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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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#### THE NEW ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

To push a trier through a tub of butter is a comparatively simple piece of work, but when your "trier" is a steel cylinder fifteen feet long and twenty in diameter, and your "butter" a bed of clay and quicksand under a swiftly flowing river, the principle may be very much the same but the carrying out of the principle is quite a different matter.

Yet this is precisely what has just been done in the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway tunnel under the St. Clair river between Sarnia and Port Huron.

The need for this tunnel was very great.

The St. Clair river is claimed by many to be the busiest channel of navigation in the world. Through it all the immense traffic between the upper and lower lakes of the great Canadian chain has to pass, and this, of course, rendered a bridge, with piers obstructing the channel, quite out of the question. But the railway traffic was just as seriously interfered with by the river. In the winter time when the river was blocked by floating ice it would sometimes be five or six hours before the ferry boats could plough their way from one shore to another. This trip can now be made through the tunnel in as many minutes.

The making of the tunnel is of great interest. It was constructed by means of heavy wrought

iron shields, with sharp edges, fifteen feet three inches long, and twenty-one feet six inches in diameter. Each shield was pushed forward by 24 hydraulic rams, the barrel of each ram being eight inches in diameter, with a stroke of little

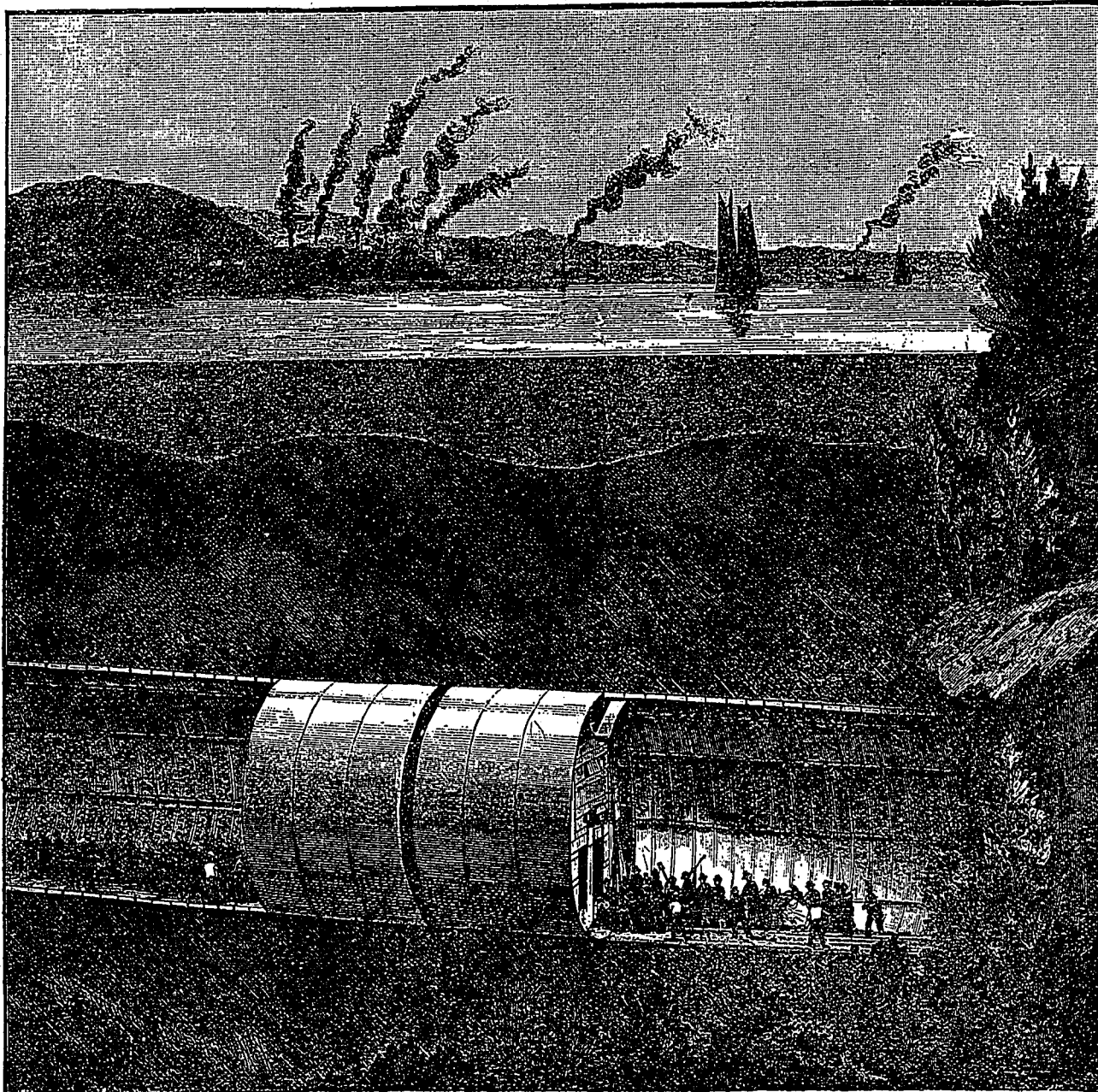
more than eighteen inches. Each ram exercised a force of 125 tons. From the date when the shields were first lowered in position at the portals, to the meeting of the shields in the tunnel, the time occupied in constructing the tunnel was twelve months. The cost of the tunnel proper was \$1,460,000. The shields weighed eighty tons each and were built

thick, with flanges five inches deep, the whole lining weighing together 28,000 tons. The bolts and nuts for connecting the segments together weigh 2,000,000 pounds. The permanent way through the tunnel is laid with steel rails, weighing one hundred pounds to the lineal yard. The interior diameter of the tunnel is twenty feet, and ample means have been provided for thor-

junctions with the Grand Trunk Railway on the Canadian side, and the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway on the American side of the river. In connection with these junctions ample ground has been levelled and prepared, and shunting sidings, to the extent of ten miles, have already been laid on each side of the river.

Mr. Joseph Hobson, the chief engineer

and builder of the St. Clair tunnel, who also designed the shields by which the work was done, is a Canadian by birth, having been born near Guelph, Ontario. He served his apprenticeship as a provincial land surveyor in Toronto, and after having passed his examination as such he was engaged for a number of years in private practice as a surveyor and an engineer, and in the location and construction of different lines of railway in Canada and the United States. At the beginning of 1870 he was appointed resident engineer of the international bridge at Buffalo, and was continuously on the ground during the construction of the bridge. On the completion of the work at the end of 1873, he was appointed chief assistant engineer of the late Great Western Railway of Canada, and about two years later he was appointed chief engineer of the line. He still holds that position under the management of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Mr.



THE NEW ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL.

by the Tool Manufacturing Company of Hamilton.

The actual tunnel itself under the river is 6,026 feet long. It is lined throughout with solid cast-iron plates, bolted together in segments—each segment being five feet long, eighteen inches wide and two inches

thick, with flanges five inches deep, the whole lining weighing together 28,000 tons. The bolts and nuts for connecting the segments together weigh 2,000,000 pounds. The permanent way through the tunnel is laid with steel rails, weighing one hundred pounds to the lineal yard. The interior diameter of the tunnel is twenty feet, and ample means have been provided for thor-

ough ventilation, and for lighting it throughout when required by the electric light. The road is practically level under the river, with approaches at each end on gradients of one in fifty. The total length of the tunnel and approaches is 11,553 feet. At the ends of the approaches are

Hobson is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers of England, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

GOD HAS NEVER had any use for a man who was not willing to do little things.

W. M. POZER  
1611 St. Paul St.  
ALBERT  
GALLON QUE



THE HOUSEHOLD.

BATHING IN A PONCHO.

No one in these days denies the benefit of bathing, unless it is in the way of self-denial. Washing is universal, and in the midst of the summer season the bath-tub is in constant requisition. But we are told by those who have made hygiene a study that the daily bath all the year around is a benefit to all and an absolute necessity to many. It strengthens and invigorates the nerves of the skin, renders the work of the pores easy, and improves not only the complexion, but the general health.

But—and this is a very emphatic but—for all that, not one person in twenty takes a daily bath, either in the tub or with the sponge, the latter being said to be equally as good as the former. The first and greatest reason for this is to be found in the laziness of our poor human nature. I do not believe there is anything else so potent. It seems twice as much trouble to bathe as it really is.

Then, again, the cold sponge bath or hasty wash is what is recommended, and this is to be taken in the morning on arising; and that sort of thing is pleasant only to the robust, hot-blooded persons who really need it least. To nine people out of ten the taking of a cold sponge bath on first arising is not only in itself a nervous ordeal, but a means of chilling the body and of consequently depressing the nerves. The best authorities acknowledge that it is the bathing which does the good, not the cold. Warm water is best for those whom it suits best, but a warm bath should be taken before going to bed. It is then refreshing to the tired body, does not seem to be taken from valuable time, and induces sleep. It cleanses the skin and opens the pores as well as a cold bath.

There are many people, children and delicate persons, who find the exposure of the body in a sponge bath chilling and depressing. I am one of these, and I have invented an arrangement which is a blessing to me, and may be to others. It is the adaptation of the Mexican poncho for a bathing robe. I took an old blanket and cut a round hole in the middle, just large enough for my head. This hole is to be bound. When I bathe, I slip on my poncho over my natural garb of skin (adorned with goose-flesh), and warm and protected from draughts, yet with perfect freedom of movement underneath, I wash and dry myself.

It is a complete covering, (I do not room alone, and so cannot always command solitude), and is one of the most practical things I ever knew. An old shawl would do as well, cut in the same way. It is delightful, and I would recommend it and the warm sponge bath or wash before retiring to those whose spirit shrinks in dread before the "cold bath on arising" which is the hobby of so many healthy hygienists. And I will allow those who take the cold bath to use it also if they will agree not to be too proud of their ability to stand cold water without a shiver.—*Housekeeper's Weekly*.

THE VALUE OF THE TRAINED.

"How did people get along with sickness in their families before the blessed advent of the trained nurse?"

The questioner was a fair young matron, gazing joyfully into the face of her child, growing beautiful from hour to hour with the glow of returning health. The question was addressed to the child's grandmother, a sweet old lady of nearly eighty years.

"Fewer of us 'got along,' my dear," she replied. "A good many more died, and those who by reason of unusual strength of constitution survived our own illness, or the scarcely less dangerous consequences of waiting upon our dear ones to the best of our un instructed abilities, were likely all our lives to bear some ailment or weakness to remind us of what we had endured. I had twelve children, of whom only four lived to grow up. Yet they could have inherited only the strongest of constitutions from their father or me, and I took the best care of them than I could. I think all might have been saved if in their sicknesses they had received such skilled attention as your dear little boy has had. The world can never be grateful enough to

Florence Nightingale for the boon of training-schools for nurses. God bless her!" And the dear old lady's still brilliant eyes gained an added lustre from the tears of holy gratitude which filled them.

"Yet there are people," the young mother said, "who even now refuse to admit that the trained nurse is of any more value than ordinary assistants in the sick-room, and who seem to think that to employ one argues a lack of affection on the part of the patient's relatives and friends."

"Is that possible?" asked the old lady, half incredulously. "When my dear son, your husband, was seized with pneumonia shortly before your marriage, I sent for a trained nurse the moment the nature of the malady was made known to me. Under God I think we owe his life to his nurse's skill. Hot poultices constantly renewed were ordered for his chest and back. To change these poultices without exposing and chilling the patient requires a skill only to be acquired by months of training. So with the necessarily frequent changes of under-clothing and bed linen, the giving of foot baths and sponge baths to the patient in bed without exposure to draughts, and the delicate skill required to lift and move the sufferer without causing pain or weariness. Besides all these, the trained nurse knows something of the nature of medicines, and of the effects they are intended to produce. She watches temperature and pulse, and knows when to send for the physician without delay when the anticipated results of his treatment do not follow. Then, too, even if we had the skill, which is hardly possible, our very affections unfit us to do justice to those whom we tenderly love. Even physicians will not take the charge of serious illness in their own families, lest their judgments be clouded by their tenderness and fears."

The tremulous anxiety brought on by alternate hopes and fears is anything but conducive to the close observation and calculation which a critical case demands. We are apt, too, to mistake solicitude for attention, and the will to do for the power.

"But it is hard," said the young mother, "to see another's hand attending upon those whom we so love, and to whom it seems our right to minister. I must confess that it hurts me to see my Bertie turning from me to Miss H—."

"That is a natural, but a selfish feeling, dear daughter," said the old lady, smiling kindly upon her.

"And then," said another, who had not before spoken, "these trained nurses are so expensive."

"Yes," said the old lady; "so are funerals."—*Harper's Bazar*.

HOME-MADE KNICK-KNACKS.

**BANANA PINCUSHION.**—Pull a banana skin apart very carefully, lay the pieces on paper and trace around them. Cut each out exactly the size and shape of the peel, then trace the pattern upon yellow silk or satin and cut accordingly, allowing half an inch to turn in; stitch them neatly together with yellow silk. Before finishing, fill with bran, then with green and brown in water-colors imitate the spots and streaks, with a real banana to copy from. At one end add a bow of yellow ribbon and a tiny loop to hang it by.

**AN ODD SPLASHER.**—Take three palm-leaf fans and in oils tint them according to the coloring of the bedroom. If blue, for one side use almost pure Prussian blue, dark, rich and deep; the next paint a soft bright blue, for which mix white, emerald green, Antwerp blue, and a tiny touch of cadmium. Make the third a pale blue, using the same colors, only more white. Tie the three fans together in the shape of a large clover leaf, with a big bow of blue ribbon.

**BUTTON BAGS.**—In making these one can use up any little odds and ends of ribbon about three inches wide. Make each piece into a tiny bag, with a frill around the mouth; then run them all on the same string, using a narrow ribbon which will harmonize with the various colors of the bags. In gold, letter on each bag the different kinds of buttons they will hold, such as shirt buttons, glove buttons, shoe buttons, dress buttons, pearl buttons, and so forth.—*Good Housekeeper*.

DECEIVING LITTLE CHILDREN.

Why do parents deceive their little children? I have asked myself often, and observation confirms the belief that it is to accomplish results which might be accomplished more effectually, though perhaps not so speedily, by honest, truthful means. But no matter what the object of deception, the end can never justify the means.

What is more beautiful or more dear to the heart of the true parent than the loving faith of a child, its implicit confidence in papa and mamma? For a parent to destroy this confidence is indeed a sad mistake. It would be bad enough if it ended with the lost faith of the child; but to hear little children scarcely more than babies themselves, frightening their younger brothers and sisters with the same falsehoods which filled them with terror a short time ago is most deplorable, and illustrates forcibly the quick and baneful results of deceptive practices. The busy mother may gain longer time in which to labor by

hushing her child instantly with a dire threat or a frightful story, and the indolent or selfish mother may obtain greater ease or pleasure in the same way; but oh, for some power to make these mothers realize the irreparable harm they are doing! What an astonishing decrease there would be in the annals of crime if it were possible to have one generation of men and women who were never deceived in childhood.

Not long ago a mother promised her two little daughters, under three and five years of age, that they should go with her to grandma's the first time she went. Being in a great hurry, the mother stole away, thinking, as too many mothers do, that a broken promise is of no consequence to a child. After an unsuccessful search in the house and grounds, the little ones came into the kitchen with tear-stained faces, and said to the girl, "Mamma has lied to us and run off to grandma's, and if she don't watch out the devil will get her." Comment seems unnecessary.—*Babyhood*.

PUZZLES.—No. 21.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

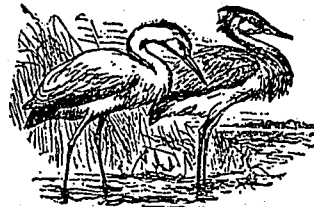
For they were



And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I

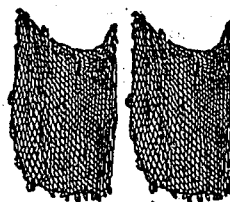


make you



of

And they



left their

, and followed him.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

The following questions on the history of Nehemiah may all be answered from the book that bears his name.

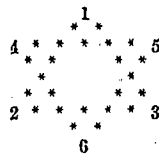
1. Under what king did he live?
2. What office did he hold?
3. How did he turn his influence to account?
4. With what powers was he invested?
5. From whom did he meet with the greatest opposition?
6. How did he arrange for rebuilding the wall of Jerusalem?
7. The history of Nehemiah exemplifies the following points in the character of an earnest and godly man; (a) He is not to be moved by ridicule; (b) He is not afraid of an attack from enemies; (c) He is not misled by wicked deceptions; (d) He is able to work and fight; (e) He is willing to share the privations of his brethren.
8. How did Nehemiah show his self-denial as compared with former governors?
9. How did he provide for the teaching of the people?
10. What evil practice did he put a stop to?
11. What feast did he encourage the Jews to keep?
12. How did he induce his brethren to keep the laws of God?
13. How did he ensure the observance of the Sabbath?

PUZZLE.

Woods are glowing with the hints  
Of my presence in their lints,  
In each gorgeous scarlet splash,  
In the purple of the ash,  
In bitter-sweet a sign behold,  
In the chestnuts crowned with gold.

In maples dressed in gay disguise,  
In woodbines red as sunset skies.

A STAR.



- 1 to 2 and 1 to 3 connected, the name of a Scottish chief who was executed on August 23, 1305.
- 2 to 3. To intercede.
- 4 to 5. A sea mentioned in the Bible.
- 4 to 6. An iron pan for baking cakes.
- 5 to 6. To arise.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 20.

- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Lord, is it I?—Luke 26. 22.
- L aban Genesis xxxi. 27.
  - O badiah 1 Kings xviii. 7.
  - R ebekah Genesis xxvii. 46.
  - D arius Daniel vi. 20.
  - I saac Genesis xxii. 7.
  - S amson Judges xv. 18.
  - I sniah Isaiah liii. 1.
  - T homas John xiv. 5.
  - I srael Genesis xxxii. 23, 39.

CHARADE.—In firm.  
WORD-BUILDING.—O, to, sot, host, shot, steno, hornets, shortons.  
ENIGMA.—An ant.



### The Family Circle.

#### "JESUS LOVES ME."

BY ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

In the crowded railway train,  
Dimpled cheek against the pane,  
Sang a baby, soft and low,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know."

Then, unconscious, clear and strong,  
"Titte ones to him belong,"  
Rose the dear voice at our side:  
"Desus loves me, he who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,  
Hoary heads bent low to hear,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know,  
For der Bible tells me so."  
So, mid silence, tearful, deep,  
Baby sung herself to sleep.

But the darling never knew  
How the message, sweet and true,  
Raised one heart from dull despair  
To the "love" that lightens care.  
But I think, beside the King,  
I shall, some day, hear her sing,  
"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

—Sunday-School Times.

#### CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Pooty soon, Jewel Bright!" said the old man, stroking the gold hair tenderly. "I'm a-comin' to you pooty soon." 'Twas along about eight bells when she struck, and none so dark, for the moon had risen. After the ship had gone down, I strained my eyes through the driving spray, to see whether anything was comin' ashore. Presently I seed somethin' black, driftin' towards the rocks; and lo ye, 'twas a boat, bottom side up, and all hands gone down. Wal! wal! the Lord knew what was right; but it's wuss by a deal to see them things than to be in 'em yourself, to my thinkin'. Wal, after a spell I looked agin, and there was somethin' else a-driftin' looked like a spar, it did; and something was lashed to it. My heart! 'twas tossed about like an egg-shell, up and down, here and thar! 'Twas white, whatever was lashed to it, and I couldn't take my eyes off'n it. 'It can't be alive!' I says. 'Whatever it is,' I says. 'But I'll get it, if it takes a leg!' I says. For down in my heart, Jewel, I knew they wouldn't ha' taken such care of anythin' but what was alive, and they perishin', but I didn't think it could live in such a sea long enough to get ashore. Wal, I kep' my eyes on that spar, and I see that it 'twas coming along by the south side. Then I ran, or crawled, 'cording as the wind allowed me, back to the shed, and got a boat-hook and a coil o' rope; and then I clumb down as far as I dared, on the south rocks. I scooped down under the lee of a pint of rock, and made the rope fast round my waist, and the other end round the rock, and then I waited for the spar to come along. 'Twas hard to make out anythin', for the water was all a white, bilin' churn, and the spray flyin' fit to blind you; but bimeby I co't sight of her comin' swashin' along, now up on top of a big roarer, and then scootin' down in to the holler, and then up agin. I crep' out on the rocks, grippin' 'em for all I was wuth, with the boat-hook under my arm. The wind screeched and clawed at me like a wildcat in a canipion fit, but I hadn't been through those cyclones for nothin'. I lay down flat and wriggled myself out to the edge, and thar I waited."

"And the waves were breaking over you all the time?" cried the child, with eager inquiry.

"Wal, they was that, Honeysuckle!" said the Captain. "Bless ye, I sh'd ha' been washed off like a log if 't hadn't been for the rope. But that held; 'twas a good one, and tied with a bowline, and it held. Wal, I lay thar, and all te wunst I see her comin' by like a flash, close to me. 'Now!' says I, 'ef ther's any stuff in you, J. Judkins, let's see it!' says I. And I chucks myself over the side o' the rock and grabs

her with the boat-hook, and hauls her in. 'All together,' I says. 'Now my hearties! Yo heave ho!' and I hed her up, and hauled her over the rocks and round under the lee of the p'int, before I stopped to breathe. How did I do it? Don't ask me, Jewel Bright! I don't know how I did it. There's times when a man has strength given to him, seemin'ly over and above human strength. 'Twas like as if the Lord ketched holt and helped me; maybe he did, seein' what 'twas I was doing. Maybe he did!" He paused a moment in thought, but Star was impatient.

"Well, Daddy!" she cried. "And then you looked and found it was—go on, Daddy dear!"

"I looked," continued the old man, "and I found it was a sail, that had showed so white against the spar; a sail, wrapped tight round somethin'. I cut the ropes and pulled away the canvas and a tarpaulin that was inside that; and thar I seed—"

"My poor mamma and me!" cried the child, joyously, clapping her hands. "O Daddy Captain, it is so delightful when you come to this part. And my poor mamma was dead? You are quite positively sure that she was dead, Daddy?"

"She were, my lamb!" replied the Captain, gravely. "You needn't never have no doubt of it. She had had a blow on the head, your poor ma had, from one o' the bull's horns, likely; and I'll warrant she never knowed anythin' after it, poor lady! She was wrapped in a great fur cloak, the same as you have on your bed in winter, Blossom; and lyin' all clost and warm in her cold arms, that held on still, though the life was gone out of 'em, was"—the old man faltered, and brushed his rough hand across his eyes—"was a—little baby. Asleep, it seemed to be, all curled up like a rose on its mother's breast, and its pooty eyes tight shut. I loosed the poor arms—they were like a stattoo's so round and white and cold; and I took the child up in my arms; and lo' ye! it opened its eyes and looked straight at me and laughed."

"And it said, Daddy?" cried the delighted child, clapping her hands. "Tell what it said!"

"It said 'Tar,'" the old man continued, in a hushed voice. "'Tar,' it said as plain as I say it to you. 'And 'Star' it is!' says I; 'for if ever a star shone on a dark night, it's your, my pooty,' I says. 'Praise the Lord,' I says. 'Amen, so be it.' Then I laid your poor ma in a corner, under the lee of the big rock, where the spray wouldn't fly over her, and I covered her with the sail; and then I took the fur cloak, seein' the baby needed it and she didn't, and wrapped it round the little un, and clumb back over the rock, up to the house. And so, Honeysuckle—"

"And so," cried the child, taking his two great hands and putting them softly together, "so I came to be your little Star!"

"To be my little Star!" assented the old man, stooping to kiss the golden head.

"Your light and your joy!" exclaimed the child, laughing with pleasure.

"My light and my joy!" said the old man, solemnly. "A light from heaven to shine in a dark place, and the Lord's message to a sinful man."

He was silent for a little, looking earnestly into the child's radiant face. Presently, "You've been happy, Star Bright?" he asked. "You haven't missed nothin'?"

Star opened wide eyes of surprise at him. "Of course I've been happy!" she said. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"You ain't—I mean you haven't mourned for your poor ma, have ye, Jewel?" He was still looking curiously at her, and his look puzzled her.

"No," she said, after a pause. "Of course not. I never knew my poor mamma. Why should I mourn for her? She is in heaven, and I am very glad. You say heaven is much nicer than here, so it must be pleasanter for my poor mamma; and I don't need her, because I have you, Daddy. But go on, now, please, Daddy dear. 'Next day'—"

"Next day," resumed the obedient Captain, "the sky was bright and clear, and only the heavy sea, and your poor ma, and you, Peach Blossom, to tell what had happened, so far as I seed at fust. Bimeby, when I went out to look, I found other things."

"My poor papa!" said Star, with an air of great satisfaction.

The Captain nodded. "Your poor pa," he said, "and two others with him. How did I know he was your poor pa? Along of his havin' your poor ma's p-ctur hung round his neck. And a fine-lookin' man he was, to be sure!"

"And his name was 'H. M.!' cried the child, eagerly.

"Then was the letters of 'H. M.' assented the Captain. "Worked on his shirt and hank'cher, so fine as ever was. Well, Jewel Bright, when I seed all this, I says, 'January,' says I, 'here's Christ's man corpses, and they must have Christ's burial!' I says. So I brought 'em all up to the house, and laid 'em comfortable; and then I gave you a good drink of warm milk (you'd been sleepin' like a little angil, and only waked up to smile and crow and say 'Tar!'), and gave you a bright spoon to play with; and then I rowed over to shore to fetch the minister and the cowner, and every body else as was proper. You don't care about this part, Honeysuckle, and you ain't no need to, but everything was done decent and Christian, and your parents and the other two laid peacefully under the big pine-tree. Then the minister when 'twas all done, he says to me, 'Amen now, my friend,' he says, 'I'll relieve you of the child, as would be a care to you, and I can find some one to take charge of it!' he says. 'Meanin' no disrespect, Minister, I says, 'don't think of it! The Lord has his views, you'll allow, most times, and he had 'em when he sent the child here. He could have sent her ashore by the station just as easy,' I says, 'if so be 'ad seemed best; but he sent her to me,' I says, 'and I'll keep her.' 'But how can you bring up a child?' he says, 'alone, her own rock in the ocean?' he says. 'I've been thinkin' that over, Minister, I says, 'ever since I holt that little un in my arm, takin' her from her dead mother's breast,' I says; 'and I can't see that there's more than three things needed to bring up a child,—the Lord's help, common sense, and a cow. The last two I hev, and the fust is likely to be round when a man asks for it!' I says. So then we shake hands, and he doesn't say nothin' more, 'cept to pray a blessin' for me and for the child. And the blessin' kem, and the blessin' stayed, Star Bright; and there's the end of the story, my maid."

"And now it's time these two eyes were shut, and only the top star shinin' in the old tower. 'Good night, Jewel! Good night, and God bless you!'"

CHAPTER III.—INTRODUCING IMOGEN AND BOB.

"Imogen!" said Star, looking up from her book, "I don't believe you have been listening!"

Imogen looked up meekly, but made no attempt to deny the charge.

"You must listen!" said the child, sternly. "First place, it's beautiful; and besides, it's very rude not to listen when people reads. And you ought not to be rude, Imogen!" After which short lecture, Star turned to her book again, a great book it was, lying open on the little pink calico lap, and went on reading, in her clear childish voice:—

"Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough mere,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moony sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dow her orbs upon the green."

Do you know what a fairy is, Imogen?" asked Star, looking up again suddenly.

But this time it was very evident that Imogen (who was, in truth, always white cow, with a bell round her neck) was paying no attention whatever to the reading; for she had fairly turned her back, and was leisurely cropping the short grass, swaying her tail in a comfortable and reflective manner the while.

Star sprang to her feet, and seizing the delinquent's horns, shook them with all her might.

"How dare you turn your back when I am reading!" she cried. "I'm just ashamed of you! You're a disgrace to me, Imogen. Why, you're as ignorant as a—as a lobster! and you're a great cow with four whole legs. A—a—ah! shame on you!"

Imogen rubbed her head deprecatingly against the small pink shoulder, and uttered a small apologetic "moo" but Star was not ready to be mollified yet.

"And you know it's my own book, too!" she continued, reproachfully. "My own Willum Shakespeare, that I love more—well, no! not more than I love you, Imogen, but just as much, and almost nearly half as much as I love Daddy Captain."

"But after all," she added, with a smile fitting over her frowning little face, "after all, you poor dear, you are only a cow, and I don't suppose you know." And then she hugged Imogen, and blew a little into one of her ears, to make her wink it, and the two were very friendly again.

"Perhaps you would like to know, Imogen," said Star confidentially, seating herself once more on the ground, "why I am so fond of Willum Shakespeare. So I will tell you. It is really part of my story, but Daddy Captain didn't get as far as that last night, so I think I will tell it to you. Well!" she drew a long breath of enjoyment, and, clasping her hands round her knees, settled herself for a "good talk."

"Well, Imogen: you see, at first I was a little baby, and didn't know anything at all. But by and by I began to grow big, and then Daddy Captain said to himself, 'Here's a child,' he says, 'and a child of gentlefolks, and she musn't grow up in ignorance, and me doing my duty by her poor pa and ma,' he says. So he rows over to the town, and he goes to the minister (the same minister who came over here before), and he says, 'Good morning, Minister! and the minister shakes him by the hand hearty, and says, 'Why, Captain January!' he says, 'I'm amazing glad to see you. And how is the child?' And Daddy says, 'The child is a-growing with the flowers, he says; and she's a-growing like the flowers. Show me a rose that's as sweet and as well grown as that child,' he says, 'and I'll give you my head, Minister.' That's the way Daddy talks, you know, Imogen. And then he told the minister how he didn't want the child (that was me, of course) to grow up in ignorance, and how he wanted to teach me. And the minister asked him was he qualified to teach. 'Not yet, I ain't!' says Daddy Captain, 'but I'm a-going to be. I want a book or maybe a couple of books, that'll edicate me in a manner all round!' he says. 'I couldn't do with a lot of 'em,' he says, 'cause I ain't used to it, and it makes things go round inside my head. But I think I could tackle two, if they was frustrate,' he said. The minister laughed and told Daddy he wanted a good deal. Then he asked him if he had the good book. That's the Bible, you know, Imogen. Daddy Captain won't let me read that to you, because you are a beast that perish. Poor dear!" she leaned forward and kissed Imogen's pink nose.

"And Daddy said of course he had that, only the letters weren't so clear as they used to be, somehow, perhaps along of getting wet in his weskit pocket, being he carried it along always. So the minister gave him a new big beautiful Bible, Imogen! It isn't so new now, but it's just as big and beautiful, and I love it. And then he thought for a long time, the minister did, walking about the room and looking at all the books. The whole room was full of books, Daddy says, all on shelves, 'cept some on the floor and the table and the chairs. It made his head go round dreadful to see them all, Daddy says (I mean Daddy's head), and think of anybody reading them. He says he doesn't see how in creation the minister manages to keep his bearings, and look out for a change in the wind, and things that have to be done, and read all those books too, Well!" she kissed Imogen's nose again, from sheer enjoyment, and threw her head back with a laugh of delight. "I'm coming to it now, Imogen!" she cried. "At last the minister took down a big book—Oh! you precious old thing, how I love you!" (this apostrophe was addressed to the quarto volume which she was now hugging rapturously), "and said, 'Well, Captain January, here's the best book in the world, next to the good book!' he says. 'You'll take this,' he says, 'as my gift to you and the child! and with these two books to guide you, the child's edication won't go far wrong!' he says, and then he gave Daddy the dictionary too, Imogen! but I shan't tell you about that, because it's a brute, and I hate and 'spise it. But—well! so, you see, that was the way I got my Willum Shakespeare, my joy and my pride, my—"

(To be Continued.)

## THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR.

The story of the Fisk Jubilee Singers, of their struggle and triumphs, how they travelled through the United States and Canada, through Great Britain and Ireland, and finally around the world earning money, which built, for the education of the Freedmen, the university in Nashville, Tennessee, is brought again to our memories by the African native choir at present travelling through England. This is a band of Kaffir musicians, representative of seven native tribes, who, after arousing considerable attention in Cape Colony, have ventured across the sea to try to collect funds for the establishment in the heart of South Africa of a technical college for the education of their fellow natives. These musicians are by religion Christians, and have received the rudiments of a sound European education. They all speak English—many Dutch as well—and one of the girls speaks five languages. The choir consists of twenty-one persons, sixteen of whom are natives, and five Europeans.

graceful manners and deportment, and with a set purpose of benefiting their country and their race, they have but to be seen and heard to command the sympathy of an English audience. "That these native Christians from various tribes in South Africa are capable of receiving a higher education is, perhaps," says the *Illustrated London News*, "additionally proved by short personal histories of some of them, from notes written by themselves.

The first of these interesting visitors is Mr. Paul Xiniwe, formerly of King William's town, in the Cape Colony. He is a well-educated native Kaffir, with a good knowledge of English, who has had the honor of addressing her Majesty at Osborne. He has written the following account of his life: I was born in November 1857, of Christians parents. I attended school from my youth, and contributed in some measure to the cost of my education by doing some domestic work for an English family before and after school hours. This materially assisted my mother in pay-

graph clerk, timekeeper, and storekeeper; a highly respectable and responsible post for a native to hold. Still desirous of greater improvement, I went to Lovedale and held the office of telegraphist also in that institution, which helped me to pay my college fees. I stayed there two years, and passed the Government teachers' examination, being one of only two who passed from the institution out of twenty-two candidates presented. I then took charge of a school at Port Elizabeth, which I kept for four years, and which I gave up to carry on business at King William's Town, until the period of my joining the "African choir." Mrs. Paul Xiniwe, the wife of this gentleman, is a young, lady-like, native woman, the regularity of whose features, despite her sable complexion, vies with most European faces, and who has dignified and rather stately manners.

Another lady of the party is Miss Makhomomo Manye, the best linguist in the choir, speaking and writing five languages—namely, English, Boer Dutch, High Dutch,

During my time of service in the above school, we had local concerts, in which I was the conductor's assistant and leading voice.

On May 20 we embarked at Capetown in the "Warwick Castle." I had a pleasant voyage till we landed on the English shore on June 13. In England, I was very much surprised by many things. The trains running at the tops of the houses in London, much faster than railway trains do in South Africa, especially struck my notice. Wandering about this big city, which seemed endless, I admired St. Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament; I have visited the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Zoological Gardens, the Crystal Palace, and other places. What I have seen here is more than all I had ever heard of before. I am the correspondent of a Basuto paper, but I doubt whether its readers will believe the reports in my writing, as everything is so wonderful here.



THE AFRICAN NATIVE CHOIR WHICH SANG BEFORE THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE.

Mr. Walter Lotty is the manager, Mr. J. H. Balmer the musical conductor and secretary, and Mr. H. Westerby the accompanist. The Rev. H. R. Haweis thus describes them:—"Black as black could be, but the men splendid in physique, of gentle manners, and charming address; the girls also 'black but comely,' with a charming modesty and conscious dignity about them that attracted and won immediate sympathy." They first appeared at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; then at an "At Home" given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House; twice at the Prince's Hall; and once at Osborne by command of the Queen. The press generally has spoken highly of their performance as picturesque and effective, with an agreeable mingling of drollery and pathos. At the close of the first two months of their tour they had, says one paper, by performances of genuine merit gained a position as first class vocalists, stood the test of criticism and are rapidly winning public favor. With remarkable intelligence, with sweet voices and weird expressive melody, with interesting looks,

ing the school fees and for my clothing. At fifteen years of age I left school and entered the service of the Telegraph department as lineman, having to look after the poles and wires, and to repair breakages, by climbing the poles in monkey-like fashion. Being transferred to the Graaff Reinet office, 130 miles from home, I had to go there alone, without any knowledge of the road, or of any person there: but I got there in three days travelling on horseback. The officer in charge at Graaff Reinet found my handwriting better than that of the European clerks, and, in consequence, gave me his books to keep, with additional pay, and any amount of liberty in and about the office. This was a privilege which I highly valued and turned to the best advantage. I surprised the master and clerks one day by telling them that I could work the instrument, and, to dispel their serious doubts went through the feat to their great astonishment, but, happily, also, to the pleasure of my master. After three years' service I left the post of linemen, quitted Graaff Reinet, and was employed on the railway construction as tele-

Amaxosa Kaffir, and Basuto, her own language. She is a young woman of the Basuto nation, born at Blinkwater, in the district of Fort Beaufort, on April 7, 1871; and this is her story:

My father is a Basuto of the Transvaal, and my mother an Umbo, the people commonly known as Fingos. Both are Christians of the Independent church; my father is a local preacher of that church. I was brought up at Uitenhage and at Port Elizabeth, where I got my schooling under efficient teachers, who passed me through the Government requirements of mission schools. My parents being unable to send me to one of the girls' high schools, I therefore had to stay and work under mistresses. We left Port Elizabeth and came to Kimberley, where, after two years or a little more, I was engaged as an assistant teacher and sewing mistress in a Wesleyan Government-aided school; there I served for a year. During my stay there, a Government inspector visited our school, and gave a favorable report of its condition; he spoke in high terms of the lower section, which was under my supervision.

"We feel confident that the above simple and truthful statements, in very fair English, from the pens of members of the African native choir, will command respect for themselves individually, and will gain substantial aid for wise efforts to improve the general condition of their race. It must be observed that as the facilities for educating the natives in South Africa are so small in comparison with their vast numbers, and as the disparity of condition between the educated and the uneducated is so great, the educated too often fail to see the dignity of industrial labor. The promoters of the African choir are therefore of opinion that in building technical colleges, and in teaching manual handicraft, with household work, cookery, nursing, and other useful occupations, the greatest benefit may be conferred on the natives. It is hoped, by interesting the British public in the social and material progress of South Africa, that sufficient money may be raised to establish such industrial and technical trade schools. We cordially recommend this object to public support."



#### A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

Jesus, keep me all this day,  
When at school and when at play;  
When I work and when I rest,  
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

Keep my body free from pain,  
Keep my soul from sinful stain,  
Bread supply for daily need,  
Help me on thy truth to feed.

May I do all things I ought,  
May I hate each evil thought,  
Let no false or angry word  
From my lips this day be heard.

Faulty I have often been,  
Pardon, wash me, keep me clean;  
Give to me a holy heart,  
Never let me from thee part.

Keep me in the narrow way,  
Let me neither slip nor stray;  
Guide thy little Pilgrim band,  
Bring us to the promised land.

May I serve thee here below,  
Serve thee when to heaven I go,  
Serve and love and trust in thee,  
Now and through eternity.

—Rev. Newman Hall, D.D., in *S. S. Times*.

#### THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and, entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they sojourned themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually "the singing of birds," and saw every day "the flowers" appear in the earth, and heard "the voice of the turtle" in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven. In this land also the contract between the Bride and the Bridegroom was renewed: yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over

them." Here they had no want of corn and wine: for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the City, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

And as they came yet nearer and nearer, there were orchards, vineyards, and gardens; and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way: to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delights, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties: he also showed them there the King's walks and the arbors, where he delighted to be: and here they tarried and slept.

So I saw that when they awoke they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the City (for the City was pure gold), was so extremely glorious that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw, that as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, and what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his companion asked the men to go along with them: so they told them that they would; but, said they, You must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate. —*Pilgrim's Progress*.

#### DUTY OF NOT TELLING.

"Telling the truth is all very well in its place," said a young woman, with an expression of disgust on her face, "but I fully agree with the apostle that it is not to be told at all times. I can't, for my part, understand how women, or men either, for that matter, can enjoy saying all sorts of harsh and disagreeable things simply because they are true. If the ground is covered with dust or the path thick with cinders, that doesn't to my mind furnish any reason why we should be perpetually flinging them in each other's faces. I do not believe that any really well-bred person will say anything harsh or unkind, even though it may be every way true. They will leave unsaid many of the things that come to their minds rather than wound the feelings of their associates.

"There are two or three young persons in our set, who really enjoy saying disagreeable things if they have a shadow of truth on which to base them. There has been more than one hint that these irritants were to be taught a lesson, and I know of no better way to teach them than to leave them out of society altogether. Indeed, the resolution to do this is now under consideration, and these obtrusive truth-tellers may find to their sorrow that they have hit and hurt quite long enough." —*N. Y. Ledger*.

#### GOOD AND BAD NOVELS.

Whatever influence novels have upon the mind of a reader is due to giving him a wider acquaintance than his own experience affords with life, or "what passes for life. Novels deal only with the interesting parts of life, leaving out of sight the commonplace matters which make up more than three fourths of real life, otherwise they would not be read. Good novels represent these interesting features as they are, and give the real feelings of honorable men and women toward the actions and occurrences which make up the story. Bad novels, on the contrary, make their readers believe themselves and others to be what they are not, disturb their judgments, and fill them with false hopes as to what they may expect at the hands of destiny. Novels impel their readers to pursue the thoughts and foster the emotions of the accomplished or smart heroes and heroines

whom they have been led to admire. When these thoughts and emotions are pure, generous and elevated, fiction becomes an agent for good; but when its model characters are wilful, pompous, immoral and impossibly successful withal, its effect is deplorably degrading. —*Popular Science Monthly*.

#### THE TRAVELS OF A BIBLE.

The Rev. W. M. Paull remarks: "I received a letter from a town in Java, written by a superintendent colporteur. He states in his visits he called at the house of a Chinese jeweller. In order to induce the man to buy the Scriptures he read some verses from the Gospels. A little girl, daughter of the jeweller, who was listening, exclaimed—"Father has bought several books like that," and ran off to fetch a bundle, which was hanging by a string from a nail in the wall, which she then handed to the colporteur. Upon untying the bundle he found to his astonishment my name on the fly-leaf of one of the portions. He has kindly sent me the little book, and I at once recognized both the writing and the book. It is a 32mo edition of the Psalms in French, which I bought in Cannes in 1879. Whether it was lost or given away I cannot remember, but how it travelled from France to Krakot in Java is an insoluble mystery. There is an encouragement in this fact. It shows how strangely these Scripture portions penetrate into the remotest regions. They have been found recently by the Society's colporteurs in the remote corners of Mongolia and Manchuria, places previously unvisited by any European. And where found, the promise has been fulfilled, 'The entrance of Thy word giveth light. It giveth understanding to the simple.'"

#### ABOLISHED BY THE QUEEN.

It is reported that Queen Victoria has issued instructions that no check-reins are hereafter to be used in connection with the royal stables, they having been found in practice to be unnecessary and cruel. Her superintendent writes to a gentleman in Ottawa that the use of the check-rein is generally upon the decrease in England, and that the change has been found most beneficial.

**WANTED, A HUNDRED MEN.**

Wanted, a hundred men,  
A hundred of the best,  
From college, mart, or home,  
Roused by the great behest—  
"Evangelize the world."  
The earnest and the brave  
Will surely heed the call  
Of Him who lives to save!

Wanted, a hundred men,  
At the highest wage e'er given:  
Noblest conquest on earth,  
Star-like glory in heaven;  
Friendship sweetest and best,  
With incarnate, self-giving Love;  
Joy of chasing the gloom below  
And brightening the light above.

Wanted, a hundred men  
From churches a hundred score;  
Strange if the call should fail  
To bring out a hundred more;  
For the debt is more than twice  
What a hundred lives can pay,  
And the Church of the living God  
Is but half awake to-day.

Wanted, a hundred men,  
In the power of grace Divine,  
Ready to claim the danger posts  
Of the apostolic line;  
To live or die for Africa  
In the ranks of Moffat's band;  
Or with Griffith John to plant life's tree  
In the wastes of the Flowery Land.

Wanted, a hundred men!  
What heart will not reply,  
"To serve Thee abroad or at home,  
Lord Jesus, here am I;  
Me and my own I lay  
Devoted at thy feet;  
Use all in thy great cause  
As wisest love sees meet."  
—*Missionary Chronicle.*

**MR. HENRY TOYE,**

OF THE HOME FOR THE FATHERLESS, GREENWICH.

Mr. Henry Toye is in his seventieth year; he was born at Clifton in 1820. In Bristol he served his apprenticeship to the handicraft of shipwright. The wonderful manner in which he has been able to utilize the deft skill thus acquired will be seen later on. Attracted by the promise of work in the Deptford dock-yard he came to the metropolis, and in Greenwich he made his home. The influence of early moral training served to make his life singularly pure and upright, but at the age of twenty-eight he came under the gracious and conscious influence of the cross of Jesus Christ. When passing the Congregational church in Greenwich-road he was attracted by a name familiar to him—Rev. William Lucy, late of Bristol, but then pastor of that congregation. It was an arrow from Mr. Lucy's quiver, winged by the Divine Spirit, that found its way into Mr. Toye's heart. He soon discovered that the new life meant laboring for others. He employed his leisure time in visiting the poor and the suffering; he taught in the Sunday-school; as opportunity offered, he was ever ready to proclaim the message of salvation.

A visit to Bristol in 1850 was of considerable importance to him. He had met with a friendless orphan child, and found that Mr. George Muller would receive it into his Home at Ashley Down. Thither he took the little one, and had the pleasure of meeting with that large-hearted man. He received from Mr. Muller one of his little books, which had for its subject, the duty of believers to exercise faith in the Divine government in all matters of daily life, and the privilege of seeking continual guidance. The book influenced Mr. Toye so much that he separated himself from the trade societies of which he was a member. He was also led to give up Government employment, as he could not believe that building ships of war was seemly work for a follower of Christ.

It is not necessary here to tell how the Thames was once the home of a thriving ship-building industry, or how competition carried the work elsewhere, and grass grew upon the once busy streets of Millwall. The suffering of the population in that locality became intense, and thither Mr. Toye was led in January 1867 to inquire into details of destitution, and to be an almoner of many friends who were anxious to relieve the starving population. He soon found his hands full of work. Children roamed about the streets, and for these he

opened schools. This was before the days of School Boards. Sewing classes were formed for the girls; and to employ men out of work Mr. Toye went into business as a wood-chopper.

Two years were spent in these efforts, and 1869 found him preparing to accept heavier responsibilities. When parents died and left a family uncared for, Mr. Toye made it his business to place the orphans in sheltering institutions; but, alas! his candidates were more numerous than were the openings for them. At this period he had ten orphans, absolutely friendless, under his eye, not knowing where to find homes for them. He had it in his mind to care for them himself, if he could only see how. His own words will best explain his position, and show the source whence came the needed help:—

I was waiting upon the Lord to provide me with the means for procuring bedsteads and bedding. One day, whilst pacing an empty room in this destitute district, this verse from Hebrews xiii. was applied with much power to my heart: "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

At first I felt at a loss to understand what reference this passage could have to the subject upon which I had been meditating, inasmuch as I was not only without money, but as it seemed to me without means of any description towards carrying out the desire of my heart. After pondering, it appeared to me that it was the Lord's will to signify by this text that I should make the required bedsteads out of some timber he had already given me; so at once I set to work to construct cots, and now, whilst writing, there are twenty-seven made by my own hands.

But what about the bedding? Still the Scripture said, "Be content with such things as ye have." What else could this mean but to utilise what lay closest to his hand? That was flour sacking which he had shaped for his purpose. He had a goodly supply of newspapers in store. He found work for the little ones in tearing these into small pieces, and so the mattresses were supplied. Sheets, blankets, and quilts arrived and the place was furnished. On September 3, 1869, the "Home for the Fatherless" received its first occupants. The house for girls was fitted for twenty-two inmates, and the boys', next door, for sixteen. He wrote at this period:—

If the Lord in his rich grace supply the means, I propose gradually to increase the number, as there are hundreds of poor fatherless ones in London alone.

Thus was he led into the work in which he has since been engaged, and in connection with which he has passed through many a strange experience. He has known what it is to be exalted, and what it is to be abased; yet never once has he parted from that sheet-anchor given to him that memorable day, from Hebrews—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Is there in all Scripture a more emphatic and unqualified promise? In the Greek it contains no fewer than five negatives, and it might well be rendered thus:—"I will never leave thee, no; neither will I forsake thee; no, never."

It was Mr. Toye's resolve to honor God by accepting this text as a personal covenant. Accordingly, during all these years, he has never directly sought for aid of any sort for his large family or himself from any human source. To God alone has he made known his need, and it is with a face full of joy that he testifies:—"Faithful is he that hath promised."

He did not long remain on the northern side of the Thames. In many respects the place was unsuitable. He was led to secure premises in Lewisham-road, Greenwich; and there for the past twenty years he and his large family have found a home. As the numbers increased he was obliged to add house to house; until to-day he has under his care an establishment where over a hundred and twenty children are comfortably housed, educated, and trained. Some six hundred children in all have had the advantage of his training, and are now, under God, a credit to themselves and to Mr. Toye.

Space will not permit our going into detail regarding Mr. Toye's personal labors in things material. Those who visit the

home, however, will be surprised to see what an old man with a willing heart and a ready hand has done. Not merely the children's cots, but the walls and roof of his fine schoolrooms of two stories, 75 feet by 51 feet, were built and constructed by his own hands. He laid the floors and lined the walls, the only hindrance being that sometimes an empty treasury caused the builder and "clerk of works" to take a rest. But the great master of intermediaries always caused the needed supplies to be forthcoming. The writer has heard him say:—

Look at my children, how healthy they are. Never once have we missed a meal; though very often we had taken breakfast without the slightest idea of where the dinner was to come from. But it always has come. We have spread the cloth for tea not having the needed bread; but it came just in the nick of time—cut up and buttered.

It is Mr. Toye's custom to publish annually "an account of the Lord's dealings" with him. Its pages indicate the life he leads—a life of simple dependence on his Heavenly Father. It shows how sometimes he has been sorely tried, and how the door of deliverance was opened. This series of "accounts" forms indeed a charming chapter in the history of faith. In the latest issue he writes:—

Many indeed have been the trials of faith, but great have been the deliverances wrought. Many, many times have I had to stand still and see the salvation of God; but I say to the praise of his name I have not waited for him in vain. We have often been brought to the last penny, with the store-room nearly empty and coal cellars swept up. Sometimes the supplies have come meal by meal, yet we have not had to go without food, nor without a fire when needed. The longer I go on in this simple pathway of faith, the greater is my joy; to be brought to the last penny and the last loaf, and then to see the hand of him who upholds all things by his mighty power, and without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, is worth having the faith tested. If the store-room and coal-cellars were always full, and the purse well furnished, there would be little need for faith—certainly not for its exercise.

Thus it is that this dear servant of the Lord and of his little ones is kept day by day. Thus it is that the great father watches over the fatherless, and those who love to honor and magnify his name. Long may Mr. Toye live to be a channel of blessing to destitute children and a practical preacher of simple faith in the mighty love and unchanging faithfulness of God.—*The Christian.*

THE COMMISSIONERS of the Lancashire lunatic asylums state in their last annual report that "although drunkards are not generally regarded as insane, it is a question whether the habitual tippler might not with advantage be considered an irresponsible being, and treated as such." They point to the fact that in not a few cases the only cause that can be detected for a patient's insanity is the intemperance of one or both parents.

**GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
EPPS'S COCOA.  
BREAKFAST.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by grocers, labelled thus:  
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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"

**THE PRIZE STORIES.**

**THE MARITIME PROVINCES AGAIN  
CARRY OFF HIGHEST HONORS.**

MISS SAUNDERS, OF LAWRENCETOWN, N. S., RECEIVES THE FIRST PRIZE, AND GEORGE H. WISELEY, OF ST. ANDREW'S N. B., IS RANKED SECOND BY THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

This is the letter of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who has kindly read the stories which received the Province prizes on the recommendations of the Province judges, and who has awarded the Canada prize:—

CLANDEBOYE, Co. Down, Ireland, Sept. 11, 1891.  
GENTLEMEN,—I have now the pleasure of returning you the manuscript tales which you submitted for my examination. From them I have selected what appears to me to be the two best. I should be inclined to give the first place to "Retribution," and the second to "A Story of the Loyalist Times." Both are well told stories, but "Retribution" appears to me the more artistic composition of the two, though I doubt whether "Retribution" is exactly a good title to have chosen for it.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
DUFFERIN AND AVA.

The story entitled "Retribution," which carries off the Canada prize, was written by Miss E. Maude I. Saunders, a pupil of Lawrencetown School, Annapolis County, Nova Scotia. Miss Saunders, it will be remembered, was equally fortunate last year.

"A Story of the Loyalist Times," which the Marquis of Dufferin also mentions, was written by Master George H. Wiseley, a pupil of the Charlotte County Grammar School, St. Andrew's, Charlotte County, N. B.

Both are excellent stories and will appear with others in the *Witness* shortly.

By the selection of Miss Saunders as the winner of the Canada prize, Master Percy L. Saunders, who, by the way, is two years older than the Canada prize winner, having attained to seventeen years, becomes entitled to the Province prize, and Master Aubrey W. Fullerton, of Round Hill School, in the same county, carries off the County prize. Master Fullerton is thirteen years old and is highly to be commended for his success.

Now that these stories have been returned and the prizes awarded, the illustrations sent with some of them will be submitted to the judges and the prizes awarded them.

We have in prospect another competition for the schools, whereby the scholars of our Canadian schools will be stimulated to do their utmost.

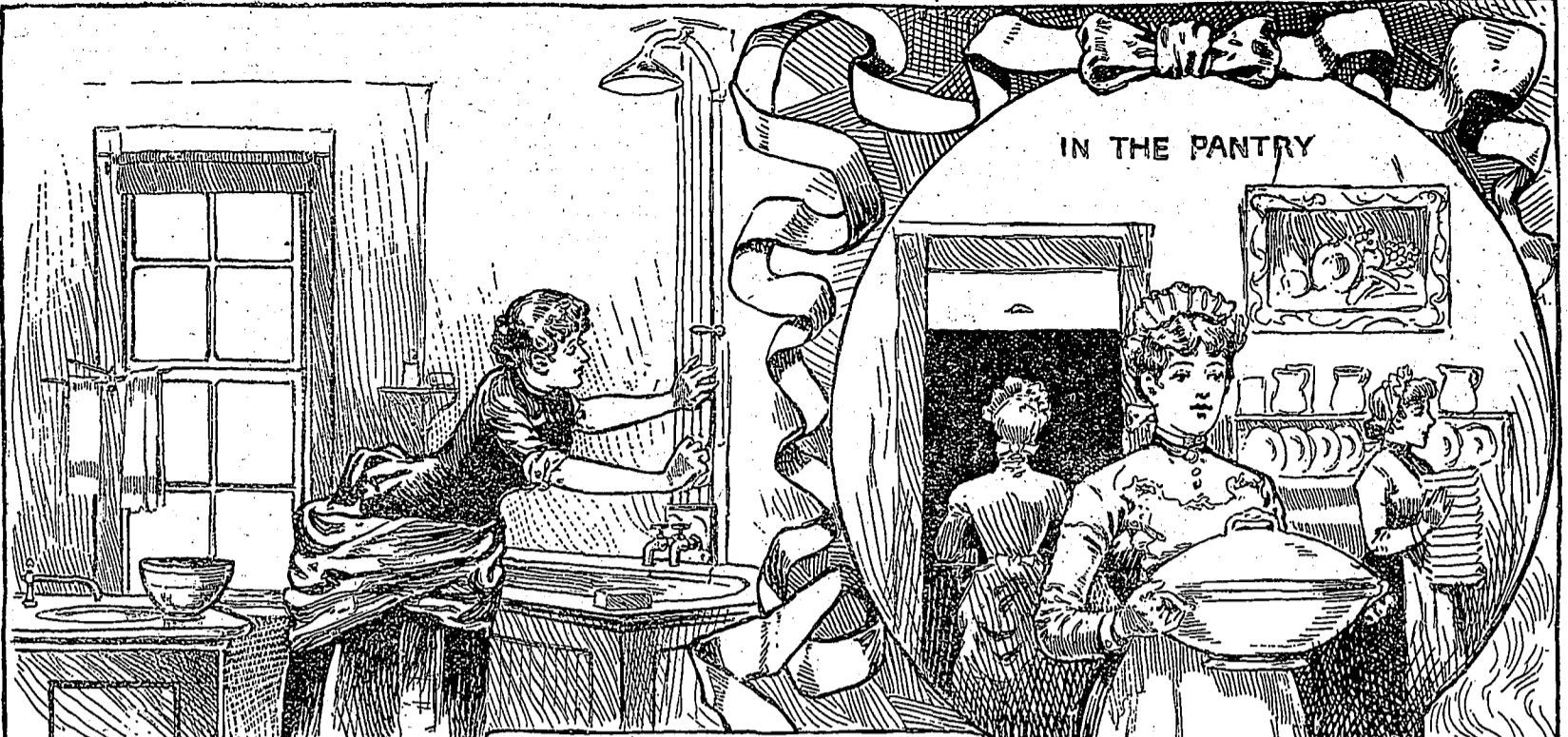
The School and Province prizes have all been sent out. Miss Saunders will receive her gold watch this week. The County prize, which will be a volume of stories selected from those published, as well as from amongst those sent in for the last competition, is in preparation, and will be sent out as soon as printed, and the medals will reach their destination this week.

We thank the judges, school inspectors, teachers, scholars, and also the trustees and parents who have co-operated with us in making this competition the great success it has been.

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