

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1884.

No. 26.

A MIDSUMMER GREETING.

In this country the twenty-fourth of June can hardly be called the middle of summer. Still, it is pleasant to remember the traditional midsummer's day that has been celebrated with so much rejoicing (and superstition) for centuries. In England, it used to be believed that on the night before mid-summer everybody's soul wandered away from his body and visited the place where soul and body would be finally separated. To prevent this doleful excursion people used to keep themselves awake all night. The young people, too, used to go through the performance of lighting bonfires and jumping over the flames. This custom began many hundred years ago, and was probably a sort of sacrifice to the sun, when that great lamp was worshipped as the Creator of the light which comes to us from it.

We have now finished a prosperous half-year together, writers and readers. In wishing all midsummer happiness to our readers, we take for granted that all our readers would return their midsummer greeting to us if they had the chance. They can do so in a very practical way. As the days shorten, and till they begin to lengthen again at Christmas time, we hope to continue to help our readers with eight pages of good reading every week, and we hope that our readers will return the compliment by getting as many new subscribers as they possibly can for "our mutual friend" the *Weekly Messenger*!

THE EGYPTIAN TROUBLE.

There was a report this week that the town of Kassala had been taken by the rebels, but this is not believed. A telegram says that the town of Ghia, near the Abyssinian frontier, has been taken, and that the rebels there got possession of six guns and seven hundred camels, besides three hundred of the garrison. Information from Abyssinia says that King John will help the garrison of Kassala to escape, and is also determined to seize the town himself. There is queer news from Dongola. It is said that the governor of that town, while professing to be faithful to his Egyptian masters, is in reality on the side of the Mahdi.

In the House of Commons it was announced that the last news from General Gordon was dated April 12. Twenty messengers were sent to him, and one succeeded in getting into Khartoum; but on his return with Gordon's answer the messenger was caught and killed by the rebels. British troops are being pushed forward for the new Egyptian expedition. The Government considers the British and Egyptian troops already on the spot quite enough to defend Upper Egypt. New fortifications are proposed at the British post of Aden, at the south end of the Red Sea.

A SPECIAL COMMISSIONER has reported that Nihilism spreads in the Russian army because the system of promotion is unjust and the pay not sufficient. The Czar is now considering a plan of reform.

PRESIDENTIAL POLITICS.

Name after name is being brought up in connection with the Democratic nomination for the United States presidency. Bayard, Thurman, Flower and Payne are all mentioned; but the general opinion is that Governor Cleveland, of New York, has the best chance of the honor. In fact the *New York World* says that, according to the general opinion, it is almost certain that Cleveland will be nominated by the national convention of the party.

If the "general opinion" turns out to be correct, it is thought likely that the contest for the President will be fought out squarely between Cleveland and Blaine. It is still possible however, that another candidate will be brought forward,—in addition to the irrepressible Butler, who carries the Greenback flag. A convention of the Prohibition party has nominated Mr. S. C. Pomeroy of Kansas, for President, and Mr. J. A. Corant, of Connecticut, for Vice-President.

The platform of this new party is in refreshing contrast to the ordinary platforms pieced together by place-hungry politicians. Here are the four chief planks: the use of the Bible in public schools; strict prohibition of the liquor trade; women to have the right to vote; and the reduction of the customs' tariff.

Mr. Blaine has been officially notified, by a deputation from the Convention, that he is nominated by the Republican party. In accepting the nomination, he declares that he agrees to every detail of the platform laid down by the Convention, and upon which he invokes the divine blessing.

FARMERS' REVIEW.

Warm weather and refreshing rains have lately been pushing forward vegetation at a rapid rate nearly all over the country from Halifax to San Francisco. In some places in the Northwest around St. Paul's, Minnesota, there has been too much wet muggy weather, and unless there is a speedy return to dryer and cooler weather, great damage will ensue from the grain lodging. Not only the grain, but the weeds as well, are growing more rankly than in ordinary seasons, and farmers will have to be pretty active in order to get this extra growth of weeds under control before the haying will absorb their undivided attention. The production of milk has been larger than usual and is likely to continue so for some time to come, and the prices of dairy products, especially butter, have been declining rather rapidly, owing to the lowness of prices on the other side of the Atlantic. The quantity of butter in cold storage is unusually large for so early in the season, and unless relieved by exportation, storage room will be exhausted long before the return of cool weather in autumn.

The latest reports from Britain indicate a slight improvement in the prices of cattle, yet prices of prime cattle are relatively higher in New York,—where they have been selling lately at over seven cents per pound, live weight,—than in Liverpool, where the price is fifteen cents per lb. dressed weight.

THE DARK SIDE OF BUSINESS.

Commodore Garrison has made an assignment: and the event has caused great agitation in New York. He is believed to owe between two and five million dollars, but to have three times that amount to pay his debts with. When that process is finished, he will retire from active business. Mr. Garrison is quite ill from the heat and excitement. The New York stock exchange was "lively" on Tuesday, and Matthew Morgan & Sons, an old firm of bankers, have failed.

John C. Eno is still in custody at Quebec, but he quite expects to escape the clutches of justice. G. T. Tully, an English bank manager arrested in New York for forgery, was discharged but has again been arrested in a civil court action. E. L. Moon, a broker at Cincinnati, has been arrested for his dealings with a defaulting teller of the National Bank of Commerce.

J. W. Burnham, of Yonkers, who failed recently, has committed suicide. The manager of a bank in Switzerland, who had been embezzling the bank's funds, has also sent himself to the next world.

"PROTECTION."—In spite of the high duties imposed by the United States to protect the manufacturers' pockets, such an enormous quantity of woollen goods are being imported from England that the prices are kept very low. "Weaver" writes to a Philadelphia paper: "Ten years ago a good four-loom weaver on gingham and chevots could make from \$15 to \$17 a week; now he has to work hard to make \$10 a week in what is considered a good shop. The manufacturers of this kind of goods have not only reduced the wages, but they have made the 'cuts' larger by several yards. Now, if a protective tariff operates so that the manufacturer is obliged to exact more labor from his employees for less pay, who is benefited by it? If this is the result of 'protection,' hadn't we better try 'free trade'?"

MONTREAL has been very gay this week. French-Canadians from all parts of the United States, as well as Canada, have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first St. Jean Baptiste Association—St. John the Baptist being the patron saint of the French-Canadian movement against the Government fifty years ago. On Tuesday there was "high mass" said in the open air by the bishop, five or six thousand persons being present. Wednesday was a public holiday, and an immense procession, including many costly and splendid allegorical cars, made its way through the principal streets of the city.

PRINCE VICTOR seems now to have definitely consented to become leader of the Bonapartists in France. The Prince Imperial, who was killed in the Zulu war in Africa, left a will declaring Victor his successor as "Emperor of France;" but Victor's father, Prince Jerome, himself wanted to be Emperor if anyone got the chance and prevented his son taking any action.

LORD ROSEBERY, a Scotch Liberal member of the British House of Lords, made a proposal to reform that ancient half of the legislature. He wanted its members to be in some way representative of science, literature, art, commerce, the laboring classes, India, and the colonies. The Lords refused even to appoint a committee to consider some means of making their House more useful. However, unless their Lordships consent to reform, they will probably find themselves abolished altogether.

MR. PARNELL'S PARTY in Ireland say that at the next elections they will win every seat in the south, west and east of Ireland, and many even in the north. It is also proposed that the humbler members of the party shall tax themselves to pay regular salaries to their representatives in parliament.

A GREAT NUMBER of Indians, who had assembled in the Canadian North-West for a "thirst dance," cruelly beat a government farm inspector. A force of eighty mounted police succeeded in arresting some of the Indians, and in just avoiding a bloody encounter.

BY THE NEW TREATY between Mexico and the United States, Mexico will admit free of duty seventy-three articles,—only six of which are free at present. The United States will only admit twenty-six articles free from Mexico, and nineteen are free already.

ARCHBISHOP McCABE is taking part in the election for Lord mayor of Dublin. One of the candidates is a Freemason, and the archbishop has therefore written a letter to prevent Roman Catholics from voting for him.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has assured Italy that no territory is going to be asked from the Sultan of Morocco.

THE FRENCH ADMIRAL at Madagascar has had another conference with the natives, but it is not known whether he persuaded them to agree to the term he wants.

MR. MOODY has closed his mission in London.

A SCOTCH WHALING SHIP, the "Chieftan," just arrived home from Greenland, has lost the crews of two of her three boats.

CHOLERA is reported to have broken out in Toulon, a town on the south coast of France. Every means is being taken to prevent this fearful disease from spreading.

PRINCE BISMARCK, it is said, is determined to annex the Kingdom of Holland to the German Empire.

FLOODS have done much damage in Poland. Warsaw, the capital, and many villages have been inundated. A new bridge across the Vistula has been swept away, and twenty of a crowd of people standing on it were drowned.

THE AUTHORITIES OF THE VATICAN have discovered a plot to blow up that building with dynamite, in order to take the Pope's life. Some of the clergy accuse the Freemasons; others treat the threats with ridicule.

"THE BATTLE-FIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

So Greg heard the story of his young days, and of his father's and mother's death—heard also that Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were his own uncle and aunt. He listened with tearful eyes and parted mouth, his whole frame quivering with emotion.

Mr. Thompson put his arm round the boy and drew him close to him. "Gregory Dowcett, you are my own sister's child, and belong to us now."

The boy clung to his uncle, and then threw both arms round his aunt and burst into tears, too overwrought to speak.

At last he sobbed out—"Then I've got a name of my own—a real, whole name!"

"Yes, your father's name." And then Mr. Thompson told him all he remembered of his father, the bright young sailor who had loved his sister Patience, till Greg felt that both father and mother were living realities to him, and that past friendlessness in Field's Court must have been a dreary dream. But if the boy was charmed and comforted to hear all this, how excited he was to know that he had a sister!

"Is she living?" he asked, all trembling. "We do not know yet, but we will do all we can to find out. Mr. Goodwin is making inquiries."

"What is her name, and is she older than I? And why didn't she live with me?"

"One question at a time, my boy. Her name is Patience, and she is a year or two older than you. After your mother died, old Mrs. Jackson let her go with some woman who seems, from all accounts to have been fond of the child. Cheer up, Greg; God has most wonderfully brought you to us, and we will ask Him to bring Patience to us, too, if she is still living."

"God can find her, can't He?" said Greg, brightening up as he thought of it.

"Yes, she is not lost to Him. He knows where she is at this moment, and He can direct our steps to her."

"Then we must ask Him about her every day," returned Greg, wisely. And then he threw himself on the sofa as if too overwhelmed to hear more. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson went about their household duties, and when his aunt returned to the room she found the boy fast asleep, worn out with excitement.

It was not till the afternoon that Mr. Thompson ventured to give the boy his mother's Bible, and then he questioned whether it would not have been better to

wait a day or two, for Greg trembled so, he could hardly hold it—the book which was the one link between himself and the mother he had never known. He read his name and his sister's name, traced there by his mother's hand, and her desire that her children should meet her in heaven.

"Then my mother is with Jesus!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, "and I'm going to her one day."

"It is a happy thing for you to be able to say that, Greg," said his aunt. "If we belong to the Saviour and are going to His

Two or three days passed before Mr. Goodwin wrote, and then he said he had found Mrs. Lister's name down in the books of a hospital not far from them: "Discharged relieved," it said, but they knew nothing more. "So again we have lost the end of our thread," wrote Mr. Goodwin, "and I hardly know where to look now, but you shall hear at once if we have the slightest clue."

"I will go up again when harvest is over," said Mr. Thompson, and consult a solicitor; perhaps he could give me some help."

"Let me go up with you,

taking messages from his uncle to the men, and carrying cans of cocoa and cool drinks in the forenoon and afternoon. Mr. Thompson did not allow intoxicating drinks to be brought into his fields, but his men did not do less work on that account. At the harvest-supper the tables were full of good, substantial food, plenty of fresh meat, and large rich cakes, besides other dainties; but the men had nothing stronger than good coffee, with abundance of cream, and what could they have better?

Mr. Thompson took the opportunity of the gathering to introduce Gregory to them as his nephew, and to tell the men he meant to bring him up as his own son. The men gave three hearty cheers for their master, his wife, and Greg, and many wishes were expressed that they might soon find their lost one.

"We must have her here by our next harvest-supper," said one of the men to Greg, afterwards.

"I wish we could, Ralph; we must ask God to tell us where she is, because He sees her, you know, and I want to see her so much."

"You'll see her yet, Master Gregory, you'll see her, never fear; only ask the dear Lord about her, and He'll make it all right."

"But perhaps she is with Jesus," said the boy, wistfully.

"No," said the old man; "when I first heard about it I said 'She's all right somewhere and we shall see her yet.' No, I seem to feel she is somewhere on earth."

"I'm so glad," said Greg. "Uncle and I are going to London next week to look for her. You'll see after my apple-tree, won't you, Ralph? Uncle gave me that one all for my own, and I shouldn't like my sister to come and find all the apples gone."

"I'll take care of them, never fear; don't you be uneasy. Only bring your sister, Master Gregory, and you'll find all right here."



GREG TREMBLED SO, HE COULD HARDLY HOLD IT."

bright home, then nothing here ought to worry us much; we ought to be happy all the time with the thought of the joy in store for us."

"Yes," said the boy, clasping his Bible close to him, "and I am going to read all I can about it."

He went out into the fields and did not return till tea-time, and then it was with the Bible in his hands. And when his aunt peeped into his room the last thing before she went to bed, she saw the Bible lying on his pillow close to his face. She did not move it, but leant down and kissed him with tears in her eyes.

uncle," pleaded Greg. "I ought to go and look for my own sister."

"My boy, what could you do?"

"I ask God every day to let me find her, and I believe He will one day," and Greg looked up with bright eyes; "and I should like to see 'The Battle-field' again."

"Well, we will think about it. I cannot go till the harvest is in, anyway."

In a few weeks the reapers came, and the rich golden sheaves were bound up and left to dry in the hot sun. Every one was very busy, and Greg took his share of work,

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO OLD FRIENDS.

The journey to London did not seem half so long to Greg as the journey down had been, and he was not nearly so tired as he expected when they arrived at Mr. Goodwin's. Next day Mr. Thompson and Mr. Goodwin went off to a solicitor's, and Gregory and Mrs. Goodwin started to see old Isaac. Just as they turned the corner, whom should they see sitting in her usual place but Biddy the apple-woman Greg darted across to her.

"An' what'll yer buy this mornin'?" she asked. Will it

be a pen'orth o' apples ye're wantin'?"

"Don't you know me?" asked Greg, eagerly.

The woman looked him over from top to toe. "Sure an' I never set eyes on ye afore, at all, at all."

"Oh, but you have!" returned the boy, "and you were so kind to me. I've often sat under your shawl there, and had some of your tea."

The woman held up both her hands. "An' have I lost my head? for it's none of it I remember."

"Don't you remember a poor cripple boy who lived in 'The Battlefield'?"

"Sure an' I remember him, the kindly soul!"

"Well, that's me," said Greg, getting rather confused in his grammar with the difficulty of making Biddy understand.

"An' I can't believe it; but may the Lord bless ye! What a fine gentleman ye've got to be now, and how did ye grow so well?"

"Because I've had so much kindness shown me, and because God has been so good," said Greg, gratefully. "I've got an aunt and uncle of my own now—really mine I mean, and I live with them."

"Sure, an' you deserve it all," returned the Irish-woman, warmly.

"I'll come and see you again; but Mrs. Goodwin is waiting for me now, and I must not stay. Good-by."

"Good-by, and may blessings attend ye," said Biddy, still hardly grasping the fact that Greg was indeed the lonely child she had befriended.

A hearty welcome awaited him from old Isaac, who was still in his usual place, though evidently thinner and weaker.

"Well, to be sure," he said; "Mr. Goodwin told me you'd grown stout and strong, but I never knew such a change in my life, I never did!"

"I will leave you here a little," said Mrs. Goodwin, "while I make two or three other calls, and will come back again here for you."

So the boy sat down, and began an eager talk with the old man. "It all looks so different here to what it used to," he said, somewhat puzzled; "it looks so much darker and dirtier than it used to, and so much smaller; how is that?"

"Because you have been living in a better place, with fresher air and more sunshine; that's why it is," said Isaac, as if drinking in with great enjoyment the great change that he felt assured had taken place.

"You've heard that Mr. Thomp-

son is my real uncle, haven't you?" asked Greg.

"Yes. Mr. Goodwin told me. Truly God's ways are past finding out. It didn't seem likely that such a change would come to you, Greg, did it? I remember so well that first day you came to see me, so forlorn and unhappy, and—"

"You told me of the happy land," broke in Greg, eagerly, "and you asked the Lord Jesus to show me the way there, and He has; and He's done so much else for me too."

"Ay, that's the Lord's way—He always does exceeding

and uncle are not princes."

"Eh, but they are—God's princes. See," and Isaac opened his Bible which always lay within reach of his hand—"it says, 'Even with the princes of His people.' If Mr. and Mrs. Thompson ain't 'princes of His people,' after all the care and love that they showed you when they didn't know you belonged to them at all—well, then I don't know who is. You're set among princes, Greg, sure enough. And you'll be set among princes in God's own palace some day, since you are His own."

too, and yet you are poor, and you can't walk, and you live in this dark court," said Greg.

"Ay, ay, but the goodness and tender mercy are crowning me too; see what goodness it is of God to have made me His child. He always gives me food to eat, and helps me to earn some money, and He gives me kind friends, and He's making ready such a grand home for me yonder, where I shall be strong and well again, and shall see His face and be like Him." And the old man's face grew brighter as he added up God's mercies.

They sat silent a little while, and then Greg said—"Do you know I've got a sister somewhere? I've come to London with uncle to try and find her. Where do you think she can be?"

"There's no knowing, to be sure; but the Lord knows, and He can let you know."

"Will you ask Him 'o let us know?"

"To be sure, I will. It would be a blessed thing for her to be found."

"I went to see May this morning; do you often see her?"

"Not so often as I did. She's always busy, and has to attend her school."

"She's going out to service next week; she's grown so big, I hardly knew her. I wish she lived down in the country too, and I wish May was my sister."

"You'll love your own sister better than May when you find her. There's Mrs. Goodwin; open the door for her."

But Mrs. Goodwin could not stay. She had heard some news which she thought might lead to something, and she was anxious to be home again that her husband and brother might at once see about it.

(To be continued.)



THE MEETING OF GREG AND BIDDY THE APPLE-WOMAN.

abundantly above all we ask or think. I was reading in a book the other day: 'All God's children are His heirs, and all His heirs are princes, and all His princes are crowned.'

"Is that in the Bible?" asked the boy.

"Just them words ain't in the Bible, but the meaning of them is, though: 'He raiseth up the poor out of the dust... that He may set him with princes.' He's done that for you, Greg."

"No," said the boy, thoughtfully, "not all that. He's raised me out of the dust, I know; but I'm not among princes. Aunt

The boy gave a little sigh of happiness. "But you said 'heirs' and 'crowned'; what does that mean?"

"God's Word says 'if children, then heirs.' If you're God's child, then you're heir to all His riches—that means you can never be poor and never forsaken, because all heaven belongs to you. Some day you will have the full enjoyment of it, and till then you are crowned 'with loving kindness and tender mercies'—God watching over you and caring for you here, till you go to be with Him there."

"But you, you are God's child

material lying about which the merchant had been unable to sell for years. Salt offered to take the lot off his hands, and the merchant was only too glad to dispose of it on the young spinner's terms. This material was alpaca, the wool of an animal found in various parts of South America. Salt's experiments with it were completely successful. He founded a new industry, built up a colossal fortune, raised a town, and finally died a baronet.

THERE is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.—Dickens.

The Weekly Messenger

SATURDAY, JUNE 28.

THE WEEK.

THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO is making another attempt to drive gamblers out of the city.

IN AN INDIAN ATTACK on white men in North Western Texas, five Indians and two whites have been killed.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE appears to be quite determined not to allow the Mormons to trample on the laws of the country and of morality. It has passed a most severe measure, which will, if anything will, put a stop to the polygamy practised in the Mormon community.

IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED that a young married woman in Virginia was recently buried alive. Happily, such a thing does not often happen, but there is sometimes not enough care taken to make this most horrible of all experiences an impossibility.

SMALL-POX is still spreading in London, England. There are seventeen hundred cases in the public hospitals, and seventy-five new cases are reported every week.

NINE BASEBALL PLAYERS have been arrested at Columbus, Ohio, for playing on Sunday.

AT A FIRE IN MONTREAL on Sunday morning, five men were buried by the falling of a high wall on a neighboring house. Four were dug out safe, but one was crushed to death. A young woman has been burnt to death near Montreal by lighting a fire with methylated spirits.

THIRTY PERSONS have been killed by the explosion of a gunpowder mill in Italy.

THE NEW YORK Commercial Advertiser says that large sums which ought to have gone into the United States treasury have gone into the pockets of dishonest importers, in New York, by means of "irregular" proceedings in the appraiser's office.

RESULTS OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC. An Irish emigrant named Dunn, who was arrested in Hamilton, Ontario, for drunkenness, hanged himself in the cells. And a drunkard named Bourdon, at Quebec, has been found guilty of manslaughter, at the inquest on the body of his own child.

STILL ANOTHER HOAX! A man named Joyce was arrested on his arrival in Ireland from America. In his baggage was what appeared to be a solid log, but in reality contained a brass tube full of a mysterious liquid. The liquid was found to be only oil! It is supposed that Joyce made up the parcel in that way on purpose to get himself arrested and talked about, and that his friends sent information about him to the British police.

TWO CHIEFS of the "Evangelical Brotherhood" have been expelled from Russia, and all their books and pamphlets have been destroyed.

A MORMON MISSIONARY has been expelled from Bavaria, by order of the government. He was going to ship a number of "converts" to America, but his scheme has been broken up.

A REBELLION has broken out in North Africa, and four governors appointed by the Sultan of Morocco, to rule the Azamoor tribes, have been killed.

RIOTS against the Jews have again broken out in Russia; at Krivavoge a number of houses occupied by Jews were wrecked.

THE new government in Belgium has already proposed a law to place elementary public schools under the supervision of the priests. A bill is also to be brought in to give more voting power to the country districts.

CATTLE RANCHERS in Montana are going to be allowed to ship their cattle to England over the Canadian Pacific railway. No customs duty will be charged on crossing the Canadian frontier.

IMMENSE DAMAGE has been done by floods on the Rio Grande, in Texas.

THE Dutch parliament has voted \$750,000 for a war to rescue the crew of the steamer "Nisero," now held as prisoners by the Sultan of Acheen, — an unfriendly neighbor of the Dutch colonists on Sumatra.

AT DUBLIN, six men have been found guilty of conspiracy to murder Mr. William Smythe, of Barbavilla. Five were sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and the other was sent to gaol for a year.

ALEXANDER, Prince of Orange, is dead. The title "Prince of Orange" in Holland, like "Prince of Wales" in Britain, is always given to the eldest son of the monarch.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, as King of Prussia, has appointed his eldest son, Crown Prince William, President of a new Council of State for that kingdom. Prince Bismarck is vice-President. The seventy-one new members include forty-two State officials, three members of the learned professions, six clergymen, ten landholders and six from the commercial classes.

A GANG of horse thieves has been captured in Idaho after a sharp fight, in which one of them was killed.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the demands made by the British Columbia members of the Federal House of Commons, the Canadian Secretary of State, Mr. Chapleau, has gone to investigate the Chinese question on the spot.

MR. HIESTER, formerly a member of Congress, has committed suicide at Reading, Pa., by poisoning. Business troubles were the cause.

THE PEOPLE of Dallas county, Texas, have shown such a determination in prosecuting gamblers that one has paid \$5,000 as a compromise, also promising to suspend operations, and the others have all left the county.

The German Freemasons have decided to treat the Pope's denunciation of Freemasonry "with the silent contempt it deserves."

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA has decided to pay an annual sum to the tribe of Ghilzais. These men are great warriors, living in Afghanistan, and as England and Russia are continually getting nearer to each other, the Ghilzais will be a valuable help to their British allies. Another wise step taken by the Indian government is that of establishing a trade in the coal oil which has been discovered in large quantities in Afghanistan.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P., refuses to pay a fine of \$2,500, to which he was sentenced for a libel on the character of a government official. He declares that the judges are in league with the government to crush out his newspaper, "United Ireland."

THE LATEST PROPOSAL of the Fenians is to send out a number of balloons, from which explosives should be dropped all over England!

A MUTINY broke out last week at Glenties, Limerick county, in Ireland. Some of the militia attacked the people, and would not obey their officers' orders to return to the barracks. The people became enraged, and the militiamen had to fly to the seashore and put to sea in boats till the disturbance had subsided.

THE BODY of a well-known lawyer's wife has been found near Cologne. She had been brutally murdered—perhaps because her husband had helped to get a criminal convicted.

SOME SCORES OF SOCIALISTS, men and women, have been arrested in Vienna, and conveyed from the Austrian capital to distant parts of the empire.

A CANADIAN SCHOONER, the "Eugenie," has been wrecked by dashing herself on an iceberg. She was loaded with barrels of flour and did not sink, so that no lives were lost.

A MOST DISGRACEFUL RIOT took place last week in the city of Quebec. Mr. Chiniquy, an aged Presbyterian minister, — who used to be a priest, and now exposes his former brethren, — was preaching in a Protestant church. A mob of Roman Catholic French-Canadians assembled and broke the windows of the church, besides in other ways disturbing the service. On the minister coming out he was stoned, and a friend of his seriously wounded on the head; the carriage in which they escaped was broken to pieces. As malignant deeds as this have been done by mobs before, but the worst has yet to be told: the French-Canadian newspapers spoke of the mob's conduct as praiseworthy, denounced the "apostate" in the most violent language, and warned him not to come back to Quebec; and all the ruffians who committed the outrage have been allowed to go free! That is the state of affairs where the priests have almost unlimited power.

THE Russian Government, it is said, are so frightened at the spread of revolutionary ideas in the army that a special council has been appointed to put a stop thereto. But the Grand Duke Nicholas (who will be the next Czar) has proposed such violent means that even the chief of police thinks them too severe.

THE general elections in the young Principality of Bulgaria have just come off; the Liberals and Radicals were successful. There were several election riots, at one place a man being killed and many injured.

THE large Island of Anticosti, in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, has just been sold by auction. It was brought by Mr. F. A. Stockwell, for \$100,000.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY of Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon, the great preacher, has just been celebrated in London with great rejoicings.

SIXTY-EIGHT HEAD of Jersey cattle, sold the other day in New York, brought in about \$17,000.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, of Toronto, has written a letter to the Presbyterian Assembly in that city, denying that idolatry exists among Roman Catholics. He says that they "venerate" the images of Christ and his saints, but do not "worship" them. An intelligent pagan would say the same thing: that he only "venerated" the image and worshipped the God which the image was intended to represent. But most of the heathen cannot draw such a distinction, and their veneration soon becomes worship. The second of the Ten Commandments is plain enough on this subject.

THE TERRITORY in the Congo district of Western Africa, now under the International Society, is to be made into a "free state." We have yet to learn exactly what that means. The people certainly cannot govern themselves.

A "MUTUAL MARRIAGE Aid Association" at Hamilton, Ontario, has come to grief, and two of its managers have been arrested and accused of obtaining money under false pretences. The Association guaranteed to pay a certain amount to its subscribers on their getting married.

SOME TWO-FOOTED ANIMALS, who probably call themselves men, destroyed part of the Burlington and Missouri River Railway. A passenger train, in consequence, left the track and dashed through a bridge into the valley below. Many passengers were hurt, and some received fatal injuries.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, Prime Minister of Canada, is spending a few weeks holidays on the Lower St. Lawrence. His great opponent, Mr. Blake, has been addressing a very large meeting of Reformers in the Eastern Townships, at Knowlton. He pointed to the depression as a striking proof that the Liberals were right when they said protection was a humbug.

AN OFFICIAL REPORT, from 355 out of the 475 townships of Manitoba, shows that in the beginning of this month all the crops in that province were in good condition. Probably, the North West will produce two million bushels more than last year. The experimental farms established by the Canadian Pacific Railway to the west of Moose Jaw are very successful: that region used to be thought a desert.

EARL SPENCER, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, carried out his intention of visiting Belfast, in spite of the Orangemen's threats. He was very coldly received, but his speech at the grand banquet was greeted with the wildest cheering. It was certainly an outspoken speech. He laughed at the prevailing fear of American dynamites and dared the plotters to do their worst. Even if their designs succeeded, and a statesman fell a victim to their wicked operations, England had plenty of men to take the place of the fallen one, and help to crush out the viper of sedition.

A TERRIBLE AMOUNT of rain in the German Province of Galicia has drowned many cattle and other animals. There is a report that two hundred and fifty soldiers have been drowned at Lemberg; whether or not this turns out to be true, several lives have certainly been lost. Tens of thousands are homeless. A mine in Lilesia has been flooded, and thirty-five miners drowned.

A TELEGRAM says that thirty-four thousand people have been converted by Mr. Moody in England since last fall. The number of people whose lives have really been changed, owing to this great preacher, is no doubt very large. But "conversions" cannot be counted like visible objects.

A LETTER ADDRESSED to Jerry Donovan ("O'Donovan Rossa") was found in the Post Office at Washington, a few days ago. A dangerous-looking bomb was attached to the letter, and caused a great sensation; but when the bomb was carefully opened at the War Department, it was found to contain nothing but sawdust.

A QUANTITY of ARMS and ammunition has been found buried near Cork.

A RUSSIAN MILITARY CAMP and many lives have been destroyed by the bursting of a dyke central Asia.

THE PR...
to keep...
men in T...
half Tonq...
IN THE...
arrived in...
THE U...
bill forbid...
the count...
THE C...
raised a l...
be paid b...
BISHOP...
Methodis...
aged seve...
"NINE...
port from...
a large r...
trated by...
been abo...
ANOTH...
this time...
will be v...
THE I...
solved to...
Congo, i...
A SP...
widen th...
new one...
THE S...
hear the...
ality of...
tember...
MR. C...
Davitt's...
THE C...
creasing...
is a sche...
way t...
market...
A...
McPher...
ing of...
THE...
the pre...
ing ap...
Ripon...
THE...
city of...
and Je...
A hum...
THE...
"Pavo...
Liverp...
killed...
A...
has be...
All or...
way t...
MR...
Canada...
failed...
of thi...
ment...
dollar...
FR...
idea c...
count...
died...
"8...
arge...
A...
with...
sion...
tack...
TI...
to be...
of th...

THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES have decided to keep up an army of twelve thousand men in Tonquin; half will be French and half Tonquin soldiers.

IN THE MONTH OF MAY, 82,500 emigrants arrived in the United States.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE has passed a bill forbidding the bringing of tea dust into the country.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT has just raised a loan of \$25,000,000 in England, to be paid back between 1909 and 1919.

BISHOP SIMPSON, a famous dignitary of the Methodist Church, has died at Philadelphia, aged seventy-four.

"NINETY-FIVE IN THE SHADE," is the report from thermometers in New York, and a large number of people have been prostrated by the heat. The temperature has been above 85 in Montreal.

ANOTHER COMET has been discovered—this time by an astronomer at Vienna. It will be visible in North America.

THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT has resolved to suppress the slave trade on the Congo, in Western Africa.

A SPECIAL COMMITTEE has decided to widen the Suez Canal, instead of building a new one side by side with the old.

THE SUPREME COURT of Canada will not hear the arguments as to the constitutionality of the Federal License Law till September 26th.

MR. C. S. PARNELL and Mr. Michael Davitt seem to be now at daggers drawn.

THE GERMAN COLONY in Palestine is increasing in numbers and prosperity. There is a scheme to raise \$30,000,000 for a railway to bring the colonists produce to market.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER named McPherson has met his death by the burning of a hotel in Port Arthur.

THERE IS SOME TALK of Earl Spencer, the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, being appointed to succeed the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy of India.

THERE HAS BEEN a fight at the Russian city of Nijni Novgorod between "Christians" and Jews; several of the latter were killed. A hundred and fifty arrests have been made.

THE CYLINDER of the Cunard steamer "Pavonia," burst as she was going into Liverpool on Tuesday; the engineer was killed, and a large number injured.

A MISSIONARY BRIG, the "Morning Star," has been wrecked and totally lost in China. All on board were saved, and are on their way to Boston.

MR. GEORGE STEPHEN, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which failed last year and had to get an extra loan of thirty million dollars from the government, has just ordered a four thousand dollar piano.

FRANCIS VINCENT, who started the great idea of uniting in one confederation all the countries where English is spoken, has just died.

"NATURAL GAS" has been discovered in large quantities at Steubenville, Ohio.

A YOUNG MAN has been arrested at Ems with a dagger and a revolver in his possession; he is believed to have intended to attack the German Emperor.

THE WEATHER IN ENGLAND is reported to be so cold now that perhaps the growth of the crops will be seriously checked.

TWENTY-FIVE MORMON MISSIONARIES have just arrived in New York, with four hundred "converts" from Norway and Sweden and one hundred from England.

THE GREAT SENSATION in Russia is now the murder of Captain Gerdyz, whose body was found with a bullet in the head and a dagger in the heart. He had been very active in hunting down Nihilists.

A GREAT COUNCIL of Presbyterians from all over the world is being held in Belfast, Ireland.

A FRENCH EDITOR in a Mexican town protested against a new stamp tax, which he said would injure the French merchants. He was marched right on board a steamer and sent away from the country, without being allowed to see his friends or wind up his business.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY, which occurred on May 24th, is officially celebrated on June 28th.

THE QUESTION, whether or not the License Act passed in 1883 by the Federal Parliament was within that body's legal powers, is to be argued before the Supreme Court of Canada this month.

KILLING OFF THE DEER.

It is stated by Engineer Phillips (late of the Northern Pacific Railway) that no fewer than 20,000 elk, antelope, and mule deer are slaughtered every winter in Minnesota, Montana, and Wyoming alone. There is every prospect that three of the noblest game animals on the American continent will soon be entirely extinct. Elk, which formerly ranged from the Middle States to the Pacific, are now never found east of the Missouri River. Twenty-five years ago they were plentiful in Kansas and Nebraska, but civilization has driven them into the dense and uninhabited regions of Minnesota and the Northern Territories. The hide hunters cause the most sweeping destruction. The average price of an elk skin is \$3. The hide hunters use repeating rifles, and frequently kill from six to twelve elk in a herd before they get out of range. Mr. Phillips declares that, besides the slaughter of these animals, in the year 1882 more than 25,000 buffaloes were killed for the traders between the Yellowstone and the head waters of the Little Missouri. If there is to be sport in the Great West in the future, those interested will be compelled to move for legislation which will give protection to game in the Western States and Territories. Otherwise there will be very few elk, buffalo, mule deer, or antelope left to hunt in five years.—*Public Opinion.*

WHAT TO DRINK.

(From the British Women's Temperance Union.)

A NOURISHING AND REFRESHING DRINK.—Take a large tablespoonful of pearl barley, wash it, and put it in a clean saucepan with a quart of cold water; bring it to a boil, and simmer for 20 minutes. Have ready in a quart jug a good sized lemon finely sliced, and a dozen lumps of sugar; strain the barley water (whilst boiling) over it and let it stand till quite cold. The barley can be used for puddings with milk, sugar, and nutmeg.

OATMEAL DRINK.—One-quarter of a pound of oatmeal, three quarts of water boil together for half an hour; then add one and a half ounce of brown sugar. Shake up before drinking. In summer take it cold, and in winter hot.

HARVEST DRINK.—Mix 1½ lbs. of Epps' cocoa with warm water in a basin, mix 1 lb. of finest oatmeal in another basin with boiling water, stir it all into six gallons of boiling water. Slice in two lemons, add sugar and boil all together for ten minutes stirring all the time. Add milk according to taste. Cost, about fourteen cents a gallon.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

No' long since we spent an evening with a friend who is a "government detective," a man in the employ of the post-office department, and who travels all over the West at government expense, and who would seem to have an enviable position, one that hundreds of men would be glad to secure. After mentioning several incidents in connection with his profession, he said: "One of the saddest things I ever did was to take a boy, who was clerk in a post-office, at night around his father's house to the barn where he had concealed a lot of letters that he had rifled. As we passed the house the father and mother of the boy, who knew nothing of the robbery, were sitting by the fire-light singing some good old Methodist hymns, and we could hear them as we dug under the hay in the barn for the letters, with the boy showing us where they were. Then we had to go in the house and break the news to the old father and mother. As we walked towards the house the voice of the father was lifted up in prayer, and we stood on the steps with uncovered heads, waiting for him to finish the prayer, and it was the saddest scene I ever witnessed. I had the thieving boy or young man, by the wrist, and as the father asked God to watch over their only child, and keep him from temptation, and deliver him from evil, the boy trembled all over and broke down in a flood of tears, and I was not much more composed than he was. I tried to think of some way to get out of going in there, but the boy had papers in his room that we must have, and there was no other way.

"It is said that government officials seldom die, and never resign, but I was willing to die or resign at that moment. When the old gentleman got up from his knees after the evening prayer, and went over to his dear old wife and reverently kissed her, the mother of my prisoner, on the forehead, and then began to sing, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' I thought of my mother, and of my children, and if the boy had skipped out I don't know whether I would have had the strength to catch him or not, but he never could have escaped. I will not dwell upon the scene in that house. It haunts me like a night-mare, and I never see a good old father or mother without wondering if they have not got a boy that is going wrong. Well, George, whatever you do don't be a government detective;" and the officer got up and walked away with his handkerchief to his eyes.

If every boy in the land who is taking the first steps towards becoming a thief could have that picture presented to him as the detective presented it, and had the boy in his heart left in him, or any sense, he would think of the old folks of somebody who will be heart-broken at his fall, and change his course so quick it would make him dizzy.—*Exchange.*

THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT of the Reformatory Prison at Sherburn, Mass. gives the following particulars of the two hundred and four women drunkards under her care:—112 were married, but 73 were separated from their husbands, 70 were single and 22 widows. Of these, 27 began to drink under 10 years of age; 11 from 10 to 15; 74 from 14 to 21; 37 from 20 to 26; 33 from 26 to 31, etc., 32 claimed to have only drunk socially and with female friends; 128 began with beer; 39 whisky; 20 wine; 8 gin. 91 began at the house of friends and 64 in a saloon.

A SALOON at Danville Junction, on the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, was located so near the track that train men found it altogether too convenient to run in and take a drink while their trains were stopping. Superintendent Lyford hit upon a plan to get rid of the nuisance. He ordered a tight board fence, ten feet high, built not only in front of the saloon, but for quite a distance on both sides parallel with the tracks.

Formerly whiskey was made out of grain. But now it is different. Rhine wine is tartaric acid and diluted alcohol. Sweet wine is diluted alcohol and glucose. Beer is soda and aloe, and whiskey is raw fire and delirium tremens. It is a poison direct, immediate and lasting.—*Poor's Journal.*

A RECENT REPORT of the New York Asylum shows that out of 254 patients admitted, over 77 per cent. were drinkers.

SCOTT ACT WAR NOTES.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

The news from the field this week is of the usual satisfactory character. Everywhere the temperance force is advancing, receiving constant reinforcements as it marches on, and victories are almost every little skirmish with the enemy. It would be surprising if the liquor men could not sometimes, at meetings arranged by themselves, get something like an expression of opinion in their favor. But the remarkable fact is that even their own meetings are going against them, seeing through their fallacies while the words have hardly left their lips. The contest has become so plainly one of Right against Wrong; the eloquent appeals to interest and hypocritical denunciations of the Scott Act have had the bottom so thoroughly knocked out of them, all the King's Dadd's' colobes, again with much dexterity for the slight remuneration of \$1,000 a month, are being so effectively swept away from people's eyes,—that the Scott Act advocates can hardly find a respectable man to oppose them. It is one of the most significant facts of the present campaign that the advocates of the Scott Act and Prohibition are to be found almost without exception among the liquor sellers themselves and their paid agents; that the respectable men who used, with perfect sincerity, to stand up for the old-fashioned, time-honored sale of liquor, are not now on hand,—many of them, in fact, having become convinced of the justice and necessity of extinguishing the liquor trade before the liquor trade extinguishes us. That evil business therefore, is now only defended by interested parties; disinterested parties see this, and draw their own conclusions.

War Notes furnishes its usual big weekly budget of news from the field. Among other items, we see that a silver-tongued Mr. Fahy is denouncing the Scott Act to the people of Simcoe and that when he dares his speech the people of Simcoe show their appreciation by voting strong resolutions in the Scott Act's favor. The Rev. Messrs. Daloe and McKay, of Prince Edward, are in Ontario, opening the people's eyes to the real benefits of prohibition, as proved by the Island's experience. For more detailed accounts of the campaign, as well as for a perfect storehouse of weapons, see War Notes.

Ontario has fifty counties. Two have adopted the Scott Act,—Halton and Oxford. Campaigns are in progress in twenty-eight:—Lambton, Prince Edward, Norfolk, Bruce, Grey, Essex, Carleton, Kent, Simcoe, York, Peel, Perth, Huron, Durham, Northumberland, Ontario, Dufferin, Leeds and Grenville, Lanark and Addington, Stormont, Glengarry and Dundas, Prescott and Russell, Middlesex, Lanark, Elgin, Brant,—and in the cities of Brantford and St. Thomas. Campaigns are proposed in five more counties:—Kent, Bothwell, Wellington, Victoria, Peterborough. Will our readers in the above counties send us news of how the fight is progressing? and will our readers in other counties tell us who they think of the prospect there; whether there are no temperance organizations there to justify their existence by bringing their counties forward into line with their neighbors? Write to the "Editor of War Notes, Montreal," and at the same time send names and addresses of temperance people, to whom we will send sample copies.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.—The Manitoba Alliance is appointing an agent to visit all counties which do not at once set to work for the Scott Act. Petitions are to be circulated without delay, and a circular has been issued advising the immediate formation of a central committee in every county, besides local committees. Ontario, look out, or the Prairie Province will be ahead of you yet!

HERE IS AN ENCOURAGING letter from Mitchell, Perth county, Ontario:

ME AS J. DUGGALL & SONS:
SIRS.—Sample copy of War Notes to hand, with which we are much pleased. I have the pleasure to enclose a post office order for \$36 (thirty-six dollars), the price of 720 copies per week for six months, to be sent in parcels as follows:—The petitions are being largely signed. The sentiment in favor of the Act is very strong. Circulars by anti-Scott Act party are being circulated, but the War Notes ably deal with these, and give the truth regarding the points at issue. We have no trouble to get large meetings anywhere, or raise money for the support of the cause.
Yours truly,
A. F. TOLLY.

[The subscription price of War Notes is \$1 for twenty copies every week to one address for six months, or forty copies weekly for three, or 120 copies weekly for one month, or 480 copies of a single number.]

IN QUEBEC PROVINCE, there are Scott Act campaigns in progress in Arthabaska, Shefford and Stanstead. Arthabaska votes on the 14th. If the people work hard between now and then, success is certain, and they can hardly overestimate the effect of such a victory. More organization is necessary, and we sincerely trust that in these few weeks our friends will see to it that they neglect no honorable means of getting the voters to the polls.

NEXT NUMBER of War Notes, published this week, contains an important statement of the truth about prohibition in Vermont; also the "Confessions of a Brewer" in Nova Scotia; and an interesting account of how the liquor men tried to stifle a newspaper,—besides a host of other weighty articles and lively items. In your orders early, as we generally find it impossible to supply War Notes unless we have the order before the day of publication, the circulation is going up by such leaps and bounds.

MR. BINGLE'S OLD COAT.
BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Splendid!" said Mrs Bingle, pulling the collar up and skirting down, and settling the pocket-flaps, as Farmer Bingle tried on his new overcoat. "Real silk velvet collar!" "Yes, and such a piece of cloth! Forty-five dollars for the whole thing." "Forty-five dollars!" echoed Sam and Jim, admiringly.

"Yes. Seventeen for the tailor's and trimmings, and twenty-eight for the cloth. It'll do me till I'm gray." "What you goin' to do with the old one, pa?" asked Jim. "It's a good coat yet," said Mrs. Bingle. "Sam'll be grown into it by two years more." "First-rate coat. But—I was thinkin' some of givin' it to Parson Graves. You see, it'll go on my account for the year, and I won't have so much to pay on his salary."

Mrs. Bingle measured with her eye how much Sam would have to grow before fitting well into the rooney coat, and decided it might be at least three years, in the course of which time, added to the seven during which it had been doing duty on Sundays and great occasions, it might begin to look old-fashioned, and Sam might object to wearing it, that young gentleman having already begun to develop a taste for clothing which came reasonably near fitting him. So it was agreed that Parson Graves should have the next Saturday, when the farmer with his wife was about to drive into the country town, he asked at the last moment: "Now, where's that coat?" "Bless me!" cried Mrs. Bingle, "I've been so busy over the butter and eggs, if I didn't clear forget about it! Sally, Sally, she ran into the house calling to the girl who helped in the kitchen, "run up to the spare chamber and take that overcoat that hangs there, and some of them papers that lays on the shelf and wrap it up well and bring it to me."

Sally brought it, and the huge bundle lay in Mrs. Bingle's lap as she rode. "It is a good coat," she observed, half-regretfully, smoothing with her finger a corner of the cloth which peeped through a hole in the paper, and again revolving in her mind the possibility of Sam's growing into it in two years. "Sally won't be likely to get any ready-bought coat half as good as this." "Like as not he won't," agreed the farmer, "but never mind. It's more blessed to give than to receive, you know."

The Bingle household awoke the next morning with the impression that something of an event was impending in the family, which impression became, with full wakefulness, defined into the remembrance that the new overcoat was to be worn for the first time on that day. There was, however, no undignified haste nor trilling in the matter. The morning chores were done, the morning prayer conducted with its time-honored lengthiness, and then the farmer leisurely shaved himself as usual, at one of the windows of the great kitchen, before saying, in as indifferent a voice as he could command: "Jim, run up stairs and get my overcoat."

Jim went, but delayed until his mother had put the last touches to the bow in her bonnet-strings, a process which was almost invariably interrupted by her husband with remarks that they would be late for church, before he was heard shouting: "I can't find it." "Where are you lookin'?" "In the closet in your room."

"It's in the closet in the spare chamber," called his father. Another long delay, and then Jim came down stairs without it. "I tell you it's on one of them pegs in our closet," said Mrs. Bingle. "I'll go myself. It's dark, and he can't see, but it's there, for I put it there myself." "No," said Mr. Bingle, calling after her, "it's in the spare chamber closet. I put it there."

She was heard stepping briskly from one room to another, then back, and then back again. Then down the stairs, when she stood before them in silence, on her face blank consternation, and on her arm—the old overcoat! "When did you hang it there?" "I'd know—the day after it come, I guess. The old one always hung there, so I took it down and hung the new one there."

Mrs. Bingle sank into a chair. "It's gone." "Gone to Parson Graves!" The boys stared, open mouthed, unable at first fully to take in the calamity. "But you can get it again," at length Jim said, hopefully. "Of course!" said Sam. "You can tell Parson Graves it was all a mistake, and it was the old coat you meant for him, and of course he'll change back." But the farmer shook his head ruefully. "No, that won't do. It's done, and it can't be undone," he said with a groan. "Don't one of you never let on about its bein' a mistake."

The family and the old coat were late at church, thus missing the sight of the entrance of the new coat, but it lay over one arm of the little sofa in the pulpit. And Farmer Bingle never could recall a word of that service through which he sat trying to bring himself into some friendly recognition of the fact that he had presented his minister with a forty-five dollar overcoat, which he could not hope to have counted at anything near its full value on his yearly assessment, for who ever heard of a country person having such a coat! "Jings! Don't he look fine, though," ejaculated Sam, as Mr. Graves came down the aisle. "And don't Mrs. Graves look set up!" said Jim. "Enough to make any woman to hang on to a piece of cloth like that," said Mrs. Bingle.

Mr. Bingle was unhitching his horses as Mr. Graves came out of the church door, and did not at first raise his eyes as he listened to the remarks passing around. "Bless me! What a fine-lookin' fellow our parson is, anyhow! Where on earth did he get that coat?" "Must have had a fortune left him." Mr. Bingle could not help a feeling that the coat had been well bestowed, as its wearer came to meet him with outstretched hands and a few quiet, though very earnest words of acknowledgment of his gift. The coat had fitted the farmer well, but there was something more than mere filling out of good cloth in the minister's dignified bearing; and in the scholarly face which appeared above it something which stirred up a feeling in many members of the congregation that this servant of the Lord had not hitherto been clothed in a fashion worthy of his high office.

"That's a shabby old hat to wear with it," said one of the village store-keepers. "I'll see about that before another Sunday comes' round." As Mr. Bingle felt the grasp of his pastor's hand, he began almost to be glad he had given the coat. And then, as the fact of his having given it was whispered about, to feel ashamed of receiving so much credit for an act which he never would have thought of performing. For an honest, and really warm nature lay under the crust of parsimonious self-interest which had hardened over his heart, as it has alas!—over so many which might overflow in deeds of kindness to bless those who have given not grudgingly, but their whole selves to the Master's service.

"I feel like a liar, yes, I do!" said Mr. Bingle to his wife, with an energy which startled her, as they rode home. "To have that man shakin' me by the hand, and talkin' about my generosity, and his wife's eyes beamin' up at me and me not able to right out and tell 'em I'm a grudgin', tight-fisted old—I tell you what!"—he gave his horses such a vigorous cut with the whip that Jim and Sam, on a backless seat of the horse-leigh, nearly went over backwards into the snow. "I've got to get even with myself somehow, but I don't know just how, yet." It was astonishing what a commotion Farmer Bingle's gift created in the parish. Not one eye had failed to mark the justice done by Mr. Graves' goodly figure to the goodly garment, and with an awakening pride at the possession of such a fine-looking pastor came a desire to see him thoroughly well-equipped. Which desire found expression in such a visitation at the parsonage as had never before been dreamed of. Cheap goods and cast-offs were ignored in the generous supply of winter comforts which each giver made sure should be in keeping with the new overcoat, and the

wives and mothers had seen to it that Mrs. Graves and the children should look fit to walk beside that tailor-made-up piece of cloth. Mr. Bingle had smiled with a light in his eyes which came up from somewhere under that broken crust, at the set of furs which his wife carried to Mrs. Graves that night, but in the early gray of the wintry morning after, he, with Sam's help, quietly unloaded in the back yard of the parsonage a firkin of butter, the same of lard, and six barrels of his best apples, packed for market. "A good forty-five dollars, worth if I'd carted it a half mile further," he said to his wife with a face which shone as he sat down to breakfast.

"And not a soul heard us," said Sam, rubbing his hands in great glee. "Wish't I could see 'em when they find out!" "Now I'm even," said the farmer. "And I'm mistaken if it wasn't the best day's work I ever did when I give away that coat by mistake."—Standard.

TEMPERANCE IN THE BIBLE.
INTOXICATING DRINKS FORBIDDEN.
Drink no wine nor strong drink.—Judges xii. 7.
He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink.—Num. vi. 3.
Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever.—Jer. xxxv. 6.
Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isaiah v. 22.
Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v. 18.
Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 31, 32.
(This is more stringent than any modern pledge.)

TEMPERANCE PROMOTES PIETY.
I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord.—1 Sam. i. 15.
He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.—Luke i. 15.
The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.—Gal. v. 22-24.
Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, that war against the soul.—1 Peter ii. 11.
Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness.—2 Peter i. 5, 6.
(Temperance is a part of Christianity.)

KEEPING THE BODY PURE.
I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Romans xii. 1.
What I know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.
Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—2 Cor. vii. 1.
Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.—Romans xiii. 14.
Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire.—Lam. iv. 7.
(Temperance is to the body what holiness is to the soul, and in the Divine plan they go together.)

TEMPERANCE IN THE CHURCH.
Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die; it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations.—Lev. x. 9.
Neither shall any priest drink wine.—Eze. xlv. 21.

Bishops, deacons, their wives; aged men and women: "Not given to wine," "sober"—"temperate"—1 Tim. iii. 3, 8; Titus i. 7, and ii. 2.
It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. xiv. 21.
If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such a one no not to eat.—1 Cor. v. 11.
(Temperance should have a place in church rules, work, and worship).—N. Y. Witness.

WHAT SHALL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLARS LEARN BY HEART?
BY MARGARET MEREDITH.
When I was a young girl and had my first Sunday-school class, a grave old elder whose daughter was my scholar, greatly surprised me one day by saying: "I think Miss Margaret's plan is the best I know." I had not thought of it as a plan at all, but just the natural thing to do. That was before the days of the International Lessons, and I gave the girls every Sunday slips of paper marked: "Read such a passage. Learn such verses;" the first being our lesson for the next Sunday's teaching; the second, the best verses I could find for learning by heart, chosen with no attempt to fit them in any way to the lesson, but only for their special goodness.

I would still recommend a similar plan. The Golden Text is not sufficient for any but infant scholars, and the large print verses of the lesson are very seldom verses of the most valuable to learn. Why not choose for them such as are? Many of your class will never learn, from this time forward, any of the Bible, but what you mark out for them now from Sunday to Sunday.
I have had to modify my method; for years I have had mission classes, irregular in their attendance and very irregular in learning any lesson; and two difficulties arose; first, a new slip of paper every week for each would steadily use up the choicest Bible verses without their being learned; and second, every time a scholar had been absent a Sunday, he would insist upon feeling excused from learning any verse, because he had no lesson for that day." So I have hit upon the plan of giving them each a small blank book (such as can be bought for ten cents a dozen,) with a large number of the best verses set down in it, so that as they learn one, they can check it off and go on to learn others. Some whole chapters or long passages are set down, and blank spaces left upon which the child can have the pleasure of writing "1," "2," "3," "4," etc., etc., and crossing them off, as they are learned. In this way the feelings so very hard to prevent, annoy them "don't know what to learn," is once for all done away with. It is a very easy method for the teacher, and gives some little added spur to the scholar.

Try it. The weeks flee away, and the boys and girls for whom we are responsible so often learn none of God's Word to lay up in their hearts and practise in their lives! You would be shocked if you found out how very little of it some of them know. The twenty-third Psalm and the first verses of the Sermon on the Mount comprise the whole Bible stock nowadays of many a grown-up child of Christian parents. We have drifted too far away from the old law: "These words shall be in thine heart. Teach them diligently to thy children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Our multitude of Bibles cannot fully compensate us for the ready knowledge and use of the very words of the Bible printed upon the tables of the heart which was such a power to Christians of even one generation ago. No expedient can bepared which might induce our scholars to learn more than they have been learning.—Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.

MANY a cultured gentleman there is whose heart is glowing as hard as the tiles wherewith he decorates his hearth, many a delicate lady whose own hands are busily embroidering the napkin wherein she will wrap for burial the talent God gave her for the service of her kind.—Rev. Washington Gladden, in Andover Review.

"FI
"Wife,
napkin a
you. W
yesterda
give it
I glan
from Wil
she and a
be at our
"Oh, M
less!" I e
to-morro
condition
in the wo
them now
fear was
breaks in
can't go l
as consci
selfishnes
baby and
that would
see the g
years."
"Oh, yo
relieved.
the house
"Hum
know wh
Sally, te
put some
"Girls,
"Girls," yo
this after
spare cha
"What
moment
hand."
"Oh," M
dren," M
from town
"Whoe
thing" B
Miss Bet
till dece
"Do h
"hurry, t
done this
The ta
possible,
room and
"Mag",
some soa
and go to
soon as I
"Miss J
"fore goo
thim stair
a thimble
mint."
"Well,
"it must
haste."
Mag is
her out o
year, a sh
never mo
house. S
of marrie
color of t
children,
many am
ed my fir
bosom, ar
after nigh
ful comb
perfed to
than ear
though s
times ret
for mont
househol
only be
At last
cakes sto
coat of ic
They had
satisfacti
"Ma," th
wind th
three tim
and orn
I gave
ment, tol
linned o
Mag's w
conscious
scented
and smoo
and pillo
rubbed t
shone lik
Mag w
Suddenly
said she,
going to
"Why,

