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NORTHERN MESSENGER

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THE LATE DR. BURNS THOMSON, FOUNDER OF THE EDINBURGH MEDICAL MISSION.

At Bournemouth, on April 29, there passed to his rest the brother beloved who delighted on all suitable occasions to sign himself, "W. Burns Thomson, Medical Missionary."

His home-going closes a chapter in recent Christian movements which might be entitled 'The Rise of Medical Missions,' or, as a brother perhaps still more aptly puts it, 'The Modern Revival of Medical Missions.' When that chapter comes to be written in detail, it will be found that among the many worthy men whose names rise to memory in association with the earlier days of the movement, the central and most conspicuous figure is that of Burns Thomson. On him in particular God laid the burden and travail of lifting the cause of medical missions into the view, and commending it to the acceptance, of the Christian Church. His task was not an easy one. It needed a strong man—one in whom a clear conviction that medical missions form an important part of the Gospel method, and a resolute purpose that the Church should know it, should be blended with a simple and unswerving faith in the guidance and help of God. All who had the privilege of his closer acquaintance know that Burns Thomson was just such a man. And when, in 1859, the Master took him and his like-minded wife and planted them in 38 Cowgate, Edinburgh, he was initiating that wave of medical missionary interest which has since touched every church and every missionary society throughout the whole Christian world. From that time medical missions had at least one living exemplification in our midst, and the eloquent pen and speech of our brother, as in all the great cities of the United Kingdom he advocated a cause which was to him, for Christ's sake, more precious than life, accomplished a complete change in Christian opinion. Noble men have risen up since, and by the blessing of God have done much to extend and deepen the interest in medical missions, but Burns Thomson was the man whom God chose for the labor, if also for the honor, of a brave and successful pioneer.

Born at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, of godly parents, who died while he was still a lad, and owing much to the care and affection of his elder brother, it was at Golspie, in Sutherlandshire, when, about the age of seventeen, the great decision was made. A vivid reminiscence of those days by the one who was his companion on the occasion, is of a scene behind a hedge at Golspie, when the two lads knelt and dedicated themselves to Christ and to any service to which He might call them. Tutorial work in a private family followed Golspie, and it was then that, in repeated sailings round Cape Wrath, and in other excursions, Burns

Thomson developed that taste for natural science which, ere many years, brought him the honor of F.R.S.E., and supplied him through the rest of his career with those analogies which he could so deftly use in handling questions of the spiritual life.

He was well over twenty when he came to Edinburgh to enter on a University curriculum. Like many another Scotch lad, he knew something of the pathos of student poverty. I have heard him tell stories of times of utter pennilessness which became occasions of strong crying to God with tears, and of startling answers which awed him with the sense of the nearness of the Divine presence. Such experiences prepared him for an intense sympathy with all earnest student life. Poverty was a bar which he ignored when

hope were that he might have the privilege of preaching Christ in China. It was at the close of the Arts curriculum, and when he was about to enter on theological studies, that the incident took place which in the hand of God was to determine his career. We will tell it in his own words:—

"I was visiting in Ponton street, Edinburgh, when an incident occurred that changed the whole current of my life. I went into one of the lowest houses about twelve o'clock in the forenoon to invite the inmates to a prayer-meeting that was to be held on the following Sabbath evening. I had scarcely got into the house when a sharp, little Irishwoman came springing into the middle of the floor, and, approaching me, abruptly said, 'What do you want, sir?' I was not so experienced then in

said I. She was entirely of the same mind. Why I was led to make such a remark I cannot conceive, for I knew absolutely nothing of medicine, and the thought of becoming a doctor had never entered my wildest dreams. The efficacy of one drug, however, I had satisfactorily learned in my youth, and, getting a cup from her—it had no handle I remember—away I went to the nearest druggist and got a dose of castor-oil. I brought it back and presented it to the poor woman, and she received it amidst many expressions of gratitude. On the Monday following, as in duty bound, I called back to see my patient. She received me with open arms, and actually came out with me to the end of the street with my hand in hers. She made the sign of the cross on her forehead, and struck a covenant of eternal friendship between us. I got access to that house ever after, and was freely permitted to tell of the great salvation offered by Christ."

It was a simple enough incident, but it was a revelation to the earnest student. He began to search his Bible on the subject of medical missions, and was surprised to find them everywhere in the New Testament, and the result was that, while still keeping the same ultimate life object in view, he became a student of medicine.

While yet a student he wrote a prize essay on medical missions, which was published and had much acceptance. 1859 he undertook the superintendship of the work of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.

The great service of his life to medical missions is bound up with the years 1859—1878. It was a threefold service. He showed to the Church at home what a living power a medical mission could be in the worst part of a great city; how it could attract the poor in crowds, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike; how it could open their doors, when all other agencies had failed, to the entrance of the Gospel message; and how it was an agency which the Lord did not fail to bless, both to the bodies and souls of men. And this experience was an ever-fresh plea in advocating the larger employment of such missions among the heathen.

Then, second, as the head of the first Medical Missionary Training Home, he was able to show, in due time, a band of laborers who, having completed their studies, were fulfilling, at home or abroad, the great calling of the medical missionary. Valentine of Agra and Vartan of Nazareth, Hutchison of Sialkot and Husband of Ajmere; the late Drs. Thomson of Swatow, and Elmslie of Kashmir; Crabbe of Birmingham and Elder of Bristol, etc., etc., men whose names are held in honor to-day, and who have done much to extend the work of the Gospel, were among Dr. Thomson's students. And the influence exerted by the Training Home did not by any means end there. It began at once to tell upon the circle of Christian men in



DR. BURNS THOMSON, F.R.C.S.E.; F.R.S.E.

he met with real men who were struggling after fitness for service on the mission field. He could count on God to meet the needs of such cases. And, speaking here of prayer, there is one friend living, a friend of forty-five years' standing, between whom and Burns Thomson there was a covenant of prayer, a mutual agreement to ask the Lord concerning certain specified objects, the record of which was carefully kept and the Lord's answers noted, the list of subjects being extended as years went on; and the occasional opportunities of united supplication being ever gratefully welcomed. The last of these opportunities was given to the two friends just a few days before our brother passed away.

His purpose in coming to Edinburgh to study was to enter the ministry. But he looked further than that. His desire and

visiting as I am now, and the question disturbed me. Although it was only twelve o'clock her son was lying on a low settle at the side of the room the worse for drink. He looked up at me, and, evidently not liking my appearance, he cried to his mother, 'Pet 'im oot, mither.' As I lingered about the room, not knowing very well what to do, the youth got angry and cried with an oath, 'Mither, canna ye pet 'im oot?' This disturbed me still more, and I remarked to the woman, 'I was just going round your district, and I thought I would look in and see you. You are not looking well.' The thought seemed to flash upon her that perhaps I was a medical man, and in an instant her manner changed and she answered quite kindly, 'Sure and it's not well that I am, sir.' I think you would be the better of a little medicine,

W. N. L. OZIER, 217 1/2
AUBREY GALLON QUE

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR A WEB BEGUN.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'For a web begun, God sends the thread,
Over and over these words I read,
And I said to myself, with an easy air:
'What need to burden myself with care,
If this be true?
Or attempt to do
More than my duty? For here is proof
That we are to hold ourselves aloof
Until from the Master we receive
The thread for the web we are to weave.'

So day after day, I sat beside
The loom, as if both my hands were tied,
With idle shuttle and slackened warp,
Useless as 'strings' of an untuned harp.

For I took no part,
With hand or heart
In the work of the world. 'To the cry of need,
The voice of children, I gave no heed.
'When the task is ready for me,' I said,
'God will be sure to supply the thread.'

Others might go in collars and slums
And weave a web out of scraps and thrums,
Finding excuse for the daily toil,
The reckless waste of life's precious oil;
But as for me,
I could not see.

How I was to follow them, or believe
That the rightful pattern I'd truly weave,
Unless I waited, how'er time sped,
For God to send me the promised thread.

I had no strength of my own I knew,
No wisdom to guide, or skill to do,
And must wait at ease for the word of com-
mand,

For the message I surely should understand,
Else all in vain
Were the stress and strain,
For the thread would break, and the web be
spoiled.

A poor result for the hours I'd toiled,
And my heart and my conscience would be at
strife

O'er the broken threads of a wasted life.

But all at once, like a gem exhumed,
The word 'begun'—by a light illumed—
From the rest of the text stood boldly out.
By the finger of God revealed no doubt,

And shocked and dazed,
Ashamed, amazed,
I saw, as I had not seen before.

The true meaning the sentence bore,
And read as Belthazar might have read:
'For a web begun, God sends the thread.'

The man himself, with his mind and heart,
Toward the Holy City must make a start,
Ere he finds in his hands the mystic clew
That shall lead him life's mazes safely through.

And if loom and reel
And spinning-wheel
Idle and empty stand to-day,
We must reason give for the long delay.
Since the voice of the Master has plainly said:
'For a web begun, God sends the thread.'

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

Like many another wife and mother, Mrs. Hanscom found that increasing cares and responsibilities in the family bore hard on sensitive nerves, sensitive feelings, and spirits that were naturally a little too easily ruffled and irritated. Yet like the great majority of women she was an ardent home-lover, a devoted companion and parent, and a sincere Christian. Taking up her religious paper one day she read the following words: 'We wonder how many men and women enter the sanctuary on Sunday morning expecting and intending to take back with them to their homes that which will help them to keep Christ in the household throughout the week!' So manifest had the want of some strong help become to her of late, that Mr. Hanscom gave special heed to the simple inquiry. She had never thought of listening to that sermon with just that motive before. Eager for anything that would prove of real help in the midst of absorbing and oftentimes perplexing cares, it became an immediate resolve to pick something distinctive out of the next discourse it would be her privilege to hear, and put it in a safe niche of memory to be dwelt upon at need during the week following. The sermon bore upon the responsibility of individuals at large in their dealings with their fellow men the next Sunday, and Mrs. Hanscom was beginning to fear that exactly what she wanted was not forthcoming when the minister repeated im-

pressively the words of Paul to the Colossians, 'And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord.' 'I'll take that home,' she thought, 'and after all there's nothing like the dear old Bible for real helpfulness, search where one may.' Things glided along in the usual way, nothing occurring to call for particular strength of resistance until Thursday, when 'everything came together in a heap,' as Lois the dusky skinned servant expressed it. And first, Davie and Helen wanted a loaf of nice cake to take to the sociable at the vestry, it being the quarterly meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E., when a supper was usually served. It was imperative, Helen thought, that a dress which needed finishing touches at her mother's skilful fingers should be ready by evening. Little Carl was fretful in consequence of having passed a restless, bilious night, and to cap the climax, Mr. Hanscom on the way to his office in the morning slipped and fell against a box placed outside a grocer's store, tearing a zigzag rent in his overcoat on a protruding nail.

Here indeed was a complication of duties calling for diligence, patience and forbearance. Mr. Hanscom in extreme aggravation at having his nice overcoat so ruthlessly defaced, talked as persons are apt to under strong provocation. Any one entering the house and knowing nothing of the real facts, would have supposed the entire family to blame for the mishap. Lois, thinking herself 'put upon' in being asked to make an extra loaf of frosted cake, declared she should have no time; any one who had might make it and welcome. Where to begin and how to manage set the poor little woman all of a tremble. It was so unsatisfactory trying to mend a man's coat, yet it was a compliment that her husband thought no one else could begin to make the rent look as nearly invisible as she could. Then the blessed text came into her mind, and she determined to set about doing heartily and willingly the bothersome piece of work. 'As to the Lord!' 'If I could do actual service repairing a garment for the Saviour!' she thought, smiling at the idea, 'how would I bend to the task, so lovingly, so ardently, with such fond ambition to do my very utmost.'

At that she began to sing, and having placed Carl on the bed with his playthings around him, she sang on, mending away meanwhile the very best she could. Then it occurred to her that several little jars had taken place of late in consequence of Lois' independence and unwillingness to perform the least extra labor. She reflected that Lois had been treated with the greatest kindness but only to grow more surly and unwilling. 'I'll go heartily to work getting another girl,' she next thought, 'unless Lois can be more faithful in her department.' Going to the kitchen with an untroubled, placid face, she firmly but pleasantly told the girl that unless she could serve her less grudgingly and really help when help was most needed, she wanted her at once to find another place, and she would supply herself with a more desirable girl. It surprised her to find how free from anxiety she felt on returning to her work. When she went to the kitchen to press the neat work Lois was in tears, saying she never wanted a better place or a kinder mistress. Miss Helen's cake was in the oven, and she was sure the frosting was going to be 'remarkably fine.'

'I should think you liked to mend torn coats,' Davy had remarked, finding his mother telling Carl a droll story with the heavy overcoat in her lap.

'No, my boy, I am simply striving to do it heartily,' she replied.

Evening found a quiet, pleasant household entirely at peace with itself. The different duties had all been performed. Cheerfulness, firmness, and trustfulness had smoothed the way through various difficulties. Among her Christmas and New Year gifts Mrs. Hanscom had two or three little books with texts for each day's help selected. She resolved to read one every morning. Need it be added she found blessed and continued strength supplied through taking one with her—a silent companion and comforter through the succeeding weeks? The influence of Christ in the home, a constant, present aid always near, helped and cheered and steadied her as no earthly friend could have done. And

this is the dear, powerful friend who wants to aid every one. Why not court His presence in the every-day home life? He needs only to be asked, and his hearty help is close at hand.

'Be Thou my strength, O lowly One and saintly!
And though unvisioned ills around me throng,
Yet in the thought of Thee I will be strong.'
—*Christian at Work.*

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

Air and light in summer, warmth and air in winter, and comfort the whole year through, are the requirements of the ideal guest chamber. Here should be a bed, springy, cool, soft, but not too soft, with elastic mattress, clean sweet-smelling linen, to accommodate the tired or sleepy head. In the matter of pillows tastes differ, and where one person prefers a hard pillow another person yearns for a downy one, or one likes a large while another can sleep well only on a small pillow. Bolsters which suggest the uncomfortable head-rests of the Japanese are of use for nothing but show. They cannot be slept upon; and a bed, whether elegant or the reverse, is primarily intended for sleeping upon. This should always be considered.

Even in summer no bed is properly furnished without a pair of soft fleecy woollen blankets, which should invariably be put on with the open fold at the top, so that one thickness may be thrown off if desirable. An extra wrap should lie on the bed's foot. When the maid turns down the bed-clothes at night, removing all spreads and shams if those are favored by the house-keeper, she should place the soft duvet, which may be needed before morning, where the occupant of the bed can easily get it at will.

The bureau in the guest chamber will always have a drawer or two empty and at the service of the guest. So should there be ordinary pins, both black and white, with a supply of sheet pins in both colors and several sizes, sewing materials too, for the guest may need to make some slight repairs, and have not the materials at hand to do it.

Abundance of water is a comfort not to be foregone in any sleeping-room, and should certainly be provided in that of a guest. A good quality of toilet soap should be provided, and plenty of fresh towels, and these should be replenished daily, the soiled ones removed, and their places taken by those which are clean and smoothly ironed.

For the rest, a closet or wardrobe where the guest may hang her gowns and her bonnet, a lounge, an easy-chair, and a few books will make the chamber attractive. There ought, if possible, to be a picture or two on the walls, writing materials should be supplied, a pitcher of ice-water taken up every night—in brief, nothing neglected which will conduce to the guest's pleasure or repose.

Do not let the children romp or cry in halls when the visitor is taking an afternoon nap, and do not forget that a few bright sweet flowers in a little vase will carry messages of love you may be too shy or too modest to speak except in their syllables.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE TREATMENT OF BURNS.

Every little while one reads some exhaustive treatise on the treatment of burns and scalds, and treatise almost always ending up with the recommendation to use lime-water and oil. While there may be somewhere in medical science some excellent reason for the employment of this compound, one cannot but wonder how such a curious mixture ever came into favor. One might die from exhaustion, from pain, before either of these ingredients could be procured and properly prepared for use; besides, not everyone understands managing them. Why not use a remedy within the reach of everyone, something that almost every pantry affords and which has been thoroughly tested and found in every way to answer all the demands of a remedy? At the very first possible moment grasp a handful of lard, such as is used for cooking purposes, and smear it over the burned surface. This answers until the regular remedy can be prepared, which consists simply of a paste of flour and lard made as soft as it can be handled. This is spread about half an inch thick upon a cloth and applied to the injured parts.

Let it remain until it begins to crumble, which can be readily ascertained by raising the corner of the cloth. The application must then be renewed, great care being necessary in taking off the old plaster that the surface of the skin is not broken. If it sticks at any point, it is much better to leave it than to run any risk of irritating the hurt and possibly causing a deep sore. The number of applications will depend upon the nature of the burn. Sometimes it is necessary to renew the plaster a dozen times, and it is worth while to do this if the burn is deep. In other cases one or two will be quite sufficient. The burned flesh absorbs all of the oil from the plaster, and the flour serves to keep the air from it and, if carefully managed, there will scarcely be any pain after the lard is put on.

It is sometimes desirable to give a soothing mixture and allow the patient to sleep, for burns are extremely exhausting, and great care should be taken with the diet, and every effort made to keep the system in a state of repose.

If a very large surface is injured, there is danger to life, but this may almost always be avoided by the immediate application of the lard. It is safe to assert that the average of fatal cases could be reduced more than half in this course of treatment were persisted in. Cases have been known where very large surfaces have been deeply burned, and the patient has recovered without leaving a scar when treated this way. Drugs and chemicals are best left alone in such emergencies, simple treatment, absolute quiet and a moderate amount of plain, nourishing food almost always insuring a safe and speedy recovery.—*Jenness Miller.*

HOW TO COOK SALT PORK.

To make it an attractive dish, slice moderately thin and even; soak over night in plenty of cold water, if very fat; roll it in flour and fry a light brown. Serve on a plate free from the grease. Never send it to the table swimming in grease. If there are streaks of lean, soak over night in milk and water, and omit the flour when you fry it. Served in either way it never fails to be eaten in our house.—*Eveline Pine.*

GRASS STAINS.

Molasses rubbed on grass stains on white dresses and under garments, will bring out the stains when the clothing is washed.

RECIPES.

HANDY PUDDING.—Fill a well-greased pudding-dish with fruit, fresh or canned; cover with a rich, sweetened biscuit dough. Serve with or without cream or other sauce.

CODFISH BALLS.—One pint of well-washed codfish, picked up fine; one quart of raw potatoes, cut in bits. Boil together till done. Drain, mash, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, and pepper. Mix thoroughly and drop, like fritters, into boiling fat. Garnish with lettuce, parsley, or other green leaf.

Who has ever tried serving lemon cut in slices with the tea? This is a healthful drink and gives a delicious flavor; in using lemon, of course milk must be omitted. Let the slices of lemon be very thin; the shaving of peel and pulp is sufficient; for an ordinary cup use just enough to correct the flavor and not injure the taste.

STEWED ELDERBERRIES.—To two quarts of clean, fresh elderberries, add one-half a pint of good vinegar and sugar to taste. Simmer gently half an hour. These will keep well, if canned for winter use.

RHUBARB TART.—Scrape the stalks, cut into small bits and stew in a very little water. When tender take from the fire and sweeten. Have ready some open shells of pastry, freshly baked. Fill with the fruit and sift sugar on top. Eat warm or cold, never hot.

SALT aids other solvents, as benzene, ammonia or alcohol, in removing grease spots, and gives a brilliant white light if a little is dissolved in kerosene.

ORANGE ICE.—One and one-half pints of sugar, three pints of water, the juice of eighteen medium-sized oranges and two large lemons. Boil the sugar and water thirty minutes. Strain the orange juice and add to the other mixture after it has become lukewarm. When cold freeze like ice cream.

CHUTNEY SAUCE.—Take twelve green sour apples two green peppers, six green tomatoes, four onions, one cupful of raisins, a quart of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of mustard seed and salt, and one of powdered sugar, and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Seed the raisins and peppers, then add tomatoes and onions and chop very fine. Put the vinegar, sugar and spices on to boil, add the chopped mixture and simmer one hour. Then add the apples, pared and cored, and cook slowly until soft. Seal in small bottles. An excellent East Indian relish.

I NEVER THOUGHT.

BY REV. GEORGE F. HUNTING.

I never thought my friend could die so soon,
His morning not yet ripened into noon;
I never thought that June might have its frost,
O God, I never thought he could be lost!

I never thought my child could pass away
Just at the dawning of life's little day;
That he, so wild, so wayward and untought,
Could die. O God, forgive! I never thought!

I never thought my glowing, golden sun
Could set and leave my life-work all undone.
The day has been so glad and gay and bright,
O God, I never thought it could be night!

'Never thought!' Oh wretched, worthless plea!
When God, thy God, O man, shall challenge thee,
Shall this be thy defence, this thy reply?
Hear then thy sentence, 'Thou shalt surely die.'

Day is the time to sow the golden grain,
Night to regret thy indolence in vain;
Day is the time to reap the fertile soil,
Night is the time to rest thee from thy toil.

Life is thy day, thy day to think and do;
Death is thy night—night to rejoice or rue,
Life is thy seed-time; do thy very best,
Death is thy harvest, to regret or rest.

—American Messenger.

'THAT WHICH IS LEAST.'

BY MINNIE WILLIS BAINES-MILLER.

Everett Barnard was a farmer's son, the youngest of a large family, and lived in the country. His father's farm had many acres, each year, in corn and wheat; but the old orchard, with its rows of gnarled and twisted apple-trees, interspersed here and there with a few peach-trees, had been neglected, and was dying out. Year after year the fruit became less attractive and tempting. No scions from superior stock had been grafted on the branches of the trees, so when an unfruitful season, brought about by drought and the depredations of a troublesome fly, arrived, the Barnard Orchard gave practically no harvest whatever.

This troubled Everett. He was only ten years old; and he knew nothing about the hygienic effects of the use of fruit upon the human system. Unconsciously, however, he agreed with the scientists that fruit is a good thing to indulge in on almost all occasions, and his inability to do this made him feel that he was ill used.

He was sitting under a tree, one beautiful autumn morning, reading 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' and wishing that he could be wrecked on a desert island where people have a greater variety of luxuries than they had 'even over to Xenia,' which was his beau ideal of a city, a place where the boys did not have to do chores, as they do on farms. While he was thinking, he heard his mother's voice, from the vicinity of the back door, calling, 'Ev'rit!

The boy kept very quiet and in a moment more, with a rising inflection in the tone, and increased emphasis on the first syllable of the name, came the call: 'Ev'rit! Ev'rit!

'Wonder what she wants,' muttered he. 'A fellow never gets any rest around this place.'

'Everitt!' called his mother once more, infusing a surprising amount of energy into each separate syllable of his name. Something in this enunciation seemed to tell him that the time in which to make his appearance and response had now arrived.

'Yes, ma'am!' replied he, closing the fascinating volume, and rising in such close proximity to her that he seemed like one of the geni of the Arabian Nights coming up out of the ground.

'Bless me!' exclaimed she; 'I do believe you heard me every time I called.'

Everett affirmed not, neither did he deny; so, after looking at him sternly for a moment, she said, 'Reuben's got another chill, and you've got to saddle Jack and go up to old Mis' Parson's and get some of her cure for ague.'

Everett looked regretfully at the back of the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and tentatively inquired: 'Why don't you get some quinine over to Dr. Smither's? Heard Jim Flanders telling Mike Fahey that it was enough sight better for the shakes than old woman's roots and arbs; cured all the Flanders family from baby up.'

'I don't hold with no doctors,' said Mrs. Barnard, shortly; 'kill more folks than they ever cure. Doctors! Humph!' Mrs.

Barnard sniffed angrily at the very thought. What should a doctor, who had spent years of time and study in acquiring his profession, and other years in its practice, know about the curing of disease, compared with 'old Mis' Parsons,' who didn't know the difference between the liver and pancreas, and had never even so much as heard of the spleen?

'All right,' said Everett, in a tone that assumed that it was all wrong; 'thought you wanted Reub to get well, but if you don't—'

'Everett,' said she, ignoring this grown-up remark, 'you pay close attention to all the directions. Wait a minute.'

She went into the house, and returned with a pencil and a piece of paper, which she handed to him. 'Write down the directions. I misdoubt Mis' Parsons being much of a scholar.'

Everett took the paper and went his way.

'Mis' Parsons' lived alone, save for a young grandson, and she kept a fierce dog, Everett was fond of dogs in general, but he liked this one a good way off. As this dog came bounding into view from behind some sunflower stalks, and lifted up spirited protests against receiving guests on this particular day, Everett thought it was not worth while to go in; so he sat on his horse outside, and called out 'Hollo!'

In response to this call Mrs. Parsons appeared, broomstick in hand, and drove the dog from the field. Then she came up to the fence, pulled down her glasses from the top of her head, and peered at her visitor.

'Sho! Why if 't ain't Barnard's boy. Come in; come right in.'

'Can't this time, thank you. I'm in a sort of a hurry. My brother Reuben's got the shakes. Had 'em now for a good bit, and don't get no better. Folks sent me over for some of your doctor's stuff, if you'd please be so kind.'

'Bless the child's heart! Of course I will. Be back in a minute. Don't take no account of that dog if he does bark. He only does it to amuse himself.'

With this Mrs. Parsons toddled into the house, and soon returned with a bunch of herbs and a paper of bark, which she handed to the boy. 'Now tell your mother—'

'Wait a bit,' said he, fumbling in his pocket, and bringing out his writing materials, and making a desk of the crown of his hat.

'What a thing it is to be a scholar!' said she, admiringly.

And this is what the 'scholar' wrote at her dictation:—

'Stu these yere arbs in a pinter watter, and steep the bark in annuther pinte. Micks um tergather with 2 cups Store Shuggar, and giv rouben a taible spoonfull evry our. kork tite.'

Then old Mrs. Parsons brought some cookies out to Everett, which he ate as he rode along.

Suddenly he gave an astonished exclamation, and pulled Jack up very unceremoniously.

He had come in sight of Mrs. Parson's orchard, and he sat and gazed admiringly at the bowed limbs.

'Nothin' seems to ail them trees,' said he. 'Luscious, and loads of 'em lying on the ground. I might's well have some of 'em as to have 'em rot, or feed the pigs.'

Then he guided Jack carefully alongside the rail fence dividing the orchard from the road, and climbed down on the other side of it. He took out of his pocket a red pocket handkerchief belonging to his father, and filled it with fruit. He also utilized his jacket and trousers pockets for as many of the apples as they would hold. Then he remounted his horse and pursued his journey home.

'Did you bring it?' asked Mrs. Barnard, meeting him at the big gate, as he approached the house. 'Reuben's shook ever since you've been gone.'

'Yes ma'am,' said he, handing over the desired remedies, and reaching for the scholarly directions.

'What's that done up in that handkercher?' asked she, sharply.

'Them? Oh them's apples.'

'Where did you get them?'

'Out of Mis' Parson's orchard. There's loads of 'em there.'

'Did she say you could have them?'

'Why, no, not exactly. That is—I

s'pose she would, only she was n't there when I came along by the orchard.'

'And have I got a son that will steal?'

'Steal?' repeated the boy, faintly, a great red flush coming up over his freckled face and forehead. 'Why—'t was n't only a few apples, and they's laying on the ground.'

'Things that you take, without asking, from other people, are stolen,' said his mother severely.

'But I—,' began Everett.

'You go right straight back to old Mis' Parsons' and give them apples back; and tell her you stole them.'

Everett felt bound to obey. So, turning the horse, he rode sullenly away.

About an hour later, old Mrs. Parsons' dog rushed around the sunflower thicket at the side of the house, and began to anuse himself with a few furious growls and barks, which almost curdled the blood in Everett's young veins.

The dog's mistress made a second appearance, with the historic implement of witchcraft in hand; and in answer to a very reluctant and quavering 'Hollo' she said, 'Why it's Barnard's boy again. Is Reuben worse?'

Everett did not look in her face. He hung his head and shook it feebly.

'Why what is the matter? That bull of old man Ernst's did n't get after you, did he?'

Another shake of the head, an ineffectual attempt to speak, which ended in a breaking voice and a shower of tears, and Everett threw the red bandanna and its contents over the fence into the yard.

'Why, I 'most think you've took with something catching,' said the good old soul solicitously, as she picked up the bundle to examine it.

'No, I ain't, either,' said he gaining the courage of desperation: 'I took something with me; some of your apples out of the orchard; and mother said I's a thief, and made me bring them back. I did n't think 't was anything like stealing.'

'La, me!' said she; 'your mother's like them Spartan women the schoolma'am used to read about in a book. Not that 't was right to take them along without asking, of course. If you'd only come and asked me, I'd 'a' given you a wagan-load of them.'

'I did n't think nothing about it being stealing,' said Everett, mournfully.

'Well, now,' said she; 'the sin's in the intention, we all know; but I reckon that mother of yours was in the right of it, too; for like's not, if she had n't given you this lesson, which is sorter severe, it's true, you might 'a' gone on, kinder not thinking like, and got into wuss trouble than this. Was your folks out to meeting, Sunday?'

Everett shook his head.

'Thought I did n't see none of you; though I did n't wait in the graveyard to shake hands with nobody. That new minister he preached a powerful sermon. Took his text from somewhere in Luke; I disremember where; but I know what 't was:

'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' And he said 't was just the faithfulness to duty and virtue in little things that make up the sum of our characters. I think that's sound sense, now. If it's wrong to lie fibbing's jest the same; and if we must not—she hesitated a moment out of respect to the boy's feelings, then went bravely on, 'if we must n't steal, we must let everything that's somebody's else strictly alone. You did n't think, Ev'rit; I'm pointedly sure you did n't think. You are as welcome as the flowers in May to them apples, and—as he began to unload his pockets—'all you've got about you. Fact is, I shall feel right sorry if you don't take them along. Sam Seys is going down your way with a load of fodder to-morrow, and I'll get him to clear out some of them apples and bring them over to your folks. Neighbors ought to be neighborly; that's what I always say.'

Then she forced the bundle into Everett's reluctant hand, which she patted tenderly, saying, as she did so, 'There's the making of a man in you, my boy; only young creatures has to be careful about the habits they form.'

I hesitate to say how skillful Mrs. Parsons' method of treatment proved to be in Reuben's case; but in that of Reuben's brother it was a decided success.—Golden Rule

OLIVE OR OLEASTER?

There is a counterfeit of the olive tree which naturalists called the 'oleaster.' It bears a close resemblance in many external features to the genuine tree; but it yields no fruit. Ah, how many such get set out in the plantations of the Church? When I see a man taking up a large space in Christ's orchard and yielding not even one percent of godliness, I say, 'There is an oleaster!' When I hear a professor of religion glib in the store or the stock exchange and yet silent in the prayer room—ready to speak for anybody but his Saviour—I say, 'Ah, what an oleaster!' When I hear of a church member going from the communion table to the deals and the dickers of the party caucus, I say, 'Behold an oleaster!' When I hear a brother pray glibly that he may 'provide things honest in the sight of all men,' and then send his customers away with sleazy fabrics or cheap adulterations, I think to myself, 'You are as arrant a cheat as an oleaster.' When a garrulous 'sister' sheds tears under the pathetic stories of returned missionaries, and goes home to grind a dime out of an overworked laundress or to turn off a sick servant to languish or die in an attic, I want to whisper in her ear, 'Madam, you may be fluent in your professions of holiness, but your oleaster bears 'nothing but leaves!'

The growth of an olive tree may be slow, but it is steady and sure. Such is the growth of a fruit-bearing Christian. A solid, godly character is not to be finished up during a revival or by the mere religion of Sundays and sacraments. Regeneration may plant the roots of grace; but the trunk of character is built up in the solid fibre of Christ within the soul, the boughs spread broadly to the sunlight, and in the face of all men the 'tree is known by its fruits.'—Dr. Cuyler.

BISMARCK'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Prince Bismarck received a non-political deputation at Friedrichsruhe—the masters and boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium.

The ex-Chancellor gave the young fellows some good advice as to the manner in which they should utilize their time at the University, and then spoke of his love for music. He said: 'I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up as it bored me to practise. Afterwards, I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made.'

No less useful were a few words against excessive thought for the morrow which oppresses a great many people.

'If you put your trust in God and yourself,' said the Prince, 'you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.'—London Daily News Berlin Correspondence.

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness—it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses, and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents; he is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins—they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls, who are soon to be our men and women, would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.

THE CHAQUIS OF THE ANDES.

The chaquis of the Andes is a professional runner, or messenger. Men of this class are found among all the Indian tribes of North as well as South America. They are as much a necessity as our postal system or our telegraph; but nowhere have they been organized, among any savage or semi-barbarous race, as they were under the Incas.

In that strange, mysterious empire which lay between the Pacific and the Cordilleras, and was, before its brutal devastation by the Spaniards, as civilized in many respects as ancient Egypt or Phoenicia, message-bearing was a distinct occupation. Men were chosen for it by reason of their physical qualifications, and were trained to speed and endurance.

They were organized and uniformed, and when they became incapacitated by age or accident, less arduous duties were given them in the army or about the court of the Inca.

When the Spanish invaders first entered Peru they wondered how the Indians were able to anticipate their movements. Every act of theirs appeared to be communicated instantly over the entire empire. In time they discovered that there was an organized system of runners, who carried the news with amazing speed, passing it from one to another over a distance of five hundred miles in fifty hours, and sometimes less, across the snow covered mountains and barren deserts.

Along the ancient Camino Real, the royal highway of the Incas, the great road that has excited so much wonder and admiration in later days, the houses in which relays of chaquis were permanently lodged are still to be found in a pretty good state of preservation. They were situated at different intervals according to the difficulties of the road.

If it was steep and rocky they were near together, but if the path was level and easy to a runner they were usually eight and ten miles apart. These houses were erected on hillocks, so that they might be used as points of observation from which the approach of messengers could be seen at a distance. As one arrived, heated and breathless, another would be ready to receive the message and carry it to the next station without an instant's delay.

Sometimes the Inca communicated with his generals or other officials, by signs. A ring or a piece of wood, or a leaf might be transmitted along the line, which meant nothing to the man who bore it, or to the people who might see it in his hand, but was full of meaning to him for whom it was intended.

As a proof of the speed of these chaquis, it is said that the royal table at Cuzco or at Quito was often served with fresh sea-fish caught thirty or forty hours before at a distance now covered in from six to ten days by the ordinary traveller.

Along the Inca highway are to be seen ruins of immense structures, built of rough stone, in the form of a hollow square. These were called tambos, and were used as lodging-houses for the Inca and his court when he passed from one part of his dominions to another.

The chaquis still exists. He is seen in nearly every town in the Andes, and is employed by the government, by merchants, and by private individuals who have packages or messages to send into the country.

There are very few telegraphic facilities in the interior of South America, and the mails are carried very irregularly on mule back. The postal contractors are usually arrieros who make a business of carrying freight, with pack trains, and they hold the mails until they have a cargo of goods. Therefore, merchants who have orders to send usually employ chaquis; and as they are not paid more than twelve or fifteen cents a day, the service is economical as well as speedy.

In time of war the chaquis are useful, as they have many of the instincts, and much of the skill of scouts, and being familiar with the byways as well as the highways, often are able to pass through the lines of the enemy without capture or detention.

I saw once in Peru a chaquis by the name of Qualnapambo, —bird-chaser,—a famous fellow very swift of foot, and almost incapable of fatigue, who, during the war with Chili, was employed by General Caceres, President of Peru. Bird-chaser

has been known to carry a message two hundred and fifty miles without rest or sleep, through the enemy's country, and to return with the answer within a week.

The chaquis seldom carries food with him, but picks it up on his way as he can. If he finds none, the coca leaf that he is constantly chewing not only satisfies his hunger, but stimulates his nerves. It is the most powerful nerve tonic known to the chemists.

He carries his coca leaves in a little buckskin bag about his neck, with another bag, in which he has a sort of potash made from potato skins. This, when mixed with the coca, brings out its strength and increases the saliva.

The chaquis has little idea of either time or distance. He goes until he is tired, stops as long as he likes, and reaches his destination 'when God pleases.' Distance is sometimes estimated by the amount of coca used. He will say that he can make a given journey while he is chewing twenty quids; and one usually lasts him an hour.

The profession of the chaquis, like everything else which the Spaniards in Peru

It is always difficult, and usually impossible, for the unacclimated traveller to go on foot among the Cordilleras, because the diminished atmospheric pressure causes extreme lassitude, difficulty in breathing, and often more serious symptoms, which have resulted fatally.

It is dangerous for persons of great flesh or weak lungs, or who are afflicted with heart disease, to enter the higher altitudes; and if they are compelled to do so they should avoid exertion as much as possible. Yet the chaquis run on the heights as elsewhere.

Another scourge of the traveller is the disease known as surumpe, a violent inflammation of the eyes caused by the reflection of the tropic sun upon the snows. The rarefied air and the fierce winds keep the nerves of the eyes in a state of constant irritation. The pain of the surumpe is the most intense that can be imagined, and often brings on delirium.

Such trouble the mountain chaquis must contend with, but his physical endurance is proof against them.—William Eleroy Curtis, in *Youth's Companion*.



A CHAQUIS RUNNER.

have inherited from the pre-historic empire, has depreciated in its usefulness and effectiveness. There is no longer any organization, and the runners are becoming lazy and untrustworthy, chiefly, I suppose, because they are not fairly treated and receive little encouragement.

In the tropics and on the lower levels the movements of the chaquis are not impeded by clothing, for he goes as nearly naked as possible; but in the mountains, where at night the atmosphere is always cold, and he is in constant danger of being overtaken by furious storms, he dresses accordingly.

His clothing, like his demeanor, is dull and sombre. He may have a striped poncho, but dark blue is his favorite color. He wears a shirt of llama wool, and thick trousers of the same material, which reach only to his knees, and are fastened at his waist with a girdle.

On his feet he wears sandals of untanned leather, fastened by thongs that pass over his great toe and around his ankle. In winter and in snowy latitudes he pulls on a pair of long, coarse woollen stockings, but in summer he goes barelegged, and paints his flesh with a vegetable dye as a protection against poisonous vines and the bites of insects

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

The editor of the *Sunday-School Times* recently asked Robert J. Burdette to reply to the inquiry of a correspondent who wished a 'few points on church etiquette.' His reply is in a characteristic vein.

It may be by some mistake you happen into the church of the Samaritans. You have no dealings with these fellows, and you would back out as soon as you see where you are going; but the Samaritans are wide awake, with some very informal notions about church etiquette. The sexton standing on the porch sees you are a stranger, and the minute you pause in front of the church you are his, and he passes you on through the wide-open door almost before you know it. An old deacon in the vestibule has you by the hand at once, and introduces you to 'our church clerk,' adding as he reaches your part of the introduction, 'I don't exactly know your name,' as though he used to know it like a book, and has a pretty good inkling of it now, but can't quite place you. An usher at the door is ready for you and you are shown a seat. The older you are the better seat you get. If you hint to the young fellow leading you forward that your hearing is a little near sighted, he'll get you the best seat in

the house, even if he has to ask a resident Samaritan to give it to you. Somebody pushes a hassock toward you; a child in the next pew hands you a hymn book; an old lady puts a Bible into your hands. The minister looks as though he had seen you before and was glad to see you again.

Before you get fairly out of the pew, after service, somebody has you by the hand, telling you he is glad to see you, the pastor is asking you to come again, the usher is telling you the hour of evening service, the superintendent is giving you an invitation to stay for Sabbath school, and when, a little ashamed of the way you tried to back out, you say, rather meekly, you are a member of the Church of Jerusalem yourself, they say reassuringly: 'Oh, that's all right; there isn't much difference between the Samaritans and the Church of Jerusalem now; many of your people drop in to see us on their way to Jericho,' the deacon tells you 'he got the best wife in the world out of the Church of Jerusalem;' and so you have a good time, and go away with such a glow in your heart that, if it wasn't Sabbath, and in town, you'd take off your coat. You see, it is just here; the Samaritans feel at home in their church, and consequently they know just how to make strangers feel at home.

Get acquainted in your own church; feel at home there yourself; get into the habit of frequenting the house during the week; and on Sabbath attend both services and the Sabbath school—see how easily the workers of the hive and the little people receive and entertain guests—and you will soon find yourself as cordial and warm-hearted as those fellows over in the Church of the Samaritans, and you won't ask for a letter of introduction and countersigned credentials before passing a hymn book to a stranger. And remember always the injunction of Peter, 'an apostle of Jesus Christ.' 'Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.'

THE GIFT OF THE KNEES.

All men and women of power are men and women of prayer. They have the gift of the knees. 'Waiting on the Lord' by prayer has the same effect on them that it has on an empty bucket to set it under a rainspout. They get filled. The time spent in waiting upon God is not wasted time. 'I have so much to do,' said Martin Luther, 'that I cannot get on with less than two hours a day in praying. When I have heard Spurgeon pray, I have not been astonished at some of his discourses. He had fed his lamp with oil from the King's vessels, and his sermons were full of light.—Dr. Cuyler.

MAP SONG.

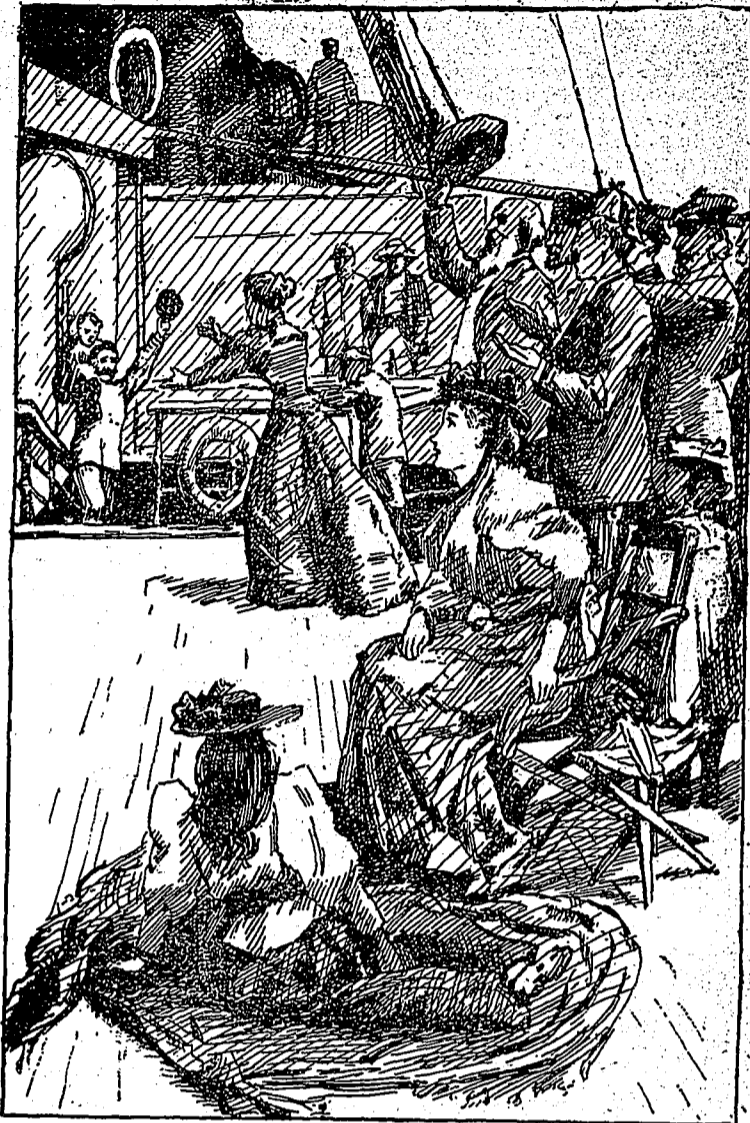
First the line on coast we make,
Merom next, a marshy lake,
Then the sea of Galilee,
Exactly east of Carmel, see,
The Jordan river flows through both
To the Dead sea on the south;
And the Great sea westward lies
Stretching far as sunset skies.

Looking northward you may view
Lebanon and Hermon, too,
Carmel and Gilboa grim,
Tabor, Ebal, Gerizim,
Near Jerusalem we see
Olivet and Calvary,
Judea's hills rise south and west
Of lonely Nebo's lowering crest.

On Zion stands Jerusalem,
Six miles south is Bethlehem,
On Olive's slope is Bethany,
Bethabara by Jordan see,
Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well,
Of boyhood days let Nazareth tell,
At Cana water turned to wine
Showed our Lord to be divine.

Capernaum by Galilee
Near its twin Bethsaida see,
Caesarea Philippi
At Hermon's base is seen to lie,
Along the coast these three appear,
Gaza, Joppa, Caesarea,
South to Bethel we may go,
To Hebron next and Jericho.

From heathen Tyre materials
To build a temple to God's name,
The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
Jesus raised to life again,
See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise;
Beersheba, nearer tropic skies;
North and south these cities stand,
And mark the length of Israel's land.



In a moment the Engineer caught Eric in his arms and rushed with him on to the deck.

LOST ON BOARD SHIP.

(From Pall Mall Budget.)

A great ship was homeward bound from distant Australia to dear England. Among the passengers was a little boy some four years old. He was a beautiful child, with big, fearless brown eyes and clustering, golden-brown curls, and he was so sweet-tempered and merry that it was no wonder he was the pet of all the passengers and the crew. The little fellow's history was a sad one too, and that was another reason why all on board were so kind to him. His poor young father and mother had both died of fever in Australia, and a lady who had been his parents' friend, and his governess, was bringing him to England to his only relative, an old bachelor uncle. I have said that Eric (that was not his real name, but it will do to call him by) was beloved by all on board that great ship, but there was some one whose especial pet he was, and that some one was the chief engineer, who had lost some years ago his only child (a boy of Eric's age) by a sad accident. So whenever the chief engineer came off duty Eric was generally to be found with him; he would come into his cabin when he was having his meals, and sit on the floor chattering merrily while he built a fort from his bricks or rigged a gallant man-of-war with his big friend's help.

But one day the ship's passengers and crew received a terrible shock when it was suddenly discovered that the pet and play-fellow of the moving town could nowhere be found.

It was the chief engineer who made the dreadful fact known when he came off duty, and did not as usual see his small friend anywhere. At first no one felt much alarmed about not finding him. A ship is a big place; there were a hundred passengers on board, and it was quite natural to think he might be among them somewhere, but as the moments went by and the repeated inquiry, "Have you seen Eric?" was always answered, "No," people began to be anxious; every likely nook and cranny was searched, but, alas! no welcome vision of a laughing face and tumbled curly head rewarded their toil, and at last the awful conviction was forced upon them that the child must have fallen overboard. He was always very fond of leaning over

the ship's side to watch the white foam dashing up in her rapid course, and must in doing so have overbalanced himself and fallen into the sea when no one was near. How can I describe the grief of all on board when they realized their pet was gone from them, and in such a sad way. Women with dear boys and girls at home wept bitterly, and even strong men did not disdain to show their grief; and the chief engineer was heart-broken, for he had learnt to love the merry child as dearly as if he were his own son. The time dragged wearily by; the hopeless search had lasted for some hours, and the ship that but a little while ago had been full of life and mirth was plunged in silence and gloom. The chief engineer went sadly down into his cabin. He thought thankfully that the missing child had no parents to mourn his loss. And yet how he should miss his merry little face peeping in upon him. Half absently the good man roamed about his tiny cabin touching one thing and another, and ever recalling his dear small friend. At last he came to a standstill by his bunk, the curtains of which, as was frequently the case, were drawn. Without thinking he put his hand out and parted them; his fingers touched something soft and warm. He looked close—and then he uttered a cry of joy, for before him lay, as snug as a bird in its nest, the long-sought child. In a moment the engineer caught him up in his arms, and rushed with him on to the deck, where most of the passengers were standing about, talking sadly together, and then—when they caught sight of the little figure upheld triumphantly in the big man's arms, there was a moment's astonished silence; and what a noise there was as cheer after cheer rang out upon the still, hot air, and the joyful cry, "Found, found!" rang through the ship. And that one small boy bid fair to be killed with kindness as they clustered round him begging to know the tale of his disappearance. He told them in his artless way how he had become tired of playing in the morning and had wandered off to find "Mr. Engineer," and how he thought then he would like to creep into the cosy bunk, and did so, with the result we have seen. It seemed such a simple place to have hidden in and escaped discovery so long. But this is a true tale, and only goes to prove

how we often never see what may be just under our eyes, and as the old saying says: "Hide in haste, ne'er be found."

This is a very small story, you will say; but there is a sequel to it that makes it worth remembering. When the ship reached England, and the time came for Eric to be given up to the guardianship of his unknown uncle, the engineer accompanied him to his new home and offered to adopt the child he had learned to love so well.

The old uncle was not fond of children; in fact, he was wondering what he should do with Eric, and after a little inquiry he agreed to the honest sailor's wishes. So Eric became the son of his dear Mr. Engineer; and the years went on, and he became a big boy, and then nothing would satisfy him but to follow the profession of his adopted father. So he became an engineer, and a clever one, too; and in one of the big harbor towns of England there are two great bridges designed and constructed by him.

It was while staying in this town that I made the acquaintance of a white-haired-old gentleman of sailor-like aspect, living in a pretty rose-covered cottage opposite the busy harbor, and it was he who one day told me this little tale.

TOM'S RIGHTS.

"They'd no right to do that." This is what Tom said when the boys ran across the lawn or stepped on his mother's flower bed in search of a ball, and 'Sho'd no business with my things,' when baby broke his toys.

His older brother called him 'The Keeper of the Family Conscience.' Whatever that meant, it kept Tom so busy that he could not listen to the words that his conscience said to him.

"Don't handle them," Miss Lester called from the schoolhouse steps, when she saw him playing with a load of bricks which had been left in the next lot, a vacant one.

'It's out of school hours and she's no right to boss me,' so he kept on and piled them up in towers, until they fell over, or stood them on end in long rows, and with a push of his foot 'made a snake,' as he called it.

'If those were your father's bricks he wouldn't wish them handled so roughly,' Miss Lester said to Tom in the afternoon. 'He wouldn't care,' he answered in so gruff a tone that it proved that he hadn't time to take care of his manners. 'What business is it of hers?' he said quite low to the other boys. He continued to build towers and make snakes, though he was careful to do so out of school hours.

One morning at the breakfast table Tom's father said, 'I ordered some bricks a week ago. I must call and see why Mr. Swan hasn't sent them.' 'He ought to bring them when you tell him,' said Tom looking up from his toast.

'Perhaps as his first name is Thomas he forgets,' answered his father. 'Men oughtn't to forget,' thought the son.

He came home at night earlier than usual, for the bricks were gone from the vacant lot. In his own yard, two or three 'little fellows,' as he called them, were taking the bricks from a pile which had been left since noon, and were making a stable for their horses. 'Don't touch them. They're my father's,' and you've no right in this yard,' and the boys drove their horses off down the street in a great hurry.

'Half of them are broken,' his father said, as he looked the bricks over. 'He ought to send whole ones, hadn't he Pa?' and Tom felt sure of sympathy this time. 'He did, but they were left at the wrong place, and some boy has been playing with them.'

'He'd no right to, he ought to have let them alone.' 'Yes, he ought; Miss Lester tried to have him, but he said—' The sentence wasn't finished, because there was no one to talk to.

Tom looked ashamed at the supper table, but no further mention was made of the affair.

After that when Tom began, 'He'd no right—' he stopped suddenly, and before long he had left it off entirely. About this time other people noticed that he had become thoughtful for the rights of others. —Household

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Good gymnastics for the tongue are found in the following collection made in the *London Tid-Bits*. Each selection should be read aloud, the shorter ones being repeated half a dozen times in quick succession.

Six thick, thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.

The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.

High roller, low roller, lower roller.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.

A box of mixed biscuits a mixed biscuit box.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Strinver snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea: swim, swam, swim; swan swam back again: well swum, swan.

It is a shame, Sam, these are the same, Sam. 'T is all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round, where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where is the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs? Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and nobbs Nobbs's fobs. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobb's jobs," and Snobbs sobbs.

Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?

I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two sweet pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you, babes, braiding of blades, babes?" If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes.

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks; one was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack. And both had black boots as well as blacking brushes. The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack's, black boots, with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when he, the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack, with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's other black boot, with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack got for blacking other people's black boots; whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a black-guard, at the same time booting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.

SUNDAY OR MONDAY.

A letter from a Christian man of large experience in the Newfoundland fisheries contains a statement of fact and a query about it bearing on the observance of God's law of the Sabbath: 'A fleet of well-fitted steamers left for the ice this year. For the first time in the history of the colony men were asked when they signed the roll, "Will you work on Sunday?" If the answer was "No," they were told, "We do not want you." Hitherto it has been optional, men keeping Sunday or not, as they preferred. This year every steamer went out with the expressed intention to kill seals "Sunday or Monday." Well, it was the worst voyage on record. They missed the seals altogether, passed inside of them, went far to the north while the bulk of the seals were within 200 miles of St. John's.

Was their judgment baffled by God?—Michigan Paper.



THE NEW ROVER.

Father, wa'king briskly homeward,
Glanced adown the street,
Looking for a lad to welcome
Him with flying feet.
But no sight or sound of Harry
Till he reached the gate;

Then from Rover's unused kennel
Bobbed a sunny pate.
And a little voice was lifted
With a growl and bark.
"I'm a watch-dog, your new Rover;
I'll protect you. Hark!"
"Ah, indeed, that's quite delightful,

Such a saving, too!
Watch-dogs never care for peaches;
Do you think they do?"
"Peaches in that basket, papa?
Then I'd better play
I'm a boy again—not Rover
Till some other day."
—*Child's Paper.*

THREE HINDU FABLES.

GREED HATH ITS MEED.

A fox fell into a well, and, unable to get out, was holding to some roots at the side of it, just above the water. A wolf was passing by looked in and saw him, and said, "Well, Reynard, you are in the well."

"But not without a purpose, and not without the means of getting out," said the fox.

"What do you mean?" said the wolf.
"Why," said the fox, "there is a drought all over the country now, and the water in this well is the only means of appeasing the thirst of the thousands that live in this neighborhood. They held a meeting and requested me to keep the water from going down lower; so I am holding it up for the public good."

"What will be your reward?" said the wolf.

"They will give me a pension and save

me the trouble of going about every day in quest of food, not to speak of innumerable other privileges that will be granted me. I am also permitted to get some one to relieve me."

"Ah, Reynard, may I relieve you, then? May I hope to get a pension, and other privileges? You know what a sad lot is mine, especially in winter."

"Certainly," said the fox; "but you must get a long rope, that I may come up and let you in."

So the wolf got a rope. Up came the fox, and down went the wolf, and the fox said, "My dear sir, you may remain down there till doomsday, or till the owner of the well kills you."

"Alas!" said the wolf, when it was too late, "greed hath its meed."

HOW THE WORLD GOES.

A man once stood up at a market-place in the East, and said: "I have been ordered by the king to collect all the well-

born and well-bred, and bring them before him, since he wishes to reward them."

Everybody that heard him joined him, and he went toward the palace, surrounded by the whole town.

Then he suddenly turned round, and said: "The king has just sent me word that he means to help only those that have been ill-born and ill-bred, to make up for their misfortunes."

The crowd lingered behind for a while, and then one after another joined the man as ill-born and ill-bred, that they might receive the king's gifts.

The man said: "The world goes as the wind blows."

GOOD AND EVIL.

A detachment of soldiers was marching through a wood to avoid meeting a large detachment of the enemy in the neighborhood.

The drummer kept beating his drum, though not loudly. The sound, however,

attracted the attention of the enemy, and they surrounded the party.

The captain bade the drummer beat with all his energy to inspire the men with courage. He did so. They fought like lions, and won the day.

The captain said: "Good and evil often flow from the same source."—*Missionary Magazine.*

WHO HE WAS.

'My mamma told me Dod was here!' she said with half a frown.

'She tised me and my dolly, and I dess I don't know you.'

But, dear, I answered, smiling, 'tell me where you're going to.'

She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.

'I'm doin' on to Boston, and my pop'll meet me there.'

'But dear,' I questioned gently, 'if the choo-choo cars should stop,

And you should walk, and walk, and walk, and then not find your pop,

What would you do?' The little maiden shook her head and frowned.

'My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dod is somewhere 'round.'

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there a while

And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.

'Dess waitin' for my pop,' she said, 'with dolly fast asleep.'

And then a man came rushing in; I know him by his leap.

He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glee;

And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.

'Well, Bess,' he asked, 'who is your friend? With quaint, expressive nod

The maid replied: 'I dess I know. I fink it mus' be Dod.'

—*Tom Mason, in Brooklyn Life.*

ANIMALS ON SHIPBOARD.

It is a well-known fact that sailors are extremely fond of pets, and on nearly all of the more than forty war-ships anchored recently in New York harbor were found one or more animals gathered from all quarters of the globe. On the Russian flagship was a soft-fleeced ram from Algiers, a small brown kid from the island of St. Thomas, and a pair of frolicksome monkeys. On the "Jean Bart," the French ship, was a pair of "moutons" and a partridge from Smyrna, which had a red bill and red legs. On the Italian cruiser was a fine dog named Blake in honor of the donors, the sailors from the English ship of that name. He is a regular sea dog, never having set his foot on land since he was born. He will go with the sailors in the cutter as far as the shore, but nothing will induce him to leave the boat. An amusing sight on the day of the parade was a little black and white goat, named Billy, belonging to one of the English ships and marching at the head of his column down Fifth avenue in the scarlet coat of a British marine. The public was enthusiastic over the intelligent little creature and sent in contributions with which was purchased a silver collar engraved with the goat's name, and the date, April 28, 1893. This, with a little silver bell hanging from it, was placed around Billy's neck, and he seemed to be the proudest member of the naval party.—*Congregationalist.*

BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along; he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must; and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers; yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

LING TE AND HER GRANDMOTHER.

I am a stupid little Chinese girl. Some days I am so naughty my grandma says I shall probably be a monkey after I die!

This scares me and gives me a big pain in my heart. I am sure I was born on an unlucky day. They tell me my mother cried a great many tears because I was a girl, and my grandma and father were very cross and angry.

I go into the temple and pray the old god to make me over into a boy. Alas! It is of no use.

Sometimes I pray the god to help me to be good, so I can be a boy after I die, but I cannot see that he helps me any. I still have my naughty days.

They named me Ling Te, which means "Lead along a brother," but when another baby came she was a girl, too. I heard my father say, "We are too poor to keep another girl." Mother said, "I have had such a hard time I wish I had died when I was a baby; the poor little thing had better die."

She cried a great many tears. Father took the baby away and I never saw her.

After a few years a little brother did come, and that was indeed a joyful day!

I stood by and watched them tie the clothes around his little arms and legs. Day after day he lay upon the brick bed, looking toward heaven, making the back of his head so flat and nice.

I brushed away the flies and thought how proud we should all be to have him grow up and be a mandarin and wear a button on his hat and ride a big, black, shiny mule! Of course we shall find a wife for him, and then we shall have a slave, at last, of our own. I say, however, in my heart's centre, "I will be real good to her."

When he was a month old we gave a big feast, and a barber shaved off every bit of his hair.

Oh, how pretty his little white head was! His black eyes looked as bright as buttons. They untied his body, and it was so funny to see his little hands and feet fly around!

Our guests brought money in big red envelopes, and gave him many presents, too.

Grandma gave him a red cap all covered with brass images and looking-glasses, because the devils get scared and run away when they see themselves in a glass. They put a chain around his neck and bracelets on his arms to keep the bad spirits away from his heart.

When I said, "Grandma, why do you put a cat's head on his shoes?" she said, "Why, you small idiot, don't you know cats walk safely and never stumble or fall, and I wish the boy may go safely through life and always have a smooth road like the cat's."

Soon after this grandma bought bandages nine feet long, and I heard her say to my mother, "You must bind Ling Te's feet." Mother said, "Oh, I dread it, for she will fuss and cry and keep us awake nights."

"You must surely do it," said grandma, in her stern way. "Why, how do you expect to get a mother-in-law for her if her feet are not bound?"

This scared me, for I heard some girls say it is terrible to have a mother-in-law. I ran away.

I had to come home at night. Grandma was angry and said, "If you run away again I will send the foreign devils after you; they will dig out your eyes and your heart, and take off your skin, and take you off to America, and after you die you will be a donkey for them to ride." This scared me, of course, and she began to turn my toes under and wind the long bandages around my feet.

Tighter and tighter she drew them, and when I could not bear it and began to struggle and scream and kick she called my father and mother to hold me. I could not sleep that night for pain.

I can never tell how my feet ached; after a few days they were so sore and lame I could not walk. Once my mother said, real soft and sweet, "Poor child," and that seemed to make me feel a little better.

Now my feet are dead and do not ache so bad, and I can walk on my heels pretty well.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes and I said, "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

"For me."
"Why do you make them so fine?"
"Because they are my grave clothes."
"Why! Are you going to die?"
"Yes."
"Very soon?"
"Who knows? Don't talk about it!"
"Why do you put in so much cotton?"
"Because the grave is so cold." When she told me how cold folks are when they die, her old face looked so bad I could not look at her, and it made me shiver. I hope I shall not die!
One day I heard father say, "My venerable mother is getting feeble. I must sell a donkey and buy her a coffin. I know she will feel better if she sees it all ready for her."

The next day our little black donkey was gone, but a fine big coffin came and was placed in the hall. When they lifted the heavy cover I looked inside. It was painted black and looked big enough for all of us!

We looked in it a long time and said this and that, but grandma only looked once and then hobbled away.

I ran after her and said, "Why, grandma, don't you like your coffin?"

She did not answer me. I heard her say, "Oh, Buddha! Oh, Buddha! It looks so black and lonesome! How can I lie there all alone?" I saw it made her afraid to think of being put in the coffin.

One day my mother put a long brass pin in grandma's hair. "What is that for?" I asked.

"To rap at the gate of heaven with," said she.

All these things made me wonder about death, but when I asked anybody about it they said, "I don't know," or else they got cross and said, "Don't talk about that; it is not polite."

During the sixth moon Wen Shan, one of our neighbor's girls, came back from the Peking school. She looked so queer to us! They had taken the bandages from her feet, and she walked like a boy and her feet were nearly as big as a boy's.

I laughed at her because she had followed the foreign devils and had a girl's head and a boy's feet, but often my poor feet ached, so I wished, in my heart, that I had boy's feet, too.

At first we all made sport of Wen Shan because she had been off to the mission school, but she was so gentle and kind we got ashamed to make her feel bad. One day I said, "Why don't you get angry and revile, like you used to do?"

"Because Jesus said, 'Love your enemies.'
"Jesus? Who is Jesus? Is he your teacher?"

Then she told me a beautiful story about her Jesus. I did not believe it, but I liked to hear it, all the same.

We all liked to look at her doll and the pretty things that came from America in a box for the school. No one in our village ever saw such pretty things. Everybody went to see her home after she trimmed it up with the bright pictures and cards. She called them 'Christmas cards.' She said Christmas is Jesus' birthday and the nicest day in all the year.

We girls wish we could have Christmas in our village! She says the verses on the cards are Bible verses, and the Bible, she says, is the book the true God has given us to help us to be good and please him, so we can go to heaven when we die.

When I told grandma she said, "Ask Wen Shan to bring her Bible book over here and read to me, and I want to hear about her Jesus God, too."

When Wen Shan came I could see that grandma loved to hear her talk about Jesus. Wen Shan seems to love her Jesus but we are afraid of our gods; and sometimes I think her God must be nicer than ours.

Now men in our village can read. It is a wonderful thing to hear her read as well as the mandarins! One day she read where Jesus said he was going away to prepare a great many mansions, and he promised to come again for his friends.

Grandma said, "That is very nice for the foreigners."

But Wen Shan said, He is heaven's Lord—our heavenly Father; we are all his children. He loves Chinese just as well as he does Americans.

"Do you think there is a heaven for me, too?" said grandma and her voice shook so

it made me feel very queer in my heart.

"Yes, surely, there is."
"But I am nothing but a poor, stupid old woman, and I am afraid he won't want me in his fine mansions," said grandma.

After this I noticed grandma did not burn any more incense to the gods, and sometimes it seemed to me she was talking with someone I could not see.

When the cold weather came she began to cough and grow weak, and one day I heard them say, 'She cannot live long.' My mother bathed her and put on her fine clothes, and the priests came from the temple and beat their drums and gongs to scare away the devils that watch for the dying. Poor old grandma opened her eyes and looked so scared I could not look at her!

Mother put the brass pin in her hair, and she shut her fingers round it tight.

All at once she said, 'Send Ling Te to that Jesus school.' Then she went off to sleep. About midnight she opened her eyes and smiled so glad! But she did not seem to see us.

"O, look! look! The door is open. O, how beautiful! Yes, it is my mansion! So big! There is room for all of us—I'll go first and wait for you."

Then she folded her hands and went to sleep and they put her in the black coffin and fastened down the cover with pegs.

I found the old brass pin on the floor; I was so sorry for grandma, until I remembered she said the gate was wide open, so I thought she would not need to rap.—*Light Bearer's Leaflet.*

PRAY ALOUD IN PRIVATE.

BY GRACE TURNER.

If you are as I was, you will say, on seeing this admonition, "Why, I could not." The president of our Christian Endeavor Society stated to us quite positively, one evening, that we did not get one-tenth of the benefit from prayer that we should if we prayed aloud in private. I thought about the matter and agreed with him; but when I knelt that night, it seemed to me that I never did anything more difficult. The sound of my own voice seemed to scatter my thoughts. But I persevered, and very soon I was of my friend's opinion. Whenever possible, not only on retiring and arising, but during the day, I pray aloud. I find the habit helpful in four ways.

1. My thoughts, which formerly (to my distress) wandered persistently, are well kept on what I am doing. When I say, "Amen," I have a clear recollection of what I have mentioned in my talk with my Father.

2. Hitherto, it seemed to me that I just touched on so many things. Now, when I pray about missions, for instance, I do not stop after simply asking a blessing on the work, but I pray for the missionaries, the schools, and that the contributing and praying Christians at home may grow in zeal.

3. My prayers are much more earnest. Just as I could not play a composition by Beethoven or Mozart while carrying on a conversation, I could not pray while my thoughts were wandering.

4. I can now pray in public without stammering or halting. In fact, I have to watch myself, sometimes, that I do not pray too long in our meetings, as I almost forget where I am.

It has always been a great trial for me to try to pray in public. I thank God for putting it into the heart of his servant to bring me the message he did, and I pray that as I "pass along my blessing," it may profit you as it has me. Try it and see.—*Golden Rule.*

TEMPERANCE TALK.

A moderate drinker is worth more to the devil than a drunkard.

A thirst has often been started with a teaspoon that barrels could not quench.

The man who has temperance principles should not keep them in the dark.

The man who is not against the saloon is not against the devil.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or let it alone.

The man who forms good habits helps God.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

You can sometimes tell where a man stands by his breath.

Nine drunkards out of ten are so today because they did not resolve in youth to lead a sober life.

The man who is not against the liquor traffic with all his weight, is in favor of giving the devil a license to do business on earth.

There are people who claim not to believe in a hell who live in plain sight of a drunkard's home.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is the devils way of saying he is ashamed of himself.

Whenever you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

When somebody appears to prove that there is no hell, whiskey men are the first to throw up their hats.

The prodigal had to travel a long way from his father's house before he could be made willing to feed swine. Men have to get far from God before they can be induced to sell rum.—*Ram's Horn.*

REST.

Henry Drummond in his "Pax Vobiscum" says:—"Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. 'The Kingdom of God is with you.' We aspire to the top to look for rest; it lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence be lowly. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men, above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it."

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