

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger

### A CATASTROPHE IN THE SOUDAN.

The dynamite explosions have been quite thrown into the shade, for a time, by the news that spread from the Soudan over the whole civilized world in the latter part of last week. A rumor was heard that Khartoum had fallen and that General Gordon was in the hands of the rebels. Reports like this have been spread so often that people at first took no notice. But when the fact was officially announced by the War Office in London, and there seemed no doubt of its truth, the whole of Britain was in an uproar.

It seems that Colonel Wilson, who was sent in a steamboat up the Nile as soon as General Stewart reached that river's banks, arrived at Khartoum on the 28th of January. Instead of being welcomed by the besieged garrison, his steamboat was fired at from the city, which he found in the possession of the rebels. Returning down the river, the vessel was wrecked, and the party only escaped with their lives to an island, where they some time remained. A messenger having brought the news to the main body of the army, it was telegraphed by Lord Wolsley to London.

The city had been captured only two days before Colonel Wilson's arrival; but little is yet known of how the disaster occurred. It is almost certain that Khartoum was not taken by fair fighting, for the last message received from Gordon was that he could hold out for years. The most reliable report is that Faraz Pasha, being left in charge of the ramparts on the 26th, opened the gates and admitted the enemy. The Mahdi's entrance was obtained by treachery; but afterwards, it is thought, there was a battle in the city itself between his troops and those who remained faithful to Gordon. As to the fate of the hero himself, the greatest anxiety is felt, but no accurate news is likely to be obtained for some time. Many believe that Gordon was killed. But there are also rumors that he is defending himself, with some faithful troops, in a fortified building in the heart of the city. It is very confidently asserted, by those who profess to know the Mahdi best, that if he was able to catch Gordon alive he has done so, and keeps him as a most valuable hostage.

A great outcry of indignation against the government was the first result of the news in England, because the relief expedition had not been sent before. But the feeling subsided when it was seen with what energy the Government were now acting. Lord Wolsley has been given *carte blanche* to do as he considers best in the Soudan, and he will at once push on to try and rescue Gordon if he is alive, and to put down the Mahdi's rebellion in any case. A far larger army than that now in the Soudan will be necessary to do this, and not only are troops being sent with all haste from England, Malta and Gibraltar, but Indian native lancers will sail in a week or so from Bombay. A large force will land at Suakin, on the Red Sea,

and march across the desert to the Nile. The hot and unhealthy season is coming on, and the campaign will be anything but an easy one.

The effect of this victory—although General Gordon was really the only British subject in Khartoum—may be very serious for the little British army under General Stewart at Metemneh, as well as to all others who remain favorable to the Egyptian or British cause in the Soudan. Many tribes will probably gather around the successful flag, and it is even feared that the Mohammedans of far distant lands will be moved to believe this "false prophet" a true one. The European nations are agreed that Britain must crush this Moslem rebellion, for the safety of the continent of Europe itself. Italy has come out bravely, and her friendship with Britain has been cemented by this disaster into an alliance. She will very likely assist with her own troops in restoring order in North Eastern Africa. One Ministerial paper at Rome says: "England is a friend who has rendered us great services and never asked us for a man or a penny. It is our duty and to our interest to unite with her."

Colonel Wilson, who had taken refuge with his men at Gubat, was visited on the 29th of January by a messenger from the Mahdi, who said that Gen. Gordon had adopted the Mahdi's uniform. The courier brought the following message from the Mahdi:—"I call upon you to surrender. I shall not write again. If you do not become Mohammedans I will wipe you off the face of the earth."

Lord Wolsley has issued the following proclamation: "To the notables and inhabitants of the Soudan—England has sent me with an army to restore peace, not to collect taxes nor injure anyone. I will pay you for all supplies and guarantee to execute Gen. Gordon's promises. Only those deserving punishment at our hands will receive it. I call upon you to submit, and not listen to evil advisers. Come into my camp and see my officers. No one shall harm you either coming or returning." Lord Wolsley says: "Although El Mahdi's irregulars are reported to be gathering round the point where the English are wrecked, no suspicion of treachery is entertained. The wreck of the steamers was due to the hurried retreat in the night and the altered currents of the river, which had fallen two feet in a day."

Later news gives the welcome information that Colonel Wilson and his party have been rescued by a steamer under command of Lord Charles Beresford. The steamer had to run the gauntlet of a heavy fire from the banks of the river, but in every case defeated the rebels, the soldiers behaving with the greatest pluck and determination.

Lord Wolsley telegraphs that on Thursday of last week General Earle had a skirmish with a large Arab force at Shakooob Wells, and utterly defeated them. The Arabs lost thirty killed, and the British captured a number of rifles, camels and cattle, besides six prisoners.

Prisoners taken by the British say that the Mahdi told his men that the British were few in number, that their weapons were

harmless, and that the English soldiers would fly at the sight of the Arab spearmen. The majority of the rebels were compelled to fight or suffer cruel treatment. The Mahdi threatened to deprive them of food for forty days, saying if they survived it they would be exempted from military service by Allah's will and left unmolested. Five thousand of the Mahdi's best troops and many of the principal Sheikhs were killed, wounded or disheartened in the two recent battles. Many emirs are lying at Metemneh wounded. The Mahdi had twenty-two guns before Khartoum, commanded by proteges of Ismail Pasha, who had been taught artillery practice at Cairo. Nearly all the sharpshooters were deserters from Hicks' Pasha's army.

The force, at present under command of Lord Wolsley in the Soudan now numbers about 8,000 men, in three divisions.

A proposal has been made to raise a Canadian regiment for service in Egypt, and many volunteers are sending in their names to Ottawa.

### A GRAND ALLIANCE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the most advanced Liberal Newspapers of the British metropolis, advocates a political alliance between Great Britain and the United States, and says the American Republic at last is beginning to have a foreign policy. The doctrine of complete isolation, so long maintained by American statesmen, has perished. Mr. Kasson's presence and activity at the Congo Conference must be taken as a portent of things to come. America will continue to exert a great and increasing influence in the work of pacifying Africa. The Republic will ere long claim admittance into the European areopagus whenever questions pertaining to interests outside the boundaries of the European continent are dealt with. England's duty, the *Gazette* contends, is to make the most of this great fact. Blood is thicker than water. The United States is England's natural ally. After the federation of the British Empire there will remain for British statesmen no task comparable in importance to that of the conclusion of an alliance between Great Britain and the great Republic which has sprung from England's loins. This alliance will be as close and useful to the two great English speaking peoples as that between Austria and Germany.

Mr. Gladstone himself, in a letter written to an American friend last September and published a few days ago, expresses himself still more confidently as to the future. He says that such an alliance of all the English-speaking peoples will come in the plain course of nature; that no great effort will be needed to bring it about, and only the stupidest and strongest efforts can prevent it.

THE MORE bigoted Roman Catholics in the Province of Quebec are making a fierce attack on the education authorities—conservative Catholics though they are—and demand an Education Bill that recognizes especially the rights of the Church.

### A PIRATE'S HIDDEN TREASURE.

The *London Standard* says that an expedition is about to start from England, in search of supposed hidden treasure. The primary mover is an inhabitant of South Shields, who as bookkeeper and cashier has for many years been in a large steamship owner's office on the quay-side. A ship's captain who has traded to the Tyne for some years was the first person to obtain the plans and papers relating to the hidden treasure from an "old salt," who was ill and living in poor circumstances, and consented to hand over the documents on receipt of pecuniary relief. He had seen the wealth carefully hidden, and in fact was, in his younger days, one of the pirates who plundered the vessel from which it was taken. The papers remained in possession of the captain for some time during which he endeavored to get a vessel bound in the direction of the island to call and inspect the place. He succeeded at last in persuading the owner of a ship bound for Rio Janeiro to allow the captain to call at the island of Trinidad, on the South American coast, where the wealth is hidden. If on reaching the island an inspection of the spot be satisfactory, means will be used to get at the treasure without delay, but should the enterprise on the island be a failure, then the ship will proceed to Cape Town, where the coals will be sold and discharged, and where it is expected a homeward charter will be secured, so that the loss on the venture, if expected, will not be great.

### RACING A RAILWAY TRAIN.

An exciting race occurred in Nevada, the other day, according to the *Virginia Enterprise*. Several of Hock Mason's men were at Wabuska, the other day, to say good-by to one of their number who was going North. Just as the train was fairly under way the departing vanguard shouted back that he had left his overcoat. A short search resulted in finding the article, and a hurried discussion arose as to the best way of restoring it to its owner, when it was suggested that had they been quick enough one of them might have caught the train on his horse. The suggestion was like a flash of fire to powder. One glance after the fast-disappearing train and Dan Farley was in the saddle, plunging both rowels in his steed, and away and away, over ditches, through the sagebrush, up the hills and down the hollows, riding as though for dear life, like a madman, or, more reckless still, like a thorough-blooded cowboy. It was a hard run, but in about a mile and a half Dan overhauled the train and the conductor slackened speed so that he could deliver the coat. It is needless to say that Dan rode a good horse and that it was an exciting spectacle to those who saw it. A horse race would be a tame affair in comparison.

A RELIGIOUS FANATIC in Indiana beat his wife and her father to death because she suggested that he could do more good for his sick children by building a fire than by praying for their recovery.

## A PRAYER.

Plan thou my path, O Lord,  
And let me see  
No future good or ill  
Not best for me.  
Go with me through the dark,  
And through the light:  
Thy presence will suffice  
For deepest night.

The child doth never fear  
Though storms betide,  
Whoever nestles near  
His father's side:  
Oh, in the storm of life,  
Let me not stray  
Beyond thy loving care  
Through all the way.

And when I have fulfilled  
Thy perfect will,  
And thou dost to the storm  
Say, Peace be still;  
Be with me when friends watch  
My latest breath,  
And guide me through the calm  
That we call death.

—Ez.

## A SEED OF TRUTH.

BY ADELINER BERGMAN.

"Where is papa this evening?" asked little Janet Aylmer, looking round the drawing room as if in search of him.

"Gone out," said an elder sister, who was reading in an arm-chair.

"Where has he gone, mamma?" was the next question.

Mrs. Aylmer was also reading, but she glanced up at her little daughter with a tender smile as she answered—

"He has gone to a meeting, dear, where he is to make a speech, and he will not be home until his little girls are in bed and fast asleep."

"Minna will be asleep, perhaps, but I always hear the door open and shut," said Janet with dignity, as she sat down on the floor at her mother's side. Mrs. Aylmer stroked the little girl's hair, and went on reading to herself.

"What are you reading, mamma?"  
"A book on the same subject as that which your papa is going to speak about to-night, dear."

"Oh, I know," said Janet. "About temperance. Is it an interesting book?"

"Very interesting," replied her mother. And then there was a long pause.

Presently, however, Mrs. Aylmer roused herself to say,

"Have you nothing to do, Janet dear? Where is Minna? Why don't you have a good game together?"

"I left Minna in the nursery," said Janet slowly. "She wouldn't play at what I wanted, so I came down-stairs. But she said she would come too, by-and-by."

"What did you want to play at?"

"It is such a nice game," said Janet, with a sigh. "It was to be a meeting, and all the dolls were to be people listening to a lecturer, and I was to have been the lecturer and Minna to take the chair, and the two boys-dolls were to come and sign the pledge."

Mrs. Aylmer could not forbear a smile. "And what did Minna want to play at?" she asked. But before an answer could be given, the door was burst open unceremoniously, and a little maiden of seven years old dashed into the room with as much noise as her tiny hands and feet could make. She was found, and short and fair; she had wide-open blue eyes, light curly locks, and rosy cheeks—in fact, she presented the strongest imaginable contrast to her nine-year-old sister Janet, who was tall for her age, thin, dark and angular, and who eyed her with some disfavor as Minna managed to tumble over a rug and lay for a moment on the floor, tightly grasping at least six dolls in her fat arms to prevent their coming to any harm.

She did not seem to mind her trouble, however, for she picked herself up without a cry, shook out her frock, and backed against the door to shut it.

"Gently, darling," said her mother, "do you want Janet?"

"Yes, I'll play at her game now," said Minna. "Come along Janet, you've got to be the lee-leeshur, haven't you?" Minna's speech was not as yet quite perfect, and the word "lecturer" was quite beyond her. "Come and play, I'll take the chair,"

And Minna solemnly planted herself in the biggest chair in the room.

Janet rose without much alacrity, and began to play, but the game proved to be one of such absorbing interest that her face soon grew bright and happy, and the two little sisters had a very merry time together, while their mother and elder sister quietly pursued their own occupations.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had long been engaged in furthering the work of the Temperance League at every opportunity. Mr. Aylmer was in great request as a speaker at public meetings, and Mrs. Aylmer had written much and successfully upon the subject. Their house was situated in a very central part of London, and was sufficiently large and convenient to afford ample space for drawing-room meetings, committee-meetings, and all other kinds of meetings for the welfare of the cause in which they were interested. Thus it happened that the children of the family knew a great deal more about the subject of temperance and the evils of drunkenness than most children, and were profoundly interested in it too. Even their childish games consisted often in imitation of the meetings held by their elders, and it was on these occasions that Janet would repeat the facts and arguments that she had overheard, with an earnestness and precision that sometimes almost startled her hearers.

When Minna had gone to bed on the evening of which we speak, Janet came down from the footstool where she had been standing to address the assembled dolls, and uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, darling?" said Mrs. Aylmer. "Are you tired?"

"No, mamma," said Janet, crossing the room to her mother's side: "at least, I am tired of making believe so much."

"How Janet?"

"The dolls can't understand what I say," continued Janet plaintively, "and they couldn't drink if they wanted to, and Minna is much too young to care. Yet what I tell them is all true, isn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, I was listening to you. You remember what papa said the other evening very nicely."

"But what is the good of remembering it?" said Janet, in a sort of passion of impatience; "What is the good of telling it to the dolls, mamma? I want to do something real."

"Plenty of time for that," said her mother. "When you are older, you will find more work ready to your hand than you have time to do."

"Then why shouldn't I begin at once?"

"Patience, darling. You are beginning when you take an interest in this great work that we are trying to do, when you pray for all the people who do it, when you help me to sort out tracts and books for distribution, when you go to your Band of Hope meeting and help the children to sing the pretty temperance hymns—in all these ways you are helping, and doing something real."

"I believe you would like to speak at meetings, like papa," said Janet's elder sister, looking up from her book and laughing. She often did laugh at Janet, and the child reddened and turned appealingly to her mother.

"No, mamma, you know I shouldn't like that. But I should like to write books and verses as you do, for I know you do such a lot of good. When I grow older mayn't I write books, too, mamma?"

"If you can, darling, certainly you may."

"How old were you when you began to write stories, mamma?"

Mrs. Aylmer laughed. "I was not very old," she said; "I wrote stories for my own amusement when I was only your age."

"Oh!" said Janet rather over-awed. And then she fell a-pondering.

Presently she looked up with rather a discouraged face.

"Miss Merton says I am dreadfully backward with my writing and spelling. My spelling is shocking, she says. I'm afraid that if I wrote a story or a tract, nobody would be able to read it, the writing would be so bad." And the tears came into Janet's dark eyes.

"You must try and improve," said her mother gently. "You want to do too much at once, little Janet. Taking pains with your writing and spelling is one of the ways in which you may fit yourself for higher work by-and-by. Don't despise little things. And now good-night, for Minna will not go to sleep until you are with her."

So Janet went off to bed quieted and

comforted by her mother's words, as well as by a new idea that had occurred to her—an idea which she did not like to unfold in the presence of her critical sister Kathleen, but which was destined to bear fruit afterwards in unexpected ways.

For the next few days she was seen to be very busy. She crept into corners with pen and paper, and sat there alternately writing and staring before her with wistful eyes and chin supported by her hand. "Webster's Dictionary" was not far off at such times, neither was a bundle of tracts and stories which Mrs. Aylmer had given into the children's charge for distribution among the scholars of Kathleen's class in the Sunday-school. Sometimes she would beg to be told how to spell a long word, and sometimes she would be seen tearing up her pieces of paper and committing them to the flames, as if she were tired of her work or dissatisfied with what she had done. But no one was taken into her confidence, and her sisters were so well accustomed to "Janet's odd ways," as they called them, that these actions did not excite any particular attention. Only her mother wondered what was passing in the child's mind, but she waited patiently, knowing that the time would soon come when her little daughter would tell her about it.

But one unlucky morning the discovery was made all too soon. Mrs. Aylmer was busy in her little sitting-room, which was separated from the drawing-room by folding doors. Suddenly she heard the sound of raised voices of laughter, then of something very like a scream and a sob. She opened the folding doors and looked in.

A visitor had appeared on the scene, none other than Mr. Aylmer's youngest brother—Uncle Sidney, as the children called him. He was only three-and-twenty—five years older than his eldest niece, Kathleen—and had always been like a playfellow than an uncle to the young Aylmers. His coming was greeted with shouts of joy, and was generally the signal for games and merrymaking of all kinds. He did not come very often, although he did not live far from Mr. Aylmer's house, but the fact was that Sidney Aylmer had been brought up by his grandfather on a totally different system from the one of which his elder brother approved, and the consequence was that he had learned to scoff at self-denial and self-restraint, that he had no sympathy with the methods by which Mr. Aylmer and his friends were trying to suppress vice and implant habits of temperance and sobriety among the people, especially the poor, with whom they came in contact, and that he declared that a good education and a strong will was quite sufficient to prevent a man from giving way to temptation. These opinions formed something like a barrier between him and his brother's family, and it was comparatively seldom that he came, as on the present occasion, to spend a whole day with them.

Mrs. Aylmer watched and listened for a moment. Sidney was laughing heartily and Kathleen was speaking to Janet, whose flushed cheeks and flashing eyes showed that she did not consider the matter so lightly as her sister and uncle seemed to do.

"Come, Janet, let us see it," Kathleen was saying. "You have been writing it so long that it must be ready for publication now."

"No, no, no!" cried Janet; "it isn't ready; you shan't see it, give it me back. I will have it back," and she made a frantic clutch at the paper that Kathleen held in her hand.

"Give it her back, Kathleen," said Uncle Sidney, laughing. "Don't tease the poor child."

"No, let us read it first," said Kathleen, mischievously. "Now, Jenny, shall I begin?"

Janet burst into an angry flood of tears; and at that moment Mrs. Aylmer advanced into the room.

In a short time quietness was restored. Janet was comforted by regaining possession of her treasured papers, and sent away to recover calmness in the nursery, while Kathleen was gently reproved for inconsiderateness.

"But mamma, she has been so ridiculous," said Kathleen, excusing herself hastily. "When she was asked what she was writing, she said it was a temperance tract—no, if such a mite as Janet could write anything worth reading! She is merely wasting her time and growing conceited."

Mrs. Aylmer made a quiet remark on the

beauty of patience and kindness, which rather discomfited her daughter. Kathleen was not of an unloving disposition, and the idea that she had been thoughtless and unkind soon sent her in search of little Janet, whom she petted and comforted until the child's grievance was forgotten. Meanwhile Sidney was left alone with Mrs. Aylmer.

"I wonder what the monkey has been writing," he said, as he stooped to pick up one of the torn and crumpled scraps of paper which had been dropped in the skirminch. "Is it a breach of confidence to read these few lines? I should like to know what she has been after."

Mrs. Aylmer took the paper from him and read what was written on it, then returned it to him with a smile.

"Certainly," she said. "I will tell Janet we have seen it, and I think she will not mind."

So Sidney read aloud the written words; blotted, confused, almost obliterated as they were, he was able only with difficulty to decipher them.

"Bad people drink too much wine and spirits." Thus Janet's childish essay began. "I should like to tell them how naughty it is of them to do so. Some people say they cannot stop drinking, or doing anything bad, when they have once begun. But that is not true. God's Holy Spirit always helps people to do right and to leave off doing wrong, if they ask for it. He would make them able—"

And there the words stopped abruptly, and the paper was torn across.

"Sidney Aylmer looked up with a smile. "You have taught her well," he said rather mockingly. Her father himself could hardly preach better. What will you make of her when she grows up—a female lecturer?"

"I hope she may always be as earnest as she is now," said Mrs. Aylmer.

"Her zeal has been too early kindled," said her young brother-in-law. "It will wear itself out before she is fifteen."

"I trust not," said Mrs. Aylmer. But she could say no more, for the door opened to admit an invasion of the two younger children, Willy and Baby, from the nursery, and her attention was thenceforth absorbed by them. She did not notice that Sidney carefully folded up the piece of paper and thrust it into his pocket.

She did notice, however, that he was unusually silent for the rest of the day, and that instead of romping with the children, he was found several times to have fallen into the deepest of brown studies, from which he had to be roused by sundry repetitions of his name and many playful shakes and nudges.

In the course of the afternoon he drew Janet into a corner and took her on his knee.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Janet?" he said.

"Please, uncle Sidney."

"Well, then, I read part of your temperance tract."

"Oh, uncle Sidney."

"Don't you think you wrote what was true? Don't you believe it all?"

"Yes," said Janet, looking astonished.

"Then, little girl, you must not be ashamed of what you wrote."

"I'm not ashamed of what I meant," said Janet coloring; "but I am ashamed of the bad writing, and the bad spelling, and all that. Miss Merton says it is disgraceful for a girl of my age." And Janet's tone grew sad.

"Never mind the writing and the spelling," said Sidney. "I am thinking of what you meant. You believe it all, Janet?"

"Please would you tell me what part you read?" said Janet, timidly.

Sidney drew out the paper and held it before her eyes. She blushed deeply as she read it, but answered with more firmness than he expected—

"It's quite true, uncle Sidney."

"But suppose I don't believe it?" said Uncle Sidney.

He was not prepared for the look of utter incredulity and amazement with which she met his eyes.

"You must believe it, uncle Sidney. You don't mean what you say," she cried in breathless haste.

"I do mean it, Janet. Why should I believe it?" he said, with so strangely dark an expression in his usually merry eyes, that Janet shrank back alarmed. "But it's no use saying so to you, is it? Never mind, child; we won't talk of it. Where's Minna?"

"But uncle Sidney, which part of it don't you believe?" said Janet eagerly. "Have I

made any mistake! See here, it is bad to drink too much, isn't it? It is naughty for people, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," said her uncle lightly, "though what you have to do with it is more than I can say."

Janet did not heed this remark. She was looking at her paper.

"People say they cannot stop—that's true, isn't it?"

"Perfectly true."

"And this about God helping people, of course that is true," said Janet, looking at him with her earnest dark eyes. "I have known that ever since I knew anything. He always helps those who pray to Him."

"Does he?" was on Sidney's lips to say; but he could not say it in presence of the child's simple trust. He sat silent, and little Janet was quick to read the meaning of that bitter silence.

"You don't mean that—I have not said anything wrong there, have I?—you know that he helps people!"

"Nay, not I!" was Sidney's answer, given almost before he knew that he had spoken. He was sorry he had said it, and half afraid of the effect upon poor little Janet. She turned quite white with astonishment, and could not speak for some minutes. And then Minna came up, and claimed his aid in a game. So the opportunity of speaking was lost for that time at least.

But Janet slipped out of the room, and perhaps she had a little talk with her mother for by-and-by she came back in her hat and jacket as if she were going out for a walk, and Mrs. Aylmer followed and asked if uncle Sidney would be kind enough to take care of her. For Janet was going to carry a little present to a poor woman's house, and Mrs. Aylmer did not like her to go alone.

Sidney was somewhat puzzled as to the reason why he should be asked to go. But when he was in the street his niece told him why.

"Uncle Sidney," she said, "I didn't tell mamma what we were talking about, because I wasn't quite sure whether I understood it rightly or not."

"That was one of Janet's wise little speeches which often made her sister laugh. Uncle Sidney did not laugh, however, he only took her hand in his, and held it fast.

"Good little woman," he said. "But tell mamma all about it if you like. She will understand."

"You don't like talking about temperance, do you, uncle Sidney?"

"I don't care for it much, certainly."

"Then will you be angry," said Janet with a vivid blush, "if I take you to a house where you are quite sure to hear something about it?"

"Certainly not. So you have been laying plots, have you, Miss Janet? You fancy you will make me a teetotaler like yourself eh?"

"Do you think it would be bad for you to be one?" asked Janet simply.

Something in the phrase struck home. Sidney Aylmer's face changed, and a sigh issued from his lips as he answered—

"Perhaps not, little one, perhaps not. Too late now!" but the last words were addressed rather to himself than to her.

"They stopped" at the door of a poor little house in a back street. Sidney noticed as he passed in that everything about it was beautifully clean. They entered an inner room, where several persons were sitting or standing; and these persons were introduced by Janet to her uncle with anxious courtesy.

"This is Mrs. Dean, uncle Sidney, who washes my frocks so nicely. (This is my uncle Sidney, Mrs. Dean.) And this is Mrs. Dean's husband having his tea, with little Jimmy on his lap. And this is Granny, Mrs. Dean's husband's mother. And the children's names are Mary, Jane, and Amelia. Mamma has sent this black currant jelly, Mrs. Dean, for Amelia's throat, please, and a cake for Jimmy."

The visitors were gladly welcomed, and uncle Sidney showed no objection to a seat in the midst of this friendly family. He began to talk to "Mrs. Dean's husband," who was a fine, healthy-looking, brown-bearded man, and got on with him capitally. Before long, James Dean's tongue was loosened, and he was discoursing gravely upon the prospects of trade and the coming winter. He seemed to be a very intelligent man, and Sidney listened to him with pleasure as well as curiosity. Meanwhile Janet sat silent, or spoke a word or two to little Jimmy. Suddenly the color came into her face. "What was James Dean saying? She listened more eagerly than ever.

"Well, yes, sir, I'm doing pretty well now but I thought it was near over with me some three years ago, didn't I, Mary?"

"How was that?" said Sidney. "Were you ill?"

"Well, no, sir—not to say ill. It was the drink, sir, that had got such a hold on me, that though I knew it was ruining me body and soul, I couldn't give it up."

"Ah," said Sidney, rather dryly. "But you were never an habitual drinker, I suppose?"

"It had a tight grip of me, sir. It wasn't many nights in the month that I came home sober. We lived down Bilder's Alley then—mayhap you know the sort of place."

Sidney nodded. The Deans' present abode was a perfect Paradise compared to the houses that he had seen in Bilder's Alley.

"And Mary there," continued James Dean, "she hadn't scarce a gown to her back, nor bread to give the children, for all my wages went in drink. You can ask the neighbors, sir; they knew of me, though they hadn't much to say to me about here—they was a cut above me, and they'll tell you that there wasn't a worse drunken brute than me when the fit was on me in all London. It's the truth, sir, God forgive me!"

"But it's wonderful how he's mended since then," said Mrs. Dean, eagerly. "He don't touch nothing stronger than coffee, now, sir, and that's why we're so comfortable."

"Ay, but it was a hard fight," said James Dean, shaking his head.

"And what made you give it up?" asked Sidney. "Some temperance meeting or lecturer?"

"It might ha' done, sir, but I never went near them. No; it was this way. I came home one night sober than usual, as I had just lost my place, and was thinking what a fool I'd been. And I see my wife on her knees by a chair. 'Come, Mary,' says I, 'get up. What are you doing there?' 'Oh, James,' she says, 'I've been praying that God would make you see the bad ways you've fallen into, and give you grace to mend them.' She looked half frightened when she'd said it, but I was low-spirited. I didn't abuse her as usual, but I said quiet like—'Too late, Mary. I couldn't give up the drink now if I wanted to. It's got too firm a hold on me.' 'God's stronger than I, James,' she said. 'If you asked Him to help you, He would.' 'You may ask Him for me,' says I. And then she went down on her knees again, but all she did was to burst out crying; and before I hardly knew what I was after, I was down on my knees a-crying too."

"And what then?" said Sidney, for the man stopped short to brush away a tear which had started at the remembrance of that voiceless prayer.

"What then, sir? Why, it burst upon me like a flash of lightning, what a brute-beast I'd been making of myself. And the worst was, I felt I had no strength to resist the temptation, and that I should want the drink as much as ever next morning. So I prayed the Lord to give me His help; sir; and He did."

"How?"

"I can't rightly say how," answered James Dean, reverently; "but I know that for His sake I was enabled to say 'No' when the temptation was the strongest, and but for Him I should never have got through with it. It's three years ago now, and I trust I shall hold on to Him to the end."

Sidney Aylmer was silent for some little time.

"You are fortunate," he said at length, "to have found a motive strong enough to influence your will."

"Bless you, sir," said James Dean, only half comprehending, "hadn't I motives enough, with wife and children and all depending on me? It wasn't motives as did it, sir—it was God's grace."

"Perhaps so," murmured Sidney to himself. Janet heard him, though the Deans did not.

"Well, little woman," said the uncle to his niece, when they were walking home; "so you let me in for a lecture, did you?"

"I thought you wouldn't mind, Uncle Sidney," said the child.

"And that man uses your argument, too, Janet—that Divine strength is given to those who ask for it."

"Yes," said Janet.

"If it is true," said Sidney, musingly, "one might be able to make a new start—"

He broke off with something like a sigh. Janet did not venture to speak again, and they walked on quietly until they reached

Mr. Aylmer's house.

"You'll come in, Uncle Sidney," said Janet, beseechingly.

"Not now, dear, I'll come another day." And as the front door was opened, he bent down and kissed Janet's forehead.

"I won't forget your tracts, little Janet," he said, with rather an incompressible smile.

Janet wondered what he meant. And when she told her mother all the story, she found that Mrs. Aylmer was well content with it, but advised her not to puzzle her brains over everything Uncle Sidney said.

"But I don't mean to write another tract," said Janet, gravely.

"No, dear. I would wait till you are older."

"I wish Uncle Sidney would come and see us again," Janet sighed, impatiently.

It was some time before he came, however. And when at last he did appear, it was not to Janet, but to his elder brother that he paid a visit.

He had something of a confession to make. He had been led astray by evil companions, and had involved himself in many difficulties which were less grievous indeed than the bad habits he had also contracted, but which, nevertheless, gave him much anxiety and care. And until his talk with Janet, he had thought that the chain of evil custom was too strong ever to be broken.

But his earnest belief in God's willingness to help, as well as James Dean's testimony to the power of prayer, carried hope to his heart. In the presence of the need he felt of some outward constraining motive for action, his avowed disbelief fell from him like a garment. And now he had resolved to lead a better life, and his first cry was for that guidance, that help, that Divine strength in which he had learnt his first lesson from the lips of little Janet.

Janet did not know how much she had done for him. Her parents begged Sidney to give her no hint of the use her work had been, and it was better so, for even in Janet's simple heart some seed of vanity and self-complacency might easily have been planted by her uncle's gratitude. It was only to Kathleen that Mrs. Aylmer pointed the moral.

"See," she said, "what Janet in her childish faith has done. And yet you tried to hinder her, Kathleen."

"She is such a child," said Kathleen, only half convinced.

"Yes, a child," said her mother, "but 'even a child is known by his doings, whether they be pure and whether they be right.' She has done what we have tried to do for years in vain. The little seed of God's truth which she had been so anxious to cast forth has indeed sprung up and brought forth a hundredfold."

A hundredfold, indeed, as many would have said in after years had they known Sidney Aylmer's story. As a rule he was known less by his own words than by the many deeds of kindness and pity that grew to be associated with his name. But one hardly dares to think of what he might have been, had he never listened to Janet's simple words: "God always helps those who pray to Him.—*Temperance Mirror*."

MISS CORSON'S MUTTON WITH POACHED EGGS.—Mince a pound of cooked mutton very fine, and warm it in its own gravy, or with just enough water to moisten it, add a high seasoning of salt and pepper. While the meat is being warmed make several slices of toast and poach three eggs by dropping them into salted boiling water, and boiling them gently for two minutes, serve the minced mutton on the toast with the eggs on top.

MACARONI WITH COD.—Break a quarter of a pound of macaroni into short pieces, boil twenty minutes in hot salted-water, drain, stir in a table-spoonful of butter and three table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, mix up with one-third as much chopped cod as you have macaroni and put into a buttered bake dish. Wet with a little milk, scatter bread crumbs on the top and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Into one quart of hot milk stir the yolks of six eggs previously well beaten. Stir until cooked sufficiently. Then sweeten and flavor. Put the whites of the eggs beaten stiff into a colander, and pour boiling water over to harden them, then place them on top of the custard, with bits of jelly if desired.

## HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

February 22.—Acts 23 : 1-11.

## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Intervening events. The connecting history is more important here than in many lessons. Picture out the scenes vividly. Let the scholars see, as it were, the excited mob in the court of the Gentiles, angrily shouting and gesturing at Paul upon the stairway; the rescue; the preparation for scourging; Paul's claim to be a Roman citizen, and his escape.

Illustration of Roman citizenship. By the Lex Porcia, Roman citizens were exempted from all degrading punishment, such as that of scourging. The words *civis Romanus sum* acted like a magical charm in disarming the violence of provincial magistrates. It was the heaviest of all the charges brought by Cicero against Verres, that he had violated the rights of citizenship. It is a crime to bind a Roman citizen; a heinous iniquity to scourge him; next to parricide to kill him; what shall I say to crucify him! According to the Roman laws, it was death for any one falsely to assert a claim to the immunities of citizenship.

Word-picture of the scene in the council. The different elements of which this Sanhedrim was composed; the place of meeting; the arrangement of the different parties; old friends and enemies of Paul among the members; the fact that Paul himself was once a member, and listened to Stephen and condemned him.

Subject.—Comfort in the hours of trouble.

Paul was in circumstances of peculiar trial, and yet the Lord helped him, and made all things work together for good, and gave him especial comfort, and yet just such as we may have in our troubles.

Illustration. Vers. 6, 7. There is a Greek legend of Cadmus, the builder of Thebes, that he slew a dragon and sowed the teeth in the field. The dragon's teeth sprang up from the ground armed giants, a great army. Then he took up a rock and threw it among them. So that instead of slaying him they went to fighting one another. And they slew one another till only one tall giant remained, and he became the helper of Cadmus in carrying stones for the walls of the city of Thebes he began to build. So it is wise to let the enemies of Christianity fight one another; one tears down what another builds up. So it has been through the ages, whether they use historic criticism or geology, or antiquarian researches or development theories, or any form of science for their weapons. But always after the battle is over there is left some solid, settled truth which never fails to help to build the city of our God.

How to WASH BLANKETS.—The following method of washing blankets has been highly recommended by an experienced housekeeper: For half a dozen double blankets take one pound of borax dissolved in a gallon of boiling water, with a pound of pure white bar soap, shaved up finely. Stir until all is melted. Then put the blankets into a tub, as many as will go in, turn water upon them just warm to the hand, and mix with it the solution of borax and soap. If three double blankets are to be washed, take half the mixture at one time. Never rub soap upon any kind of woolen, or rub the blankets, but loose them up and down in the suds, and squeeze them in the hands, and pull them from one hand into the other, until all the dirt and soil are removed. If there are spots of grease upon the blankets, a little borax and soap can be gently rubbed upon them until they are extracted, but much rubbing will fill up the texture. When white and clean, rinse in lukewarm water, and use two waters if one does not leave them very white. Wring through a wringer, hang on the line and pull straight and smooth. Blankets should always be washed on a sunny day, when they can dry quickly, and be folded up before the dew commences to fall. They do not need to be ironed, but can be passed through a mangle, if one is at hand. They can be laid between two mattresses and pressed, or put on shelves in the linen closet, and heavy books placed upon them.—*The Household*.

HATRED stirreth up stripes; but love covereth all sins.—*Proverbs x.*



The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

CANADA TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The Canada Temperance Act, or Scott Act, has now been the subject of 66 contests in this Dominion, and 55 have been victories. The aggregate majority now is about 32,300. The following polling days are now fixed for the near future:

Northumberland & Durham,	Feb. 26
Drummond, Que.,	March 5
Elgin, Ont.,	" 19
St Thomas (city),	" 19
Lambton, Ont.,	" 19
Missisquoi, Que.,	" 19

At a meeting in Napanee to celebrate the recent adoption of the Scott Act in Lennox and Addington, the President, Rev. M. L. Pearson, said that though the majority was small, it was an agreeable surprise to many that victory had been won at all. Now the people must work hard for the Act's enforcement.

The Scott Act Committee for Northumberland and Durham have had a meeting at Cobourg, attended by delegates from all parts of the United Counties. All expressed their belief that the Act would pass by a large majority on the 26th, but that every friend of the cause would have to turn out and work.

A great meeting in the opera house at Lindsay, presided over by Judge Dean and addressed by the Rev. Mr. Keefer, passed resolutions in favor of submitting the Scott Act in Victoria county. Judge Dean said that if the Act were adopted he would see that it was enforced. The Lindsay Post says that a convention is to be held, to finally decide on the matter, and adds: "There is little doubt that the Act will be submitted—and adopted by a handsome majority."

The St. John, N. B., temperance people have subscribed \$2,000 to carry on the Scott Act Campaign.

The Presbytery of Whitby, in Ontario County, has formally and unanimously expressed its strong approval of the Scott Act.

The Guelph Woman's Christian Temperance Union, their own city having adopted the Scott Act, have resolved now to assist the workers in the county (Wellington) in any possible way.

The official return of the election in Lanark County shows that the Scott Act was adopted by a majority of 406. The vote for the Act was 2433, against 2027. In 1877, the Dunkin Act was adopted in this county by a majority of 156, the vote being 1877 against 1721.

The Hon. John B. Finch, the Good Templar orator of Nebraska, is delivering ten lectures in Nova Scotia. His engagements began at Amherst on Monday.

"Protection" writes to the Charlottetown (I.E.I.) Examiner calling on the Inspector of Licenses to explain how it is that the Scott Act is not enforced, now that the Supreme Court has confirmed the validity of those parts of the McCarthy Act providing for the Scott Act's enforcement. The writer also asks why certain notorious saloon-keepers have been fined over and over again, and are still known to be doing a flourishing business, no effort being made to convict them on a third offence.

The quor men are preparing a great deputation to go to Ottawa on the 17th of February to bully Sir John Macdonald into standing between the accused traffic and the doom pronounced upon it by the nation. Cheap excursions are advertised,

so that as big a crowd as possible may be got together to overawe the Premier. He has to be convinced that the Scott Act, which is being endorsed by such tremendous majorities all over the country, ought to be mutilated to benefit the worst portion of the minority.

A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE ASLEEP.

Preaching to a crowded congregation on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society a fortnight ago, at St Margaret's Church, Westminster, Archdeacon Farrar said it almost seemed as if on the subject of drunkenness and national conscience had become hardened with a terrible callousity, and required the probing of a fearful misfortune. Those who talked of exaggeration on this matter, talked with inexcusable ignorance. In that very parish, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey and of the Houses of Parliament, he had seen in drink and drunkenness the direct cause of the most foul brutality and the most amazing wretchedness. He had seen women who had become widows and children who had become fatherless through drink; and homes made desolate, and suicide and slow murders—though not called by the name—and deaths by delirium tremens, and the sacrifice of the lives of children; and brutal assaults of husbands on their wives and of sons on their mothers; and pecuniary loss, and individual ruin, and spiritual wreck, and family destitution, and social degradation, and places where human beings lived made worse than the lairs of wild beasts—and all through drink. To know what drink was doing in England they must multiply all this by thousands, and they would have a festering mass of sin and shame and despair and guilt and anguish such as no imagination could conceive and no tongue could name. England must get rid of this curse and crime, or gradually perish of the paupers and criminals who were poisoning her natural life, and who, so long as the present drink system was continued, would remain untouched by the amenities of civilization, and much more by the influences of religious faith. To defend the existing system was like talking about protecting the vested interests of a cancer.

In speaking of intemperance as a cause of the poverty of the poor and of the misery of the slums, the Archdeacon said the demagogue and the socialist railed at the luxury of the rich. All luxury was an evil, and days were coming when the duty of perfect simplicity and stern self-denial would be incumbent on every class; but he, who had often attacked the luxury of the rich, must say that it was not so deadly and treacherous as the drink of the poor. There was many a working man, many a cabman, many a laborer, many an artisan, who spent every day of his life on intoxicating drink a sum which he, the preacher, could not afford, and which he should think it criminally luxurious and disgracefully extravagant to spend.

THE STORY RUNS that down in Banks county, Georgia, a few nights ago, Squire Cristler was called upon to join a couple in the holy bands of matrimony. Getting to the river, he found it impossible to cross. Determining not to be disappointed, he summoned the couple to the water's edge, on the opposite side of the stream, and having the groom tie a rock to the license and pitch it over, some sixty yards, he proceeded to tie the knot at the top of his voice.

THE WEEK.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION has not so far been a success financially. There is a deficiency of \$319,000, and Congress is asked for more help.

THE colored people of Belleflower, Illinois, have received letters warning them to leave the place.

DURING A BALL in Bohemia, on Monday, the staircase was shattered by a dynamite explosion. Several guests were severely injured.

A WOMAN in Michigan complained to her drunken husband that he had not done two days work in twelve years. He answered by shooting her and himself too. The man is dead, but his wife will recover.

FIVE AMERICANS are said to be buying war material in London on their way to join the Chinese army.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN has been expelled from Switzerland for taking a leading part in Anarchist movements.

HANLAN, the Canadian sculler, has beaten an Australian named Clifford by six lengths. His friends are confident that on the first opportunity he will beat Beach, who won the championship from him a few months ago.

THE JEWS in Tangiers have complained to Britain that they are subjected to most odious atrocities by the Moors.

TWO ANARCHISTS were executed by sword in Germany, on Saturday, for attempting to kill the emperor and other persons.

THE LONDON Times says that it becomes clearer and clearer that when the "Imperial Federation" movement bears fruit it will really be in the form of independence for Canada and Australia.

THE shipbuilding industry of Britain is looking up again. Many large contracts have been given by Canadians and Americans.

A BRITISH CORONER'S JURY in the case of Capt. Armstrong, who was such a violent drunkard on his vessel that the crew killed him in self-defence, has rendered a verdict of wilful murder against the dead man for the murder of one of his sailors.

TWELVE SAILORS on a French warship at Matsou have been shot for mutiny.

FORTY MADMEN have organized themselves at Chicago into the "Old Fenian Guard;" one of them announces that the object of the society is to blow up the whole city of London.

TWO MEN, named Cunningham and Burton, were on Monday charged in a London Police Court with conspiracy, in connection with the recent dynamite explosions. The prosecuting authorities consider the evidence so strong that they have brought the more serious accusation—"high treason-felony."

MICHAEL DAVITT, on arriving at Rome a few days ago, went to an hotel where many Englishmen stay. These informed the landlord that they would not stay in the same house with the Irish agitator, and he solved the difficulty by going to another hotel himself.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is betrothed to Princess Clementine, daughter of King Leopold, of Belgium.

A RICH WIDOW at Quebec, aged 74, has just been married to her coachman, a young man of 19.

THE Austrian Reichsrath has made peace with the newspapers, and its proceedings are again reported by them.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT is going to prepare special legislation to prevent Canada being made the base of dynamite operations.

DURING A RIOT among the Chinese at Eureka, California, a stray bullet killed a member of the City Council. The citizens then compelled every Chinaman in the city to pack up his belongings and take the first steamer to San Francisco.

A TRAIN on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway went off the track near Creston, on Monday, and went through a bridge. Three passengers were killed.

THE Russian authorities have consented to the acting of Shakespeare's plays of "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus;" they used to be thought too revolutionary in their teachings.

THE PRINCE OF WALES's elder son has made his first public appearance in London before the boys of a "refuge" in the lowest part of the city.

LORD GARMOYLE, the young aristocrat, who in a rather mean way broke off his engagement to marry Miss Fortescue, a very respectable young woman and formerly an actress, is now travelling in Canada and the United States. A sensational report is published that, in spite of the recent breach-of-promise lawsuit brought and won by the lady, the couple will get married after all.

GENERAL DE L'ISLE says that he has destroyed five abandoned Chinese ports in Tonquin. During engagements on Friday and Saturday, the French lost 21 killed and 162 wounded.

ADMIRAL COUBERT telegraphs that 1,500 of the French troops, on the 25th of January, captured several of the Chinese positions at Kelung, on Formosa, with small loss. Several attempts to retake the positions were repulsed.

A TRAIN on the Colorado Central Railway was blown off the track in a wind-storm last week, and eighteen passengers were somewhat injured.

THE North German Gazette, Prince Bismarck's organ, suggests that Britain and Germany send a united fleet to enforce the neutrality of the Congo region. Portugal had better look out for her knuckles.

THE Socialists and Anarchists are causing trouble even in America. In Pittsburg, it is said that many of them are armed and drilled. No system of government is Liberal or Republican enough for these people with impracticable ideas.

THE ANARCHISTS are threatening to blow up the Federal Government buildings of the Swiss Republic, because of recent repressive measures.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT will be made in the House of Lords this year to pass the bill legalizing marriage, in the British Isles, with a deceased wife's sister.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, in Ireland, has resolved, by a vote of 25 to 11, to admit women to practice on the same terms as men.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT, for the first time in twenty years, has seized the whole edition of a Berlin newspaper. Its Hamburg correspondent was "too Radical" to suit the authorities.

THE VICAR-GENERAL of GIBRALTAR has been stabbed to death in his own Cathedral. The murderer is supposed to be insane.

A PHILADELPHIA PORTER has come to an ignoble death by drinking twenty-five glasses of gin. The man who sold the gin has been arrested.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE was thrown into the house of a widow in Limerick county last week, in consequence of a dispute about rent. Her son cut the fuse and so prevented an explosion.

A PROMINENT FARMER of North Carolina, named John Jenkins, was supposed to have died some time ago. It is now discovered that he was buried alive. The necessity of "making assurance doubly sure" in every case of apparent death cannot be too strongly enforced.

THE LONDON "TIMES" raises another cry of alarm about the advance of Russia upon Afghanistan.

MR. STANLEY HUNTLEY, a newspaper reporter, has become Chief of the Teton Nation of Indians. He saved the old chief's life and was adopted by him some years ago.

THE STEAMSHIP "SERVIA" had a terrible time on her way to New York last week. Four of her boats were wrecked, the bridge was injured, the skylights smashed and the main saloon flooded, and the steering gear gave way. The officers and crew did their duty nobly, and the passengers subscribed \$800 to purchase a present for the captain. On board the "Polynesian" six boats were wrecked and a similar accident occurred to the steering gear.

A RICH DEPOSIT of copper ore has been discovered at Calabogie, Ontario.

TWO MEN, named Pender and Watson, have been arrested at New York and charged with the murder of a deck hand on the tow-boat "Belle" more than five years ago.

A MAN tried to pass the guard-line of Woolwich Arsenal on Saturday night, and as he neither halted nor gave the password when challenged by the sentry, the latter killed him with his bayonet. The dead man was found to be himself a soldier, who was trying to play a practical joke on his companion.

TWENTY SEVEN Anarchists have been arrested in Paris while organizing for a great demonstration.

AN ATTACK by natives of the Gold Coast upon the English settlers of Quetta resulted in the death of three white men and three hundred blacks. The police repulsed the attack.

ONE OF THE SEASON'S SPORTS in Maryland is muskrat hunting, and thousands of the creatures are killed and eaten, the hide being sold to furriers. A colored woman, who is noted for her skill in making muskrat palatable, said she skinned it very carefully, washed it well in fresh water, soaked it for several hours in salt water, and then, if the weather was cold enough, hung it in the air so that it would freeze. The longer it is allowed to freeze the better it gets. The cold takes away the "wild" taste. After this she either stews it, or, if she wants it fried, parboils it and fries it afterward. When served hot, after the foregoing treatment, it is a dish not to be despised. The meat resembles the flesh of the guinea, and tastes something like that of the squirrel. —Boston Journal.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD of the State Agricultural Society of Wisconsin, in session at Madison, has adopted a resolution prohibiting the sale of spirituous or malt liquors on the grounds during the progress of State fairs. The decision was come to almost unanimously.

IN A BATTLE between Texan ranchers and Mexican horse thieves, ten of the latter and one of the former were killed outright, and a number of others wounded.

STORMS ON THE ATLANTIC last week resulted in much delay to steamers; so far, no serious accidents are reported.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD addressed a large assemblage at Dublin on Monday night in regard to recent dynamite outrages in London. The speaker deplored the fact that a few renegade Irishmen should resort to this nefarious mode of warfare, destroying innocent lives and bringing universal execrations on the heads of their fellow countrymen. The only panacea for the existing ill-feeling and discontent in Ireland, said he, is the adoption of measures which will bring about the revival of the country's manufacturing industries, thereby giving employment to thousands of idle men and women of the benighted isle. By this means he had no doubt that sedition would be effectually squelched and happiness and contentment restored. The speaker's remarks were repeatedly and enthusiastically applauded.

THE STATE OF KENTUCKY has been robbed by its employees, according to investigators, for the last fifteen years, and the amount stolen cannot be less than \$2,000,000. In the cost of keeping idiots the robbery amounts to \$500,000, and the total in the department of criminal prosecutions is about \$1,000,000.

A COLLECTION is being made for an enormous birthday present to Prince Bismarck, who will be 70 years old on the 1st of April.

THE STEAMER "San Pablo," with 900 Chinese on board, has arrived safely at Yokohama.

FOUR PORTUGUESE men-of-war occupied the mouth of the Congo River on January 15th. Portugal does not intend to relinquish her claims to African territory, whatever other countries may say.

A NEW BRITISH organization, to be known as the National Independent Association, has been formed in London. Its objects, according to a telegram, include the upholding of the privileges of the Throne—the sovereign, however, to live in England, Ireland, and Scotland alternately; the promotion of national or home trading before resorting to the formation of foreign alliances; free trade in articles of food only; an increase of the British fleet in order to afford better protection to commerce, and an effort to promote an alliance with the United States, having for its sole object the repulse of any attempt by a foreign foe to invade any English speaking country. The latter clause has attracted a good deal of attention, and the idea of such an alliance or confederation between the English-speaking people of the world evidently pleases the popular fancy in London.

"LA MINERVE," an influential Montreal newspaper, prophesies that in fifty years the million and a half of Frenchmen on the Continent of America will number twelve millions, and that they will not be absorbed but will keep their language "for all time." But the force of circumstances may prove too strong for Minerva.

RICHARD SHORT, who is on trial for stabbing Phelan in O'Donovan Rossa's office, has been released on \$3,000 bail. The Fenians have given him a reception.

THE Greely Relief Expedition cost altogether \$759,000.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY VILLAGE.

The special correspondent of the London Daily News, who is travelling with the Commission engaged in laying down the frontier line between Britain and Russia in Afghanistan, sends the following description of an extraordinary village in Persia, within a hundred miles of Teheran:

We had not proceeded far on our way when vestiges of the former condition of things met our eyes. It was at a place only a hundred miles from Teheran that we first realised the dreadful state of danger in which the people had lived. We found a most remarkable village at which we encamped. Supposing no information could have been procured, and an archaeologist had come upon it by accident, he would have had a profound puzzle to unravel and explain. The name of the village is Lasgird. The people ascribe an immense antiquity to it, and say that Las, or Last, a son of Noah, drew on the ground the "gird" or circle which is the plan of the structure. The hero of this legend is not very familiar to Biblical scholars in the West, but he is not unknown in Afghanistan. The Colosseum at Rome, although an oval, would convey some idea of the general appearance of Lasgird, only it must be conceived as built of mud, which is almost the only building material of this country. It should also be recollected that the one belongs to a period of good architecture, of which it is a celebrated monument, while the other may be said to be entirely destitute of any pretensions of this kind.

The rude mud walls are thick and solid all round at the base, and rise some thirty or forty feet, where there is a line of doors, with here and there a small window between them. By means of projecting beams or branches of trees, over which smaller branches are laid, a kind of gallery is produced, bearing a strong resemblance to those simple forms of bird's nests which are formed of sticks placed on the upper branches of trees. The wonder is how the eggs do not roll over, or that the chicks do not tumble down to destruction. So it is with the galleries of Lasgird—there is no protection on the edge. Yet we saw women and children, sheep and goats, upon them—a more frail and dangerous looking arrangement it would be hard to conceive. There are two tiers of houses all round, and in some places there appeared to be three. All had these galleries in front, either to communicate with the next house, or as some did not communicate, they were only of use to come out upon to sit, or work, or for the children to play upon; to us these places seemed the brink of destruction, while to the women and children it all appeared as safe and comfortable as if they had been monkeys. Of course there was no getting up to these galleries from the outside; that would have suited the Turkomans. The means of going up was all on the inside. In some cases there are rough steps of mud, and in others there are inclined planes, half-ladder and half-road, made in the same way as the galleries. These lead up to galleries communicating with the houses, which were an exact repetition of those on the outside, the only difference being that they were not so high up, and there were walls at places which did duty as a parapet, hence the certainty of falling over did not seem quite so great from the inside as on the outside. While looking at this strange structure from one of these upper galleries, an old woman of at least seventy years of age, passed me with a child stuck in some primitive way on her back; a few yards from me was one of these means of ascent formed of sticks with aie remains of mud hanging to it. It would have done for fowls to go up to their roosts upon. She clambered up on this to the gallery above, but that was not her destination; her house was one up still higher in a corner, and to reach it she had to crawl up on the edge of a crumbling mud wall, not above eighteen inches wide; on her left hand was a perpendicular descent, enough to make any one dizzy, and death at the bottom of it, if a fall should occur. The old lady went up very steadily, and reached her crow's nest in perfect safety.

The dwellings of the people were all in the upper part of the great circle, and the centre was filled up with strange moss structures, which are now falling to decay, as there is no longer any danger from the Turkomans. These places were for containing the grain of the village and for receiving the

live stock of the villagers when a raid occurred. One of a number of wells was pointed out to us within the circle, and we were told that they had three or four which were always kept in good order in the days of danger. There is only one entrance to this circle, and this is by a small opening scarcely four feet in height, to which there is a stone door working with a pivot and socket similar to the ancient stone doors found in the Hauran and other parts east of the Soudan. This stone door of Lasgird is a very rude one, being eight inches thick in some parts, and it tells its tale of the existence of great danger and the necessity for protection. Sir Peter Lumsden had a long conversation with the Khet Khodah, and some of the principal villagers, and it seemed that they not only ascribed the origin of Lasgird to the Son of Noah, "Na" as they called him, but they likened their strange dwelling place to the Ark. Theologians, who identify the Church with the Ark, say all who were in the Ark were saved; all without were destroyed. This was exactly the case with Lasgird. When a Chupao took place all who got in were secure; all who were left outside became victims. A chronic state of war existed, and this fortified village was the result. The Government either could not, or would not, defend the people, and they had to take means for their own safe.

### THE STORY TELLER.

IT SEEMS FENNY to say that people are homesick when in reality they are away sick.—*Marathon Independent.*

POWERFUL STEEL KNIVES which will cut cold iron have been invented. They will be useful in railway restaurants.

LIGHTING THE GAS is about the only brilliant thing some men can do.

A GEORGIA MAN has paid for a farm with the melons of it, to say nothing of the struggling young doctors he has firmly established in business.

A LITTLE GIRL suffering with the mumps declared she "felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

"MAGGIE, I don't like to see this dust on the furniture." "All right, mum. I'll shut the blinds right away."—*Boston Post.*

MISS INVOICENCE—"What! Two dollars! Why, you're just too dear for anything! Cabby!" "Go away, Miss; if y'd only told me that last week! Unfortunately, it's married I was this mornin'."

CARITAS.—OUR PARSON: "What a beautiful snow storm, Mary. It seems as if kind nature had wrapped our sleeping village in a pure white sheet." Our Parson's Wife: "Yes; by way of reminding us, dear, that lots of our poor villagers are in need of blankets."—*Fwa.*

### HIS FOUR MEALS.

"We have four meals a day at our house," exultantly said one Old City boy to another. "Oh! what a man has given us?" asked the other lad, who had just been tagging about how he went home to dinner and had three meals every day. "I say we have four meals a day at our house. Oatmeal in the morning, rye meal and corn meal at dinner, and nearly potatoes at night."

### IT DIDN'T WORK!

"Mamma, be late suppers had?" "Yes, my child, very bad." "What makes 'em bad?" "Why, it injures the health to eat just before going to bed." "Oh! I thought maybe it injured the health to go to bed right after supper." Johnny was hustled off to bed as early as usual that night, just the same.

### PAINTING THE LILY.

A method of "painting the lily" is common in Persia; for the narcissus—bouquets of which form the constant ornament in spring of even the poorest homes—is usually "improved" by rings of colored paper, silk or velvet being introduced over the inner ring of petals. Startling floral novelties are the result; and the European seeing them for the first time is invariably deceived and cheated into admiration of what turns out afterward to be a transparent trick.—*Chamber's Journal.*

### CRITICISM.

Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable as a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labor of learning those sciences which may by mere labor be obtained is too great to be willingly endured, but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others, and he whom nature has made weak and illiterate keeps ignorant may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic.—*Johnson, in the Idler.*

POOR MRS. PERRY'S MISTAKE.

BY MARY PIERSON.

"Good morning, Mrs. Perry. Why, how busy you are! What does all this mean?"
"Busy! I should think I was, Mary. Every room in this house is turned upside down. Haven't you heard the news? I thought I told your mother about it last week. Why, our Fred is engaged, and is going to bring his lady love home for a visit next month. Of course I want everything to look nice, and I've got six months' work to do, to get ready for them. I declare, I'm tired to death already," said Mrs. Perry, dropping into a chair to get one long breath before she went to work again, while Mary Kent, her next-door neighbor, stood looking at her with pitying eyes.
"I wouldn't do so much," said Mary after a moment's silence. "You will be all worn out when they come, and won't enjoy their visit at all. Fred isn't bringing his fiancée home to show her the house, but to let her become acquainted with you all, and I'm sure you wouldn't see you at your very best, now don't you?"
"Oh, yes, of course," said Mrs. Perry assented mildly.
"After she gets here," continued Mary, "you won't mind her a bit, probably. She will seem so like one of your own family. I remember how we felt when George wrote that he was going to bring Julia home for a visit. We thought, just as you do now, that we must have everything in apple-pie order. But we couldn't, you know, for mother was very sick when they came, and for two weeks before, and we were all in confusion. But, dear me! Julia didn't seem like a stranger from the minute she stepped into the house. She took us just as we were, and I really believe her coming did mother more good than anything else in the world."
"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Perry, "but a person's previous station in life makes such a difference."
"Want?" The color came into Mary's face as she spoke, and her eyes flashed ominously, but Mrs. Perry did not notice it.
"Why—I thought—didn't I hear that your brother's wife supported herself before she was married?"
Mary had recovered herself now. "Oh, yes," she answered quietly, "she was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington for some years."
"Was that was just what I heard," said Mrs. Perry. "Well, you know Lucia has never been used to anything of the sort. She has been brought up in luxury. Her father is very wealthy, and they are highly connected. You must run in and see her, Mary, when she comes," she added, in a patronizing tone.
"Certainly, I shall want to see her. I know she is real nice, or Fred wouldn't have chosen her for his wife."
With this pleasant remark, Mary bade Mrs. Perry good morning, and ran home through the gardens belonging to the two houses. A queer smile was on her face, and by the time she reached her mother's room, she was laughing heartily.
"O, mother," she said, in answer to an inquiring look, "Mrs. Perry is so funny. What do you think she just said?"
Mary repeated the conversation held in Mrs. Perry's busy kitchen, which seemed to amuse her mother as much as it had her.
"Poor Mrs. Perry," said Mrs. Kent, quietly. "She always looks at everybody's money value."
The Kents and Perrys had lived neighbors for twenty-five years, and thanks to Mrs. Kent's charity and forbearance, they had always been on excellent terms.
Mrs. Kent's greatest desire was to be of use in the world, and as Mrs. Perry gave her frequent opportunities for the gratification of this desire, both were well satisfied. Mrs. Perry had always been subject to occasional attacks of "aristocratic fever," as Mary Kent called it, but measles in her family or any other domestic upheaval was sure to cause a rapid recovery. And as her neighbor lived on a plane of life far above such little weaknesses, the intercourse between the families had always remained pleasant, and everybody spoke of them as "such good neighbors." Mrs. Perry was still busy with her preparations for company, when her husband came home one day and remarked that George Kent was coming on from Washington.

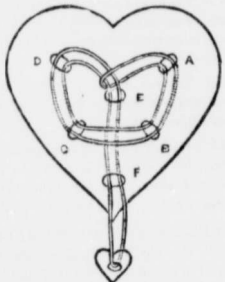
"They say he has been offered a first rate position. There's an expedition going abroad on some scientific work, I believe, and they want him to go in charge of it."
"O, is that it?" said Mrs. Perry, in a derogatory tone. Her respect for scientific research was not very great.
"I suppose he'll take it, won't he? Is there any salary attached to it?"
"I should say there was," said her husband. "A cool ten thousand a year, besides his travelling expenses."
Mrs. Perry opened her eyes.
"Have in the world did George Kent happen to get it?"
"They say he's the best man for it. Lots of the big scientific men in Washington were after the place, but it was offered to Kent without his even putting in an application. It will be a mighty good thing for him."
Mrs. Perry looked thoughtful. "I wonder if his wife is going with him."
"Yes, his father told me that George was going to leave his children here with the old folks, and he and his wife were going to make a kind of wedding trip of it."
"Wait, if he's coming up in the world, he'll think more about the wife's position, I guess, than he ever seemed to yet."
"Why, what's the trouble with her position? I always thought George Kent had got a first-class wife."
"Why," said Mrs. Perry, "she worked in the Treasury in Washington for years before she was married. Mary Kent told me so herself."
Mr. Perry looked at his wife mischievously. "O, wife, wife, don't forget old times," her face flashed angrily but she made no reply. She had learned wisdom by experience.
The day came at last when the Perry mansion was quiet once more, and the most fastidious housekeeper would certainly have pronounced it "ready for company," from garret to cellar. A new carpet of most aesthetic hues covered the floor of the spare chamber. The old furniture, neither new enough nor old enough to be "old fashioned," was replaced by a chamber set of the newest and most antique design. Various pieces of artistic ebony were scattered about the house, while the smell of fresh paint and varnish was everywhere perceptible.
Even Mrs. Perry's afternoon costume was new, but she herself looked tired and anxious as she sat at the parlor window, watching for the carriage which had been sent to meet her son and his intended bride.
We will leave her there a moment and look into the other house.
The last two weeks have been busy ones here also. Mrs. Kent and Mary have been getting all the spring sewing and house-cleaning done, in order to have plenty of leisure to devote to the dear ones who are coming home.
On this particular afternoon they are sitting in the library with their work in their hands, but both ladies are evidently in an idle mood. Their eyes are turned to the window instead of upon their work. It must be that they, too, are looking for guests.
At last the old stage-coach came lumbering up from the station to deposit its load at Mr. Kent's gate. A lady and gentleman alighted with two children, little two-year old Charley, and demure Miss May, with the consciousness of her five years in every look and step.
Aunt Mary rushed eagerly down the walk to meet them, while the dear old grandma followed more slowly, her soft gray eyes beaming a loving welcome upon them all.
In the meantime Mrs. Perry had left her post of observation by the window to give one more glance over the house. She had scarcely resumed her seat when the door-bell rang. Opening the door herself, she was amazed to find her expected guests. No carriage was in sight, and the smile of welcome which she had prepared for the occasion was replaced by an anxious look of inquiry.
"Well, mother, here we are," said Fred, as he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and gave her a hearty kiss, "here is the daughter I promised you so long ago," and with a look of loving pride, he drew Lucia forward to receive his mother's welcome.
Mrs. Perry kissed the young lady, and held her hand for a moment. "You are

welcome to our home, my dear. But where is the carriage, Fred? Has anything happened?"
Fred laughed.
"O, no, mother, but you must hold Lucia responsible for our walking home. You see we had been shut up in the cars so long that we both wanted a little exercise and fresh air. So when she proposed that we send our baggage home by John and follow it on foot, I consented very willingly. This is a very independent little woman, mother. She has me under excellent discipline already,"—and Fred laughed again roughly, as he bustled about the room with boyish freedom.
Then everybody had seen her, if she had walked away up from the station with Fred. They would all know who she was, thought Mrs. Perry, as she looked at the plain young lady, in her quiet brown travelling dress. What would her friends think, after all she had said about the "laughter of rich Dr. Greydon, of Syracuse?"
She had expected to see a very different person, but she must make the best of it now.
"Wow good it seems to be at home once more, mother," said Fred.
"It seems good to have you here, both of you," said Mrs. Perry. "Now I must take this young lady up stairs, she added, putting her arm about Lucia, who returned the caress with a pleasant smile. "You can find your old quarters, Fred."
For a few days the two families were very much absorbed in themselves. The Kents had a great many plans for the coming summer to talk over in family conclave, and Mrs. Perry and Lucia were busy getting acquainted with each other. Lucia was able to answer very satisfactorily Mrs. Perry's numerous questions regarding her home and friends, and was rising rapidly in that lady's estimation.
One day as they sat by the window talking, they saw two ladies strolling about in Mrs. Kent's garden.
"Who is that?" said Mrs. Perry, "that's Mrs. Sibley, Mrs. Perry remarked to Lucia, who was observing them very attentively.
"Who is that?" said Mrs. Perry, "that's Mrs. Sibley, whom I used to see in Syracuse," said the latter.
"Mrs. George Kent was a Miss Sibley, I believe," said Mrs. Perry, "but not the one you mean, of course. She came from Washington. She was a clerk in the Treasury Department. Quite an ordinary person, I should judge, from what I've seen of her. But the Kents are not people who mind such things. They are very kind neighbors and all that, nice enough people in their way, but not at all the kind of people you have been accustomed to, my dear."
Lucia looked at her future mother-in-law with new interest. She was getting acquainted with Fred's mother quite rapidly she thought.
"This Miss Sibley was from Washington, too," she said after a moment's pause, "and was a clerk in one of the Departments, I don't know which. She spent her summers in Syracuse, for a great many years, at Commodore Sibley's. He was her grandfather, and very fond of her. He wanted her there all the time, but she preferred to be independent. So she only came to them for a month or two in the summer. They always saved their grandest entertainments for her visit, and were very proud of her."
Mrs. Perry's eyes had opened wider and wider at each remark.
This Miss Sibley and Mrs. George Kent were evidently the same person.
"Did you know her? You were invited to the parties, I suppose?" she asked Lucia in a faint voice.
"O, dear, no. They were altogether too exclusive for us. The Navy is the very top of social life in this country, you know."
Yes, Mrs. Perry knew. She had even boasted to her friends that Lucia had an uncle or some other relative in the Navy, but she wasn't sure of that now.
"I should like to know Mrs. Kent," continued Lucia. "Everybody who met her in Syracuse was delighted with her. I remember when she was married at her grandfather's, but I didn't hear her husband's name. He is a scientific man, isn't he?"
"Yes," said Mrs. Perry.
Both ladies sat silent for some moments, each occupied with her own thoughts. Suddenly Mrs. Perry rose. She was equal to the emergency.
"Lucia, my dear, I ought to call upon

Mrs. George Kent. You had better drop all ceremony and go with me. We will run over now, just as we are, shall we?"
Lucia assented and went for her hat, wondering why Fred was so different from his mother, while the latter lady was agitating in her mind this important question: "Has Mary Kent repeated that conversation to Miss Sibley?"—Examiner.

PUZZLES.

THE HEART AND STRING PUZZLE.



"Cut a heart out of thin wood or very stout card-board, and bore six holes in it as shown in the diagram.
Double a piece of string so as to form a loop. Pass the ends downward through A, upward through B, downward through C, upward through D, through the loop, downward through E, and upward through F. The ends in a knot to a smaller heart or bead which is too large to go through the holes in the large heart. The dotted lines show where the string goes behind the board. Pull the string from behind through A till the end of the loop comes in a straight line half-way between B and A. Finally pull the slack through B, C, D, E, and F. The puzzle is to get the string off without untying or cutting it.

SEMI-PHONETIC CHARADE.
My first is a means of preservation;
My second a marked impression creates;
My third is a time of realization;
My whole is one of our candidates.

ANAGRAMS.
1. Pliny ate not tripe.
2. Mad policy.
3. Ten tea-pots.
5. Fit on, cheering angel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.
CHARADE.—Popple.
KIDNAP.—SPARROWS—1. Spar. 2. Rows. 3. Wards. 4. Asps. 5. Wars. 6. Arrows.
SQUARE WORD.
A P P L E
P A R I S
P H I N T
L I N G O
E S T O P
ACROSTIC.—
Dante.
America Vesputi.
Victoria.
E-rying.
D-Israelit.
Long-fellow.
Isabella.
Victor Emmanuel.
Ismael Pacha.
Newton.
Garibaldi.
Shakespeare.
Taylor.
Oseola.
Napoleon.
Evelest.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers to the Prisoner's Puzzle have been received from Harry Marshall, Lizzie Watson, John W. Walls, William W. Boyer, and Wellington Lehman; other answers from Lillian Greene.

THE BEAUTY OF THE FOOT does not depend, as so many think, upon its small size, but rather upon its slenderness, height of instep and perfect arch, and upon its firmness and coloring. Beauty is opposed to a tight boot. Any foot looks better when the shoe fits perfectly than when either too tight or too loose. A tight boot makes the face red—not a pretty flash which might be welcome, but a dull, purplish red which is not at all becoming. But a very loose boot is almost as bad for corns as a tight one, as the rubbing will produce hard spots. Moderate heels should be worn. It is not easy to walk in shoes with no heels at all, and high heels are not only uncomfortable and bad for the health, but they destroy all grace of movement.—Helen Herbert.

the goit I, kno tim ing poir tive "I for i to te cous it is oppo settl Farn abou "I to go I thi spoil alwa am i able "I I hat answ reaso "N est gi in th missi lars f saw t anytl calls alway sure I "I privil answ hasn't treat "W rion, "I do your I pleas enjoy up in house myself it is yours will n "Du spare, not te ever t pleasu most with y my wa deny surely conter And anima/ doubt stand i she cot "Do your I at let fanatic were o you to "N little of slips a up a I not alv I now tenth o because more r should friend I "Yot hundre say tha benevo. "Ye "It is while I very lit "An the sati time, yo I do in Bible to pects Cl is your "I bel



THE LORD'S MONEY.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"Have you heard of the excursion down the Hudson, Christine? The Clavtons are going. Dr. Curtis and his sister, Wilbur and I, and ever so many other people whom we know. We intend to have a royal good time, and we have set our hearts upon having you go with us. So please don't disappoint us with one of your unalterable negatives."

"I should enjoy it very much, I am sure, for it is one of the trips I have always wanted to take," said Christine, when her vivacious cousin stopped for want of breath. "And it is evident you do not intend to give me an opportunity to refuse, but I have already settled the question, my dear. I saw Josie Farnum this morning, and she told me all about it."

"And you have made up your mind not to go, I see it in your face. Now, Christine, I think it really is selfish of you to spoil our pleasure that way, you are always the life of the company, and I am sure you cannot have any reasonable excuse."

"I have a very good excuse, Marion. I haven't a dollar to spare," Christine answered brightly, as if she had no reason to conceal the truth.

"Now, Christine, you are the strangest girl! I saw you put half a dollar in the plate last Sunday for home missions, and you put down two dollars for that new church in Utah. I saw the paper, though I didn't have anything to give—there are so many calls you know, but I've noticed you always give to every charity, and I'm sure I don't know how you manage."

"It is the Lord's money I have the privilege of giving, Marion," Christine answered. "Sometimes my purse hasn't a cent in it, but the Lord's treasury is never quite empty."

"What do you mean?" asked Marion, regarding her cousin curiously. "I do think you ought to use a part of your hard-earned money for your own pleasure. I am sure it is little enough enjoyment we poor teachers have, shut up in a dismal prison of a school-house forty weeks in a year. I pity myself every time I think of it! Now it is vacation, why cannot you give yourself a holiday? This excursion will not cost five dollars."

"But I have not the five dollars to spare, my dear cousin, and you must not tempt me. Besides, if you have ever tried it, you must know that the pleasure of giving is greater than almost any other. I should like to go with you, and I would do so if I saw my way clear to go, but don't think I deny myself of all pleasure. You surely cannot find a happier or more contented girl than I!"

And Marion, looking into the bright animated face of her cousin, could not doubt it. But she could not understand it; Christine was a puzzle which she could not solve.

"Do you really give a certain part of your income to the Lord?" she asked at length. "I have heard of such fanatics, but I did not suppose you were one of them, strange as I know you to be upon some points."

"No, Marion, I give very, very little of my own; somehow my money slips away; besides I mean to lay up a little every year, for I may not always have so good a situation as I now have. But I do set apart one-tenth of all the money I earn for the Lord, because I feel that it is his, and I have no more right to spend it for myself than I should have to spend the money that a friend had entrusted to my keeping."

"Your salary is the same as mine—three hundred dollars a year. Do you mean to say that thirty dollars of that sum goes for benevolence?" asked Marion incredulously.

"Yes, dear," answered Christine gently. "It is only ten cents out of every dollar, while I have ninety left for myself. It is very little."

"And you will not even allow yourself the satisfaction of calling it giving. Christine, you are the most unaccountable girl! I do not believe there is anything in the Bible to prove that the Lord demands or expects Christians to give one-tenth. Where is your authority for it?"

"I believe it is there," answered Christine

smiling, "but I want to have you look it up and tell me what you think about it. I have studied the subject earnestly and prayerfully, and I do not see how I, as a Christian, can conscientiously withhold from the Lord what it so plainly shows to me is His. And Marion, the spending of the rest of my salary gives me but a minimum of the pleasure that I derive from my 'tenth money.'"

Marion Foster was silent for several minutes, and her face wore a thoughtful look.

"I joined the church when you did, Christine," she said at length, "but I never felt as you do about these things. They perplex me sometimes until I don't know right from wrong. I suppose in one sense everything we have belongs to God, but few Christians seem to remember it. I am with the majority, but there is not much comfort in that if you are right and I am wrong."

Why you never wear jewellery or spend your money for a thousand things that seem almost indispensable to me, because others have them. And yet you are always well dressed, and look every inch a lady."

"Now don't flatter, my dear Marion," said Christine laughing. "I never had any taste for cheap finery, so I am not tempted in that direction."

"Perhaps not," answered Marion. "And very few are blessed with your exquisite taste. But Christine, I grow more and more puzzled. How do you know how to decide every question?"

Christine took up reverently a well worn Bible from the table beside her. "I find plain directions here," she said, "and I do not see why any one need be long in doubt—everything is made so clear for us."

"O Christine!" said Marion with a quiver in her voice, "that is the reason why you have grown so far above me. You have taken the Bible for your guide, and when

ANECDOTES OF SWALLOWS.

The Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, records the choosing of two odd situations for swallows' nests—one of them on the handles of a pair of shears which were placed against the wall of an out house. Mr. Jesse, too, in his "Gleanings in Natural History," mentions one which he saw built on the knocker of the hall-door of the rectory-house of the Rev. Egerton Bagot, at Pipe Hapes, Warwickshire. He further observes:—"The confidence which these birds place in the human race is not a little extraordinary. They not only put themselves,

but their offspring, in the power of man. I have seen their nests in situations where they were in reach of one's hand, and where they might have been destroyed in an instant. I have observed them under a doorway; the eaves of a low cottage; against the wall of a tool-shed; on the knocker of a door, and the rafter of a much frequented hay-loft."

Bishop Stanley mentions one which was built in a bracket for holding a lamp in a corner of an open passage, close to the kitchen-door, in a nobleman's house in Scotland; and though the lamp was taken down to be trimmed every day and lighted every evening, there a swallow—and it is believed the same swallow—built her nest for three or four years, quite regardless of the removal or light of the lamp, and the constant passing and repassing of the servants. His lordship adds that on the opposite side of the same open court the great house-bell was hung, under a wooden cover fastened to the north wall of the house. It was a large bell, and was rung several times a day to call the servants to their meals. Under the wooden cover of this bell the same swallow, it is believed, which had formerly built on the bracket of the lamp, built a nest for several years, and never seemed in the least disturbed by the ringing of the bell or the rattling of the rope. A figure is given of the nest, in the form of a cornucopia—both ends affixed to the roof of the cover.—From Morris's "History of British Birds."

To FORBEAR is to refrain from doing or saying something which impulse had prompted us to do or say; it is the conquest of wiser second thought over first desires; it is the curbing of anger or indignation, the stern self-discipline that represses the hasty judgment, the unkind criticism, the uncharitable interpretation, the cutting reply.



SWALLOWS AND NEST.

"When I gave myself to Christ I gave up my own will and asked him to lead me," said Christine: "and I consult him about everything, even about the trivial, commonplace things of every-day life."

"I should never dare to do it!" exclaimed her cousin. "It seems irreverent to me. Do you really think God wishes to be troubled with such trifling things as vex us daily?"

"The very hairs of our heads are all numbered," and not one little sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice. Can you doubt that he is mindful of the smallest things that concern his children when such infinite thought and care? So perfect is it in its construction, so complete in its perfection, and yet so small that only the microscope reveals its wonders."

"O Christine, if you are right—and I half believe you are—what a weight of responsibility is laid upon us! If you go to God with everything, that must be the reason

any question has come up for me to settle, I have dropped it, if it required any sacrifice on my part. But I have learned a lesson this morning which I shall not soon forget. Now I must hurry home, I had no idea it was so late. I wish you were going with us but if you are fully persuaded in your own mind, I dare not urge you."

"I hope you will all have a delightful time," answered Christine, "and perhaps when you have another holiday I may enjoy it with you."

Marion Foster went slowly homeward after her morning call, and her face wore an unusually thoughtful look. Will the seed sown by the wayside bring forth a good harvest?—*Zion's Herald.*

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE suggests that there should be a law compelling liquor dealers to wear a uniform, as licensed hack-drivers have to wear a badge.

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PUZZLE.

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nd through C,  
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smaller heart or  
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through A till  
a straight line  
Finally pull  
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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 23.

PAUL BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—ACTS 23:1-11

COMMIT VERSES 9, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 22:17-30. T. Acts 23:1-11. W. Matt. 22:15-40. Th. Rom. 1:1-17. F. Ps. 91:1-16. Su. Ps. 143:1-10. Su. Cor. 1:20-18.

THE SANHEDRIM.—The chief Jewish Council, consisting of 72 members; 21 chief priests, or heads of courses, 21 elders, leading Jewish laymen, 24 scribes, or doctors of the law.

INTERESTING EVENTS.—As soon as Paul, in his address which we studied last week, mentioned his call to preach to the Gentiles, the Jews in the court of the Gentiles below him grew greatly excited, and shouted, and threw dust in the air. Lyasus, the chief captain, not understanding a word of Paul's words, he being in Hebrew, and the king that he had a good criminal to awaken such hatred, took Paul in, to the castle and commanded his soldiers to torture him by scourging, to compel him to confess his crime. Paul then declared that he was a Roman citizen, and it was contrary to law to scourge such an one. He was then kept in prison over night, and the next morning Lyasus brought him before the Jewish Council, in order to learn with what crime they charged him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

2. SMITE ON THE MOUTH.—It was the custom in the East to punish for speaking words not liked. It was usually done with a shoe, as more insulting. 3. PAUL SAID.—They probably had not struck him. WHITED WALL.—A mean kind of stone well covered with whitewash to make it look like marble. A term for hypocrisy. 4. I WIST NOT.—I did not know, or did not know that the event would come from the high priest, or he forgot in his indignation that he was high priest. 5. I AM A PHARISEE.—See Phil. 3:5, 6. He felt hope, etc.—Paul, however, with the Pharisees, in the future life, and in the resurrection, and presented Christ as the one by whom they could be justified. In the case of others—Paul would be limited to be questioned, but his life should be taken, and he should fail to present the same in Rome, as he had desired and prayed. (See Rom. 1:10-12, Acts 23:1.)

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul speaking, in our last lesson? To what audience? How did he behave when he spoke of the Gentiles? What did the chief captain command to be done to Paul? For what purpose? How did Paul answer? What were the privileges of Hebrew citizens? Where was Paul taken the next day? Of whom was the Council of Sanhedrim composed? Who were some of its members?

SUBJECT: GOOD CHEER IN THE HOUR OF TROUBLE.

HIS ANSWER INTERPRETTED (vs. 1, 2).—Why did Paul gaze earnestly at the Council? What was his first sentence? Had he lived in all good conscience before he was converted? (Acts 20:25) What more do we need than a good conscience? Should every one live according to the dictates of his conscience?

JUSTICE IN A COURT OF JUSTICE (vs. 2, 3).—What did the high priest command to be done to Paul? What did this net signify? Was it a great insult? Did they probably do it?

HAVEY WORDS.—(vs. 35).—What did the bystanders reply to Paul's judgment remark? Was Paul wrong in saying what he did? Is it right to be indignant at wrong? What harm might come to his cause from speaking so to a high priest?

DID PAUL CONFESS THAT HE HAD DONE WRONG, OR DID HE EXPLAIN THE SEEMING WRONG? Meaning of "What not?" How could Paul help knowing? What good rule does he quote as to speaking about parents, teachers and rulers? Why comfort is there in confession? In explanation?

THE INTENSE HATRED OF THE JEWS (vs. 6, 9).—Why did the Jews hate Paul? What did they wish to do to him? (Acts 21:21; 22:22) Into what two parties were the Council divided? What was the difference between them? How did Paul gain one party to his side? Was this wise? Was it right? How was Paul on trial for his life, and the restoration of the dead?

ANOTHER MOR (vs. 19).—What was the effect of Paul's appeal to the Council? Why were they so fierce? How was Paul rescued? Where did he spend the night?

THE SEEMING FAILURE OF HIS HOPES.—How would the reaction after the last two days' excitement affect him? What was the result of his efforts to convert his countrymen? What other great hope seemed likely to fail? (Acts 19:21; Rom. 1:10, 11.)

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 10, 1885.

There has been but little change in the situation during the week. Prices for the volume of business is small and there are no exciting symptoms to disturb the quiet. The splendid winter roads all over Canada have induced a good many farmers to move produce of various kinds, and the country retail men are doing a brisk business. Dairy produce is very quiet and it is worth a shilling a hundred weight less in England this week than last.

Chicago is about steady. We quote:—Wheat at 77½c Feb, 77½c March, 83½c May. Corn is quoted at 37c Feb, and 40½c May.

The local wheat market is steady and stagnant. We quote Canada Red Winter, 86c to 88c; White, 84c to 85c; Spring 84c to 85c; Peas, 70c to 71c; Oats, 31c. Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 56c.

FLOUR.—There is very little doing on change. The quotations are:—Superior Extra, \$4.15 to \$4.20; Extra Superior, \$4.70 to \$4.05; Fancy \$3.85; Spring Extra \$3.75; Superior, \$3.50 to \$3.55; Strong Bakers (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Strong Bakers, (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Middlings, \$3.75; Pollards, \$2.80 to \$2.90; Ontario bags (bags included) Medium, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Superior, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet and unchanged. We quote as follows:—Creamery, 21c to 23c; Eastern Townships, 19c to 20c; Western, 13c to 16½c. Cheese is unchanged at 12c to 12½c for September and October, and 8c to 11½c for other makes.

Eggs, fresh are selling at 19c to 21c, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.50 to \$15.75; Hams, city cured, 12½c to 13½c; Bacon, 12½c to 13c; Lard, western, in pails, 10½c to 10½c; do., Canadian, 10½c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.55 to \$3.60 as to rates.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a falling off in the supplies of butchers' cattle and prices are slightly higher; especially is this the case with leishan stock. Shippers are buying the largest and best steers at from 4½c to 5c per lb, and a carload of fat cattle was brought here this week to ship to Newfoundland. Good butchers' cattle sell at about 4½c, rough steers and fat cows at 4c to 4½c, and leishan heaves at from 3½c to 3¾c per lb. Sheep are still plentiful at about former rates, or from \$4 to \$5 per head in small lots. Good veal calves are scarce and pretty high priced. Live cows are sold in small lots at about 5c per lb, and dressed hogs at from 6½c to 6½c, do., but car-lots would bring less. There has been a considerable increase in the supply of milk cows, but very few of them are really good milkers, and these continue to bring pretty high prices, but common and inferior cows are rather difficult to sell, except at reduced rates.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The frequent recurrence of boisterous weather hinders many of the farmers living at a distance from bringing their produce to the markets here, and prices vary a good deal according to the abundance or scarcity of the supplies offered. Grain and potatoes are rather lower in price and eggs are coming down rapidly. Dressed hogs, beef quarters, tub butter and mutton carcasses continue in abundant supply at pretty low figures. Frozen poultry are plentiful at former rates, but fresh killed birds bring higher rates. There has been an advance in the prices of flour, grain and bran, but meals and feed continue low priced. Oats are 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 75c to 85c per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do.; potatoes 35c to 45c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 40c to 60c per barrel; butter 14c to 50c per lb; eggs 18c to 40c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$3.25 per barrel; dressed hogs 6½c to 7½c per lb.; mutton carcasses 5½c to 7c do.; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 9c do.; fowls 6c to 12c do.; ducks 12c to 15c do.; hay \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 89½c Feb, 90½c Mar.; 92½c April; 94½c May; 95c June. Corn, 50½c Feb; 49½c March; 49c April; 49c May; 48½c June. Rye, quiet, 63½c. Oats, dull; 36½c Feb, 35½c March, 36½c May. Peas nominal.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.75 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.80 to \$4.75; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.75. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.75 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.70; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.30 to \$5.20; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.25 to \$3.35; West India, sacks, \$3.50 to \$3.75; barrels, West India, \$4.75; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.65; South America, \$4.55 to \$5.00; Patent \$4.75 to \$5.40. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.60; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.40; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.60.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.30 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 18c to 30c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 27c; Welsh tubs 19c to 26c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 1c to 26c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 3½c to 13½c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6c to 11½c; Skims 1c to 3c.

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