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AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

No cheaper paper containing each week's news of the world is printed than this, and its variety of other matter than news is such as to make it a welcome visitor in every household where it has once received an introduction. Will those who have had the paper long enough to know its qualities kindly recommend it to friends and relatives far and near? No more acceptable birthday or holiday gift, for double the money, could be obtained than a year's subscription to the *Messenger*—except, of course, a two year's subscription.

The *Temperance Worker* department supplies a vehicle for news of the various temperance organizations in Canada, as well as articles bearing upon the cause. We hope to make it more and more worthy of the patronage of the temperance people, as they aid us with their patronage and co-operation.

The editor of the *Messenger* will answer questions of public interest through these columns.

Price of subscription, fifty cents a year, ten copies for four dollars.

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IT CASTS DOWN THE MIGHTY.

A special entertainment and dinner was lately given to M. Waddington, Minister of France to London, by a noble lady at her summer retreat at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The guest of the occasion was accompanied by the French Admiral Keppel. Among the distinguished guests present were the Prince of Wales and Lord Charles Beresford. After dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn and the wines flowed in generous profusion, the conversation drifted to the Chinese war, and then a debate was started by Lord Charles upon the merits of the English and French navies. Becoming warm with wine the hero of Meke became offensive in his remarks, and the Prince of Wales and others tried to compel him to observe decorum, but their efforts only made him pugnacious. He concluded remarks throwing ridicule upon the entire French fleet by saying he could take the "Condor," the little gunboat with which he distinguished himself at the bombardment of Alexandria, and chase the whole French fleet in Chinese waters away from the Annam coast. Such conduct as this justly incensed M. Waddington, who arose from the table, demanded his carriage and left the house. He was, however, followed by the hostess, whose earnest solicitation alone induced him to return to her house instead of going, as he intended, to a hotel. Meanwhile the British officers present were compelled, for the vindication of English good manners, to forcibly expel the distinguished and drunken officer. Although great efforts were made to keep the matter quiet, the offended French Minister would not conceal his indignation at the gross affront to which he

had been subjected, and the incident was soon the greatest scandal London had possessed for a good while. What a mockery wine is of dignity and self respect!

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

An Indian named Isaac Sky, from Brant, Ontario, who did a large business in making lacrosse sticks, was lately drowned in Toronto Bay. On the recovery of his body two bottles of whiskey and some money were found in the pockets. These articles were afterward stolen from the morgue by one of the crowd that gathered when the corpse was taken there. Imagine how low a man must have sunk to be guilty of such a theft!

A man living in New Edinburgh, Ontario, while intoxicated bought a pistol and threatened to kill his wife. He was arrested in an excited state after chasing her and three of his small children into the woods. The offender is described as well-educated and intelligent, a former clergyman and at present holding a Government situation in Ottawa.

A young man named Henry Moss, while intoxicated, fell off a train on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway, near Flesherton, Ontario, and was ground to fragments beneath the wheels.

Percy Fleming, a farm laborer with a wife and three children, drowned himself in a pond at Toronto while drunk.

Dr. McGregor, formerly of Cape Breton, lately of Bruce, Ontario, recently committed suicide, after an unsuccessful effort with a revolver using a knife with professional skill so as to finish himself in a few minutes. A report of the case says deceased was formerly a school teacher, but having by his own efforts secured an education and a physician's diploma, he practised for many years at Lucknow and Ripley, and won an excellent reputation. Lately, however, he had fallen under the influence of strong drink and lowered himself in public esteem; still no cause for his rash and deplorable action can be given.

Senor Lumez, Minister from Brazil to the United States, has been recalled by his Government because he got drunk and made a show of himself in Washington.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A new Lodge of the English order has been organized at Vale Colliery, a mining village in Pictou County, N. S., by Mr. B. D. Rogers, District Deputy, of Stellarton, assisted by Mr. John Weir and Miss Henrietta McDonald, of neighboring Lodges. "Gideon" Lodge, as it is called, starts with thirty-two charter members, meets on Friday evenings and has the following officers for the current term:—Stellman Turnbull, W. C. T.; Mrs. Frank Love, W. V. T.; Evan McPherson, W. Sec'y.; Lena McBean, W. P. S.; J. W. McLean, W. T.; John W. McBean, W. Chap.; Hector Fraser, Marshal.; John Peart, Guard; Lauchlin McNeil, Sentinel; Maggie McLean, D.M.; Maggie Fisher, A.S.; John Forbes, P. W. C. T.; Evan McPherson, L. D.

EMPTY BUBBLE FAME.

There is a serious lesson in the sad fate of Captain Webb, the famous swimmer, who lately threw his life away in a mad attempt to swim the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara Falls. People should be led by the melancholy occurrence to reflect upon their aims in life, and to strive to be able to distinguish at all times between worthy and unworthy objects of pursuit. Probably one reason why notoriety is so much sought after nowadays is because it is so easy to obtain, on account of the wonderful facility with which all kinds of news are collected and distributed instantaneously and simultaneously over the wide world. In some measure the fatal love of notoriety is likely to cure itself, as the public, surfeited with sensation and horror not created for their own sake, demands something not only above startling but almost superhuman from those who set about fixing the world's gaze upon themselves. As for those whose infatuation tends to look for a notorious name in crime, well-governed countries provide a pretty efficient remedy in the ordinary machinery of justice, striking whole, some awe into the whole species of cranks by speedily sending any of them found guilty of misdeeds to the obscurity of a prison or the oblivion of a felon's grave, according to the nature of his crime. Again, the hard common sense to be found in every civilized community acts as a restraint upon this form of insanity by frowning or laughing down, as suits best, the freaks of those who become affected by the craze to be stared at, wondered at and talked about. The fact, however, that the most successful aspirants after public recognition of that sort are those possessed of natural powers that would have given them more noble and enduring if not such widespread fame indicates that many people are being spoiled from the cradle through the cultivation of an undue desire for praise, or admiration, or sympathy of some sort from their fellow-beings. Therefore, this evil is no exception to others in being more certainly counteracted by prevention than by cure. Let young people be brought up to regard a useful life as being beyond all comparison a nobler one and a happier than a famous one, and being ambitious to shine for the pleasure of a brief hour of individual glory as infinitely below letting the light of good deeds shine before men so that they may be benefited thereby. Captain Webb was a man of noble and manly qualities, but he sacrificed what might have been one of the most useful of lives to the silly desire of performing a feat that everybody had thought impossible. It would have been a glorious mission in life, for which he was well adapted, had he undertaken to teach his fellow-creatures how to preserve their lives in the water. He yielded to temptation, however, and made his death a mournful example of that contempt for God-given existence which had already been one of the oldest curses of our race.

AN ADDITION has been made to the British Empire, consisting of the territory of Kitim, adjoining Sherbro, West Africa.

KANSAS UNDER PROHIBITION has become an inebriate asylum of the best kind imaginable—where the patients have the freedom of a great country without the temptation of liquor-selling places. One victim who fled there for relief wrote after a while to a friend, telling his experience, and the following extract from his letter has been published in the *New York Witness*:—"John, I have seen over a dozen men who had been confirmed drunkards and who came here to reform; all have succeeded. One man told me he came here two years ago, had been drunk twenty years and came here drunk, but has never touched liquor since. The fact is, when a man gets here he is bound to reform; he can't get whiskey if he wants it." It will be a grand day for humanity when this inebriate asylum extends its bounds to cover the whole continent.

A YOUNG PREACHER named Mr. A. H. Williams, licentiate of Acadia Seminary, preached in the Baptist Church at Alma, N. B., on a recent Sunday. He made some remarks uncomplimentary to liquor sellers, and one of them called at his boarding house after church and gave him a somewhat severe pounding. The liquor seller has been duly prosecuted for his assault.

PEOPLE ARE MOVING FAST now in the Old as well as the New World. A lightning train between Paris, Vienna and Constantinople has proved so successful that a similar one is to be put on the route between Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT was prorogued on Saturday last, the Queen's speech being read by commission. There is nothing in the speech indicating anxiety entertained by Her Majesty's Government over the situation of affairs in Europe. Notwithstanding the cholera's interruption the process of reorganizing Egyptian affairs is represented as advancing favorably; the cholera is disappearing, and the people are gaining strength and confidence under English assistance. Confidence is expressed of the entire removal of the difficulty in Madagascar, which threatened to disturb the harmony existing between England and France. Hope is entertained that the disturbance in South Africa will be soon composed, as the Government will keep all its engagements with Zululand. Efforts are now being put forth to settle amicably the disputes that have arisen in the Transvaal. Agriculture has improved, and an abundant harvest is promised; commerce is sound and prosperous, and the material wealth of the Empire is augmenting. Visible improvement is taking place in Ireland, where the people are more contented, the Local Government is meeting with more favor, and disturbances are disappearing, and conspiracy has been effectively checked. In concluding with the usual thanks to the members, reference is made to the important legislation effected in a number of Acts, pertaining to internal matters, which had been passed. On the whole, the speech is the most cheerful that has been delivered to Parliament from the throne for a long time.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")
CHAPTER XVIII.—"SEGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THAT'S NICE."

Perhaps for one day Charlotte Harman was selfish in her happiness. But when she awoke on the morning after her interview with her father, her finely balanced nature had quite recovered its equilibrium. She was a woman whom circumstances could make very noble; all her leanings were towards the good, she had hitherto been unassailed by temptation, untouched by care. All her life the beautiful and bright things of this world had been showered at her feet. She had the friends whom rich, amiable, and handsome girls usually make. She had the devotion of a most loving father. John Hinton met her and loved her. She responded to his love with her full heart. Another father might have objected to her giving herself to this man, who in the fashionable world's opinion was nothing. But Harman only insisted on a slight delay to their marriage, none whatever to their engagement, and now after scarcely a year of waiting, the embargo was withdrawn, their wedding-day was fixed, was close at hand. The twentieth of April (Charlotte knew she should not oppose the twentieth of April) was not quite two months away. Very light was her heart when she awoke to this happy fact. Happiness, too, was standing by her bedside, and she made no scruple to press the radiant creature to her heart of hearts. But Charlotte's was too fine a nature to be spoiled by prosperity. Independent of her wealth, she must always have been a favorite. Her heart was frank and generous; she was thoughtful for others; she was most truly unselfish. Charlotte was a favorite with the servants; her maid worshipped her. She was a just creature, and had read too much on social reform to give away indiscriminately and without thought; but where her sense of justice was really satisfied, she could give with a royal hand, and there were many poor whom Ward, her maid, knew, who, rising up, called Miss Harman blessed.

Charlotte had taken a great interest in Mrs. Home. Her face attracted, her manner won, before ever her story touched the heart of this young woman. The greatest pain Charlotte had ever gone through in her life had followed the recital of Mrs. Home's tale, a terrible foreboding the awful shadow which points to wrong done, to sin committed by her best and dearest, had come near and touched her. Uncle Jasper with his clever and experienced hand, had driven that shadow away, and in her first feeling of intense thankfulness and relief, she had almost disliked the woman who had come to her with so cruel a tale. All yesterday, in the midst of her own happiness, she had endeavored to shut Mrs. Home from her thoughts; but this morning, more calm herself, the remembrance of the poor, pale, and struggling mother rose up again fresh and vivid within her heart. It is true Mrs. Home believed a lie, a cruel and dreadful lie; but none the less for this was she to be pitied, none the less for this was she to be helped. Mrs. Home was Charlotte's near relation, she could not suffer her to want. As she lay in bed, she reflected with great thankfulness that John Hinton had said, on hearing the tale, how manifestly it would be his and her duty to help this poor mother. Yes, by-and-by they would give her enough to raise her above all want, but Charlotte felt she could not wait for that distant time. She must succor Mrs. Home at once. Her father had said last night that, if she married in two months, there would be no time for her to finish her book. He was right; she must give up the book; she would devote this morning to Mrs. Home.

She rose with her determination formed and went down-stairs. As usual her father was waiting for her, as usual he came up and kissed her; and as she had done every morning for so many years, they sat down opposite each other to breakfast. Charlotte longed to speak to her father about Mrs. Home, but he looked, even to her inexperienced eyes, very ill and haggard, and she remembered her uncle's words and refrained from the subject.

"You seem so feeble, father, had you not better go into town in the carriage this morning?" she asked, as he rose from his chair.

To her surprise he assented, even confessed that he had already ordered the carriage. He had never to her knowledge done

such a thing before, and little as she knew of real illness, nothing as she knew of danger and death, she felt a sharp pain at her heart as she watched him driving away. The pain, however, was but momentary, lost in the pressing interests of other thoughts. Before eleven o'clock she had started off to see Mrs. Home.

Now it was by no means her intention to go to this newly found relation empty-handed. Mrs. Home might or might not be willing to receive a gift of money, but Charlotte hoped so to be able to convey it to her as to save her pride from being too greatly hurt.

Charlotte had a small banking account of her own. She drove now straight to her bank in the city, and drawing fifty pounds in one note slipped it into her purse. From the bank she went to a children's West-End shop. She there chose a lovely velvet frock for the fair-haired little Daisy, two embroidered white dresses for the baby; and going a little farther she bought a smart tailor suit for the eldest boy. After buying the pretty clothes she visited a toy shop, where she loaded herself with toys; then a cake shop to purchase cakes and other goodies; and having at last exhausted her resources, she desired the coachman to drive to Mrs. Home's address in Kentish Town. She arrived, after a drive of a little over half an hour, to find the lady whom she had come to seek out. The dirty little maid stared with full round eyes at the beautiful young lady and at the handsome carriage and declared she did not know when her missis would be in.

For a moment Charlotte felt foiled; but she was excited now—she could not go away, laden as she was with fairy gifts, without making some efforts to dispense these blessings.

"I am a relation of Mrs. Home's and I want to see the children. Are the children in?" she asked of the little maid.

Rounder and rounder grew that small domestic's eyes.

"They can't be h'out without me," she volunteered; "ain't I the nuss and maid-of-all-work? Yes, the children is h'in."

Then she opened the dining-room door, and Charlotte, first flying to the carriage and returning laden with brown paper parcels, followed her into the little parlor.

The maid, on the swift wings of excitement, flew up-stairs. There was the quick patter of eager little feet, and in a very few moments the door was pushed open and a boy and girl entered. Charlotte recognized them at a glance. They were the very handsome little pair whose acquaintance she had made yesterday in Regent's Park. The girl hung back a trifle shyly, but the boy, just saying to his sister, "The pretty lady," came up and raised his lips for a kiss.

"You don't think me rude?" he said; "you don't mind kissing me, do you?"

"I love to kiss you; I am your own cousin," said Charlotte.

"My own cousin! Then I may sit on your knee. Daisy, come here—the pretty lady is our cousin."

On hearing this, Daisy too advanced. Neither child had any idea what the word cousin meant, but it seemed to include proprietorship. They stroked Charlotte's face, and both pairs of lips were raised again and again for many kisses. In the midst of this scene entered the little maid with the baby. Pretty as Daisy and Harold were, they were nothing to the baby; this baby of eight months had a most ethereal and lovely face.

"Oh, you beauty! you darling!" said Charlotte, as she clasped the little creature in her arms, and the baby, too young to be shy, allowed her to kiss him repeatedly.

"What a lot of lumber!" said Daisy, touching the brown-paper parcels.

This little child's speech brought Charlotte back to the fact of her cakes and toys. Giving baby to his small nurse, she opened her treasures. Daisy received her doll with a kind of awed rapture, Harold rattled his drum blew his trumpet in a way most distracting to any weak nerves within reasonable distance, and the baby sucked some rather unwholesome sweets. No child thought of thanking their benefactor, but flushed cheeks, bright eyes, eager little voices, were thanks louder and more eloquent than words.

"I want to see your mother; when will she be in?" asked Charlotte, after a little quiet had been restored.

"Not all day," answered Harold. "Mother has gone with father to nurse a

poor sick lady; she won't be back till quite night."

"She said we were to be very good; we are, aren't we?" said Daisy.

"Yes, darling; you are quite perfect," replied the inexperienced Charlotte.

"Did our mother ask you to come and play with us and give us lovely things?" demanded Harold.

"She does not know I am here, my dear little boy; but now, if you will show me where I can get a sheet of paper, I will just write your mother a little note."

The paper was quickly found, and Charlotte sat down, a boy and girl on each side. It was not easy to say much under such circumstances, so the words in the little note were few.

"You will give this to your mother when she comes in. See—I will put it on the mantelpiece," she said to Harold; "and you must not touch these parcels until mother opens them herself. Yes; I will come again. Now, good-bye." Her bonnet was decidedly crooked as she stepped into the carriage, her jacket was also much crumpled; but there was a very sweet feel of little arms still around her neck, and she touched her hair and cheeks with satisfaction, for they had been honored by many child kisses.

"I believe she's just a fairy godmother," said Harold, as he watched the carriage rolling away.

"I never seed the like in h'all my born days," remarked the small maid-of-all-work.

CHAPTER XIX.—"THE PRETTY LADY."

"Mother, mother, mother!"

"And look!—oh, do look at what I have got!" were the words that greeted Mrs. Home, when, very tired, after a day of hard nursing with one of her husband's sick parishioners, she came back.

The children ought to have been in bed, the baby fast asleep, the little parlor tidily laid for tea; instead of which, the baby wailed unceasingly up in the distant nursery, and Harold and Daisy, having nearly finished Charlotte's sweets, and made themselves very uncomfortable by repeated attacks on the rich plum-cake, were now, with very flushed cheeks, alternately playing with their toys and poking their small fingers into the still unopened brown-paper parcels. They had positively refused to go up to the nursery, and, though the gas was lit and the blinds were pulled down, the spirit of disorder had most manifestly got into the little parlor.

"Oh, mother!—what do you think? The lovely lady—the lady we met in the park yesterday!—she has been, and she brought us lots of things—toys, and sweets, and cakes, and—oh, mother, do look!"

Daisy presented her doll, and Harold blew some very shrill blasts from his trumpet right up into his mother's eyes.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Home, "whom do you mean? Where did you get all these things? Who has come here? Why aren't you both in bed? It is long past your usual hour."

This string of questions met with an unintelligible chorus of replies, in which the words "pretty lady," "Regent's Park," "father knew her," "we had to sit up," so completely puzzled Mrs. Home, that had not her eyes suddenly rested on the little note waiting for her on the mantelpiece she would have been afraid her children had taken leave of their senses.

"Oh, yes; she told us to give you that," said Harold, when he saw his mother take it up.

I have said the note was very short. Charlotte Home read it in a moment.

"Mother, mother! what does she tell you, and what are in the other parcels? She said we weren't to open them until you came home. Oh, do tell us what she said, and let us see the rest of the pretty things!"

"Do, do, mother; we have been so patient 'bout it!" repeated little Daisy.

Harold now ran for the largest of the parcels, and raised it for his mother to take. Both children clung to her skirts. Mrs. Home put the large parcel on a shelf out of reach, then she put aside the hot and eager little hands. At last she spoke.

"My little children must have some more patience for mother can tell them nothing more to-night. Yes, yes, the lady is very pretty and very kind, but we can talk no more about anything until the morning. Now, Harold and Daisy, come up-stairs at once."

They were an obedient, well-trained

little pair. They just looked at one another, and from each dimpled mouth came a short, impatient sigh; then they gave their hands to mother, and went gravely up to the nursery. Charlotte stayed with her children until they were undressed. She saw them comfortably washed, their baby prayer said, and each little head at rest on its pillow, then kissing the baby, who was also by this time fast asleep, she went softly down-stairs.

Alone, the little maid, was flying about, trying to get the tea ready and some order restored, but when she saw her mistress she could not refrain from standing still to pour out her excited tale.

"If you please, 'em, it come on me h'all on a 'cap. She come in that free and that bounteous, and seemed as if she could eat all the children up wid love; and she give em a lot, and left a lot more fur you, 'em. And when she wor goin' away she put half-a-crown in my hand. I never seed the like—never, 'em, no, er! She wor dressed as grand as Queen Victory herself, and she came in a carriage and two spanking horses; and, please 'em, I heard of her telling the children as she was own cousin to you, 'em."

"Yes, I know the young lady," replied Mrs. Home. "She is, as you say, very nice and kind. But, now, Anne, we must not talk any more. Your master won't be in for an hour, but I shan't wait tea for him; we will have some fresh made later. Please bring me in a cup at once, for I am very tired."

Anne gazed at her mistress in open-eyed astonishment. As one—any one as poor as she well knew missis to be—who could take the fact of being cousin to so beautiful and rich a young lady with such coolness and apparent indifference quite passed Anne's powers of comprehension.

"It beats me holler—that it do!" she said to herself; then, with a start, she ran off to her kitchen.

Mrs. Home had taken her first cup of tea, and had even eaten a piece of bread-and-butter, before she again drew Charlotte Harman's little note out of her pocket. This is what her eyes had already briefly glanced over:—

"DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER—for you must let me call you so—I have come to see you, and finding you out asked to see your children. I have lost my heart to your beautiful and lovely children. They are very sweet! Your baby is more like an angel than any earthly creature my eyes have ever rested on. Charlotte, I brought your children a few toys, and one or two other little things. You won't be too proud to accept them. When I bought them I did not love your children, but I loved you. You are my near kinswoman. You won't take away the pleasure I felt when I bought those things. Dear Sister Charlotte, when shall we meet again? Send me a line, and I will come to you at any time. Yours, "CHARLOTTE HARMAN."

It is to be regretted that Charlotte Home by no means received this sweet and loving little note in the spirit in which it was written. Her pale, thin face flushed, and her eyes burnt with an angry light. This burst of excited feeling was but the outcome of all she had undergone mentally since she had left Miss Harman's house a few days ago. She had said then, and truly, that she loved this young lady. The pride, the stately bearing, the very look of open frankness in Charlotte's eyes had warmed and touched her heart. She had not meant to tell to those ears, so unaccustomed to sin and shame, this tale of long-past wrong. It had been in a manner forced from her, and she had seen a flush of perplexity, then of horror, color the cheeks and fill the fine brave eyes. She had come away with her heart sympathies so moved by this girl, so touched, so shocked with what she herself had revealed, that she would almost rather, could her father's money now be hers, relinquish it, than cause any further pain or shame to Charlotte Harman.

She came home and confided what she had done to her husband. It is not too much to say that he was displeased—that he was much hurt. The Charlotte who in her hot eagerness for money could so act was scarcely the Charlotte he had pictured to himself as his wife. Charlotte was lowered in the eyes of the unworthy man. But just because her husband was so unworshipful, so unpractical, Charlotte's own more everyday nature began to reassert itself. She

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had really done no harm. She had but told a tale of wrong. Those who committed the wrong were the ones to blame. She, the sufferer—who could put sin at her door? Her sympathy for Charlotte grew less, her sorrow for herself and her children more. She felt more sure than ever that injustice had been committed—that she and her mother had been robbed; she seemed to read the fact in Charlotte Harman's innocent eyes. Charlotte, in spite of herself, even though her own father was the one accused, believed her—agreed with her.

All that night she spent in a sort of feverish dream, in which she saw herself wealthy, her husband happy, her children cared for as they ought to be. The ugly, ugly poverty of her life and her surroundings had all passed away like a dream that is told.

She got up in a state of excitement and expectation, for that night not Charlotte Harman do for her! She would tell the tale to her father, and that father, seeing that his sin was found out, would restore her to her rights. Of course, this must be the natural consequence. Charlotte was not low and mean; she would see that she had her own again. Mrs. Home made no allowance for any subsequent event—for any influence other than her own being brought to bear on the young lady. All that day she watched the post; she watched for the possibility of a visit. Neither letter nor visit came, but Mrs. Home was not discouraged. That day was too soon to hear; she must wait with patience for the morrow.

On the morrow her husband, who had almost forgotten her story, asked her to come and help him in the care of a sick woman at some distance away. Charlotte was a capital sick-nurse, and had often before given similar aid to Mr. Home in his parish work.

She went, spent her day away, and returned to find that Charlotte had come—that so far her dream was true. Yes, but only so far, for Charlotte had come, not in shame, but in the plenitude of a generous benefactor. She had come laden with gifts, and had gone away with the hearts of the children and the little maid. Charlotte Home felt a great wave of anger and pain stealing over her heart. In her pain and disappointment she was unjust.

"She is a coward after all. She dare not tell her father. She believes my tale, but she is not brave enough to see justice done to me and mine; so she tries to make up for it; she tries to save her conscience and bribe me with gifts—gifts and flattery. I will have none of it. My rights—my true and just rights, or nothing! These parcels shall go back unopened to-morrow." She rose from her seat, and put them all tidily away on a side-table. She had scarcely done so before her husband's latch-key was heard in the hall-door. He came in with the weary look which was habitual to his thin face. "Oh, Angus, how badly you do want your tea!" said the poor wife. She was almost alarmed at her husband's pallor, and forgot Charlotte while attending to his comfort.

"What are those parcels, Lottie?" he said, noticing the heaped-up things on the side-table. "Never mind. Eat your supper first," she said to him.

"I can eat, and yet know what is in them. They give a quite a Christmas and festive character to the place. And what is that I see lying on that chair—a new doll for Daisy? Why, has my careful little woman been so extravagant as to buy the child another doll?"

Mr. Home smiled as he spoke. His wife looked at him gravely. She picked up the very pretty doll and laid it with the other parcels on the side-table.

"I will tell you about the parcels and the doll if you wish it," she answered. "Miss Harman called when I was out, and brought cakes, and sweets, and toys to the children. She also brought those parcels. I do not know what they contain, for I have not opened them. And she left a note for me. I cannot help the sweets and cakes, for Haro! and Daisy have eaten them; but the toys and those parcels shall go back to-morrow."

Mrs. Home looked very proud and defiant as she spoke. Her husband glanced at her face; then, with a slight sigh, he pushed his supper aside.

"No, I am not hungry dear. I am just a little overfed. May I see Miss Harman's note?"

Charlotte put it at once into his hand.

He read it carefully once—twice. His own spirit was very loving and Christ-like; consequently the real love and true human feeling in the little note touched him.

"Lottie," he said as he gave it back to his wife, "why do you want to pain that sweet creature?"

Mrs. Home took the note, and flung it into the fire.

"There!" she said, an angry spot on each cheek. "She and hers have injured me and mine. I don't want gifts from her. I want my rights!"

To this burst of excited feeling Mr. Home answered nothing. After a moment or two of silence he rang the bell, and when Anne appeared asked her to take away the tea things. After this followed an hour of perfect quiet. Mrs. Home took out her great basket of mending. Mr. Home sat still, and apparently idle, by the fire. After a time he left the room to go for a moment to his own. Passing the nursery, he heard a little movement, and entering softly, saw Harold sitting up in his little cot.

"Father, is that you?" he called through the semi-light.

"Yes, my boy. Is anything the matter? Why are you not asleep?"

"I couldn't, father dear; I'm so longing for to-morrow. I want to blow my new trumpet again, and to see the rest of the brown-paper parcels. Father, do come over to me for a moment."

Mr. Home came, and put his arm round the little neck.

"Did mother tell you that our pretty lady came to-day, and brought such a splendid lot of things?"

"Whose pretty lady, my boy?"

"Ours, father—the lady you, and I, and Daisy, and baby met in the park yesterday. You said it was rude to kiss her, but she did not mind. She gave me dozens and dozens of kisses to-day."

"She was very kind to you," said Mr. Home. Then, bidding the child lie down and sleep, he left him and went on to his own room. He was going to his room with a purpose. That purpose was quickened into intensity by little Harold's words.

That frank, fearless, sweet-looking girl was Miss Harman! That letter was, therefore, not to be wondered at. It was the kind of letter he would have expected such a woman to write. What was the matter with his Lottie!

In his perplexity he knelt down; he remained upon his knees for about ten minutes, then he returned to the little parlor. The answer to his earnest prayer was given to him almost directly. His wife was no longer proud and cold. She looked up the moment he entered, and said—

"You are angry with me, Angus."

"No, my darling," he answered, "not angry, but very sorry for you."

"You must not be sorry for me. You have anxieties enough. I must not add to them. Not all the Miss Harman's that ever breathed shall bring a cloud between you and me. Angus, may I put out the gas and then sit close to you? You shall talk me out of this feeling, for I do feel bad."

"I will talk all night if it makes you better, my own Lottie. Now, what is troubling you?"

"In the first instance, you don't seem to believe this story about our money."

"I neither believe it, nor the reverse—I simply don't let it trouble me."

"But, Angus, that seems a little hard; for if the money was left to me by my father I ought to have it. Think what a difference it would make to us all—you, and me, and the children!"

"We should be rich instead of poor. It would make that difference certainly."

"Angus, you talk as if that difference was nothing."

"Nothing! It is not quite nothing; but I confess it does not weigh much with me."

"If not for yourself, it might for the children's sakes: think what a difference money would make to our darlings."

"My dear wife, you quite forget when speaking so, that they are God's little children as well as ours. He has said that not a sparrow falls without His loving knowledge. Is it likely when that is so, that He will see His children and ours either gain or suffer from such a paltry thing as money?"

"Then you will do nothing to get back our own?"

"If you mean that I will go to law on the chance of our receiving some money which may have been left to us, certainly I will

not. The fact is, Lottie—you may think me very eccentric—but I cannot move in this matter. It seems to me to be entirely God's matter, not ours; if Mr. Harman has committed the dreadful sin you impute to him."

Mrs. Home was silent for a moment, then she said—

"Angus, forgive me, I did not look at it in that light."

"No, my dearest, and because I do pity her, if her father really is guilty, I do not want you unnecessarily to pain Miss Harman. You remember my telling you of that fine girl I met in Regent's Park yesterday, the girl who was so kind and nice to our children. I have just been up with Harold, and he tells me that your Miss Harman and his pretty lady are one and the same."

"Is that really so?" answered Mrs. Home. "Yes; I know that Charlotte Harman is very attractive. Did I not tell you, Angus, that she had won my own heart? But I confess when I saw those gifts and read her note I felt angry. I thought after hearing my tale she should have done more. These presents seemed to me in the light of a bribe."

"Charlotte!"

"Ah! I know you are shocked. You cannot see the thing with my eyes; that is how they really looked to me."

"Then, my dear wife, may I give you a piece of advice?"

"That is what I am hungering after, Angus."

"Tell the whole story, as frankly—more frankly than you have told it to me, to God to-night. Lay the whole matter in the loving hands of your Father, then, Charlotte, after so praying, if in the morning you still think Miss Harman was actuated by so mean a spirit, treat her as she deserves. With your own hands deal the punishment to her, send everything back."

Mrs. Home's face flushed very brightly, and she lowered her eyes to prevent her husband seeing the look of shame which filled them. The result of this conversation was the following note written the next morning to Miss Harman.

"I could not have thanked you last night for what you have done, but I can to-day. You have won my children's little hearts. Be thankful that you have made my dear little ones so happy. You ask to see me again, Miss Harman. I do not think I can come to you, and I don't ask you to come here. Still I will see you; name some afternoon to meet me in Regent's Park and I will be there."

"Yours,

"CHARLOTTE HOME."

Thus the gifts were kept, and the mother tried to pray away a certain soreness which would remain notwithstanding all her husband's words. She was human after all, however, and Charlotte Harman might have been rewarded had she seen her face the following Sunday morning when she brought her pretty children down to their father to inspect them in their new clothes.

Harold went to church that morning with his mother in a very picturesque hat; but no one suspected quite how much it was worth, not even those jealous mothers who saw it and remark'd upon it, and wondered who had left Mrs. Home a legacy, for stowed carefully away under the lining was Charlotte Harman's bright, crispy, fifty-pound note.

(To be Continued.)

THE LITTLE TOAD.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

Mr. Brooks is a stalwart farmer with broad acres, rich and clean, a kind, frugal wife, a pleasant home, and two bright, happy, industrious children.

With a dear little friend of mine some seven years old I went out to "the farm" and passed a week.

One evening Mr. Brooks took Georgie on his knee and said:

"I hope you are a temperance boy. Are you?"

"I am a Band of Hope boy, sir."

"I am very glad. If they had had Bands of Hope when I was a shaver it would have saved me the last fifty years of more or less trouble with that foot."

And he pointed to his right foot on which was an embowered slipper.

"That handsome slipper does not look

as if it covers a boy's sin and shame, does it?"

Georgie's eyes grew very large and questioning as they looked first at the foot and then in the face of the good man.

"No-o, sir! Please tell me all about it."

"Yes, my little fellow, I will. When I was about your age—let me see—you are—how old?"

"Seven years old, sir."

"Well, I wasn't but six years old. My father was a farmer and made a great deal of cider, and when it was new and sweet he let me drink as much as I wanted to. But after it began to work I wasn't allowed to drink any. But every fall he bottled up a supply for summer. One sunny autumn day I thought I would make some mud-pies and went into the kitchen for a big iron spoon. They were putting some raisins in bottles in which cider was to be put and corked tight, so that when they were ready to drink the cider it would sparkle like champagne."

"My papa has champagne-cider, and one day some popped right into my face and made me jump."

"I hope none will ever pop into your mouth. Well, my mamma filled my little hand with raisins and let me take a swallow of the cider, and it tasted so good I begged for more, and mamma said I might have one more swallow. And I took a big swallow and then ran out to play. But though the sun was shining bright, and the mud was soft and warm, just right for pies, those raisins and that delicious cider kept tempt- ing me back to the kitchen to ask for just a very few little raisins and just one more sip before it should be all bottled up. But and I knew my kind mamma wouldn't refuse me, so I took just one raisin and one little sip, and then I took just one more little sip, and how many ones I took I don't know. But mother came in and told me 'to go out and play.' I ran back to my pies, and in a minute I saw a toad stick up its black head right where I was playing. I tried to scare it off, but it would come right back and keep squirming. I could not stand that intrusion in my bakery, and I caught up my hatchet and brought it down with a vim, and then I screamed!"

"Did the toad jump right up and bite your foot?"

"No, my boy, worse than that. It was no harmless little toad but the serpent in the cider that bit my foot! I did not know no one was in the kitchen at the moment, and it was not a toad's head but my own foot that took the blow. And when the doctor came my great toe had to be cut entirely off."

"Oh! I didn't think it hurt awfully!"

"Yes, and it hurts me yet whenever I am tired. But that lost toe has been a life- lesson, perhaps a life blessing, to me. I might have kept on, sip by sip, and drank up my character, my farm, my home, my happiness the happiness of all who loved me, my own life, and, more than all these, heaven itself."

Georgie's intent face looked very solemn a moment, then broke into the brightest of smiles and he exclaimed:

"Pretty high price to pay for cider."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Brooks; "but many a man has paid it. It is the first step."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

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"IT'LL MAKE YOU WORK."

Those who indulge in the use of intoxicating liquor sometimes apologize for their drinking by asserting that it helps them to do their work. The following dialogue is a good answer to the unfounded assertion:

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; there drink and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer."

"I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together."

"But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age."

"Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make thee work."

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

Appearances are that France has brought her war in Annam to a successful issue. After some severe fighting, in which the Annamese proved themselves no mean antagonists even for the soldiers of France, a simultaneous attack from land and sea placed Hue, the capital, in the hands of the French. The French Civil Commissioner in Tonquin has been hurriedly sent for by the Emperor of Annam, who desires to place himself and his capital under French protection, on account of his insecure position. He nearly lost his life during the bombardment of the city by the men-of-war. Seven hundred Annamese were slain and many wounded in the defence of Hue, while the damage to the besiegers is said to be comprised in slight wounds received by a few soldiers. Accounts of this crowning victory must have been extremely welcome in France, coming close upon the tidings of serious repulses of that country's troops in an attack in force upon a number of towns in line with the capital. Although defeated at some points, however, the French had captured the stronghold of Haidong, securing a large number of cannon and some money as war booty. By the conditions of settlement submitted by the French Commissioner, Annam will be compelled to pay the costs of the war, the French to retain the forts on the Hue River pending payment, and the Annamese troops in Tonquin will be placed at the disposal of the French commander. In Madagascar the strained relations for some time subsisting between English and French interests have been relieved by the discharge of the Rev. Mr. Shaw, a British missionary who was held a prisoner by the French charged with complicity in the resistance of the Hovas to the French claims, they being the tribe among whom his missionary labors had been expended. His arrest and detention had been the subject of investigation by the British Government, which was repeatedly questioned in Parliament regarding his case, while excitement was growing throughout the United Kingdom; but the prisoner appears to have had good treatment and a fair trial, and his discharge is likely to end the threatening difficulty. Fall returns of the elections in France show a gain of one hundred and sixteen seats by the Republicans in the Councils-General. More deeply than the loss of seats in the country's councils, however, will the Monarchists, at least outwardly and for the moment, feel the loss of their head, the Count de Chambord, who died on the twenty-fourth of August. He was the last of the regular line of the French Bourbon family, and called by the Monarchists Henry V. Charles X., his grandfather, abdicated the crown in his favor in 1830, but the Duke of Orleans having the congress at his back snatched the prize from the child of ten years, who had none able to defend his rights on his side. At different times in later life the throne of France loomed up as apparently near to his possession, but it always receded from him, sometimes because he had not sufficient decision of character to seize it when favorable opportunities offered; once because he made himself unacceptable by declaring himself in league with the Pope to maintain that dignity's temporal sovereignty, and, again, because he would not accept the revolutionary tri-color as the flag of France. It is believed the heir to the succession of the regal

hopes of the dead Duke—who is named in his will not yet opened—will be Louis Philippe, the Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe—that Duke of Orleans who seized the throne on the abdication of Charles X. A sensation has been created in Europe by a fierce attack made upon France in a leading German paper, charging her with unseemly ambitions and warlike aims. It is generally declared an unjust and indiscreet article, and its intent is supposed in some quarters to be an argument for a fresh military credit to be asked from the German parliament at its ensuing session. France finds herself isolated from other European powers, and some of her people are crying out in a half panic for some alliance to make her more secure. One paper suggests that by making friendship with Russia, which is on good terms with America, the latter country, England's rival, would be brought into alliance with France—or, as the proposition is put by its author, "Why should not Russia be a hyphen between America and France?"

THE WEEK.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE of France is breaking down in health. Dr. Evans, an American, has been summoned from Paris to Carlsbad to attend her.

THERE WAS ANOTHER RIOT in Trieste, Austria, a few days ago, between Italians and Austrians, from which the Italians came out best. The two peoples are at continual variance in that city, owing to Italian jealousy of Austrian possession of it and its environs.

A DEADLOCK between the British House of Commons and House of Lords, caused by the refusal of the former to accept an amendment by the latter to the Agricultural Holdings Bill, was solved by the submission of the Lords to the will of the people's chosen representatives.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY DEATHS from cholera occurred among British soldiers in Egypt, from the outbreak of the disease until the twenty-first of August. The pestilence is abating in all parts of the country.

AN ACTIVE DISCUSSION is being held in Great Britain as to the American or English nationality of the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Dunraven, Sir E. J. Reed and others. It is contended by some that, by virtue of their great possessions in America they are American citizens, and would have to decide to which side they belonged in the event of war between the two countries. Lord Queensberry is about to join this class of ambiguous citizenship, by buying a large tract of land in Texas. The acquirement of heavy interests in America by influential Englishmen may be expected, at the least, to strengthen the bonds of peace between the two kindred nations. On the other hand, the establishment of aristocratic landholding classes on American soil will require to be met by safeguards upon behalf of the public to prevent the evils of landlordism being transplanted to this side of the ocean.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS have gained a great victory by electing Lynch, their candidate, in Sligo county, by nearly six hundred majority against the combined Liberal and Conservative influence.

A SUIT FOR DAMAGES brought by a young man named McLane, for a broken leg sustained in a railway accident, was settled just before it was to have come up for trial, in Nova Scotia, by the defendants—the Windsor & Annapolis Railway Company—paying three thousand dollars.

LATELY SOME SENSATION was caused in the world by a statement that a version of the ten commandments older than the one from which our Bible translation originated had been brought to light by a dealer in antiquities in Jerusalem. It has been established, however, that this purported ancient copy of the Moral Law is a forgery, prepared specially to defraud European archaeologists out of as much money as they could be got to pay for it, some millions of dollars being asked for it. A swindle in ancient Moabitish pottery by the same vendor of antiquities was exposed some time ago.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, has arrived in the United States. His engagements, he has intimated, will not permit him to visit Canada as at first proposed.

INTENSE HEAT has been felt in New York during the week, and many prostrations from that cause occurred, as well as deaths among children.

NIAGARA FALLS INSANITY is spreading. Following Captain Rhodes' talk of swimming the Rapids a Buffalo drug clerk named Julius Behling wants to jump off Kierulff Viaduct, which is over three hundred feet above the bed of the stream. Another Buffalo man, a paper-hanger named Hoffman, is moodily meditating swimming the Rapids. It is sad to see people transferring their attention from duty to suicidal folly.

WHILE FARMERS ARE STARVING in their straitened limits in Scotland, of seven Highland counties, occupying eleven and a half million acres, one-fourth of the area is hunting grounds for deer and grouse.

MR. GLADSTONE, the venerable British Premier, has come through the recent trying session of Parliament with as much vivacity and energy, apparently, as he possessed ten years ago. At the close of the Parliamentary session a year ago he was very much enfeebled and worn.

SERIOUS RIOTING has been going on for a week in Coatbridge, Lanark, Scotland, between parties of Orangemen and Catholics. Once or twice the rival factions united in resisting the police. Strong reinforcements had to be made to the police before they were able successfully to cope with the mobs. Many were injured, some of them seriously, and many were arrested.

A SURPLUS OF TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS has been yielded by the American Post-Office Department the past fiscal year, against a surplus of one million four hundred dollars the previous year. This large increase is probably, to a great extent, due to the stoppage of such leaks as the Star Route contract jobs.

LONDON, ONTARIO, people are considering a project to divert the River Thames from its present bed to a course where it would not be likely to produce such disastrous floods as were caused this year by freshets swelling it beyond its usual confines. An alternative scheme of constructing an embankment on the present course has been proposed, and may be preferred.

IN A LETTER to several cardinals, the Pope disclaims any desire on the part of the Papacy to stand in the way of the development of Italy, and urges them to defend the Church against charges implying such a thing by adducing evidence from the Vatican records, in disproof thereof.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the eminent educator and author, has been granted a pension of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year by the British Government.

A GOOD DEAL OF TALK has been occasioned in England by the sale at auction for debt of the contents of Kensington Palace, the property of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, who are related to the Royal Family. Aristocratic circles were scandalized by the auction bills posted up on the palace walls and buildings, and there was some disparaging gossip about the Royal Family's allowing ancient royal relics to be sacrificed. The Queen removed the occasion for much of this scandal by buying out Queen Caroline's throne and other royal heirlooms. It had also been commented upon with some bitterness that the Royal Family had not helped the Duke and Duchess of Teck, but this food for gossip has been spoiled by the authoritative statement that the noble couple have been helped ever since their marriage, and their debts paid up to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars before the generosity of the Royal Family became strained to the point of declining to afford further aid. Moreover, the Duke of Cambridge offered to pay all taxes on Kensington Palace if it was kept in more economical style, but the liberal offer was without result. The position of the dual pair was caused by extravagance, in conjunction with the Duke's gambling and speculating practices.

AN AMERICAN JEW was expelled from St. Petersburg, Russia, after four days' stay, under the law forbidding Jews to live in that city. Had he accepted the offer of the American Consul to put his case in his hands he could have got permission to remain until he finished his business. Jews throughout Russia are filled with terror at the prospect of a new persecution.

CETEWAYO, THE ZULU KING, was not killed after all. He has recovered from his wounds and armed followers are clustering about him. He desires that Queen Victoria will make enquiry into his treatment. British troops have been sent in Natal to the borders of Zululand, for emergencies.

THE ARNOUTS OF ALBANIA are murdering Christians in that country, and Turkish officials are conniving at the massacres. All Christians who can get away are fleeing.

JAVA HAS BEEN RUINED by terrible volcanoes and earthquakes, the crops being almost entirely destroyed and many thousands of people perishing.

MR. GLADSTONE'S repeatedly expressed hope of being able to withdraw the British troops from Egypt is not likely soon to be realized. The Alexandria correspondent of the London Times says:—"If the British troops should be withdrawn from Egypt no European family would remain in the country a week after their departure. Egypt is incapable of self-government."

IT LOOKED, a short time ago, as if Germany was making friends again with the Roman Church. A new root of bitterness has, however, sprung up between the parties, the German Government having taken serious offence at the nomination of Vicar-General Swiegon as suffragan bishop of Breslau without consultation with the Prussian Government.

THE WESTERN DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION, of Ontario, engaged Mr. J. B. Harris, of New York, to inspect the milk and instruct the dairymen in their district, and he has reported that the cheese-makers are well acquainted with their business, but a poor quality of milk is furnished to the factories, it being skimmed and bereft of stripings.

AN AERONAUT NAMED M. GRATIEN had recently a terrible experience in ballooning at Royan, on the Gironde, France. A balloon, in which was seated Mlle. Albertine, the heroine of several balloon ascensions, was ready for its aerial flight. The gentleman named was holding a coil at the end of a cord that helped to tie down the balloon. Suddenly the balloon broke away and the cord in running out rapidly got caught round the first and second fingers of Gratien's right hand. He was whisked high up into the air, where he vainly tried to raise himself and loop the cord round his arm, the while suffering severely as the cord cut his fingers to the bone. Mlle. Albertine having fainted from fright was unable to manage the balloon, and it sped upward and away until it began to descend on account of cooling. As it reached the earth it bumped along some distance, dragging the unfortunate aeronaut through thorny shrubbery, that stripped his clothes off in ribbons and tore his flesh. Some country folk at length managed to cut the cord, when Gratien was picked up covered with wounds and bleeding freely but still conscious, his senses having never left him. Freed from Gratien's weight the balloon again rose in the air with the lady, but soon landed in a marsh, when she escaped from it, badly frightened but unhurt otherwise. Though in a critical condition from loss of blood, Gratien is expected to recover.

A TERRIBLE HURRICANE passed over the Northwestern States last week, destroying an incalculable amount of property and causing great loss of life.

ALL ACCOUNTS indicate that President Arthur and his party are having a fine time in their tour to the Yellowstone National Park Wyoming Territory. A sensational and doubtless absurd rumor has been stated to the effect that a party of cowboys had started for the Park to kidnap President Arthur. Enough credence has, however, been given the rumor in Ogden, Utah, to cause the sheriff to send out deputies with instruction, in case the report was true, to procure sufficient force to arrest the kidnapers.

THE HAIRY WOODPECKER.

A beneficent Providence has richly endowed the family of woodpeckers with qualities of rare excellence and worth. Especially is this true, says the *American Naturalist*, of the hairy. The principal count in the indictment against him, that he bores the bark of fruit and other trees in order to feed upon the sap and inner bark, will not stand, being utterly false. An extended examination of the contents of the stomach of this bird invariably fails to disclose any appreciable amount of either but in their stead a huge mass of insects and larvae. The perforations which he makes are merely for the purpose of securing his quarry from their enmeshment beneath the bark out of reach of other agencies. His is a work of destruction and death—the dislodgment and consuming of myriads of berers, etc.—not harm to the tree, but beneficial, as attested in innumerable instances. In this despised persecuted bird we have a true friend and effective co-worker, very materially assisting us in gathering an ample return of perfect fruit for the labor and care expended to this end in orchard, vineyard, or garden. Ignorance and prejudice have no place amid the general intelligence and humane principles of to-day, and should not be tolerated. Let no one, then, wantonly destroy either eggs or parent bird, but carefully foster and protect them, even using his influence to secure the punishment of all thus rendering themselves amenable to law and the just condemnation of every intelligent person.

GREAT MEN should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The committee of the [London] Sunday-School Union would again call attention to the days for Universal prayer on behalf of Sunday-schools.

From the manifold blessings that have followed these special engagements in past years, a reminder of the appointed time will itself be sufficient to ensure a hearty response to the call to prayer, and a remembrance to all earnest workers of their entire dependence upon God for his blessing. The machinery is sufficient, what is needed is the quickening Spirit.

These days of prayer are now so generally observed by all sections of the Christian Church in England, in her colonies, throughout Europe and America, and even in Asia and Africa, that the earth may be said to be literally a-girt about with prayer.

There is something more than mere sentiment attached to this concord of prayer; for a special blessing is promised where those who plead are agreed together "as touching any thing that they shall ask." The omnipresent and eternal Father, with whom space and time are not, sees but one band of his children, knit together in worship and service, crying to him for his blessing to rest upon them and upon the lands of the flock.

Remembering what God has done for England, through her Sunday-schools and an open Bible, let all teachers unite this year in seeking a special blessing upon the efforts that are being made to establish Sunday-schools on the Continent and to train the children of Europe in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. Thus our Lord's kingdom shall be established among the nations, and there shall rise up a generation of men and women who shall fear and honor God. May the all-loving Father bless the Sunday-schools on the continent of Europe by increasing their number and power greatly.

As so much depends upon being prepared to enter upon the engagements of these days in a right spirit teachers and officers are again urged individually to secure some additional time on each day of the preceding week for private thought and prayer, that all may come together with prepared hearts to praise and thank God for what he has done; and to pray that the workers may be increasingly fitted for his service, and that the children may be led to an early decision for Christ.

It is suggested that the following arrangements should, as far as practicable, be observed:—

That on Lord's Day morning October 21 from 7 to 8 o'clock, private intercessory prayer be offered on behalf of Sunday schools.

That the opening engagements of the morning school be preceded by a meeting of the teachers for prayer.

The ministers be asked to preach special sermons on the claims of the Sunday-school and the necessity for increased intelligence and consecration on the part of teachers.

That in the afternoon the ordinary engagements of each school be shortened, and the scholars unite in a devotional service, interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses. To this service the parents of the scholars may be invited.

That at the close of the afternoon or evening service the teachers, in union with other Christians, meet for thanksgiving and prayer.

That on Monday morning, October 22, Teachers again bring their scholars, one by one, in private prayer before God.

That in the course of the day the female teachers hold a meeting for united prayer and thanksgiving.

That in the evening each church or congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday-school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses.

AGOSTINUS BENHAM,
FOUNTAIN J. HARTLEY,
JOHN E. TRESSIDER, } Hon. Secretaries
EDWARD TOWERS,

CUP CUSTARD.—One egg beaten to a froth, three-quarters of a cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a little grated nutmeg; beat thoroughly together; pour into a coffee-cup; bake until it's brown, and then take it out.

MEAT DIET FOR INVALIDS.

BY JULIET CORSON.

Meat for the use of invalids should be chosen for three qualities—digestibility, nutriment, and suitability to the case in hand; the last consideration is the most important.

Beef is the meat most used in health; it is the most stimulating and nutritious of all flesh when the system is able to digest it, and its flavor does not offend the most fastidious palate; it is always in season. But in some physical conditions the use of mutton is preferable, because it is less stimulating, less highly flavored, and more digestible. In such cases it is really more nutritious than beef, because its nutritive elements can be assimilated; for instance, mutton is a better meat than beef for dyspeptics. The broth made from mutton is no more digestible than that of beef, and is less nutritious. If all fat is removed from it in cooking, its flavor is more delicate. Lamb should not be used by dyspeptics; although tender, it is less nutritious, because immature, and less digestible, because its soft, semi-glutinous tissue renders complete mastication difficult. If lamb is used during illness it should be broiled, because by that process its loose texture is made comparatively dense, and the entire substance of the flesh is thoroughly cooked. The flavor of lamb is of course more delicate than that of mutton. As the indigestibility of veal is due to this looseness of fibre, it also should be thoroughly cooked.

There is no reason why underdone meat should be considered more nutritious than that which is moderately and properly cooked, with all its juices preserved. The chemical elements of underdone meat are not sufficiently acted upon by heat to be either readily digested or assimilated. Unless a physician orders raw or partly cooked meat for some special dietic reason, it is far better to give an invalid well-done meat, or that which is only medium rare.

WHICH SHALL BE FIRST.

It was the evening of the weekly prayer-meeting, and Mr. and Mrs. Hall were making preparations to attend.

Beneath the shaded lamp sat a young lad of fourteen years, preparing his lessons for the next day's recitations.

"My Sabbath-school teacher asked me to go to the prayer-meeting to-night," he said, looking up from his books and addressing his father.

"Are your lessons all prepared?" asked the father.

"My examples in algebra are not quite wrought out," replied the lad, "but I think I could finish them in the morning."

"Never neglect present duty, my boy," was the quick response. "Your standing in school is good to-day, and I wish you to keep it so," and drawing on his gloves, Mr. Hall, with his wife, was soon upon the street.

"Perhaps we should have allowed Roy to leave his lessons for once," remarked Mrs. Hall. "I think he has been quite thoughtful lately."

"So much the more need that he be faithful in his daily work," replied the father.

"There is no religion in teaching him to neglect his lessons; and I am surprised that Deacon Salsbury should suggest such a thing when he knows that home lessons occupy all the time boys of that age can command out of school."

"But I sometimes think our present school system is at fault," replied Mrs. Hall. "My good old father always taught his children to 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' and I often ask myself if we are not leading our children to think we regard temporal good of more importance than spiritual things?"

"Perhaps we have yielded too much in the past, or the church might be able to regulate these matters more than it does," replied Mr. Hall uneasily; "but as it is, we cannot help ourselves now. Roy's school-days will soon be over; then we may hope to see him become an earnest, active Christian."

Meanwhile the young people at home were discussing the matter and drawing their own conclusions.

"I wish I knew who was right," exclaimed Roy, as the door closed upon his parents.

"Whom do you mean?" asked his sister, some two years older than himself.

"Deacon Salsbury tells me to seek first the kingdom of heaven, and let nothing come between me and the service of God," replied the boy; "but papa seems to think my standing in school of more importance than anything else; and he is a good man."

"Papa let you go to the skating match, lessons or no lessons," returned the sister.

"Yes, he wanted me to get the prize for best skating. Ben Harby and Nat Taylor were there, too, members of the church, and yet they thought more of the skating match than of the young people's meeting which came the same night. Heigho! I don't know what to think."

"Well, there is no religion in discussing their inconsistencies," replied the sister resuming her book.

"One thing I will do," said the boy, with a determined air; "I will think no more about it at present. I had half concluded to follow Deacon Salsbury's advice, but if those who have tried religion find it so unsatisfactory, I will not bother myself about it;" and from that time the lessons in algebra received their attention; but the prayer-meeting is still destitute of youthful disciples, and Leroy Hall is growing up indifferent to the claims of God upon his heart and life.—*American Messenger.*

THE WAY TO GIVE.

As I was riding one Sabbath with a farmer to church, we fell into conversation on the subject of giving. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church, a man between fifty and sixty years of age.

Said he, "I give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. Every crop of corn, every load of hay, every dozen of eggs I sell I keep account of, and one-tenth of the profit goes to the Lord. It came rather hard at first, but that is past long ago. Now I only have to distribute what is already given. I am ready to listen to any reasonable application, and if I think it a good object it is nothing but a pleasure to give. That tenth I have become to feel belongs to God. I never touch it. I should as soon think of spending my neighbor's money as that."

Some time after this I was conversing with a friend in Chicago, a young business man, on the same subject.

"Yes," said he, "I determined when I was a clerk, the first year that I earned anything for myself, that I would set aside a fixed percentage of my income for benevolence. I made the resolution and I have kept it."

"Well, you began early," I remarked.

"So I did, was the reply, "and it was well I did. My salary was small, and to give the proportion I fixed upon was hard; but there has never been a year since when it could have been harder. A year or two after I went into business for myself it looked as though every cent was needed for capital. I am afraid I shouldn't have commenced the system that year. But having resolved and made a beginning already, I was ashamed to retreat. Then, the year after, I was married. That year I should have begged off, I am sure if it had not been for the habit, by that time pretty well settled. That carried me through. Soon after came big fire then hard times, epizootics, in fact, almost every year something to make that particular year a bad one to begin. Now I always say to my friends, Begin to give as soon as you begin to make; start early."

I do not certainly know what proportion of his income the merchant gives. Probably a tenth; not less, I am sure. So here in Cleveland. A young man, just beginning his business life, came to me alone a few evenings since and said:

"I like this idea of giving a regular proportion, and I am going to begin now. It looks like a good deal to give away; and my business is growing; it will be more yet, I expect next year; but it's the right way. My old Bible-class teacher used to talk to us about it, and I'm going to do it."—*Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D.*

SNOW POTATOES.—These are mashed potatoes pressed through a colander into a dish in which they are to be served. The potatoes then resemble rice or vermicelli, and very light and nice. They make a pretty dish, and must be served very hot.

MRS. HARDING'S LOOKING-GLASS

"What do you please to want, Ma'am,"

"Nothing, thank you sir," she answered

"She was a little flushed and in better

"Mr. Sellall followed her eye, wiped off

"There was no more hesitation. 'So it

"The withered faces of the weary little

"The next thing was to decide where to

"Nothing could have been better, but

"When the man came at last, it was clear

"St. Paul's had struck eight next morn-

"He stood before himself, and recoiled

It was something intolerable. He saw

"Trotting to a seat he buried his face in

"For the first time in his life he was

REMEMBER THE REMEDY.

In the "Memoir of William Marsh" it is

"Mr. Cecil," he said, "was most happy

"Mr. Cecil then described his sufferings.

"Mr. Cecil, fearing to occupy too much

"On returning home," added Mr. Cecil,

"Well, but what did he prescribe for

"There was a pause, and then Mr. Cecil

"Now, young men," said Mr. Cecil, "it

OUR TEACHER USES TOBACCO.

By MRS. G. W. DRAPER.

This may be said by many a pupil—and

Again, the teacher has no right to lay down

Hasten the day, then, public opinion,

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-

RENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 9.—Ruth 1: 14-22.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

Orpah and Ruth, starting together for

"Reasonable Choice." A young lady

LESSONS FROM THE HISTORY OF RUTH.

1. The sure reward of filial devotion and

2. The overruling providence of God as

3. The important evangelical lesson is as

4. Ruth is a prophecy, than which none

5. "Every soul decides to turn back to

6. When your friends are returning to

7. A woman may be brave, without being

8. Ruth was a model daughter. Would

9. Ruth's conduct as a daughter-in-law,

10. God may suffer the righteous to fall

11. The reply of Ruth to Naomi has been

CHARADES.—I. Dry-dust. 2. Gold-smith.

ACCIDENTAL FINDINGS.—Tow, mate 9.—

DIAMOND —

D O R E

D R E A M

E A R

M

SQUARE WORD.—

E D O M

D A M E

O M I T

M E T A

SYNONYMS.—Revel, reel. 2. Laird, lard.

3. Borne, bone. 4. Legal, real. 5. Card, card.

6. Sable, sale.—Synecopated letters: Virgil.

Contributions have been received from O. E.

Roberts, Alex. Croze, and Emma Vosburg.

IF A COMMON wooden pail receives three

coats of common copal varnish on the

cellent, mighty, holy, merciful, loving. (2)

Consider (1) that your soul is as precious

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

From this beautiful story of Ruth we can

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. I'm called by all substantial fare;
2. I have no substance anywhere;
3. A tropical fruit of color bright;
4. A textile fabric, pure and white;
5. A splendid town of Eastern site.

The primals give a lovely dame,

Another will the finals frame.

A poisonous plant, they both will tell,

Of used for functure and for spell.

ANAGRAMS.—OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW

NAMES.

- 1. T. Roche. 2. E. Larned. 3. U. S.
Speer. 4. I. L. Cashel. 5. E. Schuler. 6.
S. S. Yules. 7. C. E. Murray. 8. A. T.
Sultan. 9. U. P. Shore. 10. A. R. Case.
11. N. C. Hoar. 12. E. A. Gammon. 13.
L. A. Pool. 14. D. G. Meaney. 15. T. A.
Crosse.

CHARADE.

I dwell in a house as hard as stone,

I am soft and rich and fat;

You will find it dry to make me your

own,

I am rather hard to get at.

My first is to spoil, to injure, to hurt;

Read backwards, it means to pack the

dirt.

My second is straight or ought to be,

As in your garden you may see.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.

2. Antique.

3. To demand.

4. A noise.

5. A consonant.

CHARADE.

My first will warmth and comfort give,

My second, quickly close your eyes,

My whole will any one deceive,

Even although he's old and wise.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.—I. Dry-dust. 2. Gold-smith.

ACCIDENTAL FINDINGS.—Tow, mate 9.—

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DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

One of those prying fellows, the naturalists, has been bringing queer live things from more than half a mile deep in the ocean, where there are no voices, and the day is almost as dark as the night. Of course, he himself did not go down for them, but he sank a dredge, or open-mouthed bag, fastened to a rope, and dragged it along the bottom. The things shown in the picture came up in this dredge, not very long ago.

The lower of the two beautiful filagree marvels is a sponge, and its stalk is a bundle of about three hundred threads of glassy stuff called silica. Indeed, this material glistens as if it were in reality the finest spun-glass; and, although the silvery web is so delicate, it is able to withstand the tremendous pressure of the water all about it. The other sponge, with its spreading roots, has been dragged out of the mud and is floating in the water. Those too-many-legged shrimps once frolicked about in their cold, sunless, soundless home, among myriads of just such lovely forms as these.—*St. Nicholas.*

FURS USED FOR LADIES' CLOAKS.

Frank Buckland, in *Land and Water*, gives the following information as to whence the skins used for lining ladies' cloaks are derived. Fur lined cloaks are now quite abundant and fashionable. The skins used as linings are of various kinds. The commonest of all is white rabbits; these are not English, but imported from Lissa, Poland, where they are dressed by the furriers, and manufactured into linings for cloaks. It is not certain whether these skins are from wild or tame rabbits. As many thousand skins are annually used, it is very probable that they are rabbits bred for the purpose. Besides rabbit skins, many cloaks are lined with what are called "squirrel bellies."

These are literally bellies of squirrels. These animals are skinned in a peculiar manner so as to make the most of the fur. The squirrels used for this purpose are of various kinds and prices. The most expensive squirrel is the Siberian squirrel. The general color of this is blue, some light blue, some dark blue; the dark blue are the most valuable, particularly if it is void of the red stripe down the back. These squirrels are killed by thousands in Siberia; they are mostly shot with a small bullet. Those from Sweden and Norway are caught in traps, probably pitfalls baited with food; they are also intercepted when in the act of migrating. The Swedish squirrels are very large. Some of the squirrel skins are of a red color; these are the same squirrel in the

summer dress. Squirrels are also imported in large numbers, especially from Kasan, in Russia, but they are rather inferior to other sorts. There are various modes of dressing squirrel skins. The Russian skins are pickled in salt, and in consequence are apt to feel damp in wet weather. They do very well in Russia, as the weather there is always dry. In this country the skins are dressed with butter or lard, and it is a remarkable thing that the Russian furriers cannot use butter dressed skins, because in Russia the skins thus prepared become quite hard in very cold weather. For years past the trade of dressing squirrel skins has had its head-quarters in Saxony, principally at the town of Weissenfels. Leipsic is celebrated

In the first place, to skin a cat when alive would be utterly impossible; and secondly, it does not make any difference in the quality of the skin. The origin of the fallacy is probably that a cat is easier skinned immediately after death than if allowed to become rigid. It is very remarkable how fashions set by English ladies influence wild and tame animals even in the most distant parts of the world. It is fortunate that ladies have made cats fashionable, as at last some use is found for these animals, which, being untaxed, are so abundant that any night and in any weather cats—many of them half starved—swarm in the London streets, and the poorer the neighborhood the more abundant are the cats.



DEEP-SEA WONDERS.

for its fur market, especially at Easter, when the great fair takes place. From Leipsic furs are sent to China, Russia, Turkey, Greece, etc.,—in fact, all over the world. Large numbers of common wild rabbit skins and silver grays are exported from England for use in Russia. Cats are largely cultivated in Holland, especially for their skins. The fur of the Dutch cat is very long and soft as compared to the English cat, the fur of which is hard and wiry. There is some secrecy as to how the cats in Holland are fed; it is possible that they are fed on fish. The best Dutch cats are black. A good skin of jet black color is worth half a guinea. The Dutch cat killers have a most peculiar and clever way of killing their cats. It is a fallacy to suppose that cats are skinned alive.

been got rid of. The plates thus obtained are broken up and soaked for twenty-four hours in alcohol. The matter is then passed between rollers heated to between 140° and 150° Fah., whence it issues in the form of elastic sheets. Celluloid is made to imitate amber, tortoiseshell, coral, malachite, ebony, ivory, etc., and besides its employment in dentistry is used to make mouthpieces for pipes and cigar holders, handles for table knives and umbrellas, combs, shirt fronts and collars and a number of fancy articles.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE APE.

A HINDU FABLE.

An elephant named Grand Tusk and an ape name Nimble were friends.

Grand Tusk observed, "Behold how big and powerful I am!"

Nimble cried in reply, "Behold how agile and entertaining I am!"

Each was eager to know which was really superior to the other, and which quality was the most esteemed by the wise.

So they went to Dark Sage, an owl that lived in an old tower, to have their claims discussed and settled.

Dark Sage said, "You must do as I bid that I may form an opinion."

"Agreed," said both.

"Then," said Dark Sage, "cross yonder river, and bring me the mangoes on the great tree beyond."

Off went Grand Tusk and Nimble, but when they came to the stream, which was flowing full, Nimble held back; but Grand Tusk took him up on his back, and swam across in a very short time. Then they came to the mango-tree, but it was very lofty and thick. Grand Tusk could neither touch the fruit with his trunk, nor could he break the tree down to gather the fruit. Up sprang Nimble, and in a trice let drop a whole basketful of rich ripe mangoes. Grand Tusk gathered the fruit up into his capacious mouth, and the two friends crossed the stream as before.

"Now," said Dark Sage, "which of you is the better? Grand Tusk crossed the stream, and Nimble gathered the fruit."

Each thing in its place is best.

GOOD MANNERS.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishment, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy.

CELLULOID.

The *Journal of the British Dental Association* quotes from *Le Progres Dentaire* a description of the process carried out at a factory near Paris for the production of celluloid.

A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and is at the same time saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid and two of nitric, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into pyroxyline (gun cotton). The excess of acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed: it is then reduced to pulp, and passes on to the bleaching trough. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from 20 to 40 percent of its weight of camphor, and the mixture thoroughly triturated under millstones. The necessary coloring matter having been added in the form of a powder, a second mixing and grinding follows. The finely divided pulp is then spread out in thin layers on slabs, and from twenty to twenty-five of these layers are placed in a hydraulic press, separated from one another by sheets of thick blotting paper, and are subjected to a pressure of 150 atmospheres until all traces of moisture have

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XL.

Sept. 9, 1883. (Ruth 1: 14-22)

RUTH AND NAOMI.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 16, 17.

14. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but Ruth clave unto her.

15. And she said, Behold, thy sisters-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sisters-in-law.

16. And Ruth said, Instruct me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

17. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should be parted from thee.

18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath so cruelly dealt against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab; and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.—RUTH 1: 16.

TOPIC.—The Good Part Chosen.

LESSON PLAN.—I. RUTH'S FRIENDSHIP, VS. 14-15. 2. NAOMI'S RETURN, VS. 19-22.

Time.—Probably about B.C. 1300. Place.—Moab, east of the Dead Sea, about one hundred miles from Bethlehem, where our lesson ends.

EXTRACURRICULAR.

The history in the book of Ruth falls within the period of the Judges. From the mention of a famine as the occasion of the first events, it has been supposed that they occurred at the time of the Midianite invasion. On account of the family who seems to have been confined to "the land" of Gathaim, Elimelech, of the tribe of Judah, with his wife Naomi and his two sons, removed into the land of Moab. Elimelech having died, his sons married two Moabitish women, Orpah and Ruth. After the years of the sorrow, and Naomi resolved to return to her native land. Her daughters-in-law offered to go with her. When she dissuaded them from doing so, Orpah turned back, but Ruth persevered in her purpose and went with her to Bethlehem.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 11. ORP AH KISSED HER MOTHER-IN-LAW—she loved her, but she could not give up her home prospects for the future, and, like the young man in the gospel, she went away grieving.

V. 15. I WENT OUT FULL, BUT I AM COMING BACK EMPTY—the goods of Moab. If Ruth went with Naomi she must give them up.

V. 16. INSTRUCT ME—do not do not speak with me. A more simple, touching and complete expression of filial love could not be imagined. Thy people—MY PEOPLE, THY GOD MY GOD—she not only loved Naomi tenderly, but she chose to serve the God of Israel.

V. 17. THE LORD DO SO TO ME—inflict the severest punishment. Her pledge was strengthened by a solemn appeal to Jehovah in the common form of an oath. V. 19. THEY CAME TO BETHLEHEM—Elimelech's native city, the birthplace of David and of Jesus, six miles south of Jerusalem. WAS MOVED—Naomi must have been well known and her previous circumstances must have been common to her hearers.

The contrast was such that the people could scarcely believe their eyes. V. 20. NAOMI—pleasant. MARRIED—RUTH TOOK UP WITH HER.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, August 29, 1883.

Prices have advanced a cent or so a bushel this week, but this is about all that can be said of the market. We quote: Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.20 to \$1.21; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.11; Corn, 62c per bushel; Peas, 47c; Oats, 35c to 37c; Rye, 69c to 70c.

FLOUR.—The market this week has fluctuated somewhat but without any very great change in prices as a result. The volume of business is as a matter of course small nothing else can be looked for at present. Quotations to-day are:—Superior Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Extra Superfine, \$5.20 to \$5.25; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra \$4.95 to \$5; Superfine, \$4.40 to 4.50; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.25 to \$5.35; do. American, \$6.25 to \$6.50; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Pol. lards, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do. Spring Extra, \$2.40 to \$2.45; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to 2.20; City Bags, delivered, \$3. to \$3.05.

MEALS.—Without change. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated \$5.75 to \$8.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—The market is by no means in a satisfactory state. The make has no doubt been very large but the amount shipped has been very small, and the stock is mainly in producers' hands as yet. We quote, Creamery, 18c to 19c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 17; Western 12c to 14c. Cheese market firm. Contracts for the year's output being made on a basis of about 8c for July, 9c for August and 10 for late makes. Quoted at 8c to 8c for July; 9c to 9c Aug.

ASHES are very much unchanged at \$5.10 to \$5.20 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There is an improved demand for good cattle both from shippers and city butchers, and higher prices are being paid for these. Stock are for kinds are dull of sale and the best butchers' cattle were sold here lately at from 5c to 5c per lb., and shippers have been paying from 5c to 6c for good to choice steers. Common steers and dry cows in pretty good condition bring about 4c per lb., and ordinary dry cows 3c to 3c do. Leanish animals are slow of sale and prices range from 2c to 3c do. There is a slight falling off in the supply of sheep and lambs, and drovers are asking higher prices, but butchers are not anxious buyers, as they are in expectation of much larger supplies, and with lower prices, in the course of ten days or a fortnight. There is an improved demand for good milder cows, but other kinds continue dull of sale. There is a dearth of good serviceable horses on this market at present, while there seems to be a greater demand than usual.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Farmers are now in the midst of their harvest work and consequently have less spare-time to bring their produce to market, and the results are a much smaller supply of most kinds of produce and prices advancing in many cases. There is a scarcity of potatoes and prices have advanced about fifteen cents per bag during the past seven days, but larger supplies and lower prices are expected to come around again before long. Poultry are scarce and have been advancing considerably in price of late, also the prices of eggs have an upward tendency. Market gardeners keep the market well supplied with green vegetables and half-grown roots such as onions, beets, carrots and turnips; also liberal supplies of tomatoes, melons, green corn ears, &c., are offered at lower rates. The fruit market is plentifully supplied with apples, not a few of which are showing signs of decay. Considerable quantities of blueberries and black currants are still offered, but plums are getting more plentiful, but are generally of inferior quality. Supplies of hay are large and prices low. Oats are from 90c to \$1.00 per bag; peas, 90c to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes, 60c to 75c per bag; tub butter, 16c to 20c per lb; prints, 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 19c to 25c per dozen; apples, \$2.00 to \$4.00 per barrel; lemons, \$7.00 per box; black currants, 80c to 90c the pail; blue berries, 70c per box. Hay, \$5.00 to \$8.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw, \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS!

Inducements for your Co-operation in assisting us to increase our Circulation.

August is a splendid month in which to canvass for a newspaper. You can take subscriptions either for a year or for four months; boys and girls are out of school, and many of them like nothing better than to enter on a competition in the public service; the farmers are in good humor and are willing to invest a few cents in a newspaper.

The Weekly Messenger was commenced in January, 1882, and by the end of that year had found its way to the homes of over five thousand regular subscribers. This year, so far, it has made but little progress. Its present circulation is 7,000. It is now about time to stir if we mean to make during this year a stride equal to that of last year. The Messenger is not a children's paper, but it is very much prized by young people because it is so interesting, and they always are the best canvassers. The price of the Messenger is FIFTY CENTS a year, or TWENTY CENTS for four months. Anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for a year may send TWO DOLLARS and keep Fifty Cents, and anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for the remainder of this year may send us FIFTY CENTS and keep Fifty! The commission is the same in both cases, because in both cases we gain a new subscriber, and we want the work to pay the workers.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest list of subscribers TEN DOLLARS, to the second FIVE DOLLARS, to the third THREE DOLLARS, to the fourth TWO DOLLARS, and to the fifth ONE DOLLAR.

In the above competition every full yearly subscription will count for four, as there is four times as much money sent us.

Still further, to every one who sends us more than twenty-five names we shall send a present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Prieory," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times, and in this every full yearly subscription will count for three, as it will be treble the time.

REASONS AND HINTS.

The above offer is made so as to secure for the Messenger a good start, as we are convinced that it only needs to become generally known to be taken everywhere. If our young canvassers are enterprising they can secure this end. The paper will only pay with a very wide circulation, and if that is obtained it can be greatly improved. We do not so much look for very large individual lists as for a great many small ones, and so we have arranged the awards so that all will be rewarded irrespective of prizes. Every good worker, however, will have a chance of being published as a prize winner if he only extends his efforts far enough and writes to his friends at a distance. The real prize, however, is the good work accomplished. The country is full of pernicious literature, which is sowing the seeds of wickedness, and it is the duty of all to take their share in the effort to overcome evil with good. When you send in your money tell us how you go to work and how you get along.

Carefully Observe the Following Directions.

Write names and addresses plainly; head each letter you write "For August Competition"; as soon as you get five or more names send them with the money, by post-office order or registered letter (the former preferred), addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "WITNESS" OFFICE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

When you get more names to add to your list send them on, and say how many you have sent before. Mail your last letters by the 31st of August. We trust that very many of our young friends will send in good lists, and so materially increase the circulation of the Weekly Messenger, as to, at any rate, make its headway fully equal to that of last year. We know that this little paper is the best, for its price, published anywhere, and we feel convinced that those who, through the solicitation of our young fellow workers, gain an introduction to the Messenger will not be willing thereafter to be without it, but will become regular subscribers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, July 28th, 1883.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY MESSENGER, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

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THESE ARE MANY who seem to think that the cheapest literature for Sunday-schools which can be had is the best. Even many, who purchase for themselves and for their children the best food available for their bodies, freely buy that which is rotten and poisonous for their minds and hearts. What supreme folly! Aye, more; what immense injury and injustice are done those who are fed on such mental food!—Selected.