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NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 12.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1893.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.

A TALK WITH CAPTAIN LOVETT CAMERON, R.N.

There are few men, writes Raymond Blathwayt, in "Great Thoughts," who have done so much and talked so little as Captain Cameron, the African explorer. And yet the story of his life is one that is full of romance and of vivid interest and intensity. I met him in Eastborne last summer, and as we sat by the sea he told me something of what he went through many years ago. Captain Cameron is a thorough sailor, short, sturdy, brown-bearded, keen-eyed, and withal a very handsome man. In reply to a question which I put to him, he said: "My object now embraces the whole future politics of Africa. For in Africa lies, to a great extent, the hope of the world. No one dreams how rich, in every possible respect, that continent is. I am a director in several companies that have for their object the opening up of this hitherto unknown world."

"Well, will you tell me, Captain Cameron, something of your past in Africa?"

"Certainly, I will," he replied, as he, like Sir Bedivere, began to revolve many memories in his mind. "My expenditure cost one-tenth what Stanley's cost him. This was how it came about. I was stationed on the East Coast from 1866 to 1870, engaged in capturing slave traders. In this way I had picked up the language fairly well, besides acquiring a vast amount of useful knowledge concerning the natives and their country. I knew all the skippers of the different slavers, and altogether I was thoroughly well up in the whole locale. In 1866 Dr. Livingstone started to go round the north end of Nyassa, but went by the south end instead. In 1870 I went home. Whilst in England there came the news of Livingstone's supposed loss. I wrote to Sir Roderick Murchison, of the Royal Geographical Society, volunteering to go and find him. The reply was that there was no need, as Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, was about to despatch Stanley on the same errand. I wrote to the Geographical Society, and pointed out to them that England ought to send an expedition, not America. Then I began, at their instance, to collect money for an expedition, the command of which, up to the very day it started, I fully expected would be given to me, instead of which it was given to Commander Dawson. He met Stanley returning from Livingstone.

After further correspondence, the Geographical Society resolved to send me out to meet Livingstone again, and give him stores, etc.; then to separate, and explore the country on my own account. I left England, therefore, in 1872, with Bartle Frere on slave business, I being under his orders. At Zanzibar, we encountered opposition from the Arabs, who were furious at the stoppage of the slave trade. We had a good deal of trouble in consequence.

There were with me at that time, Murphy, Dillon, and a grandson of Dr. Moffat's. Dillon and I went on ahead when we left the coast. Poor Moffatt died before the rest of the party, who had followed on, could reach us. Ah, that was a terrible time!" sighed Captain Cameron, as he gazed out on the brilliant sky and sea around and beneath us. "At Unyanyambi we were stopped by hostile tribes; we had no carriers, as they and everyone else were ill. I myself was quite blind from ophthalmia. Whilst we waited there, the gloom and horror was increased by the bringing in of Livingstone's body, and I actually had to give them the means of taking it down to the coast. Then Murphy resigned, and accompanied the doctor's body to the coast.

Every minute of my time was noted on my journals."

"Were your men of much use to you?" "Well, yes, to a certain degree; but they are rather cowardly. I remember one day I was going along in my palanquin, when a wild bull charged us, and they dropped me in the middle of the pathway and fled; and there I was, tied to a chair, unable to move hand or foot, and this fearful beast careered round me! We ran short in our supplies, and for fourteen days we were absolutely without any provisions or food of any kind other than roots of ferns, fungus, etc., which we pulled up as we walked along. Arrived at Ujiji, and having possessed myself of the journals, the great question that was then uppermost

ing, but I took up a stiff position and forced a peace. After leaving Nanyee, where I took Livingstone's instruments and watch, so as to compare his observations with mine, I proved that the Lualaba river had nothing to do with the Nile, but was the upper water of the Congo. Had I wished it I could have come down that river before Stanley, only I resolved to go south with Tippoo Tib whom I found a very decent fellow. He was a slave trader, it is true, but chiefly owing to circumstances. He saved the missionaries at the time of the German and English blockade of the coast, two years ago. From Nanyee the whole country was perfectly new. I went up the central depression of Africa, down which flow the rivers which go to form the Congo. There was no great difficulty," continued Captain Cameron, who appeared determined to minimize his adventures as much as possible; "but there was most lovely scenery.

At one place I found all the women had been sent away in anticipation of our arrival. Here my pet goat was stolen. I went up armed to the village and made a row about it. A spear was chucked at me, and then another, and another, and another. I stood quite still beneath a volley of abuse and spears. Then my rifle was given me and they retired. After a while one of my men wounded a native who was a long way off. We then had a palaver. They were much impressed by our behavior. "If you take another route," said they, "you shall go unmolested." I had only fifty-six men and twenty rifles with me, and as the whole country was alive against us, I thought it wiser to follow their advice. One night at sunset we reached a village, and in answer to my hail we received a volley of arrows. I ran down into the village, followed by my men, and the villagers ran away. We destroyed the village, and I made a four-square fort, with a hut at each corner. Here we were shut up, and stormed continually for five days. At last we caught a man and woman, whom we retained for a time as hostages. Then I sent the woman away with a message that we meant and wished them no harm. She returned with the chiefs. They had thought we were Portuguese. We became great friends. King Kasongo ruled over the country, which was as big as the German Empire, and took tribute from different chiefs. You know," continued the explorer, "they have a wonderful system of policy and etiquette in those regions. The chiefs come in and pay homage, the king himself travels with a big suite, and visits the districts. After that I proceeded through the country of another great chief; here our route lay in the great bed of the Congo. At last we reached the Portuguese Establishment of Bihe—a place filled with wheat, oranges, roses—and then we wandered on our way to the coast for a distance of two hundred and forty miles, keeping out of wars and battles only by the exercise of the greatest possible tact. The



CAPTAIN LOVETT CAMERON, R.N.

Shortly after that Dillon fell very ill, and he had to give in, and I—myself a complete cripple—was left to go alone. I determined I would go as straight as I could to Ujiji to pick up Livingstone's journals. Three days after I heard that Dillon had shot himself in delirium. There was an end of him, poor fellow! I made a big sweep to the south to get to Ujiji, and I had no end of trouble in passing the natives."

"But you were not absolutely alone, surely?" said I.

"No," he replied, "not at that time; for I had one hundred and fifty carriers, who had recovered their health, and twenty supposed soldiers and servants. To go through all that jungle was a terrible task. I used to get my latitude by lunar obser-

in my mind was that of the level of the lake. Its longitude and its outlet had been undetermined by both Livingstone and Stanley. I went right round it and found the outlet—although Stanley denies that I did so—and proved that what Dr. Livingstone thought was a separate lake was really part of Tanganyika. After that I returned to Ujiji, dismissed those who were afraid to cross the lake because of the unknown land that lay before them, and because they feared the horrors it might contain, I cut down the party to sixty-four, and then crossed the lake."

"Did you have many adventures at that part of your journey?"

"Not many," he replied. "There were, of course, hardships to be undergone, and once some Arabs and natives fell to fight-

W. M. POZER
GALLION 400
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people at Bihe were so corrupted that they would only sell food for drink. For the last three days of my journey we were without food, travelling between rocks 6,000 ft. above the sea. When we arrived at the West Coast, I was very ill and had to be carried on board ship almost unconscious. The whole route I had marked down as accurately as I should have done in a trigonometrical survey, and at the end of the two years and ten months, which the journey had taken, I was not twenty yards out of my point when I arrived. For two years I had been entirely by myself without seeing a white face. Sir G. B. Airey who examined my charts and records said I was the best observer he had ever come across."

"Did you see Stanley's Dwarfs?" said I. "Why, yes," he replied, with a smile. "I saw three looking on at a skirmish we once had; but they vanished again amongst the trees. I had heard of them and their poisoned arrows. Of course, the Arabs who are there, with their Arabian Nights stories made a great fuss about them, and attributed magic to them, and I think English travellers have been disposed to do the same. It makes good 'copy,'" he added, laughing.

"And what do you think as to the future of Africa?"

Captain Cameron leaned forward and very earnestly replied—

"It has a bigger future than America, Australia, or India. It is the richest of all, but, of course, everything depends on management. Take South Africa, for instance. It is very like Australia. Already the natives have begun nibbling at the idea of flocks and herds, but the curse out there is that of political mismanagement and the diversity of aims between the English, Dutch, and Boer colonists and the Englishmen, who become Afrianders. Years ago, I proposed chartered companies, but Lord Beaconsfield was afraid of the Radicals. We simply want concessions which will enable us to work the country. The Congo State should become a Belgian colony, and the unoccupied lands should become state lands. Ivory and india-rubber, fibres, gums, every tropical and sub-tropical fruit are there in richest profusion. Indeed, I consider that in Africa will be the coffee and tea-fields of the future, and there is really an admirable climate. The Europeans could bring up their children well there. The natives are very teachable. Even the hitherto wild tribes are already drilled into good police, engineers, riveters, etc. Take my word for it, Mr. Blathwayt, Africa is the hope of the future, and will be the salvation of an overcrowded world."

GOD REWARDS THE PATIENT WAITER.

When Mr. S. F. B. Morse was working on his invention, the electric telegraph, he had a partner, a young man by the name of Vale, who was greatly interested in the work. Mr. Vale's father, however, was not inclined to look with favor upon the invention, but finally yielded so far as to give his son some money to help bear the expenses. Mr. Morse and Vale bought all the bonnet wire in the market (the wire was then used to make "sky scraper" bonnets) and arranged it about their work-room. They then stationed their instruments on a table on either side of the room. Mr. Morse sent a few words over the wires, and to their great delight, Mr. Vale read them correctly. Mr. Vale then ran to the house of his father, and told him of their success. The old gentleman still refused to believe it, and went to the workroom to see for himself. He wrote upon a slip of paper "God rewards the patient waiter," handed it to Mr. Morse, and told him if his son could read the message aloud, when he received it from his instrument, he would believe the invention was a success. It is needless to say he was very much astonished, when his son read the message correctly. —Golden Rule.

THE IRON BOOT.

We sometimes have to put up with what is uncomfortable and unpleasant, in order that good may come of it later on.

A little boy had something wrong with his foot. It was a kind of a disease which his friends knew might perhaps end in his being lame for life. The only remedy was

a rather painful one. It was to wear a special sort of boot, not made of soft leather but of iron, which should hold the foot tight in a certain position.

Oh, how the poor little fellow cried when it was put on. It felt so stiff, and heavy, and uncomfortable. The boot was to be worn a whole year. Many and many a time the boy would hobble along, and go up to his mother and plead to have it taken off, but she would always say, "I know it is very, very hard to bear, dear, but you know it is far better to have this than to be lame for life." So the boot was kept on, and when it was taken off at last, the disease was quite gone.

Often and often, when the weakly little lad had grown up a strong, big fellow, he would say, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad you didn't give in to me when I asked you to take off my boot, though it did hurt so."

Sometimes our heavenly Father sends us some trouble which, like the iron boot, is very hard to bear, and we pray him to take it away. But often he says, "Bear it a little longer, and afterwards you will see it has done you great good."—The Mid-Continent.

OUR ELDER SCHOLARS.

Among the many important questions which crowd our Sunday-school people in their discussions is the too much neglected one, "How shall we keep our elder scholars?" It is one which thrusts itself forward in convention, institute, teachers' meeting, and, in fact, in all the operations of our Sunday-school work. It is often dropped into a question-box of an institute and dismissed in the moment with some such answer as, "Why, by keeping them interested, to be sure." In some instances, the sage who has given the answer seems to think the matter is thus settled beyond controversy.

"Keeping them interested" is good, as far as it goes; but the work of interesting a boy or girl is more of a science than most people are disposed to consider it. The teacher who succeeds in holding the attention of a boy eleven years old may entirely fail to engage the interest of the same boy when he reaches the comparatively mature age of fifteen. It often happens that while the boy has grown four years in mind and body, the teacher, who did all his growing years ago, has stood still. When this is the case, the boy has gone beyond him, and both parties know it. What suited the boy of eleven may fail to profit the boy of fifteen. When the boy realizes that the teacher is unable to meet his wants, it is by no means unnatural that he should leave.

We can not in our Sunday-schools compel the attendance of our scholars, as in week-day schools. It is our duty to try to master the art and science of teaching them, and of holding their attention, so as to compel them to come—not by any rude or merely legal process of compulsion, but by the exercise of the same kind of love "that sweetly forced us in" to the Gospel feast.

Our big boys and girls do not care for "baby talk." Sunday-school orators, men old enough to know better, often commence a speech with, "Well, my dear little children, I am very glad to see you here to-day. I love little children. I was once a little child myself," and so forth. This may do for children who sit at a table on high chairs; but put yourself in the place of the growing lad, who only this morning surreptitiously possessed himself of his father's razor to scrape off the six silky hairs which appeared on his manly upper lip—what does that young person think of such an address? Or the sixteen-year-old girl, wearing at least as much finery as her mother, and who thinks a great deal more of it than her mother does of hers—what says she to "My dear little girl?"

We may tell these young folks to be humble and child-like, but they are just about as likely to be so as we were at their time of life.

And if we would teach these boys and girls anything calculated to give us a hold on them, we must know it ourselves in order to teach it. We must not only know it for ourselves, but be able to impart it to them. The empty teacher, who goes before a class of this kind of scholars with an unprepared lesson, will soon be found out and exposed by them.

The faculties of these young people are wide awake. We must be as wide awake as they are. We must leave no means untried to keep and hold them. After teaching and training them several years, it is a pity to let them slip off just when they most need faithful instruction.—Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER IN THE STATE PRISON.

We were passing by a handsome house in one of the cities of our land, when a friend pointed to it, and said, "The man who lived in that house is now a convict in the State prison. He was the teacher of a large Bible class, and a first-rate Bible scholar, but defrauded the bank of which he was president, and is now serving a term for embezzlement."

That was not strange. There was one rascal among the twelve apostles, and we may expect to find one occasionally among professing Christians. A counterfeit bill shows that some bills are worth counterfeiting, and a hypocrite shows that the reputation of a Christian is worth possessing.

But there was another part of this story about the bank-president-Sunday-school-teacher-convict. When he came to the prison he offered his services to the chaplain to teach a Bible class in the prison to his fellow-convicts. The chaplain had heard of his abilities as a Bible scholar, and was willing to give him a class, but not one of the convicts would join it! Bad as they were, they did not want a man wearing their own stripes to teach them the Bible.

The moral of this is, the Sunday-school teacher must have personal character. People may buy whiskey of men whom they know to be bad; perhaps they will buy calico or sugar if they can get it a little cheaper; but they will not receive instruction in the Bible, either from the pulpit or in the Sunday-school or in the prayer-meeting, unless the teacher possesses, in their opinion, a righteous character.

As once said a high official of the United States, so must the teacher say: "It is necessary for a man in my position not only to be right, but to seem right, and not only to seem right, but to be right."—Living Epistle.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 18, 1893.

MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.—Mal. 3:1-12.

A Missionary Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3:17.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mal. 3:1-12.—Messiah's Kingdom.
T. Mal. 4:1-6.—Messiah's Enemies and Messenger.
W. Isa. 40:1-11.—Messiah's Messenger Foretold.
Th. Matt. 3:1-17.—The Messenger's Ministry.
F. Isa. 61:1-11.—Messiah's Work.
S. Isa. 63:1-19.—Messiah's Wrath and Mercy.
S. Psalm 72:1-20.—Messiah's Reign.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Preparing the Way, v. 1.
II. Coming of the King, vs. 2-6.
III. Entering the Kingdom, vs. 7-12.
TIME.—About n.c. 420; Darius II. (Nothus) king of Persia; Nehemiah governor of the Jews at Jerusalem.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, rebuilt after the captivity.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. My messenger—John the Baptist. Matt. 3:3. Mc.—Jehovah, who is here the speaker, and who thus appears to be one with Christ. The Lord—the Messiah. The messenger of the covenant—or the angel of the covenant between God and man. 2. Refiner's fire—in which the dross is burned away from gold and silver. 3. As a refiner—who keeps his eye on the metal until he knows the dross is completely removed by seeing his own image (Rom. 8:29) in the glowing mass. 6. Therefore—because of my unchangeable faithfulness to my covenant. 8. Tithes and offerings—by appropriating to themselves what belonged to God. 10. Bring ye all the tithes—restore what you have withheld. Open the windows of heaven—a proverbial expression for great plenty. 11. The devourer—every destructive agent.

QUESTIONS.
INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PREPARING THE WAY, v. 1.—Who is the speaker in verse 1? What does he promise to do? Who is meant by my messenger? What will the messenger do? What will then take place? Who is meant by the messenger of the covenant?

II. COMING OF THE KING, vs. 2-6.—What searching questions are asked? What will the Messiah do? How will he refine and purify his people? What effect will this have upon their offerings? How will Messiah come to his enemies? What assurance is given of both judgment and mercy?

III. ENTERING THE KINGDOM, vs. 7-12.—With what sin does the Lord charge the people? What does he exhort them to do? How had they robbed God? What had been the consequence?

What did he direct them to do? What did he promise? Whom would the Lord rebuke? What promise of plenty is given? What further is said of their prosperity?

PRINCIPAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Messiah the King is God, equal with the Father.
2. He refines and purifies his people in the furnace of affliction.
3. He will be both a judge and a witness against the wicked.
4. We rob God if we withhold from him our love, our service, our time or anything that we have.
5. If we consecrate all to him, he will abundantly bless us.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does the prophet foretell? Ans. The coming of Messiah, the messenger of the covenant.
2. For what purpose will he come? Ans. To punish the guilty and to reward those who fear the Lord.
3. What will he do for his people? Ans. He will purify them, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.
4. How will he punish the wicked? Ans. He will be a swift witness against them for their destruction.
5. What does he call upon his people to do? Ans. Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, and I will pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 25, 1893.

REVIEW.

OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

Job, Prov., Eccles., Mal.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."—Prov. 3:6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 2:1-10; Matt. 28:1-10.—Lesson I.
T. Job 5:1-17; 23:1-10; 42:1-10.—Lessons II., III., IV.
W. Prov. 1:20-33; 3:11-24.—Lessons V., VI.
Th. Prov. 12:1-15; 23:20-35.—Lessons VII., VIII.
F. Prov. 31:10-31.—Lesson IX.
S. Eccles. 5:1-12; 12:1-14.—Lessons X., XI.
S. Mal. 3:1-12.—Lesson XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Superintendent.—What did Job say when his children were slain and his property destroyed? School.—The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Supt.—What did he say when he was smitten with sore disease?

School.—Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

Supt.—Who is pronounced happy?

School.—Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.

Supt.—What promise is given to the afflicted?

School.—He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.

Supt.—How did Job express his longing to find God?

School.—Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat.

Supt.—How did he declare his assurance of God's favor?

School.—But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Supt.—How did the Lord finally show his acceptance of Job?

School.—The Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends; also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.

Supt.—What is the call of wisdom?

School.—Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.

Supt.—What warning is given to those who reject her call?

School.—They shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.

Supt.—What is promised to those who hearken to her call?

School.—Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

Supt.—What value is set on wisdom?

School.—She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Supt.—How are wisdom's ways described?

School.—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Supt.—Whom will the Lord favor?

School.—A good man obtaineth favor of the Lord; but a man of wicked devices will he condemn.

Supt.—For what shall a man be commended?

School.—A man shall be commended according to his wisdom; but he that is of a perverse heart shall be despised.

Supt.—What is Solomon's counsel about wine?

School.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

Supt.—What is said of the excellent woman?

School.—Her price is far above rubies.

Supt.—How does she show her sympathy for the poor?

School.—She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

Supt.—By whom is she honored?

School.—Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Supt.—What is Solomon's counsel about reverence for the house of God?

School.—Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools.

Supt.—What are the young exhorted to do?

School.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Supt.—What is Solomon's closing advice?

School.—Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

Supt.—How is this duty enforced?

School.—For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

Supt.—How is the coming of the Messiah foretold?

School.—Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in.

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HAVING "COMPANY."

The letter read, "My dearest Sue, Next Thursday I will spend with you; I won't enjoy my visit, though, if any trouble I bestow."

"O I'm so glad!" cried Mrs. White, "For company is such delight! But,--looking round her in dismay--"I must get ready right away."

Armed with a dust-pan and a broom, She went to work in every room; She oiled and polished, cleaned and rubbed, And mended, scoured, washed, and scrubbed.

Then in the kitchen she began, While perspiration down her ran, At pies and puddings, cakes and bread, As if an army must be fed.

She tolled and fretted, cooked and baked. She hurried, worried, stewed, and ached. When Thursday came, she, nearly dead, Just managed to crawl out of bed.

And Mrs. Company came too; They kissed and hugged like women do; And then began tired Mrs. White To make excuses, never right.

"O dear! my house" (then waxen clean) "Is 'most too dirty to be seen; So shut your eyes--you're looking stout-- Take off your things--I'm just worn out.

"You must excuse my cooking, too. It isn't fit to offer you." ("Twas fit for kings)--"Too bad you come Just when I'm upside down at home."

And thus she welcomed and distressed And spoiled the visit of her guest, Who wished she hadn't come to be A tired woman's "company."

"THE FATHER'S HOUSEKEEPER."

REV. GEO. B. KULP.

I know one of God's children who has been shut in for ten long years or more, and in these years has learned such lessons of perfect trust that heaven all the time is very near. Some time ago she needed a housekeeper, and finding some difficulty in securing one, she appealed to the ministers she knew, to her many friends, and finally, remembering her husband when living had been a Free Mason, she wrote to the lodge, requesting the members to interest themselves in the case of one who needed their help very much. But ministers, friends, and Masons all failed to secure the housekeeper needed. While lying all alone one evening the thought came, "Why don't you ask your Father?" and then she remembered her thoughtlessness in appealing to so many others and forgetting him who has said, "casting all your cares upon him, for he careth for you." Lifting her heart to God, while tears of penitence rested upon her cheeks, she prayed, "Father, forgive me for my thoughtlessness, and send me a housekeeper, just such a one as I ought to have; and when she comes, if I don't think she is just the one I ought to have, make me take her, Father, for I want your housekeeper." And then she rested, leaving it all with the Father.

As the angel was commanded to, "fly swiftly" and answer Daniel's prayer; so I think the Father at once began the answer.

The next morning a little boy, son of the woman who did the washing for our sister, brought home the clothes, and this "shut-in" said to him, "Tell your mamma I want to see her." In a few hours she made her appearance, anxious to know why she had been sent for. Upon being informed it was to receive some clothing, etc., our sister, being an almoner of mercy, had received for distribution, she replied, "Oh, I don't need them, thank you. We get along nicely, my boy and I. Just as much obliged, but there are others who are needy; let them have them."

Conversation upon various subjects then began, and finally drifted to "housekeepers," and our sister told of her dilemma, when the good woman said, "Why can't I keep house for you?"

You see the Father was all ready with a housekeeper, and had sent her one, but she didn't see just then that this was the Father's answer, and she said,

"But you have a boy." And then, what was worse for an invalid who needed and must have perfect quiet,

she found upon inquiry, "the boy had a dog," and she didn't want a dog.

But she had prayed, "Father, send me a housekeeper," and "If I think she is not the right one when she comes, Father, make me take her." Remembering this, she did not dare to interfere with the Father's answer, but finally said, "Leave it for this evening and come round in the morning." Then saying to herself, "If this is the Father's answer, it must be all right," she went to sleep.

Bright and early the next morning the washerwoman made her appearance and said, "I can come, and at once." And she moved in, and the boy moved in, and the dog moved in, and that woman has proved every day since that she is the "Father's housekeeper." She prepares the daintiest dishes, her attentions are proffered in the most delicate manner to our invalid, who regards her as sent in answer to prayer, and selected by the Father himself. Moreover, "that boy" is a perfect little gentleman. He treads so noiselessly. He bangs no doors. He whistles in an undertone. And the dog? Well, our invalid wrote a letter to a friend a few weeks ago, and describing her happiness in her surroundings, she said, "Our dog is a treasure."

The Father heard her prayer indeed, sent the housekeeper she needed, made her take her, as she requested, and then gave double measure of blessing by adding a "boy who is a gentleman," and a "dog that is a treasure." Friends, ministers, Masons, all failed her, but the Father who said, "In all things let your requests be made known unto God in supplication and in prayer," secured a housekeeper just as soon as he was asked for one. The Father knows all our needs, praise his name, and is more willing to give good things to them that ask him than we are to give to our children.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

WHY?

"Lord, is my service at an end?
I am so slow to comprehend!
Why comes this pause that seems to say
Thou hast no work for me to-day?"

Right at the threshold of the busiest month of the year, with spring cleaning staring her in the face, the summer clothing of the children needing prompt attention, and a prospective breakfast and sale at the church parlors calling for her share of aid, the busy housewife found herself "laid up," and the doctor gave only evasive, discouraging replies when questioned anxiously as to how long it was likely to be before the various labors of home and church could be resumed.

Only the day before some of these cares had looked oppressive, crowding as they did in quick succession. To-day they looked only pleasant, and like precious privileges, when a sudden stroke of illness made passive the powers fairly aching to continue the accustomed round of duties. There seemed no good reason for the unsolicited and unwelcome suspension of strength and ability; hands and feet had been willing to take up each day a burden of care and responsibility. No one else could take the place of the wife, the mother, and the active, useful church member. The inertia of sickness, thought by some to bring with it needed rest, was only tiresome and distasteful to this capable homemaker and ardent church worker, and yesterday everything was going on so smoothly, and the affairs of the household were slipping noiselessly into place in the usual orderly way;—why, why! need this unlooked for, disquieting change have come?

Few ever reach life's meridian without having paused to ask in irritated amaze—why? It takes intelligent humanity a long, long time to see the one simple reply that must invariably meet this question: it is plainly because this world is not our rest. But the wife and mother who in all the suggestive and impelling brightness of the spring day laid down on a bed of sickness, recovered from her surprise and fruitless questionings to hush the natural language of her energetic will, and cast about wondering if in some way she might not still be a benefit to her dearly beloved family. The different members had expressed dread among themselves, lest the very fact of being laid aside, and needing attention and services from those she had delighted in serving, might so prey on her susceptible

nerves as to increase, perhaps dangerously, the already critical illness. But after a few days she grew so quiet, her face was so placid that the doctor secretly announced his belief that convalescence might come far sooner than he had dared hope. On being asked if there was anything she wanted, her answer was almost sportive, as well as a great surprise: "Yes," she said, "I want to serve you all, and teach much-needed lessons while I lie here. For two days and nights I asked unceasingly—why? Why, at just this busy, driving season was I made an object of care, demanding constant ministrations from those I thought were calling for special services at my hands. Then God showed me that a pause in the midst of these bustling days was in his sight my greatest need, so I shall wait with patience his time for taking up the old accustomed cares."

Of all the lessons a Christian mother and householder can teach her children and her entire family, a lesson like this is one of the most salutary and abiding. In after life when the children are themselves parents, the lesson of how their mother ceased asking why, and confidently trusted herself to God's superior care, and the ordering of his will recurs time and again to teach unquestioning acquiescence to the will of God even amidst the pauses and interruptions that so disturb and interfere with our own nicely laid plans. It is true, and no Christian questions, but simply all accept the truth of Milton's wise phrase,

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Yet waiting is tedious, harder far than strength-requiring work. Yet on the bed of sickness, and in the chamber of tedious convalescence, let mothers remember God is furnishing rare opportunity for enforcing a kind of service that may help the dear children in many a forlorn pass of future days. We forget to ask why in saying "Thy will be done."

"Much serving" often hinders love,
And care forgetfulness may prove:
The busy hand may cheat the heart
That also might choose the better part.

Then give me, Lord, no work to-day,
But give what none can take away,
The portion evermore most sweet,
To sit like Mary at Thy feet.

THE LAMP.

BY MARY L. PALMER.

When night draws its curtain the advantages of well-cared-for lamps are apparent. So do not neglect the lamps. Neglect ruins almost everything, lamps no exception.

To get an excellent quality of light we must have burners and wicks in good condition, and oil must also be above low-test grade. Do not be afraid of soap and water in caring for lamps. Wash thoroughly without and within, and when burners show signs of gumming, or do not perform their functions well, good authority recommends the following: Into an old can or worthless vessel that will hold water put a lump of sal soda, size of a walnut, pour on a quart or more of hot water. Drop burner into this, bring to a boil. After five minutes steady boiling the work is done. Polish, wipe and dry, and they are again ready for use. By this process one may often avoid buying a new burner.

Sometimes when the burner is all right, oil good quality, lamp clean and shining, the lamp is still dim and gloomy. This is due to the wick. It has become clogged with dirt. Accumulated dirt is all over it, and perhaps through it, it will not carry the oil well. Possibly it does not fit well, too loose or too tight. Wicks are cheap articles. There is no excuse for poor ones. Kerosene oil is inexpensive too. Do not be beguiled into a cheap grade. Get the best. It pays. Keep the lamps full and well-trimmed. A lamp may burn partly filled, but the flame is not so bright, and it is said the oil consumes faster, and that there is greater danger of accident.

It is a good rule to fill the lamps each morning, to look after the burners, not trying to use those old and gummy; to have good wicks well cut, to use the best oil, to set lamps in a closet or place free from dust, to get new burners when needed and see that they fit closely, and in case of accident keep cool, pick up the part containing lighted wick, blow it out or smother with mat, blanket, or something at hand.

Many accidents from kerosene lamps would never occur if lamps were kept in good order, besides the satisfaction of a bright and cheerful light as the family circle gathers around the table at eventide. Do not consider time ill-spent used in care of lamps. "Around the Evening Lamp" has been told in store and sung in song. Let that light be a shining one.—Christian at Work.

CHILDREN'S LUNCHEON.

The intelligent mother realizes that it is her duty to make the brief period when her children depend upon her for comfort, bright and happy, and that an important part of that duty is to provide for them a pleasing variety of food, and to see that it is nicely served. In preparing a school luncheon, it should be remembered that if a great variety is impossible, the little that is provided may always be attractively put up.

The napkins used for wrapping the food should be fresh and clean. White doilies, that are good enough for the purpose, cost but a trifle. A dozen should be kept for the children's use, and the dinner napkins be spared the possibility of fruit and rust stains, etc. By giving the matter a little thought, the mother will be able to provide each day an attractive luncheon that will tempt the juvenile palate. She who waits until the last moment, and then hurriedly gathers together whatever odds and ends she can find in the pantry, or on the breakfast table, and crams them promiscuously into the basket, need not wonder if her little boy or girl returns home with most of the luncheon untasted, and with a white, tired-looking face, that bears testimony to the insufficiency of food eaten during the day.

Among the dainties that are suitable for luncheons may be mentioned little saucer pies, cup rice puddings, baked custards, or preserves. A baked apple in a "biscuit crust" is a welcome addition to the luncheon. A baked apple, quince, or pear, in a pretty cup, makes an appetizing relish, with bread and butter, but pickles and rich cake should form no part of the lunch. Gingerbread, or plain molasses cake, is an occasional luxury, but should not be regarded as a necessity.

SELECTED RECIPES.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—To half a dozen boiled, mashed parsnips, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs, and a little pepper and salt. Form into small cakes and brown them in a little suet or butter in a frying-pan.

FRENCH TOAST.—One egg, well beaten, well added to one pint sweet milk. Cut the crust from thick slices of bread, dip them into the milk and then into fine bread or cracker crumbs. Heat fresh lard or butter in a frying-pan, and fry the slices of bread a nice brown. Serve hot, with or without powdered sugar.

TURTLE BEAN SOUP.—Soak one quart of black beans over night. Put them in a kettle with a gallon of cold water, boil slowly until well done, rub through a colander, and return to the kettle; season with salt, white pepper, and if liked, a little thyme. Slice hard-boiled eggs and drop into the soup; add butter and serve hot.

EGGS IN TIME.

Eggs form a standard breakfast dish and may be cooked in so many different ways that they present an almost endless variety. Boiling is the simplest method, but for this purpose they must be perfectly fresh. Cover them with boiling water and cook from three to five minutes as desired. Plunge them into cold water for an instant and serve in a warm, covered dish.

DROPPED OR POACHED EGGS.—Break the eggs, one at a time, into muffin rings placed in a saucepan of salted boiling water and cover. When sufficiently cooked, remove the egg and serve on a square of hot, buttered toast. Egg poachers can be obtained, in which half a dozen may be cooked at once.

BAKED EGGS.—Butter a deep earthen plate; break in as many eggs as it will hold, placing them carefully side by side on the plate. Put pieces of butter the size of a walnut on each, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are nicely set; with a broad knife slip the eggs on a hot platter and serve, garnished with lettuce leaves or parsley. These are much nicer than fried eggs, and more easily digested.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Put into a frying-pan one cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of butter. When hot pour in five or six eggs which have been broken into a bowl. Add salt and pepper and stir constantly until well set. Serve at once in a hot dish. A little finely-minced parsley may be added.

CREAM POACHED EGGS.—Allow one egg to each person and one "for manners." Break these into milk and cream, one part cream to three parts milk, in the proportion of five eggs to a quart. Set on the stove in a double boiler, and stir constantly until the consistency of nicely lopped milk. Just before serving add salt, pepper, and a lump of butter. Serve hot.—Christian at Work.

THE OVERSIGHT.

"Give me, this day, dear Lord, I cried,
"Some blessed station near thy side;

"Some work in very deed for thee
That I may know thy need of me."

Thus pleading, praying, up and down
I wandered, searching field and town,

Intent on task, the very best
Eluding still my eager quest.

And morn to noonday brightened; night
Drew slowly toward the fading height,

Till I, low kneeling at the throne
With empty hands, made weary moan:

"Thou hast not any room for me:
No work was mine, dear Christ, for thee!"

Then suddenly on my blurring sight
Swept majesty and love and light.

The Master stood before me there
In conscious answer to my prayer!

He touched mine eyes. In shame I blushed,
In shame my weak complaining hushed;

For, lo, all day, the swift hours through,
The work, Christ-given, for me to do

In mine own house had slighted been,
And I, convicted so of sin,

Could only lift my look to his,
The grace of pardon ask for this.

That I had wandered far and wide,
Instead of watching at his side;

That I had yet to learn how sweet
The home tasks at the Master's feet.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BOB'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

School number 20 had just closed for the day. A group of boys from ten to fifteen years of age were hurrying up Grafton avenue, their books strapped to their backs or tossed about in the book-nets hanging from their arms. They were laughing and talking in noisy glee, for they not only felt the reaction arising from the change to "out-doors," with the fresh air blowing and the green things growing, from the confinement and duties of "indoors," but had also in anticipation a great delight. A wonderful ball-game was about to take place at Luffington park, and every one of the boys expected to be there.

Suddenly around a corner came an old lady dressed in old-fashioned attire and carrying a heavy satchel and a faded umbrella. Her face wore a distressed look and her eyes were red as if with weeping. She hurried along until she met the group of boys. Then she stopped, and said in a quick, nervous tone,

"Boys, where's my Jamie? I can't find him."

Some of the boys laughed derisively, muttering, "A crazy old creature!" and they passed on.

Others laughed but said nothing. They passed on too.

One of them, taking off his hat and making a ridiculous bow, said, "I haven't the honor of knowing your 'Jamie,' madam," and then he too, with a laugh, passed on.

But one boy lingered, the youngest of the group. He neither laughed at, ignored, nor mocked the troubled old lady. Instead he asked gently,

"Have you lost a little boy, madam?"

"Yes," her voice quivering, "my little Jamie."

"Come on, Bob!" called some of the boys.

But Bob did not respond to the call, being too much taken up with the stranger to even hear the boys. He wished she would hurry and tell him where she had first missed "Jamie," for then perhaps he could get some one to hunt him up, for he did want to be on time at the ball-game.

"When did you first miss him?" he asked with the eagerness of haste.

"Eh?" she responded in a dazed way.

"Can you tell me where you lost the baby?" he questioned kindly.

"Whose baby?" looking surprised.

"Jamie."

"Oh!" with a long, quivering breath. "My Jamie; I didn't know he had a baby; I'm so glad. Where is it?"

Bob did not know what to make of the queer old lady. Evidently, if not actually

"crazy," as some of the boys had remarked, she was sadly confused. The boys meanwhile had disappeared in the distance. No hope of being "on time" at the ball-game if he should stay where he was another minute. Something glistening brightly on the lapel of his coat met his eye; it was his gold Christian Endeavor pin.

"I can't leave her," he resolved instantly. "He wouldn't like it," and he gave up all thought of catching up with the boys.

He took the heavy satchel from the tired old arms, and the cumbersome umbrella too.

"Come," said he kindly, "I'll help you look for Jamie. Which way do you think he went?"

She was standing on the corner, so she could see north and south, east and west. She looked around as if endeavoring to collect her thoughts. To the north and south were wholesale business houses—they did not look inviting to the old lady's weary eyes; eastward the street was crowded, but as she glanced westward a faint smile broke over her pale face.

"I think my Jamie went that way," she said eagerly; "we'll find him there I guess, my little lad."

She spoke hopefully now; for she felt already much relieved. The burden had been taken from her tired hands by the "little lad," and he seemed to have taken some of the burden from her soul by his ready sympathy. They walked slowly along the beautiful street, Bob keeping pace with the feeble steps of his companion. Presently they passed some boys of his acquaintance. They looked surprised. One said,

"Halloa, Bob! Got company?"

And the other, before he got beyond hearing, turned around and sang mockingly,

"She's my sweetheart; I'm her beau."

The old lady seemed to be really enjoying herself now. Bob, however, was too bright a fellow to spend his time on a wild-goose chase. The old lady appeared less confused than when he had met her, so he said kindly, "How old is Jamie?"

"I don't remember exactly," she replied slowly, as if thinking, "I ain't seen him in a good while. He's growed up; he's a doctor; he lives here somewhere. What's the name of this pretty street, my little lad?"

"This is Courtney avenue."

"Yes, that's it," eagerly, "Courtney avenue. I remember, that's what Miss Smith told me when I set out to find my Jamie. You see, Jamie don't know I'm coming—it's a surprise—and Miss Smith said, 'Don't you fret, dear; Jamie'll be Jamie as long as the world stands; he'll never change. Even if your own flesh and blood desert you, Jamie won't; that's as true as gospel.' I know that myself, Jamie won't."

Her lips quivered again and her eyes filled with tears.

"Miss Smith said," continued the old lady, "she said, 'Now Miss Wells, be careful of yourself, and—'"

A bright thought flashed through Bob's mind.

"Then your name is Miss Wells?" he questioned.

"Yes; Jamie called me 'Aunt Nancy' always, but most folks except my own said 'Miss Wells.'"

"And is Jamie's name Wells, too?"

"Of course; wasn't his father my brother? And didn't I take Jamie right into my heart and home when he was left a poor little orphan?"

They were just approaching a beautiful Queen Anne cottage. A white dove was cooing on the roof. A rose-bush, which had climbed up to the eaves, was in full bloom. A fountain was throwing up its sprays of refreshing water in the midst of green grass. Flowers of rare beauty were growing in tasteful beds.

"Come in here, please," Bob said to the old lady, leading her to a cosy seat near the fountain, and putting the satchel and umbrella down beside her. "Please wait here just a minute. I have an errand at the house. I will be right back."

He ran quickly around the house to a side door, in front of which a physician's carriage was waiting. His quick ring was answered by the doctor's boy.

"Dr. Wells," he said excitedly, "is he in?"

Dr. Wells answered for himself.

"Robert, my boy," he said somewhat anxiously, for the family were warm friends of his, "no one sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; but I've brought you a visitor, sir; please come and see her."

Meanwhile the old lady, left again to herself, felt lonely and anxious. "It takes a dreadful long time to find my Jamie," she thought sorrowfully, "a dreadful long time." Tears filled her eyes.

"Aunt Nancy, my dear Aunt Nancy!" She looked up through a mist, and beheld a fine-looking gentleman regarding her affectionately. In another moment the poor old soul had found rest in strong, loving arms.

Bob, being released, lost no time in retracing his steps. He was greatly rejoiced to know that the old lady had found her Jamie. But he had not gone far when some one called him sharply. Lo! there was the "doctor's boy," Tim Hunter, a young fellow of sixteen, with the doctor's horse and carriage.

"Dr. Wells said I should ask you if you wouldn't like a ride," the boy said.

"Well, I should say I would," laughed Bob, scrambling into the carriage in great delight; "Dr. Wells is very kind."

"I'm thinking," said the doctor's boy mysteriously, "that he thinks some one else is awful kind. I judged so by what I heard him say. How would you like to ride to Luffington park?"

"Oh! I'd like that above all things!" the boy answered eagerly, his eyes dancing in joyful anticipation. "Perhaps we can get there in time to see a part of the game."

"We can see all of it, Bob; just see this horse go. Git up there, Cassar!"

And Cassar started off on a fine trot. It was two miles to Luffington park, but they reached it in time to witness the whole of the famous ball-game. On their way they passed the group of boys, who reached the park hot and tired, and, worse than all, too late to get a good place.

"Bob beat us after all, didn't he?" said one enviously.

But he did not realize how far Bob had outstripped them all. God knew, however.

—American Messenger.

VISITORS IN THE PRIMARY CLASS.

BY JOSEPHINE PESINGER.

In a number of schools of which I have knowledge, the entrance to the sacred precincts of the primary class might appropriately bear the inscription, "No trespassing," as visitors are never permitted to cross its threshold. Is this right, and why not?

Who are usually the visitants of this department? In nine cases out of ten they are the parents of the little ones who find it necessary to accompany their children a few Sundays, until they become accustomed to the class and will attend alone. Occasionally a neighboring primary-teacher, looking for suggestions in her own work, may be present; in which case the teacher of the class ought to feel complimented, realizing that her fame in some special line of teaching has become known. A primary teacher can always rely on having the sympathy of her adult listeners.

One excuse for debarring visitors is that the situation of the class room may render it inconvenient to accommodate them; but the primary-class visitor will not complain of incommensurable surroundings, if only allowed to enter. A second reason offered is the natural timidity of the teacher who, while she enjoys the confidence of every child before her, hesitates to speak before adults. As an assistant in a primary class, how frequently do I hear the expression from the lips of the mother of some little scholar as she greets the teacher at the close of the session with the words, "I have received more good from these simple exercises this afternoon than from a dozen sermons." Are not such remarks worth making special efforts towards overcoming timidity? The children will not mind answering before strangers, or, if diffident at first, will soon overcome it. The visitors being seated on the sides or in the rear of the room, the class will hardly realize their presence.

But instead of proving a hinderance, it is a positive advantage to have the parents attend occasionally. While the teacher may use her utmost endeavors to simplify her statements, some child will be sure to misunderstand them. A mother remarked to me recently that she could not tell what was required of her little boy before he was entitled to library books; and he also spoke about a Scripture Union Class on Friday afternoon, but just what that was, and who were expected to attend it, she could not clearly comprehend from his explanations. After accompanying him to two sessions of the class, she became familiar with its workings, and immediately taught him the necessary verses for library books, and induced him to join the week-day children's meeting and become a member of the Scripture Union, by which he expressed his intention to read daily the selected portion from the Bible, this plan being arranged especially for children. Of course this difficulty can be obviated by a personal call or note from the teacher; but, in a large class, these will require more time and effort than the average teacher can give during each week; besides, when parents are interested enough to attend and become familiar with the methods employed so as to be able to converse intelligently on school topics, how much more ambitious are their children to learn!

The following incident is only one of many similar experiences of parents who accompany their children: In Brooklyn a gentleman reared in a Christian home, a member and regular attendant at church, became interested in politics, through which he was brought into contact with a celebrated infidel lecturer, the result being that he soon found himself a most ardent believer in those negations. Church services ceased to have any attraction for him, and his seat in God's house was in consequence always vacant. Severe sickness overtook him, and while very appreciative of the ministrations of his pastor, to whom he was personally warmly attached, yet they failed to cause a return to his former belief. Recovering his health, he moved to the West with his wife and little boy, four years of age. The latter, becoming acquainted with other little fellows who talked so much of their Sunday-school, asked permission to attend also. A loving father, anxious to please his child, took him to the school, returning for him at its close. This continued for a month, when one Sunday the question was put to him, "Papa, my teacher says that she would like to have our mamas and papas come to Sunday-school some time; won't you come in with me to-day?" To which he replied in the negative; but the importunity of his little one made him yield, and he entered, taking a seat on the side. At the earnest words of the teacher, memory brought vividly before him his early experience, and made him feel very uncomfortable. The next Sunday came the same question from the child with the same result, and what followed? At the cordial words of welcome from the teacher he could not refrain from telling the story of his past life, and her words were the means of causing a complete surrender of himself to Christ. A few years after found that man the assistant superintendent of the school and an officer in the Church. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."

Primary-class teachers, open wide the doors of your class-rooms to visitors. Do not let them feel out of place, but, on the contrary, cordially welcome, and more jewels may be added to your crown of rejoicing.—*Sunday-School Times*.

THE THREEFOLD POWER.

The teacher of the smallest infant class, as well as the superintendent of the largest primary department, needs a threefold power—power to influence, power to interest, and power to instruct. If we do not influence the child-heart and interest the child-mind, we have little power to teach the truth it is our commission to impart. The interest to be aroused in the child, should be threefold also. He should be led to have a genuine, sincere interest in his school, in the truth as revealed by our heavenly Father in his holy word and in the world of nature, and in his own life—his manner of learning and living out that truth.—*S. S. Journal*.

**THE LATE BISHOP OF MOOSONEE,
AND HIS SUCCESSOR.**

In January last, the authorities of the Church Missionary Society were startled by news of the death of Bishop Horden, bishop of Moosonee, the cold stretch of



REV. J. A. NEWNHAM.

country around the shores of Hudson's Bay. There is something so solemn and yet so touching, writes the Rev. E. J. Peck, in connection with that lonely grave amidst the ice and snow of Hudson's Bay. But we could not, neither would we wish to, alter the will of him who does everything in love, and who will, we feel sure, comfort the hearts of those who now mourn their loss at home.

The writer of these few lines had the joy of knowing the late Bishop for the last sixteen years. I can never forget all I owe under God to him. It was he who with unfailing patience and kindness prepared me for the sacred office of the ministry, and his joy, I know, was unbounded when he could send me forth to labor amongst the Eskimos—a people he loved so much. His friendship and fatherly counsel my wife and I enjoyed to the end, and it is my sorrowful though hallowed privilege to say a few words in memory of him who now rests from his labors.

In speaking of what seemed to me the striking features of the Bishop's character, I would desire not to magnify the creature, but to exalt the Saviour. "Not I but Christ." "By the grace of God I am what I am," said the apostle to the Gentiles, and this all-abounding, all-constraining grace worked mightily in him who has left us, and made his life a means of unspeakable blessing to many.

But what were those characteristics which through Divine grace made Bishop Horden's life so real? Undoubtedly great energy and fixity of purpose, great devotion in his Master's work, and unfailing kindness of heart.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which found an echo in the Bishop's heart. Nothing seemed to daunt him in carrying out a project which he believed was for the glory of God or the good of the people whose welfare he had so much at heart. When we think of him in "travels oft," going about from place to place visiting his scattered flock in the wilderness; or when we think of his patient, persevering ministrations by which many a soul was lit up with light and peace from on high; or of his wonderful linguistic work through which the life-giving Word of God was brought within the reach of almost every Indian in his diocese; or when we remember him (as many of my readers will) pleading so earnestly and successfully during his brief furloughs in England for the needs of his poor people—in all these things we see through God's grace a life filled with Divine energy, a life used for a purpose, a life spent for the glory of God.

I need not dwell at any length on the peculiar devotion and self-sacrifice which stamped as it were our Bishop's life. His death speaks louder on this point than any words of mine. He has died in harness. He has fallen at his post, and yet humanly speaking it might not have been so. He might, after so many years of labor, have come home ere this to enjoy a well-earned rest; but to strengthen the hands of his fellow-laborers in the field, to see the work settled on a firm basis, and above all to finish his translation of the Cree Bible into the dialect of the Indians living at Moose—these were the objects which constrained him to remain even when, perhaps, his

physical and mental powers were failing. His was a life quite surrendered, quite given up to the work; and doubtless the loving Saviour who gave to his servant this spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice will crown him with honor in that day when he makes up his "jewels."

I cannot close this brief paper without noticing another point in the Bishop's character which, I am sure, will be acknowledged by all, viz., his unfailing good nature and kindness of heart. We missionaries of the Moosonee Diocese have reason especially to know how deep was the kindness which we often experienced at his hands. One and all will, I know, heartily agree with me in saying that he was one of the kindest of men, and this kindness, as we well know, extended not only to ourselves but to our dear partners in the work, and to our children, and indeed to all.

Mrs. Peck can testify to his care and kindness during hours of weakness. The poor Indians at Moose and elsewhere knew they had in him an unfailing friend. The servants connected with the Hudson's Bay Company will remember, I am sure, his kindness and sympathy; and the gentle-

some 10,000, speaking five different languages. The southernmost point touched is within a short distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, while more than 700 miles to the north lie the Little Whale river and Churchill stations.

With Bishop Horden's young successor, the Rev. J. A. Newnham, many Canadians, and especially many Montrealers, are familiar. He is one of the younger sons of the Rev. George Newnham, M.A., of Corsham, Wiltshire, England, is an alumnus of the Diocesan Theological College in this city, and a graduate of McGill University. Having passed through the Diocesan Theological College he was ordained by the late Bishop Oxenden and appointed to the mission on the Ottawa river named the Quio, where he served with great acceptance until he was called by the present Bishop of Huron to the position of assistant in the cathedral of this diocese. That position he held until he was appointed rector of St. Matthias, Cote St. Antoine, which he vacated at the call of the Church Missionary Society, London, England, to serve under Bishop Horden.

Mr. Newnham was born in 1854 and was



THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOHN HORDEN,
Bishop of Moosonee.

men in-charge of the various trading posts knew that they had in him a genial, warm-hearted companion.

And do not our hearts and sympathies now turn to the bereaved ones at home? We must all feel so much for Mrs. Horden and her family, who hoped in a few months to welcome the absent loved one in their midst. They have had, and they shall have our prayers and our sympathy, and God, even our own God, shall "bind up" the broken hearts, and give them to know the consolation and peace which he alone can bestow.

And now, my reader, that life so freely surrendered, so nobly used, seems to speak to you, and to speak to me. It calls upon us to dedicate all our powers to the glory of God. It shows us how blessed is a life given up, fully consecrated to the service of our beloved Lord and Master. May we, like the beloved Bishop, "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The diocese of Moosonee is 1,200 miles long by 800 miles wide, comprising the whole coast-line of Hudson's Bay, and inhabited by a scattered population of

educated in England. He came to Montreal in 1873, entered McGill in 1874, completed his theological and university courses in 1878, and after ordination entered on the active work of the ministry in the same year.

KEEPING APPOINTMENTS.

DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

The family were out on the broad piazza that pleasant September day, some with sewing, others knitting, and Olive with a book from which he was reading aloud.

"The end of the chapter," he announced suddenly. "Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the eager chorus; "the idea of stopping in that exciting part, when the heroine is in all kinds of trouble."

"And I shall have to leave—who would believe that it was twenty minutes of four?" Louise observed, looking at her watch regretfully; "but I promised to meet Eleanor at Vanatten's at four, sharp."

"Only to find Miss Eleanor not present, or half an hour late," Olive said coolly.

"Better not waste your strength this warm day."

"Oh! she will be there this time," Louise replied quickly, "for she knows how important it is, and then I made her promise so solemnly; so good-bye;" and the young girl hurried away.

Nearly an hour later the book was ended, and the family saw Louise walking slowly towards them. Her face was flushed, and she looked tired and annoyed.

"Well, I waited all this time, and no Eleanor," she said, as she sank on the cushioned step. "I cannot understand it, for she knows that this is the only day this week that we can go. I should have attended to it myself, but she has the book with the names of those who must be called upon. I thought of walking out to her house, but it was so late, and I remembered other times"—

"When you walked the mile only to find Miss Eleanor had gone elsewhere, your appointment forgotten, and all was in vain," supplemented Olive.

"And yet Eleanor is a nice girl and so pleasant," Louise said deprecatingly. "I don't see how she can be so remiss, and Sue Carroll and Amy Barton are nearly as unreliable."

The family went indoors, and I still sat by the clematis vine pondering these things in my heart. I have often been struck with this lack in people—the majority—in keeping appointments of great or little importance, if anything can be termed "little" which wastes another's time and patience.

Is selfishness, indifference, or laziness the cause of this general shirking, this want of trustworthiness? Or is it caused primarily from a lack of training by mothers? Are boys and girls taught, as they are other good traits, the necessity of a conscientious regard for their word in keeping appointments? We teach them to scorn a lie, but do we impress on them with equal force the disgrace of forgetting or slighting their engagements! Do we insist on promptness as well? These are questions we may take time to consider, for it is a fact that, if we kept our appointments, took our share—and no more—of the work we engage in, were, in brief, "true and just in all our dealings," that mythical Golden Age would become a modern reality.—*Zion's Herald.*

HOW TO TEACH.

An article on "How to Teach," in the *London Sunday-School Teacher*, contains the following with regard to the importance of securing attention: Attention is concentrated consciousness. All the powers of the pupil must be fixed upon the truth to be learned. Any division in these forces will result in defeat. Attention, to be lasting and eager, must be attracted, not forced. You may be ready to complain that your pupils can give attention for two hours to an entertainment, but not to you for thirty minutes. You must not allow the world to make its methods of imparting knowledge more attractive than yours. Show your pupils the vast superiority of the truth you propose to teach them. The responsibility of winning and holding attention lies in the main, if not entirely, with the teacher. Use the eyes of your pupils as well as their ears. Establish the rule of never beginning to teach the lesson until you have secured the undivided attention of your entire class, and the pupils will soon learn to conform to it; but recollect that attention must not only be secured at the outset, it must be maintained throughout.

SIMPLICITY IN SPEECH.

The great Teacher was in utterance the simplest of all men. In this quality the Sermon on the Mount stands without a parallel in all preaching, and the same manner of speech characterized the Saviour's daily teaching. Hence it was, as well as also for the precious truths he conveyed, that "the common people heard him gladly." For the technicalities of theology, the methods of the scribes, the theologians of that day, he had no place whatever. Simplicity in speech wins alike the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, and to the teacher in the Sunday-school it is above price.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING,
CHAPTER IV.

"My mind is in the anomalous condition of hating war, and loving its discipline, which has been an incalculable contribution to the sentiment of duty... the devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and is full of promise to other and better generations."—George Eliot.



OUR sister is as nice as nice can be, Rupert; and I like the barrack-master very much, too. He is stout! But he is very active and upright, and his manners to his wife are wonderfully pretty. Do you know, there is something to me most touching in the way these two have knocked about the world together, and seem so happy with so

little. Cottagers could hardly live more simply, and yet their ideas, or at any rate their experiences, seem so much larger than one's own."

"My dear Jane! if you've taken them up from the romantic point of view all is, indeed, accomplished. I know the wealth of your imagination, and the riches of its charity. If, in such a mood, you will admit that Jones is stout, he must be fat indeed! Never again upbraid me with the price that I paid for that Chippendale arm-chair. It will hold the barrack-master."

"Rupert!—I cannot help saying it—it ought to have held him long ago. It makes me miserable to think that they have never been under our roof."

"Jane! Be miserable if you must; but, at least, be accurate. The barrack-master was in India when I bought that paragon of all chips, and he has only come home this year. Nay my dear! Don't be vexed! I give you my word, I'm a good deal more ashamed than I like to own to think how Adelaide has been treated by the family—with me at its head. Did you make my apologies to-day and tell her that I shall ride out to-morrow and pay my respects to her and Jones?"

"Of course. I told her you were obliged to go to town, and I would not delay to call and ask if I could be of use to them. I begged them to come here till their quarters are quite finished; but they won't. They say they are settled. I could not say much, because we ought to have asked them sooner. He is rather on his dignity with us, I think, and no wonder."

"He's disgustingly on his dignity! They both are. Because the family resented the match at first, they have refused every kind of help that one would have been glad to give him as Adelaide's husband, if only to secure their being in a decent position. Neither money nor interest would he accept, and Adelaide has followed his lead. She has very little of her own, unfortunately; and she knows how my father left things as well as I do, and never would accept a farthing more than her bare rights. I tried some dodges, through Quills; but it was no use. The vexation is that he has taken this post of barrack-master as a sort of pension, which need never have been. I suppose they have to make that son an allowance. It's not likely he lives on his pay. I can't conceive how they scrub along."

And as the master of the house threw himself into the paragon of all chips, he ran his fingers through hair, the length and disorder of which would have made the barrack-master feel positively ill, with a gesture of truly dramatic despair.

"Your sister has made her room look wonderfully pretty. One would never imagine those huts could look as nice as they do inside. But it's like playing with doll's house. One feels inclined to examine everything, and to be quite pleased that the windows have glass in them and will really open and shut."

The master of the house raised his eyebrows funnily.

"You did take rose-colored spectacles with you to the camp?"

Lady Jane laughed.

"I did not see the camp itself through them. What an incomparably dreary place it is! It makes me think of little woodcuts in missionary reports—'Sketch of a

Native Settlement'—rows of little, black huts that look, at a distance, as if one must creep into them on all-fours; nobody about and an iron church on the hill."

"Most accurately described! And you wonder that I regret that a native settlement should have been removed from the enchanting distance of missionary reports to become my permanent neighbor?"

"Well, I must confess the effect it produces on me is to make me feel quite ashamed of the peace and pleasure of this dear old place; the shade and greenery outside, the space above my head, and the lovely things before my eyes inside (for you know, Rupert, how I appreciate your decorative tastes, though I have so few myself. I only scolded about the chip because I think you might have got him for less), when so many men bred to similar comforts, and who have served their country so well, with wives I dare say quite as delicate as I am, have to be cooped up in those ugly little kennels in that dreary place—"

"What an uncomfortable thing a Scotch

two daughters for the ball. He has given up his dressing-room to the dowager, and put two barrack-beds into the coal-hole for the young ladies, he says. It's an insanity!"

"Adelaide told me all about it, and there is also to be a grand field-day this week."

"So our visitors have already informed me. They expect to go. Louisa Mainwaring is looking handsomer than ever, and I have always regarded her as a girl with a mind. I took her to see the peep I have cut opposite to the island, and I could not imagine why those fine eyes of hers looked so blank. Presently she said, 'I suppose you can see the camp from the little pine-wood?' And to the little pine-wood we had to go. Both the girls had got stiff necks with craning out of the carriage window to catch sight of the white tents among the heather as they came along in the train."

"I suppose we must take them to the field-day; but I am very nervous about those horses, Rupert."



"I really cannot go if my Swoop has to be left behind."

conscience is!" interrupted the master of the house. "By the by, those religious instincts which are also characteristic of your race, must have found one redeeming feature in the camp, the 'iron church on the hill'; especially as I imagine that it is puritanically ugly!"

"There was a funeral going into it as we drove into camp, and I wanted to tell you the horses were very much frightened."

"Richards fidgets those horses; they're quiet enough with me."

"They did not like the military band."

"They must get used to the band and to other military nuisances. It is written in the stars, as I too clearly foresee, that we shall be driving in and out of that camp three days a week. I can't go to my club without meeting men I was at school with who are stationed at Asholt, and expect me to look them up. As to the women, I met a man yesterday who is living in a hut, and expects a dowager countess and her

"The horses will be taken out before any firing begins. As to bands, the poor creatures must learn, like their master, to endure the brazen liveliness of military music. It's no fault of mine that our nerves are scarified by any sounds less soothing than the crooning of the wood-pigeons among the pines!"

No one looked forward to the big field-day with keener interest than Leonard; and only a few privileged persons knew more about the arrangements for the day than he had contrived to learn.

O'Reilly was sent over with a note from Mrs. Jones to decline the offer of a seat in Lady Jane's carriage for the occasion. She was not very well. Leonard waylaid the messenger (whom he hardly recognized as a tidy one), and O'Reilly imparted all that he knew about the field-day: and this was a good deal. He had it from a friend—a corporal in the headquarters office.

As a rule, Leonard only enjoyed a limited

popularity with his mother's visitors. He was very pretty and very amusing, and had better qualities even than these; but he was restless and troublesome. On this occasion, however, the young ladies suffered him to trample their dresses and interrupt their conversation without remonstrance.

He knew more about the field-day than any one in the house, and, standing among their pretty furbelows and fancywork in stiff military attitudes, he imparted his news with an unsuccessful imitation of an Irish accent.

"O'Reilly says the march past'll be at eleven o'clock on the Sandy Slopes."

"Louisa, is that Major O'Reilly of the Rifles?"

"I don't know, dear. Is your friend O'Reilly in the Rifles, Leonard?"

"I don't know. I know he's an owl soldier—he told me so."

"Old, Leonard; not owl. You mustn't talk like that."

"I shall if I like. He does, and I mean to."

"I dare say he did, Louisa. He's always joking."

"No, he isn't. He didn't joke when the funeral went past. He looked quite grave, as if he was saying his prayers and stood so."

"How touching!"

"How like him!"

"How graceful and tender-hearted Irishmen are."

"I stood so, too. I mean to do as like him as ever I can. I do love him so very, very much!"

"Dear boy!"

"You good, affectionate little soul!"

"Give me a kiss, Leonard, dear."

"No, thank you. I'm too old for kissing. He's going to march past, and he's going to look out for me with the tail of his eye, and I'm going to look out for him."

"Do, Leonard; and mind you tell us when you see him coming."

"I can't promise. I might forget. But perhaps you can know him by the good-conduct stripe on his arm. He used to have two; but he lost one all along of St. Patrick's day."

"That can't be your partner, Louisa!"

"Officers never have good-conduct stripes."

"Leonard, you ought not to talk to common soldiers. You've got a regular Irish brogue, and you're learning all sorts of ugly words. You'll grow up quite a vulgar little boy, if you don't take care."

"I don't want to take care. I like being Irish, and I shall be a vulgar little boy too, if I choose. But when I do grow up, I am going to grow into an owl, owl, owl soldier."

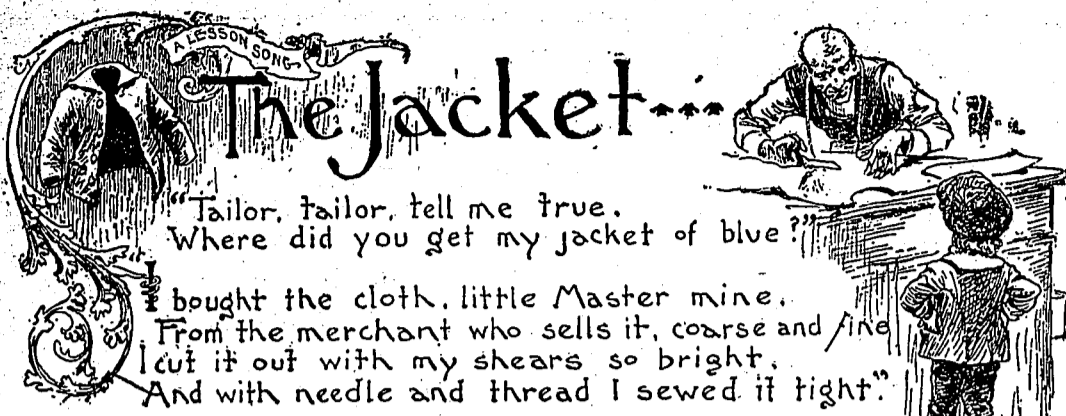
Leonard made this statement of his intentions in his clearest manner. After which, having learned that the favor of the fair is fickleness, he left the ladies and went to look for his black puppy.

The master of the house, in arranging for his visitors to go to the field-day, had said that Leonard was not to be of the party. He had no wish to encourage the child's fancy for soldiers; and as Leonard was invariably restless out driving, and had a trick of kicking people's shins in his changes of mood and position, he was a most uncomfortable element in a carriage full of ladies. But it is needless to say that he stoutly resisted his father's decree; and the child's disappointment was so bitter, and he howled and wept himself into such a deplorable condition, that the young ladies sacrificed their own comfort and the crispness of their new dresses to his grief, and petitioned the master of the house that he might be allowed to go.

The master of the house gave in. He was accustomed to yield where Leonard was concerned. But the concession proved only a prelude to another struggle. Leonard wanted the black puppy to go too.

On this point the young ladies presented no petition. Leonard's boots they had resolved to endure, but not the dog's paws, Lady Jane, too, protested against the puppy, and the matter seemed settled; but at the last moment, when all but Leonard were in the carriage, and the horses chafing to be off, the child made his appearance, and stood on the entrance steps with his puppy in his arms, and announced in dignified sorrow, "I really cannot go if my Swoop has to be left behind."

(To be Continued.)



Tailor, tailor, tell me true,
Where did you get my jacket of blue?
I bought the cloth, little Master mine,
From the merchant who sells it, coarse and fine,
I cut it out with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it tight."



Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
Where did you get the cloth so blue?
The cloth was made, little Master mine,
Of woolen threads so soft and fine,
The weaver wove them together for me,
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he."



Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got you the threads so soft and smooth?
From wool they're spun, little Master mine,
The spinner carded the wool so fine,
She spun it in threads, and brought to me,
Where my spinning loom-whirrs cheerily."



Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where got you the wool such things to do?
From the old sheep's back, little Master dear,
The farmer he cut it and washed it clear,
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you."



Now tailor and merchant and weaver too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you!
But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep."

some soon. It's his ugly mouth."

"I wonder you didn't insist on our bringing Uncle Rupert and his dog to complete the party," said the master of the house.

The notion tickled Leonard, and he laughed so heartily that the puppy's legs got loose, and required to be tucked in afresh. Then both remained quiet for several seconds, during which the puppy looked as anxious as ever: but Leonard's face wore a smile of dreamy content that doubled its loveliness.

But as the carriage passed the windows of the library a sudden thought struck him, and dispersed his repose.

Gripping his puppy firmly under his arm, he sprang to his feet—regardless of other people's—and waving his cap and feather above his head he cried aloud, "Good-by, Uncle Rupert! Can you hear me! Uncle Rupert, I say! I am *lectus—sorte—mea!*"

All the camp was astir.

Men and bugles awoke with the dawn and the birds, and now the women and children of all ranks were on the alert. (Nowhere does so large and enthusiastic a crowd collect "to see the pretty soldiers go by," as in those places where pretty soldiers live.)

Soon after gun-fire O'Reilly made his way from his own quarters to those of the barrack-master, opened the back door by some process best known to himself, and had been busy for half an hour in the drawing-room before his proceedings woke the colonel. They had been as noiseless as possible; but the colonel's dressing-room opened into the drawing-room, his bed-room into that, and all the doors and windows were open to court the air.

"Who's there?" said the colonel from his pillow.

"Tis O'Reilly, sir. I ask your pardon, sir; but I heard that the mistress was not well.

She'll be apt to want the reclining chair, sir; and 'twas damaged in the unpacking. I got the screws last night, but I was busy soldiering* till too late: so I come in this morning, for Smith's no good at a job of the kind, at all. He's a butcher to his trade."

"Mrs Jones is much obliged to you for thinking of it, O'Reilly."

"Tis an honor to oblige her, sir. I done it sound and secure. 'Tis as safe as a rock; but I'd like to nail a bit of canvas on from the porch to the other side of the hut, for shelter, in case she'd be sitting out to taste the air and see the troops go by. 'Twill not take me five minutes, if the hammering wouldn't be too much for the mistress. 'Tis a hot day, sir, for certain, till the guns bring the rain down."

"Put it up, if you've time."

"I will, sir. I left your sword and gloves on the kitchen table, sir; and I told Smith to water the rose before the sun's on to it."

With which O'Reilly adjusted the cushions of the invalid-chairs and having nailed

* "Soldiering"—a barrack term for the furbishing up of accoutrements, etc.

up the bit of canvas outside, so as to form an impromptu veranda, he ran back to his quarters to put himself into marching order for the field-day.

The field-day broke into smiles of sunshine too early to be lasting. By breakfast-time the rain came down without waiting for the guns; but those most concerned took the changes of weather cheerfully, as soldiers should. Rain damages uniforms, but it lays dust; and the dust of the Sandy Slopes was dust indeed!

After a pelting shower the sun broke forth again, and from that time onwards the weather was "queen's weather," and Asholt was at its best. The sandy camp lay girdled by a zone of the verdure of early summer, which passed by miles of distance, through exquisite gradations of many blues, to meet the soft threatenings of the changeable sky. Those lowering and yet tender rain-clouds which hover over the British Isles, guardian spirits of that scantily recognized blessing—a temperate climate; Naiads of the water over the earth, whose caprices betwixt storm and sunshine fling such beauty upon a landscape as has no parallel except in the common simile of a fair face quivering between tears and smiles.

Smiles were in the ascendant as the regiments began to leave their parade-grounds and the surface of the camp (usually quiet, even to dulness) sparkled with movement. Along every principal road the color and glitter of marching troops rippled like streams, and as the band of one regiment died away another broke upon the excited ear.

Lady Jane's visitors had expressed themselves as anxious not to miss anything, and troops were still pouring out of the camp when the master of the house brought his skittish horses to where a "block" had just occurred at the turn to the Sandy Slopes.

What the shins and toes of the visitors endured whilst that knot of troops of all arms disentangled itself and streamed away in gay and glittering lines, could only have been concealed by the supreme powers of endurance latent in the weaker sex; for with the sight of every fresh regiment, Leonard changed his plans for his own future career, and with every change he forgot a fresh promise to keep quiet, and took by storm that corner of the carriage which for the moment offered the best point of view.

Suddenly, through the noise and dust, and above the dying away of conflicting bands into the distance, there came another sound,—a sound unlike any other,—the skirling of the pipes; and Lady Jane sprang up and put her arms about her son, and bade him watch for the Highlanders, and if Cousin Alan looked up as he went past to cry, "Hurrah for bonnie Scotland!"

For this sound and this sight—the bagpipes and the Highlanders—a sandy-faced Scotch lad on the tramp to Southampton had waited for an hour past, frowning and freckling his face in the sun, and exasperating a naturally *dour* temper by reflecting on the probable pride and heartlessness of folk who wore such soft complexions and pretty clothes as the ladies and the little boy in the carriage on the other side of the road.

But when the skirling of the pipes cleft the air his cold eyes softened as he caught sight of Leonard's face, and the echo that he made to Leonard's cheer was caught up by the good-humored crowd, who gave the Scotch regiment a willing ovation as it swung proudly by. After which the carriage moved on, and for a time Leonard sat very still. He was thinking of Cousin Alan and his comrades; of the tossing plumes that shade their fierce eyes; of the swing of kilt and sporran with their unfettered limbs; of the rhythmic tread of their white feet and the fluttering ribbons on the bagpipes; and of Alan's handsome face looking out of his most becoming bravery.

The result of his meditations Leonard announced with his usual lucidity:

"I am Scotch, not Irish, though O'Reilly is the nicest man I ever knew. But I must tell him that I really cannot grow up into an owd soldier, because I mean to be a young Highland officer, and look at ladies with my eyes like *this*—and carry my sword so!"

(To be Continued.)

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.
CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

With one consent the grown-up people turned to look at him.

Even the intoxicating delight that color gives can hardly exceed the satisfying pleasure in which beautiful proportions steep the sense of sight; and one is often at fault to find the law that has been so exquisitely fulfilled, when the eye has no doubt of its own satisfaction.

The shallow stone steps, on the top of which Leonard stood, and the old doorway that framed him, had this mysterious grace, and, truth to say, the boy's beauty was a jewel not unworthy of its setting.

A holiday dress of crimson velvet, with collar and ruffles of old lace, became him very quaintly; and as he laid a cheek like a rose-leaf against the sooty head of his pet, and they both gazed piteously at the carriage, even Lady Jane's conscience was stifled by motherly pride. He was her only child, but as he had said of the orderly, "a very splendid sort of one." The master of the house stamped his

foot with an impatience that was partly real and partly, perhaps, affected.

"Well, get in somehow, if you mean to. The horses can't wait all day for you."

No ruby-throated humming-bird could have darted more swiftly from one point to another than Leonard from the old gray steps into the carriage. Little boys can be very careful when they choose, and he trode on no toes and crumpled no finery in his flitting.

To those who know dogs, it is needless to say that the puppy showed an even superior discretion. It bore throttling without a struggle. Instinctively conscious of the alternative of being shut up in a stable for the day, and left there to bark its heart out, it shrank patiently into Leonard's grasp, and betrayed no sign of life except in the strained and pleading anxiety which a puppy's eyes so often wear.

"Your dog is a very good dog, Leonard, I must say," said Louisa Mainwaring; "but he's very ugly. I never saw such legs!"

Leonard tucked the lank black legs under his velvet and ruffles. "Oh, he's all right," he said. "He'll be very hand-

SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

Great joy, the Prince has come! Such was the glad whisper that ran throughout a lonely home, one bright April morning. It was the home of wealth and refinement, full of beautiful and costly things. But to the fond parents, their new treasure was more wonderful than the rarest bit of art in their possession.

"He shall be Felix," said the proud young father. "He shall be happy. Even his name shall mean prosperity."

Felix was a quiet baby, who rarely cried, and moved his little limbs far less often than the ordinary child. He had wonderfully expressive eyes, large, deeply-fringed, and golden-brown. Even the gruff family physician would stand and gaze into them admiringly.

When baby was a month old his young mother, while holding him, cried out suddenly, "Why, Nurse! what is the matter with the baby's back?"

The old nurse turned pale and was silent. Every day since his birth she had noticed the slight curve between the shoulders.

"Nurse!" said Mrs. Arden sharply, "what have you been hiding from me; is my child deformed?"

Just then Felix opened his great, brown eyes, and gazed up into her face with the wistful smile, that had already won him friends. His mother caught him to her heart, and exclaimed: "You are an angel, my Felix; I will die to make you happy!"

When the doctor came in response to the summons sent, the truth was made known. Little Felix would never be perfect in form. There would always be the curve between the shoulders, and his stature would be small.

"It's not very bad," said Dr. Minot, "and never will be greater in proportion than now. In a crowd the defect would pass unnoticed."

But the parents were comfortless. How could their Prince be less than perfection in all respects? Time passed, and before Felix had seen his fourth birthday, the noble young father was taken from them. Their terrible blow drew both mother and child nearer to each other.

"I must be everything to him, now," thought Mrs. Arden with a sigh.

Felix was not aware of his deformity. His wealth of golden hair, luminous brown eyes and winning sweetness of expression, made him a most lovely child in all eyes. Then he was such a happy little man; always content if serving others. It was hard to pity him, so serenely joyous was he.

But at last the lovely curls were cut from the fair head. The kilts and dainty jackets were exchanged for "real pants and coats, just like other boys."

One day Mrs. Arden observed Felix before the mirror, straining his little neck as if to get a rear view of his body.

"It has come!" was the agonized thought of the poor mother, "and I must help him."

The child said nothing, but his face wore a strange expression, and as he moved about his play the usual happy little laugh was not heard. When Felix was nearing his eighth year, he was sent to school at his own urgent request. Ah! how the mother-heart quivered in making this decision. How she dreaded to look into his face as her boy returned to her.

But not from his schoolmates did the apprehended blow fall. He returned home after playing with his cousin, one Saturday afternoon, at the appointed time, but with a lagging step, and in silence. The lovely little face was ashy pale, and the brown eyes eloquent with a strained anguish. His mother's arms opened, and he crept into them. There was a moment of quiet; heart spoke to heart; then the child said, passionately.

"Mother, why did you call me Felix, when I can never be happy? Clarence got angry, and called me 'a hideous little hunchback.' I asked him what he meant, and he said my back was humped when I was born. Mother, I know it, is so. I have often noticed it in the glass; it hurts me to lie down if I don't get fixed just so. Clarence said it broke my father's heart, and that you never could be proud of me. I cannot bear it," and the slender form quivered with anguish.

The brave mother held the sad face between her tender hands, and looked firmly into the piteous brown eyes.

"Clarence spoke falsely and wickedly," she said, with deliberation. "I may be proud of you, my loving boy; all the prouder, even, because of this cross you must carry—I have never deceived you, Felix, believe me now. You can make me the proudest, happiest mother living."

"How?" he asked, breathlessly, a look of hope leaping into his sad eyes.

She led him to her own room before a picture in a curious silver and ebony frame. It was "Christ in the Temple," and designed to hang in her son's room.

"You know the story," she said.

"Here is a boy whose first public experience was disappointment; whose first public action was still one of obedience. He was about his Father's business; and yet 'He returned with his parents, and was subject unto them.' He never thought of Himself, nor did he try to serve himself. He was weary, poor and despised as he grew to manhood. His own people would not receive him, and the world he loved and served accused him of evil. He was homeless, cruelly treated, yet he did not cease his work. He would have comforted the whole world, but it scorned him. At last he was put to death by the very hands he tried to save. People said, 'That is the last of him; he will soon be forgotten.' Was it so? Who is remembered as Christ is remembered? He gave to the world courage to bear its sorrow. Because he lived his loving life other sad hearts have looked hopefully up, and he still leads the world. People are realizing, as never before, the beauty of goodness. They are striving for it, as never before; and the struggle is bringing them nearer to God. Do you understand me, my Felix?"

"Yes, mother!" he said gravely, "I must just learn with God's help to bear it. I know you are sorry—but can you be proud of me?"

"My boy, the love I bore you as a tiny babe was nothing as compared with the love I bear you now,—now that I know you must suffer. Your cross, my little son, has been my crown; now you must win your crown through your very pain."

"Do you mean that I can be a little man because I must suffer?"

"Yes, dear, and you will be in royal company. You will walk with Christ and all other noble souls. No good work has ever been done but some one has suffered for it. Will you walk with Christ, my Felix, and make the world gladder and better because you have suffered—because my little boy has lived?"

He slipped from her embrace and stood before her; a look of solemn resolve upon his young face. "I will!" he said, bowing his bright head, and flinging out his arms, half unconsciously.

The afternoon sun was streaming in at the western window, and upon the walls was thrown the shadow of a cross, made by the childish figure in its unconscious attitude. The mother saw it, and her heart throbbled with a holy exaltation. "Dear God," was her heart prayer, "though the shadow be over him, let there always be the glory ahead." As if in answer to her prayer, the clustering locks caught the radiance, and there was a halo about the patient face.

And did the years prove the hope true? It was a sweet and helpful boyhood, and a young manhood full of lofty cheer. He was so truly happy, so full of brave hopefulness, that the perplexed, the sorrowing, the poor turned to him; the wise and great listened to him as to a superior.

It was in the terrible days of bloodshed and death. The angelic face of the young chaplain drew the hearts of the rough soldiers, as by magnetic force. It was the battle of — and the enemy had left behind a red field, sown with the bodies of the dead and dying. Felix was moving among them when struck down by a stray shot.

They lay there long—those suffering ones, until the moon rose over the scene. Near Felix was a mere boy,—a lad moaning his life away.

"Ma mere! ma mere!" he cried in his soft foreign accents. Felix dragged himself to the child and managed to gather the chestnut curls upon his breast. He spoke to him in his own tongue, and the delirious lad, imagining him to be the waiting mother in his New Orleans home, wandered on happily.

They were on the edge of the little cemetery,—indeed some of the wounded lay upon the graves.

"See!" cried the lad "the Holy Cross! Dear Christ! Dear Christ!" Looking up Felix saw upon the turf the shadow thrown by the rude cross that marked a newly made grave. He watched it through the long hours after the bright head rested in sleep upon his breast. Then it seemed to waver, to walk toward him, and a noble face bent to his. And in the light of that face his pain slipped away.

"My Master!" he said very softly. When the morning came, and the little birds sang jubilantly over that sad scene, the first sunbeam touched as with living gold the smiling face of Felix. The shadow of the cross had fled. Upon the Prince had dawned the brightness of an Eternal morning.—K. L. Brown, in the Silver Cross.

getting into something like working shape once more, and soon no more delays may be looked for.

We hope before long to give all our readers, as far at least as pencil and printer's ink can do it, a good view of every department of our new quarters, which are even now, while yet far from finished, the admiration of all who see them.

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THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at No. 142 St. Peter street and from 672 to 682 Craig street, "Witness" Building, in the city of 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.'"

MR. KIRK AND THE SKEPTIC.

The late Rev. E. N. Kirk was widely known as a faithful and earnest minister of the gospel, always ready, and wisely and discreetly ready, to speak for Christ and to point men to him as the only Saviour.

A skeptical gentleman who knew him and was aware of his earnest readiness to speak to others on the subject of religion, found himself one day on the same steamer with Mr. Kirk, both of them bound for a voyage to Europe. Thinking that he would often be annoyed on the voyage by Mr. Kirk's solicitations, he said to him, as they were just leaving the harbor, "I suppose, Mr. Kirk, you will feel it your duty to be often speaking to me on the subject of religion while we are together, so please say now what you have to say, that the subject may not again be mentioned."

As his only reply, Mr. Kirk said, with deep and tender seriousness, "My dear sir, I was a lost and unforgiven sinner, but in Christ I found pardon, acceptance and salvation, and my earnest prayer is that you may find the same," and turning he left him. Nothing further was added, but the gentleman afterwards said to a friend, "That reply, so tenderly and earnestly given, I shall never forget, and if I ever become a Christian, it will be owing to those words so kindly and faithfully spoken."—*American Messenger.*

CHILD POSSIBILITIES.

For one thing you never know what child in rags and pitiful squalor that meets you in the street may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things or noble acts. In that great storm of terror that swept over France in 1793, a certain man who was every hour expecting to be led off to the guillotine uttered this memorable sentiment: "Even at this incomprehensible moment," he said, "when mortality, enlightenment, love of country—all of them only make death at the prison door or on the scaffold more certain—yes, on the fatal tumbrel itself, with nothing free but my voice, I could still cry Take care, to a child that should come too near to the wheel; perhaps I may save his life, perhaps he may one day save his country." This is a generous and inspiring thought—one to which the roughest-handed man or woman in Birmingham may respond as honestly and heartily as the philosopher who wrote it. It ought to shame the listlessness with which so many of us see the great phantasmagoria of life pass before us.—*John Morley.*

WHY THE MESSENGER WAS LATE.

Messenger readers have, for some weeks back, had their patience taxed to the utmost. Every day complaints are pouring in, and as many more, we fear, are yet on the way. We can only thank those who have not written for their forbearance and assure all our subscribers that when once we get fairly settled in our new quarters, the reason for all these trying delays will be gone. Think of the worst household moving you ever experienced, and multiply that by twenty-five and you will have some faint idea of the work it is to move a newspaper establishment. However, we are