gentleman was out. For these, and some other lighter duties, Billy was offered an amount sufficient to pay all his weekly expenses, if he lived with the utmost economy. The contract was made on the spot, and Billy returned to the Academy with a light heart. He found old Uncle Zeph still busy, and this time he fully satisfied his curiosity regarding himself, while he told him of his bargain with the doctor, adding:

"Now, I can engage a room here, and be on hand when the term commences. You better save this little rat hole for me."

"No, you don't need to have that. You jest engage half this good-sized west room, that can have a stove in it. Somebody will take the other half quick enough, and there you are, as fine as a fiddle. I'll see you have a decent chap in with you. Squire Ellery has done me more'n one favor; I can do that much for one that's anything to him. Though, if you ain't racing one of the family, I may say that Stan Ellery was about the worst out of anything we ever had in this school. I was proper glad to see the last of him. I heard no tutor would teach him, and he had to come here. Where is he, now?"

"He is here in Sefton, reading law."

"Reading law!" sneered Uncle Zeph. "Well, good morning to you, Knox. I s'pose you'll be fetchin' your traps over a day or two before school?"

"Yes, Mother Ellery says she shall come over and see I have a nail to hang a towel on—and a towel for the nail," laughed Billy, starting for the home tramp.

When Billy reported proceedings to the family everybody was pleased. Mr. Ellery had intended to send him to school that year at his own expense, if the young fellow found no work; but he thought it best to let Billy be independent just as far as possible.

Nan had attended a girls' school in Sefton for a long time. She boarded in the town

from Monday until Friday night, but came home always to spend Saturday and Sunday. She was glad Billy was to be near her, as he might sometimes be of service to her. She had ceased to look at him entirely in the light of a servant. In mental ability and in physical endowments he was the equal of any farmer's son of his age in the community. Nan and he had frequent brisk encounters of their wits, and at such times each spoke with great plainness.

In the beginning of Billy's career he had "hated" all girls, but after brief acquaintance he accepted Nan as a girl almost "wide awake enough to be a boy." At this period of Billy's existence, he was somewhat given to attending singing-schools for the sake of the "girls." He often wrote in their autograph books, and made them, at least several of them, rings out of carved nutshells. Toward Nan only his sentiments remained the same, and he was careful that she should never classify him as a "spongy." He feared her sharp little tongue, which seldom spared him any railing, if, in his opinion, his foibles deserved her sarcasm or ridicule. But she could be very pleasant and unselfish; as, for instance, she was at this time, in helping Billy get his room at the Academy in order.

One day, after much debate, and to little work, Mrs. Ellery and Nan requested Billy to get out the "lumber wagon," and aid them in getting his housekeeping apparatus over to Sefton, that they might personally superintend its arrangement after it arrived there. This was accordingly done; then, a few days before the school began, the three went over and made the place very attractive in Billy's estimation. They took comfortable bedding, bright calico curtains, a big red wooden arm chair, a good lamp, and all needed dishes.

"Now mind what I say, my boy," said good Mrs. Ellery; "spend your wages for proper clothing and books, but don't bother yourself to buy things to eat."

Before she could add anything, Billy gave a low bowish nod of disappointment, and expostulated with her thus:

"But I must eat sometimes; say on Sundays, just a morsel. My education is going to my head, not into my stomach."

"Now be still, Billy. I mean that when we come in for Nan, Fridays, and again to bring her back Mondays, I shall send you bread, butter, cold meat, beans, pie and doughnuts. Bakery food is poor stuff, and any messes you would cook up would be worse yet."

"Oh, Billy can make custard, mother," exclaimed Nan, who was spreading out a yellow calico bed-quilt, on whose glowing surface blossomed blood-red tulips and grass-green rushes. This last was Prissy's contribution.

"Don't you remember the day he surprised us with one, when we came home from Langham—ten eggs to a quart of milk, and flavored it with essence of peppermint?"

Billy tried to overpower her laughter with loud driving of tacks. He endured a great deal of teasing weekly, seeing how busy her deft hands were working for his comfort.

Nan was a bright little girl. Everybody said "little," although she was seventeen, but she had put on no young lady airs and graces. Her hair hung down her back in the same dark "pig tail," as Billy ungalantly styled it, and her simple dresses were still short enough to show her trim ankles.

"There," said Mrs. Ellery, at last. "You have things enough to be quite comfortable here, even if your room-mate should not provide his share. I hope he will be somebody well-disposed; no fellow with bad or disagreeable habits."

"I hope not, but it won't matter so much. I can stand it if he is not a very tame animal, for I shall be in school-rooms during school hours and at the doctor's a good share of the time out of school."

"There will be Saturdays and Sundays. I want you to go to church every Sunday, Billy."

"I will go as regularly as the parson himself."

The room was in perfect order before sunset; then Mrs. Ellery and Nan went home. Billy locked his door, gave the key to uncle Zeph, and did an errand or two in town before going to the farm. He was very hopeful and happy as he walked the pleasant streets in the golden afternoon light. The change of work, the new habits of life to be for a while, seemed really delightful. He planned to make the most of every moment. Sefton had a fine public library;

surely he could get some time to read. Nan told of many fine free lectures; he might very likely attend some of these. Doctor Higbee had said he should not want him every evening. As he turned a corner he came in near sight of a great yellow show-bill, but could not repress a derisive laugh at the pictured semicircle of "negro" minstrels; but after the laugh he stood soberly regarding the "end man." He was mentally putting himself in this man's place, and wondering if he wanted his life, his pay, —and if not, why not.

"He makes money; I don't get half as much—he sees the world as I don't. I am greener now, I suppose, than I was at eleven; then you might throw me into any city and I should alight on my feet like a cat, and find my living anywhere; but as little Ben said, 'It isn't being a man, but fool through the days and years as this fellow does with his burnt cork. I gained more than shows right on the surface when I went over the fence that day to work for 'Squire Ellery,' and turning away from the hand-bill, the ruddy-cheeked fellow be thought himself of the home he had found, and the family that seemed now almost like his own kin. There interests were his, and his were theirs. Mrs. Ellery gave him the counsels of a mother, and many sisters were less kind than Nan."

"I've had a good chance to make a decent chap of myself, and if I don't ought to be thrashed and sent to the penitentiary," was the summing up of the matter in Billy's mind, and he went home hopeful and content, as if he had been the son of a millionaire.

(To be Continued.)

CHILDREN AT CHURCH.

The faithful pastor will study to adapt his teachings, not in their shallowness, but in their clearness, to the understanding of childhood, and by so doing, will the more surely fasten them upon the minds and hearts of those of larger growth. The majority of the most successful pastors in the land habitually preach in that manner. A sermon which the average school-boy or girl cannot understand, at least in a large part, will be of but little real value to the average congregation. *

The absence of the children from the public services is, to quite an extent, accounted for by the fact that many parents are too lazy or too indifferent to make the effort necessary on Sabbath morning to prepare the children for church. Others are so lost to all true sense of responsibility as to allow themselves to be annoyed by the presence of the little ones in the pew, and consider themselves well rid of a disagreeable task when they are left behind.

But of all mistakes in this matter it seems to me the most unaccountable is considering the Sabbath-school a fair substitute for the preaching service. I say most unaccountable because it is usually made by intelligent and faithful parents, who would spare no pains to promote what they consider the welfare of their children. The true idea of the Sabbath-school is the one stoutly maintained by the most advanced leaders of the Sabbath-school movement, which is, that the school is not a substitute for either home or church instruction, but is merely a supplement to both. A nurse-girl can not safely be permitted to perform duties for and usurp the love of the child which rightfully belongs to the mother; neither can the Church safely permit even so good and necessary an institution as the Sabbath-school to take her place in caring for and developing the spiritual life of her children. The very day she fully consents to such an arrangement she will be shorn of her strength and her beauty.

Through the carelessness or sheer neglect of parents the Sabbath-school is in danger of becoming, in many instances, a foe to the Church, and prevents rather than promotes the conversion of our children. To be safe, and to attain its full power for good, the Sabbath school must be practically regarded as one of the many institutions which go to make up the Church not only in its working force but in its spiritual life and power. "But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

To speak explicitly in this matter, I believe that if the child can not attend both, he should be taken to the public congrega-

tion rather than to the Sabbath-school; and this on the same principle that I believe no amount of class-meeting or prayer-meeting attendance can possibly compensate for the loss of the sermon and the divinely ordained services of the sanctuary. And especially is this true in these latter days since so much real Sabbath-school work is being done in the pulpit through the increase of thoughtful, well-illustrated expository preaching which is becoming so popular in the churches. *

There are two general principles which I think I may, in all modesty and propriety, lay down here.

The first is, parents should study, in consultation with their pastor, if necessary, to make attendance upon public worship attractive to the children. And when we have secured such attendance, we should be careful and not too unskillfully exacting as to the immediate spiritual and moral results of such influences, lest we, unconsciously it may be, imitate the mother who is said to have sent her daughters five miles on foot to a revival meeting, and then whipped them soundly because they returned home without being converted! We should faithfully prepare the soil and sow the seed, and then with sweet patience, and unwavering faith, wait God's good time for the harvest.

But, secondly, if all other plans fail, and the children persistently refuse to comply with a pleasant and reasonable request, then the parents' authority should be brought to bear. I know there is prevalent in some circles a weak sentimentality which forbids the exercise of authority in all such matters, but since parents stand as the personification of moral law during the days of childhood and comparative inexperience, and since they must give a strict account for the exercise of the power which God has intrusted to them in the family, and since the attendance of which we speak is plainly and exactly in God's order, and one of the means ordained for the proper religious training of the child, it seems to me no Christian parent should hesitate a moment lovingly but firmly and regularly to require such attendance, and then leave the result with God, whose command has thus been faithfully obeyed. Every argument which justifies the State in compelling the child, when necessary, to attend the day-school, and to gain, at least, the rudiments of an education, is of equal force with the Christian parent when considering this important matter of the regular presence of the children at the public services of the Lord's house.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so overburdened that the actual demands of life from day to day consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the less," and which would you call the less, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in a corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits of thought, who never felt that she could spend a half hour to read or talk with them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet (there were six in the wash); one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit;" thirty minutes in polishing tins that were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea because "company was expected."

Oh, these children, these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our lives! Shall we devote our time and our strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking it? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars?

Fleeting, oh mother, are the days of childhood! Speckless windows, snowy linen, the consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our poor boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—*Christian Observer.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 25.—2 Kings 12: 1-15.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

As we turn to the kingdom of Judah and pass over almost a third of a century, it will be necessary to review the intervening history. But much of it will come under our first heading.

Subject.—repairing the house of God. I. The reign of Joash (vers. 1-3) is quite important to this lesson that we study the history in 2 Chron. as well as in 2 Kings. For younger scholars a vivid picture can be drawn of the escape of the infant Joash. For all, there are many lessons to be drawn from the life of King Joash.—God's providence over him; the blessing of good friends; the evil of bad companionship. We cannot always know how much of our apparent goodness comes from our surroundings; one good deed does not make us good.

II. The need. Why the temple needed so much repair. Apply, if needful, to our own churches and Sunday-school rooms. Apply still more to God's spiritual temple, and the need of reviving influences.

Illustration. A member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia was once called upon by a committee on account of some trespass of their rules, when he related to them the following dream. "I dreamed that the whole Society of Friends were collected in our great meeting-house, and attending to the business of the church. The subject under discussion was the filthy condition of the meeting-house, and the means of cleansing it. Many plans were proposed and discussed by the prominent members, who sat in the upper seats; but none seemed likely to answer the purpose till one little man, who occupied a seat on the floor of the house, and had not taken part in the discussion, got up and said, 'Friends, I think that if each one of us would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be cleaned.' God's spiritual temple doubtless needs repair. There is much to be done for its cleansing and improvement; but while we see the need, let us each begin to repair over against his own house."

III. Dilatory work (vers. 4-8). Reason why these priests did not hasten. Why there is often negligence and delay in the work of God.

Illustration. "See that ye hasten the matter" is an injunction always needed, and peculiarly needed in the East. Everything there is delayed and prolonged. An appointment for a particular hour means any hour not earlier, with the understanding that the next day will do as well, and if not, no matter. The inconvenience of such ideas and practice is beyond surference to an Occidental. Only steamships and railways have had power to give the Orientals a just idea of the value of time.—*S. S. Times.*

IV. A new and successful plan (vers. 29-31). It was a contribution-box. Every person could have a part in the work.

Illustrate from shares in a mill or railway, by which many persons can have part. So by giving we have shares in the missionary work, in the church, in aid of the poor, in temperance reform, in the progress of Christ's kingdom.

It is important to dwell on this privilege and duty. The liberty and power of the church to carry forward broad schemes of benevolence, to deepen and open channels for Christian work and influence in the next half-century, yes, for all time, depends much upon the fidelity of the teaching of the present time upon this very subject; and the time for scholars to form fixed habits of real beneficence is while they are in the primary department. As soon as a child can understand the feeling of ownership, it can be taught the luxury of giving.—*Faith Latimer.*

Oil.—Rub your black walnut sewing machine, your tables, your cabinet organ, or any other piece of solid furniture you may have, with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil, and you will quickly see an improvement; but keep it away from varnish.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

I am the child of the brightest thing Which may gladden mortal eyes, Yet the silent sweep of my dusky wing, Over my mother may dimness fling, And smiling she faints and dies.

I move, I dance, I fall, I fly, Yet anon I may calmly sleep; I mark the bright-winged clouds flit by, Your ingenuity perhaps I try; I am long, or short, or deep.

I have been hailed as a boon untold, Or dreaded and shunned ere now; The earth in my wide embrace I fold, The mountain regions are my stronghold; Yet I steadily follow the plough.

I may rest a while in the Minister pile, Or beneath the old oak tree; Often with trackless step I pass O'er the whispering corn and the waving grass, Or tread the changeless sea.

All the day through I follow you, Yet beware how you follow me; For each child of man I may oft beguile, And cloud the light of his sunniest smile, Till for ever away I flee.

CHARADE.

My first's a conjunction which gives you a choice; My second's a box deep and strong; For my third, you'll now place two-thirds of a rat, My whole often plays loud and long.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a boy's nickname and leave indispersed. 2. Vapor and leave a series of things joined together. 3. A sort of vision and leave twenty quires. 4. A small insect and leave an abbreviation. 5. Asserted and leave help. 6. Gravel and leave a conjunction. 7. A small, thin piece of wood and leave a slight regular noise. 8. To urge forward and leave to tear or split apart. 9. To gather and leave meagre. Unwilling and leave a profane expression.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

REBUS.—Pained, (p in d.)

PUZZLE.—WHEEL.

(2) R A (3)

M A G

A A O

(8) S P O (1) T E E S (4)

Y R A

R A R

(7) O P (6)

ENIGMA.—Lines.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lizzie Devitt, and Howard T. Mackay.

TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

More than fifty years ago the late Dr. Bacon closed a sermon to young Christians with the following appeal, the spirit of which was grandly illustrated in his after life:—

"Would to God I could make you know what results are depending upon you; what interests of the church and of a dying world are involved in your future character and efforts. When I look at the young Christians of this age and reflect that they are soon to sustain the ancient glories of the church of God—when I look abroad on the earth and see the crisis that is at hand—when I listen to the cries that come from every quarter of the world, summoning the people of God to new effort and more splendid exhibitions of piety—I seem to see the hoary generations that are passed rising up from their repose to watch over the young followers of Christ; I seem to hear the voices of blessed spirits from above cheering them on in the career of piety; I seem to see a world in misery, turning its imploring hands to them, and beseeching them to be worthy of their name, worthy of their privileges, worthy of their noble destiny; I seem to hear, I do hear God himself speaking from the heavens. Ye have chosen the better part, be faithful unto death and I will give you crowns of life."

(Continued from first page.)

the sick, and the blind. Women too feeble with age to walk were lifted out by attendants. Over 1,000 female lunatics, most of them decked out in either sky blue or bright-scarlet hoods and shawls, were allowed to roam around at will within an area bounded by uniformed policemen. Three hundred or more who were believed to have sufficient mental balance to stand the excitement were permitted to go in front of the asylum and look at the explosion. After it was over, while all the same people on the island were alive with excitement, and all the steamboat whistles were tooting congratulations to Gen. Newton, these idiots were as unmoved as so many wooden images. One woman among them stretched her hands toward the white foam on the water and exclaimed: "Here, one schooner! one schooner!"

MAKE OUT A LIST.

We suggested to our readers last week that it would be well to make a list of friends who they consider should take the *Weekly Messenger*. Next week we hope to be able to issue our "Grand Prize Competition," which will be largely far than our last one to the end of the year. We just throw out this hint so that those who wish to make a little holiday money may have a fair chance to begin work promptly. Of course there is work connected with the competition, but the trouble is out of all proportion to the recompense. We intend that no one shall be disappointed in the coming competition, and that everyone that gets so much as one new subscriber shall be liberally rewarded.

WRITE FOR YOUR FRIENDS.

If you have any friends who do not take the *Weekly Messenger* you should see that they get a few sample copies in order that they may judge of its merits for themselves. For this purpose we are prepared to send sample copies for three weeks free to anyone who may be proposed by our readers. All our subscribers to this paper have to do in order to have a copy sent to a friend is to write a postal card containing the names and addresses of those to whom they wish the paper sent. The post-card should be addressed to the "Editor of the *Weekly Messenger*, Montreal, P. Q.," and might be written like this to save trouble.

Sample copies to:

George McFarlane,
Luton, Ind. Terr.
James Whitaker,
Toronto, Ont.
Irene Kay,
12 Duke St., Glasgow, Scot.
and oblige, yours, &c.,

CHARLES LAMB,
Stratford, Ont.

If you have more than three names to send it would be better to send them in an envelope.

WE CANNOT announce the winners of prizes in our last competition till next week.

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "I received a copy of the book 'Reprinted Stories.' I like it very much."

THE NAMES of new subscribers up to the end of the year have continued to come in up to the last day, and quite a considerable number of new names have been added to our lists.

"Will you please send me twelve copies of the *Weekly Messenger* and I will remit again before the year closes. It is the best paper for the schoolroom I have ever used."

Carleton County, New York.

IT IS DIFFICULT when subscriptions are coming in as fast as they now are to send off all the premiums immediately. We have managed, however, through hard work, not to keep any one waiting very long.

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE for anyone to imagine that experience is needed in canvassing for a paper. Hundreds of girls and boys have made money by getting subscribers for the *Weekly Messenger* who knew nothing about canvassing.

OUR NEXT NUMBER is to contain a picture of a group of twenty-two horses of different kinds. Every farmer that is not a regular subscriber should get one of our next week's edition, and we would be much obliged to any of our subscribers who will send us as soon as possible the names of persons whom they would like to see getting this paper.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER in regard to yearly subscribers is that to everyone who obtains five names we will either give a book of reprinted stories worth sixty cents or fifty cents out of the \$2.50 he collects. This offer expires at the end of this month.

DOES YOUR SUBSCRIPTION run out in a few weeks? Then you ought to renew now so as to be sure and not miss any copies. You will not lose anything by so doing and it will be easier for us to get your name on our lists in time. The date printed on the address of your paper indicates the time when your subscription expires.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from some good friend an alphabetical acrostic for publication. Unfortunately he does not state whether it is original or not. We have at different times been in receipt of communications of various sorts which for several reasons we have been unable to publish. One gentleman subscriber sent us a puzzle, for instance which had long before gone the rounds of all the papers and was well known. We suppose the gentleman was not aware of this and had we not known it ourselves it might have been published as original as there was nothing to say that it had been copied from another paper. Of course this omission was quite accidental on the gentleman's part, but it might have put us in an awkward position if we had published the puzzle, giving it as original.

THE WEEK.

SATURDAY, the 7th of November, has been set apart as a day of thanksgiving through out the Dominion.

IT WAS AT FIRST thought that the division in the ranks of the Protestants in Newfoundland would put the island under the control of the Roman Catholics, who are in the minority. Lately, however, the Protestants have decided to sink their differences, and now they are almost certain to carry a decided majority of the constituencies and thus control the next Newfoundland Parliament.

A BRICKLAYER while drunk, chose the centre of the Grand Trunk Railway track, about two miles east from Toronto, as a fit place to lie down to sleep in. A freight train came along, and before it could be stopped the cowcatcher struck the man's head. He died almost at once.

THE DEATH of General Grant caused a vacancy in the trustees of the Peabody fund for encouraging education in the Southern States. President Cleveland has been invited to take the vacant place.

LAST WEEK a cold wave swept down on St. Paul, Minnesota, from the North-West, and reached as far as Northern Missouri.

DR. J. H. WILSON, of London, Ontario, has in his capacity of Government Inspector, been round the hog cholera infected districts in Western Ontario. It is said that the cholera has spread into Kent and Lambton counties. The doctor reports that the disease is gradually spreading and that he has had to quarantine over one hundred farms. Upwards of 1,500 hogs have died or been shot since the outbreak of the disease, and large numbers are succumbing every day. The first herds which took the contagion are now completely cleaned out, and farmers have no animals left.

LAST SATURDAY while Robt. White, aged 55, an employee of Forepaugh's circus, was in the winter quarters of the menagerie at Philadelphia with some friends, the large elephant Empress struck him a fearful blow with her trunk and threw him against one of the cages with such force as to inflict a terrible wound in his bowels. He died shortly after being admitted to the hospital. The same animal killed a young man a few weeks ago.

THERE is a crematory on Long Island, New York, where \$25 is the charge for burning each body to ashes. At Washington, Pennsylvania, where cremation is also practised, the charge is \$50.

STARVATION is staring many of the Labrador fishermen in the face. The fisheries on the Labrador coast have proved a failure and the cod and mackerel seem to have vanished from the waters. The inhospitable shores of Labrador are rendered simply terrifying when the fisheries—the sole means of support of its inhabitants—fail. This fall articles of food have reached such high prices that they are entirely out of reach of the poor. The flour supply has long since been exhausted and many have died of the scurvy which inevitably appears in such a climate when there is a lack of healthy food. The women and children are the chief sufferers, and the little ones die in their mothers' arms because there is no food to give them. The Government has hurried fuel and provisions to the relief of the sufferers. It is to be lamented that the inhabitants of Labrador are in such an out-of-the-way place that their misfortunes are not known or realized till long after the time when help should be sent them.

SEVERAL COUNTIES in Pennsylvania are experiencing the terrible ravages of diphtheria. The schools have been closed and the churches and Sunday-schools will not be open until danger subsides.

IN PORTLAND, Oregon, the trial of a Chinaman, Mah Yin, for the assassination of See Choy is in progress. The assassin and his victim were high members of the Chinese Masonic Order, and the murder was perpetrated in their Masonic Lodge during its session. Mah Yin's counsel asserts that the defendant is innocent, and that the murder was committed by another prominent Chinese Mason, who was permitted to make his escape, while all the members of the Order are endeavoring to have the innocent man convicted. It was charged that See Choy was murdered for divulging some Masonic secret.

TWO CATTLE DROVERS of Toronto got into a quarrel over Riel and his chances of hanging, and one of them Edward Emmet, struck the other James Coffee, knocking him down. Afterwards he administered several severe kicks about the face and walked away. Coffee went home and became gradually worse, dying on the 8th inst., about three weeks after the quarrel. Emmet was arrested for murder.

VERY SOON after the President took up his residence in the White House, the attendants in the vestibule and in the Secretary's Office began to have trouble with a man who persistently applied for office, and when some of his demands were not complied with he became boisterous and began to talk in a threatening manner about what would happen if Mr. Hendricks should become President. He represented himself as a clerk in the Pension Office, and claimed to be a Democrat, and was entitled to a better position than that he held. He intended to have it or know the reason why. On one or more occasions he was ejected from the White House, and word was sent to the Pension Office that he must be looked after. The same man has now been discharged because of his talking in a similar manner in a horse car. He does not appear to be insane, but his conduct is very strange, and people do not know what to make of it. He certainly seems to be a man that needs watching.

A REPORT from Fitzroy Harbor, which is situated on the Mississippi River, in Ontario, states that about a week ago three men, driving a muffled wagon, dropped a box heavily weighted with stones, over the bridge into the river, which is very deep there. The box is supposed to contain a corpse, and the whole affair was seen at four o'clock in the morning by two young men working in Halfpenny's brick kilns. At daylight, when the bridge was examined, traces of where the rope had been run over could be plainly seen. Grappling irons were then used, while a diving bell was sent for. The story told by the young men was confirmed by the finding of the box. It was too heavy to be lifted by the appliances at hand. The whole neighborhood was enlivened by the various conjectures concerning the mysterious box.

THE OLD LADY of Syracuse, New York who has been fasting since August 10th, died on the 8th inst., having fasted nearly two months. Mrs. V. Bulla, that is the name of the person, was taken ill two months ago, and was unable to retain food. For nearly ten years she has been afflicted with insanity of a harmless character. After several vain attempts to eat she refused, with the obstinacy of an insane person, to make further trials of nourishing food and accepted nothing but water and medicine furnished by her physician. The case was very peculiar in many respects. She suffered much pain until the night of her death when the end came peacefully.

IN THE CONNECTICUT ELECTIONS only 80 towns voted on the question of selling liquor within their own limits, and of these 51 voted in favor of granting licenses, and 29 against it. The other 85 towns did not vote on the question, and, under the law, the last vote taken in any previous year governs the town. In nearly every case this was a prohibition vote, and a close estimate shows nearly 100 of the 167 towns in the State prohibiting liquor selling within their border.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO a farmer of Iowa had four of his calves stolen; and the Jones County Anti-Horse-Thief Association prosecuted a neighbor for the offence. The defendant, whose name is Johnson, was tried twice and acquitted, and has five times sued members of the Association for malicious prosecution. Each time he got a verdict, but each verdict was afterwards set aside. He has just been awarded \$7,000 damages. The costs, to all concerned, amounts to at least \$20,000; the calves were worth about \$50.

IN ST. LOUIS the street car employees have been out on strike and on one afternoon wrecked half-a-dozen cars that were sent out with new men. A serious riot followed and twenty men were arrested. Many were badly hurt.

THERE is a cow now in quarantine at Point Levis that cost £1,500.

GOSSIP IS BUSY in finding a suitable *parti* for the Princess Louise of Wales, who is eighteen years of age. There have been several unfounded reports contradicted. One was to the effect that Prince Oscar of Sweden, whom the Prince of Wales visited this summer, was to woo the royal maid. This story being denied, another was immediately set on foot, but it is said that no one thinks less of love, courtship or marriage than the Princess, who has been kept all her year in the strict bondage of sedate governesses and tutors.

RECENT NEWS from India gives very distressing accounts of the treatment of British subjects in Burmah. King Thebaw is no respecter of persons, and extorts unjust taxes from all alike, and imprisons or beheads an English subject with as little hesitation as a Buddhist or a Mussulman. Lord Dufferin has made fresh remonstrances but without effect so far, as the French seem to have an understanding with the King of Burmah. To see England annexing Burmah to India would be the last thing France would like, and accordingly it is natural that France should support King Thebaw while dissimulating and pretending to be disgusted with his doings.

AS THE "GENESTA" was about to start for home three of her crew Jonas Bicheno, the steward, Norman Fisher, the carpenter, and Harry Bown, an able seaman, declined to confide their persons to her for a transatlantic crossing. They demand the "praise and conduct" money which they considered their due, and Capt. Carter refusing to hand it over, they left the cutter and started for New York. Bown went at once to the office of the British Consul, where he inquired if he could be arrested for leaving the "Genesta." He was informed that he could not be arrested. Capt. Carter says he will have the men arrested on the ground that they have the clothes belonging to the ship.

THE LADIES of New Haven, Connecticut, are bound that it shall be from no fault of theirs if the Prohibition movement does not soon succeed there. Quite a sensation was created at the convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union by the introduction and passage of this resolution: "This union is above all political parties, and we will not, in our province of work, be controlled by them; but as our aim is the accomplishment of the prohibition and the banishment of the liquor traffic, and as this can only be accomplished by a combination of moral and political forces at the point where the will of the people becomes the law of the land we lend our influence to those whose votes ask first and always for prohibition."

THE LANCASTER pier lighthouse, situated two and one-half miles west of Lancaster, on Lake St. Francis, has been burned.

ONE OF THE MORMON APOSTLES of Salt Lake City has been throwing out threats against a certain judge who sentences Mormons to the full extent of the law whenever he gets a chance. In the *Tabernacle* he said "Woe be to the judge who sits on the bench of the Third District Court. We will not stand his abuse much longer."

"OLD SPOT," the horse ridden by General Grant at the siege of Vicksburg, is now going round the country with a circus. The Quartermaster from whom the circus men had obtained him had purchased the horse for \$11.

A STRANGE STORY was made public in Boston a few days ago for which there appears to be some foundation. Last Thursday night, about 5.30 o'clock, according to the story, a young lady, whose name is withheld, went to the Station to take a train for fall River. Not knowing the time of the train's departure, she went to the lower end of the station to consult a time table, and, while so engaged, was seized by two men and hurried into a closed carriage, which was conveniently at hand. Her outcries were smothered by a hand placed over her mouth, and an attempt was made to chloroform her. This she prevented by breaking the bottle containing the liquid. After driving for an hour or more the men apparently became aware that they had kidnapped the wrong person, and the young lady was unceremoniously left upon a side street. Having relatives in Watertown she proceeded thence on foot, arriving at her uncle's house at nine o'clock, when she told her story and the police were notified. The lady had about \$28 in money, a gold watch and other jewellery on her person when abducted, and the watch and jewellery were found in Cambridge the following day near the spot where she had been left by her abductors, but they had appropriated the money. No personal violence was attempted while she was in the carriage. The whole affair is considered very mysterious.

LORD CHURCHILL, Lord Salisbury and Lord Dufferin disagree in regard to the measures necessary to preserve British influence in Upper Burmah. Mr. Gladstone's Government sent Lord Dufferin to see if there was any French intrigue in Burmah. Lord Salisbury is satisfied with the assurances of the French that they have no design on Burmah. It is thought probable that Lord Dufferin will be recalled from India.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL INSTITUTE, composed of officers of the navy, discussed Lieut. Danenhauer's paper on "North Polar Researches," in which he takes the ground that there is no continent yet undiscovered in the North polar basin, and the only land yet unknown are some small islands and groups of islands, and the scientific knowledge yet to be obtained is not worth the loss of life and treasure that will be required for future expeditions. Others argued that the research should not be given up because of the hardships endured or because of the loss of life and treasure. The eminent professor, H. Rink, of Norway, supports Lieut. Danenhauer in his opinion, and believes that further Arctic exploration is not worth its cost.

THE SCENE at the funeral services over the remains of the Earl of Shaftesbury was very impressive. The religious services were conducted at Westminster Abbey. Hundreds of poor people stood outside the Abbey in a drenching rain during the entire service, being unable to get into the edifice so dense was the crowd which was gathered to pay their last mark of respect to the philanthropist. A large number of shoe-blacks with crape bands on their arms and many other boys who had been benefited by the charitable acts of the departed Earl stood in line with the crowd of fashionable people in the Abbey.

LONDON, ENG. was the scene last week of a large conflagration which destroyed \$15,000,000 worth of property. Many were the narrow escapes recorded owing to the desperate attempts of the firemen to get at the flames.

A LAMENTED CARDINAL

Cardinal McCloskey, the fifth bishop and the second archbishop of New York, died in that city on the 10th inst., at the age of seventy-five years. He was a man who rose rapidly from the ranks of priesthood to be one of the most beloved and well-known religious men in the great metropolis. When yet quite young he was appointed pastor of the Church of St. Joseph, New York. On being created bishop of the new diocese of Albany, he showed his ability, erecting a magnificent cathedral at Albany, and many other new churches, as well as hospitals, asylums and schools. It was he who actively pushed forward and finished the magnificent Cathedral of St. Patrick on 5th Avenue, New York.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and other Protestant ministers, as well as the Catholic ones, referred very kindly in their Sunday discourses to the late Cardinal who was very much beloved by those who were acquainted with him. The Cardinal's picture is given on the first page of this paper.

BRITISH POLITICS.

Mr. Gladstone has openly assumed direction of the Liberal campaign, and has already managed to do away with difficulties which were keeping Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain apart. The most burning questions are those connected with Ireland, and Lord Salisbury plainly says that he has seen no plan for the solution of the Irish problem. He denies, however, that the Crimes Act has had any effect in lessening crime. The question of female suffrage has taken quite a strong hold in some constituencies in England. In some, both the Liberals and the Conservatives are bound to have the franchise bestowed on women. Another question which is exciting some interest, is the triennial election of members to Parliament.

A curious scene was witnessed in the Catholic Church at Kildare, after a sermon by Archbishop Walsh. The sermon was partly on politics and deeply moved the large congregation. Mr. Parnell as a Protestant did not attend the service, but on its conclusion was shown through the church. His presence gave rise to an extraordinary scene. Men and women clambered on the seats to catch a view of the Irish leader, but though the excitement was great the people observed decorous silence. Mr. Parnell was then conducted to the convent, where lunch was served. The Irish leader sat between Archbishops Walsh and Croke. Mr. Parnell, speaking at a meeting in Kildare, said in regard to boycotting that the practice was pursued independently of the Irish leaders, and that they disfavoured it.

LIQUOR-DEALERS—ALIAS DYNAMITERS.

The most cowardly and fiendish of attempts to injure advocates of the Scott Act was unsuccessfully made in Orangeville, Ont., on the morning of the 7th inst. A telegram from Orangeville says: "About one o'clock in the night our citizens were aroused by two loud explosions, which occurred within a few minutes of each other. On investigation it was found that a dastardly attempt had been made to wreck two private residences in town, one occupied by our newly appointed Police Magistrate, Mr. F. Monro, and the other by Mr. Thos. Ander-

son, Provincial Constable. The cause of the outrage appears to be the commencement of prosecutions against violators of the Scott Act by these officials. The front doors of both houses were blown in and all the glass in the windows broken. Fortunately no injury was sustained by the occupants of the houses except the fright caused by the explosions. Great indignation is expressed on all hands against the scoundrels who committed the crime, and a public meeting, called by the Mayor, was held to give expression to the indignation felt and to adopt prompt means for the detection and punishment of the guilty fiends."

WAS JUMBO MURDERED?

What was the first thought of the reader on seeing the account of great Jumbo's tragic end? With some, it was a feeling of amazement that the men in charge should be taking their precious monster in such a precarious situation, mingled with surprise that the animal's life was so easily extinguished. And now, what will be the feelings of wrath and indignation kindled by the following despatch from Hartford, Connecticut:

A special from Bridgeport to the *Sunday Globe* gives an interview with one of Barnum's employees, who declares that Jumbo was led to the track at St. Thomas for the express purpose of being killed. Jumbo was suffering from an incurable pulmonary trouble and was becoming worthless, and it was feared that if the public learned this they would become indignant at Barnum for cruelly exhibiting the huge pet, who was almost unfit to walk at all, consequently he was to be killed for advertising purposes in the most tragic manner. An attempt had before been made at Montreal, but it miscarried.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The weather during the past week was very favorable for autumnal farm work. Frosty nights followed by bright sunny days is just the kind of weather which suits such work as gathering potatoes and other roots, husking corn, threshing, ploughing, digging drains, &c. The rot in the potatoes seems to have received a check, and although in some localities there is a scarcity of sound tubers, they are sufficiently abundant in other places to supply any lack, at moderate prices. The hog cholera continues to spread in the Western States and has also appeared in some sections of Western Ontario and serious losses are following. The apple crop which is now being gathered is on the whole above an average and in many sections extraordinary yields have taken place. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writing from Pennsylvania says: "Probably never before has the apple crop been as good in this section as it is this year, the fruit being very plentiful and unusually fair in quality. I have recently spent several days riding through some of the better portions of this country, and also Tioga and Bradford counties, Pennsylvania, and never have I observed finer fruit in such abundance, the trees being literally breaking down beneath the weight of well-formed fruit. The premature falling of the partially formed fruit, early in the summer, seemed to have had the desired effect of thinning, so that apples are of desirable size and free from worms and blemish. There has as yet been practically no market for apples, and thousands of bushels are now lying on the ground and going to waste. I know of one farmer who drew a load of nice fall fruit to market, a distance of 10 miles, and sold them there for 10 cents per bushel.

ARE THE CHILDREN IN ?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky—
The storm will soon begin;
The thunder roars, the lightning flash,
I hear the great round raindrops dash—
Are all the children in ?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide,
No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone and long to know
Are all the children in ?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried ?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide ?

God knows it all; His will is best;
I'll shield them now and leave the rest
In His most righteous hand;
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempest wild and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call us home before
The children land on that blest shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till He, the Keeper of the Gate,
Lets all the children in.
—E. c.

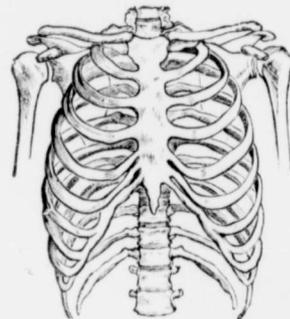
TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE.
(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under
the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER XI.

HYGIENE OF BREATHING.

As the muscular walls of the chest and abdomen help in the act of breathing, nothing should prevent their free movement. For this reason, garments worn about the waist, such as corsets and belts, should never be tight. They are sure to do harm by crowding the lungs, thus partly stopping the breath, and by pressing out of place the organs of the abdomen. Among the many causes of consumption is tight lacing. A small pinched waist shows that its owner is either ignorant or foolish—perhaps both.



Natural Form of Ribs.

The weight of the clothing should not rest on the hips, pressing the muscles of the abdomen, but be held by shoulder-straps, or waists, kept up by shoulder-straps. Round shoulders, by pressing the lungs out of their proper position, are friends of consumption.

DISEASES.

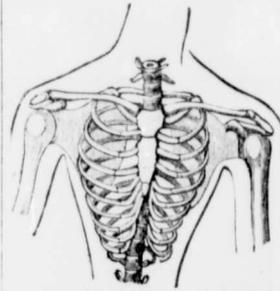
Bronchitis is a disease of the bronchial tubes, pleurisy of the pleura, the soft skin covering the lungs; pneumonia and consumption affect the lungs themselves, and croup is a disease of the larynx and windpipe.

All these dangers may be largely avoided by wearing sufficient clothing, by being careful not to "take cold," by eating proper food, and by living in houses that are dry, clean,

light, well-warmed and well-aired, and built in healthy places.

VENTILATION.

Ventilation is the removal of impure or poisoned air from buildings and the supplying of fresh air in its place.



Fashionable Form of Ribs.

CAUSES OF IMPURE AIR.

In a pleasant village, a few years ago, stood a large house, of which people were afraid, because all who tried to live there sickened, a few of them died.

But one day a stranger looked over the grounds and house, then bought the estate and ordered repairs; when these were finished his family moved in, and were healthy and happy there.

The secret of the change lay in the owner's knowledge of the laws of health. He provided a supply of pure water for family use, to take the place of that from the old well into which the drainage soaked. Decaying vegetables, old boards, ancient brooms, and other rubbish in various stages of slimy rotteness, were cleared out of the cellar, from which they had been sending poisonous gases through the house.

A long drain was built to carry the dishwasher out into the garden; and refuse matter from the table, such as broken bits of meat and skins of fruit and vegetables, was burned in the kitchen range, not thrown out at the back door and left to decay.

The neighbors no longer feared the house, but followed the example of its new owner. Gravel and concrete paths and sidewalks replaced those of decaying boards, and piles of old saw-dust from the sheds went to feed furnace fires.

At last, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and malaria almost disappeared from that locality, because their causes were so largely removed.

Remember that air, which contains decaying animal and vegetable matter, is not fit to breathe; and that water, under the same conditions, is not fit to drink. It is well that winds blow poisonous gases away, that the falling rains wash the air clean, and that plants live on carbonic acid which, in sufficient quantity, is fatal to animal life.

VENTILATION OF BUILDINGS.

Waste matter from the body is always passing off by means of the skin and lungs; fires, whether for lighting or heating, send out carbonic acid; sweeping and the tread of feet set free dust and bits of wool from the carpets.

Unless great pains are taken to keep the air in our houses, school-rooms, halls, and churches, fit for breathing, we poison ourselves.

Janitors of churches, school-rooms, and other public buildings, should never close doors and windows, as soon as an audience has passed out, and shut up the poisoned air to be breathed over again the next time the room is used.

The air in such rooms in cold weather is really carbonic acid gas and other impurities "warmed over." Doors and windows should be opened on opposite sides, until the fresh air has taken the place of that in the room.

No lesson, sermon, lecture, or concert can be understood or enjoyed by a sleepy, heedless audience—sleepy and heedless because of the poisoned air it has taken into its lungs.

The headache which we so often have in ill-ventilated rooms, is the common result of re-breathing carbonic acid and other impurities. Thence we see that good studying, preaching, and teaching, as well as good health, are dependent on good air.

Special care should be taken in the venti-

lation of sleeping rooms. Leave a close room in which you have spent the night, for a brisk walk in the open air—then return to it again.

The air is foul with the heavy, suffocating odor of waste matter, the product of your lungs, which you have been breathing over and over again during your sleeping hours. You felt stupid and tired on waking, because poisoned by your own breath.

Sleeping-rooms should be so ventilated in the winter, as well as in the summer, that the sleeper may have a constant supply of moderately warm, fresh air. This can be done by raising the lower and dropping the upper sash of a window in a warm room.

Cold air is not necessarily pure air, and, in northern climates, is often too severe in winter to be breathed at night by any but the most robust.

Two openings are needed in order to ventilate a room properly—one through which the impure air may pass out, and another by which the pure air may enter.

There are many ways of doing this. One is to open the windows a little, both at the top and bottom, as already suggested. Open fire-places are excellent ventilators. Through them a stream of air from the room goes up the chimney, and air from without must come in to take its place.

While we must have fresh air to breathe, it is not safe to sit or stand in a draught of air.

AIR IN SICK ROOMS

The air of the sick-room should be always pure and fresh. To "take the breath" of another person is, of course, to take the carbonic acid and other waste matter from his lungs into your own. Contagious diseases are often spread in this way.

ALCOHOL AND THE LUNGS.

Alcohol, as you have learned, is sent into the blood as soon as possible. The blood carries a part to the lungs, and thus you may often know from the breath that a person has been drinking.

In passing through them, alcohol injures the delicate air cells of the lungs. The idea that this narcotic will prevent consumption is a mistake. There is one form of this disease, called alcoholic consumption, which is caused by alcohol.

The drinker looks well and feels well, till suddenly comes a "dropped stitch," or a pain in the side. Then follow difficulty of breathing and vomiting of blood; then a rapid passage to the grave; for medicine, food, change of air, all prove useless.

Alcohol injures muscular power, and, as the diaphragm and the muscles which move the ribs are used in breathing, respiration is often imperfect in those who drink. Sometimes, these muscles are so affected that paralysis or death occurs. Life depends on respiration, and liquors are the enemy of healthy breathing.

IN CASE OF SICKNESS.

If pure air is so important for healthy persons, it is doubly so for the sick; it should be fresh from the outside, and not from another room. With a little fire, and windows opened a little, it is an easy thing to obtain the right kind of air all sick persons need. Physicians say it is a very rare thing for a person to "catch cold" while in bed if well protected about the shoulders and away from a possible "draught." The danger to the sick is when getting up from a warm bed. The temperature of the room then needs to be warmer, for a chill to the patient must be avoided. Sometimes it is necessary to keep up the heat of the body by heat externally applied, as in most sicknesses there is a constant tendency to a decline of the vital powers, by their effort to sustain the heat of the body especially toward morning; as you have noticed in yourself while watching with the sick, that from three o'clock until daylight, a chilliness comes on. In a sick person the vitality lowers from midnight, and watchful care must be exercised by the nurse; and she herself had better take some refreshment about four o'clock; at least a cup of hot coffee or tea. If possible, let the sick chamber be the most sunny room in the house, and the bed placed where the patient can see without effort the blue sky. It has been proved in hospitals that not only do fewer patients die in sunny rooms, but that they actually get well faster than those who are obliged to be in sunless rooms, or nearly

so. Of course, sometimes certain diseases need for a time a subdued light; even then, a room shaded by curtains is preferable to one on the north side of the house. And did you never notice in going through a ward of a hospital, that nearly all the patients lie with their faces toward the light ?

It is very hard for a well person to understand how a little noise can so disturb a sick person, when the whirring of a mill, or ringing of a bell, or sawing wood, has no unpleasant effect. If the patient knows just what the noise is, and what for, and does not have to wonder about it, and knows it to be necessary, it is not apt to trouble; but a quick, sharp sound, like the dropping of a pair of scissors, or the squeak of shoes, or rattle of paper, or abomination of all, whistlings, rasp the nerves, and are seriously detrimental. In one case they are started; in the other the mind is set to work, wondering what they are, or what is to follow. The creaking of doors, the rattle of windows, the flapping of curtains, and everything can be summed up into necessary or unnecessary noise. The former, most of sick persons will bear, the latter are always disturbing; and a good nurse need only to consider which is which, and govern herself accordingly.

Now a word in behalf of those who are in the family of the sick, doing the housework, and keeping the law stairs in good running order. They value your sympathy and love, but if you can render no material aid, do in pity not take their time. Learn if you can from neighbors how the sick one is, and spare the services of the doctor-tender. There is extra work to be done at such times, extra rest in sleep by day is often needed; and because of this unusual pressure, do transfer the call of kindly inquiry to those close by, who will be only too glad to relieve the weary, anxious, over-burdened neighbor, by informing you, and not one loving message of yours will be lost, but at the right time your friend will receive it and be cheered thereby.

I knew a man who once lay very sick with typhoid fever. His wife assisted in the care of him, but worn by care and anxiety, and constant calls of friends, was obliged to have a nurse for her husband. It seemed as though the bell rang from morning till night; the sick man was very low, and unconscious, yet the nurse said it disturbed him, and must not be. Each morning a bulletin was placed on the fence, stating the condition of the patient. Contrary to all expectations, he recovered. How far it was owing to the enforced quiet of the house, and the needed rest thereby obtained by the weary wife, cannot be told.

Years later a beloved sister passed away from that same family; she died suddenly; few persons knew of her sickness until she had gone; the shock was sudden and terrible. Friends meant to be kind; more than forty called in three or four days to hear about it. "Was it very sudden?" "Did she know she was going to leave you?" "Were you with her when she passed away?"—this same question over and over—the same clutching fingers opening the wound wider and wider; doing it out of love, too. Think a moment; was there not more curiosity than love, after all? The wife and sorrowing sister, well-nigh distracted, was obliged after the funeral, to close her beautiful home, and go away from her friends. In this case there was nothing to be done but what other near relatives could do, but the effect on the nervous temperament of the sister was fearful.

Is there not a better way to express sympathy in the earlier moments of bereavement? The fervent pressure of the hand, the tender kiss, the moistened eye, is all that can be borne, often, and never fails to be understood and appreciated; a note, such as you would wish to have sent you in like circumstances, will be cherished forever. By and by they will love to talk of loved ones gone; by-and-by the lonely hours will come, and the days seem very long. Then call and see them. Take your work and sit an hour or two, and the visit will cheer and comfort as it could not at an earlier day. Watchman.

HOW TO POLISH BRASS.—To polish brass use the ordinary whiting or chalk and a lamp-tin or woollen cloth. If the metal is stained or tarnished, then use rottenstone and oil on a cloth, and finish with whiting for a gloss. If corroded and blackened, use oxalic acid in water with the rottenstone, instead of oil.

"WHEN MOTHER COMES HOME."

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

The brightest of bright homes! The happiest of happy children! Little Mattie, with her beaming face and golden hair, has the sunniest of sunny lives! She is only four years old; an "upgrown baby" she calls herself, and laughs gaily at the thought. Clambering on father's knee, pleading for "just one more story," sitting at mother's feet, "learning to sew," or "tidying her work basket;" humming snatches of songs and hymns,—

"Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;"—

"Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod?"

Mattie's bright, gay, joyous spirit seems to fill the home with a sun which has no setting. If asked what makes her glad, she looks into your face with searching wonderment, then her rose lips part with a smile, and she says—

"S'pose it is because I love everybody, and everybody loves me."

While kneeling down beside her mother's knee, with folded hands and head bent reverently, little Mattie prays her evening prayer.

"Pray God bless us all round, and everybody else; and let nobody be shut outside of heaven's door when Jesus says it's time for all good people to come home to Him."

A strange child's prayer that; but it was Mattie's own, and no one thought to bid her pray in other words.

A dark, desolate home. A child with a weird-looking face and drooping figure! A kind, good-natured woman, busy with her needle, sits beside her.

"When will Mattie sing her songs and hymns again?" she asks in gentle tones.

"When mother comes home," replies the child, pensively, never raising her eyes from the ground.

"Well, have your doll to play with darling," the woman says, and her voice is full of tears.

"Yes! I will, when mother comes home," little Mattie answers.

"When mother comes home!" For six long months that has been the burden of the child's cry. She cannot laugh and play about "until mother comes home;" she does not care to eat her daily food "until mother comes home;" she will not listen to her father's stories "until mother comes home."

In vain they seek to win the little one's attention to those things which in the past made up her life. She waits for mother's coming home; waits, and droops, and pines away, and dies; and even as death comes to set at rest the troubled heart, those gathered about the bed hear her still prattling of mother, and her coming home. Her last uttered question, spoken in tones which fade away into indistinct whisperings, is this—

"Will gentle Jesus hold little Mattie's hand and watch with her at heaven's gate until—until mother comes home?"

Reader, where, think you, was that mother? Come and see.

A crowded thoroughfare! A brilliantly lighted—house! Crowds of men and women thronging the rooms, one, two, and three, each flooded with the light of gas, each scented with the smell of drink! Do you notice that woman a little more excited than the rest? She is laughing now—a loud yet hollow laugh. Her bonnet has caused some remark. She takes it off, turns it inside out, replaces it on her head, and laughs again.

"That is all that remains of—Mattie's mother."

You shudder! Thank God, you do! The days have not yet come when we can bear such sights unmoved. But what are we doing to make such sights more rare? What are you doing readers?

Let me speak to mothers. Is it possible that, as a mother, you early train the babe at your breast to care for stimulants, by taking yourself, for the baby's nourishment, stout ale, and even spirits?

Is it possible that you let your boys and girls, as they gather about the dinner table, see "Mother" taking, as a matter of course, the drink which has such power to injure some? Shall they learn from you that in the days to come they will do right to take the path which leads to the precipice, though

one, hard by, would keep them out of danger's way?

Can it be that you make it possible for one, a slave to evil habit, to say in the future, when you are gone away from earthly scenes, "My mother helped me to become a drunkard!"

Sunday-school teachers, what are you doing? You bear Christ's name, you work for Him. Yet in this thing—can it be!—you side with the world, and refuse to give your scholars the helpful influence of your own teaching? Must they find out for themselves that "wine is a mocker," when a word from you would warn, would reveal truths not yet comprehended, would strengthen some who are unconsciously weak.

Mistresses, what are you, by word and life, doing for your servants? Do they learn from you that intoxicating drinks are harmless—are necessary! learn it, and carry the belief into their own homes some day!—a secret enemy to play them false in times of weakness or despondency.

Christian women everywhere—wives, mothers, sisters, mistresses, servants, neighbors, friends—have you ever asked what Christ, your Lord and Master, would have you do in this matter? Are you helping or hindering, by your personal influence and example, those whom you know to be tempted and tried? All have some influence; or, which side is yours?

There are hundreds of women to-day like Mattie's mother; women who, all unconsciously—from "sipping wine" when physically weak; from "taking a glass" to "pick up" spirits which are drooping and despondent, because of care and trouble—have become slaves to drink. Will you not help such to forsake their sin and live? Will you not make it less possible for the young to go wrong, by implanting within their hearts principles which shall lead them away from unsafe paths?

BOXES FOR THE FAMILY.

To those who are living in close quarters whose closet room is not extensive, what a boon is found in the covered boxes that are at the same time a convenience as a seat and a useful receptacle! What a comfortable look a sitting-room has if the windows are furnished with broad window seats whose artistic covers do not give the faintest suggestion of the motley contents of toys and books in one, or the pile of garments waiting for the leisure moment in the other! The stool covered with carpet, with tassels at the corners and rollers that allow of easy movement from one place to another, is just the thing for fancy-work that is only picked up when the friends make an evening visit. Then there is the more homely, and less artistic, soap-box covered and lined, and standing ready in the bed-room for the shoes that persist in tumbling out of the shoe-box, or with pocket in the cover for darning-cotton and darning, is used to hold the damaged hose ready for the mender. For some people have the same repugnance to doing the family darning before the chance public of the sitting-room that they have to doing the family washing. The *Decorative and Furnisher* has a suggestion for a paper box that is timely and will be welcome:

"Ribbon decked bamboo frames are pretty and useful contrivances for holding the current literature of the day, but every woman knows that every man, through some inborn perversity peculiar to his kind, is always liable to demand the immediate production of some special newspaper of a date more or less remote, and is too apt to rend the air with clearly expressed adjectives not designed to compliment the mistress of a house where, etc., etc. A happy relief for a housekeeper who does not love to have three hundred and sixty-five newspapers upon her sitting-room table simultaneously, is a box to stand under desk or table, or, not inappropriately, in a corner by itself. Take a soap-box—it would be hard to find a paper upon a home made furnishing that does not introduce the inevitable soap-box—nail the top on closely, so that it is a complete box, and have it sewed in two, diagonally (let an expert handle the saw, or mutilation to box or sawyer may be the result). Line both sections with thick pink satin paper, and cover the outside with felt, putting a row of furniture gimp with brass-headed nails all around the sawed edge. Put the two parts of the box together with hinges, and by the aid of screw-eyes fasten

two slender metal chains on each side like trunk braces to keep the lid from falling back.

"In putting on the hinges let the bottom piece of the box be the highest in the back, so that the opening with the scissors and a paper match-box will make the position clear. No fastening is necessary, but a hasp and padlock can easily be added as a safeguard against the ravages of combustible-seeking housemaids and other foes to man's divine gifts."—*Christian Union*.

BE TRUE.

"If only we strive to be pure and true
To each of us all there will come an hour
When the tree of life will burst with flowers,
And rain at our feet the golden dower,
Of something grander than ever we knew."

If you would succeed in life, adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to the truth.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!"

"If we only would believe it, 'honesty is' always 'the best policy.' A young man in the jewelry business was severely censured by his employer for speaking the exact truth concerning the articles which he sold. He was told he was 'a fool, and would die in the workhouse.' But, on the contrary, when in course of time he set up in business for himself, he was wonderfully prospered. He never wanted for means to live comfortably, and was always able to pay his debts. The employer who had reproached him for his honesty became so reduced in circumstances as to apply to his former clerk for assistance, and finally himself died in a workhouse.

Be true at any cost, but if obliged to say what is true and disagreeable, express it as pleasantly as possible. Truth has been compared to a picture, the manner of expressing truth to the frame which ornaments it. Do not unnecessarily say disagreeable things. Where truth is not involved, and you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

If you have made a mistake, do not consider it a condescension to apologize. The true gentleman is always ready to acknowledge an error and rectify a blunder. "Only the male bites with one end and kicks with the other."

The truly great men are the truly humble men.

Frederick the Great once wrote to the Senate: "I have just lost a battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Concerning this his biographer says: "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

A certain writer has said: "Acknowledging that we are in the wrong is but saying that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday." But you who are Christians have a higher motive than any here given for cultivating truth and honesty—the approval of your own conscience and the knowledge that you are pleasing your Saviour.—*Christian Age*.

CHILD RELIGION.

A religious life, a life of faith and prayer, a Christ-like life, is natural for a child, and we make a woful mistake when we think that there is a certain amount of boyish wickedness and girlish frivolity which must be run through before the religious life can begin.

How did our Saviour himself begin? How did the religious life in the crowds? "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." A child, do we say, cannot be religious because he is still a child! This is a fearful mistake to act upon. Cannot a rosebud contain the sweetest fragrance and be perfumed with the most delicate colors because it is yet a bud and not a full-blown flower? Cannot the tiny cascade that flows down the mountain-side be pure and sparkling and life-giving because it is not yet a sweeping, rushing river? We expect to find fragrance in the bud and purity in the mountain rill; we should expect to find religious fragrance and purity in the child's life, implanted there very early by the Saviour of little children. We should look for it, plan for it, and be alarmed if we do not find it; and regard a young soul without it as a distorted and ill-proportioned object, a soul that lacks its chief excellence, just as a scentless bud or a brackish mountain brook would be re-

garded. But this early religious life, we must remember, does not take care of itself, any more than a rosebud springs up out of the ground without care; the soil must be prepared, the seed must be dropped, the little plant must be watered and nourished and pruned and trained.

The education of the Jewish children, as we have seen, was eminently a religious training. "If you ask a Jew," says Josephus, "concerning any matter concerning the law, he can more easily explain it than tell his own name; since we learn it from the first beginning of intelligence, it is, as it were, graven on our souls." "The Jews," says Philo, "look on their laws as revelations from God, and are taught them from their earliest infancy; they bear the image of the law on their souls." The children were bound to worship God in his sanctuary "as soon as they were able," was the regulation, "with the help of their fathers' hand, to climb the flight of steps into the temple courts." This was the way Samuel was trained, and David and John and Timothy; and because of this training they became Samuel and David and John and Timothy. It depends upon the parents and teachers of to-day what the next generation shall be, and it depends upon what they do and teach to-day. We have the clean, white, smooth tablets in our hands, in the souls of our children: what shall we write thereon, religion or worldliness?

A CHEERFUL WIFE.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear; she had never thought of the long evenings when he wouldn't come at all, or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation. She had no idea, in fact, that there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy and to distribute her happiness to those about her. It is not often her fault if she does not succeed. Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share of his attention and yet she often does not get that little share.—*Selected*.

TWO WAYS OF ASKING FAVORS.

"Mag, go in the other room and get my new banjo string can't you? It's on top of the bureau, hunt it up."

"No! What made you break that one? Careless boy, wait on yourself. I'm busy doing examples," came the impatient reply from sister Mag.

Now here were two children, brother and sister, who loved each other, and were usually willing to favor each other, but they both felt cross this morning and speak accordingly.

Two hours later Mag had finished her lesson, and comes tripping down the steps where Harry is sitting with his banjo newly strung. He looks up, smiles, and calls out as she passed him:

"Mag, bring me home some blue-bells, please."

"Yes, dear, if I can find any."—*Household*.

COFFEE CUSTARDS.—For six cups measure out four cups of boiled milk; put it in a basin, with one cupful of very strong coffee; add five yolks of eggs and one and a half ounces of pounded sugar; mix well, and strain through a sieve or gravy-strainer. Fill the cups with the mixture; skim off carefully all froth from the surface; put them into a flat stewpan, with boiling water to half the height of the cups; put the stewpan, with live coals on its cover, on a very slow fire for fifteen minutes; the water should only bubble slightly. When set, let the custards cool in the water. Vanilla and lemon custards may be made in the same way, using flavoring of vanilla or lemon instead of coffee.

