

Weekly Messenger

VOL. II.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1883.

No. 7.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

The price of this handsomest and cheapest of papers is but fifty cents a year or, in clubs of five, 40 cents each. All letters should be addressed to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal. The circulation of this paper continues rapidly to increase.

IRISH NEWS.

An abandoned German brig loaded with dynamite was towed into Hull, and as the captain gave a false declaration regarding the cargo it is thought to have been intended for Ireland. Fifteen thousand dollars, the balance of the Duchess of Marlborough's relief fund, will be devoted to assisting emigration. The Lord Mayor of London was asked by a deputation to open a fund for the relief of distress in the west of Ireland, and he said the speeches made at the meeting that sent the deputation were such as to keep people from giving to a fund originated by such an agency, but he was willing to receive contributions for the object in view, and if large enough to justify it would open a fund. Mr. O'Donnell, one of the speakers at the meeting in question, has sent a scurrilous letter to the Lord Mayor in reply to his remarks. Two thousand starving persons surrounded the hotel in Glen-columbkil where the Poor Law Inspector was staying and demanded employment, and when he advised them to emigrate some, one exclaimed, "We would rather die than emigrate." Destitute fishermen have been admitted to the workhouse at Kinsdale. Archbishop Croke confirms the reports of widespread and fearful distress in the counties of Mayo, Donegal, Clare and Sligo, and that ecclesiastic says the country can never expect peace and plenty until it is rid of the yoke of a bloated and ruthless oligarchy, meaning of course the landlord class. The gunboat "Redwing" has made some fruitless attempts to reach the Island of Innismurray with stores for the relief of the starving inhabitants. Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, made a speech at Hawick, in which he justified the prosecutions of the press for the publication of attacks upon judges and jurors, which, he said, were as much a part of the implements of murder as the sword-cane or pistol. He defended the action against League public meetings and the arrest of reporters of the same, on the ground that a class of men had arisen who lived on agitation, and such reporters were of this class and attended meetings to advise the people not to disperse. Mr. Trevelyan also denied that the diminution of agrarian crime was more apparent than real, and pointed to the rapid decrease in murderous offences whenever it was seen that murderers were being executed. The Government, he said, was ready to work with Irish members of Parliament advocating legitimate schemes of reform. During the week exciting disclosures have been made against the prisoners held for murder and conspiracy to murder in Dublin, by their own comrades who betray them to save themselves. Michael Kavanagh, the confessed driver of the car on which the Phoenix Park murderers escaped, gave evidence in detail of all that he knew of the fearful tragedy, his testimony generally agreeing with the accounts of the crimes first

published as well as being supported by the statements of other informers. It is said that the prisoners, although assuming levity of manner in some cases in the dock, are in despair, and that Carey, the Councilman of Dublin, wears a very woe-begone aspect, apparently feeling his position more deeply than the others.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The strike of iron workers at Somerset, Massachusetts, against a reduction of ten per cent in wages, has failed. Work has been resumed by the railway strikers at Stratford, Ontario, a peaceable settlement having been made. Floods have overwhelmed the Connellsville coke region, Pennsylvania, just as a strike was on foot. Lately the coke workers issued a circular to protest against the employment of cheap Hungarian labor, which charged the Hungarians with being depraved and filthy in their modes of life. The City Council of Quebec has granted aid of two thousand five hundred dollars a mile to the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Besides subscribing to the Cork, Ireland, Exhibition of next season, the White Star Steamship Company will carry free a hundred tons of exhibits from the United States. British imports increased in January, as compared with the same month last year, about fifteen million dollars, and the increase of exports was about four million dollars. The ice crop on the Hudson river, just completed, is the largest ever gathered there, being three million tons of beautiful ice. Some of the ice men in Toronto are, on account of the fine quality of the ice, laying in a supply for two seasons. A gentleman returned from the woods of the Ottawa district says the prospects could not be better for the largest output of timber ever produced. More men are at work, the roads are good, and the amount of disease among the men has been exaggerated. The British and Canadian Lumbering Company, a powerful concern, with headquarters in Toronto, have bought the well-known Skead's saw-mill in the neighborhood of Ottawa city, the price being reported at one hundred thousand dollars. Thirty thousand tons of new shipping have been ordered on the Clyde, Scotland, within the space of a fortnight. Messrs. Manning, McDonald & Co., railway contractors, have engaged to carry the mails from Thunder Bay to Rat Portage, Manitoba, during the present winter for a thousand dollars a month. The Western Union Telegraph Company has swallowed up many companies started to compete with it, and the news published during the week that it had leased the Mutual Union Company's lines for ninety-nine years was not surprising, however much it might have been regretted as announcing the renewal of monopoly in telegraph business in America. Twelve rubber factories in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, employing eight thousand persons, were to have closed on Saturday last in consequence of the high price of rubber. The following failures are among the most prominent of the week—W. S. Battle, Raleigh, North Carolina, interested in cotton mills, liabilities two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars; President Battle, of the State University, resigning on

account of the above, liabilities forty thousand; W. Walker & Co., ship-builders, London, liabilities about three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars; S. G. W. Archibald, tanner, Truro, Nova Scotia, liabilities fifteen thousand; Sharp & Co., worsted spinners, Bradford, England, liabilities two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Improvement in business at important centres is reported by telegraph to a leading commercial journal, but the industrial situation is not improved. There were two hundred and fifty-six failures reported in the United States in the week, being twenty less than in the preceding week, ninety-seven more than corresponding week last year and four hundred and six more than that of two years ago. Canada had thirty-four failures, twelve less than the previous week.

CASUALTY.

A twelve thousand barrel oil tank near Bradford, Pennsylvania, burst and took fire, destroying a pump station, in which Mrs. Davy was burned to death, and Col. Hegon and a boy badly burned. The loss of property was fifty thousand dollars. Strong shocks of earthquake were felt in different parts of America and Europe on the fifth of this month. At Wolfborough, New Hampshire, a breeze sprang up from perfect calmness at the moment of the shock. A three year old child in a family named Bedoin, living near Ottawa, was burned to a crisp a few days ago. While his mother was out, he and a brother aged seven were poking up the fire, when the clothing of both took fire, as well as that of an infant in the cradle. The elder boy, with great presence of mind, picked up the baby, and, after dipping it in a barrel of water, jumped in himself, but his younger brother met the sad death above noted. A child named Nisbett, aged seven, has been burned to death under similar circumstances at Richmond, Nova Scotia. Ten persons were reported dead and four dying, from eating mushrooms, at Santa Catarina, Mexico. Mr. Levi Lewis, a young farmer of Lobo Township, Ontario, has died from the effects of being crushed between his sleigh and a gate post while trying to stop a young team of horses running away. The survivors of the steamer "Kennure Castle," recently foundered in the Bay of Biscay, kept themselves alive three days by chewing a flannel vest. While miners were robbing coal pillars in a mine at Central Hill, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, a blast in an adjoining breast threw down ten tons of material, burying seven men, mostly Poles, and all with families, causing the death of all of them. Oliver Childs, at Abbeville, South Carolina, was trying to brain a mad dog with the but-end of a gun after it had missed fire, when it went off and killed himself. Four men were killed and several seriously mangled by an accident in the Severn Tunnel Works, England. Several stage passengers and horses perished in a snow squall at Flint Creek Hills, Montana. A girl in London, Ontario, swallowed a lizard in a drink of water taken from a city service tap, not knowing what it was as it passed down her throat. She was overtaken by great pain in a day or two, and the doctor, supposing she had swallowed some living thing, treated her accordingly, with the re-

sult that she threw up the reptile, a four inch specimen, and soon recovered. Another person in the same city caught a fish in a pail from the same source. A Toronto boy, named Anderson, has received a shot in the leg from a pistol that he and his brother were playing with. The steamer "Gem" has been burned in Washington Territory, and in trying to escape the flames George Gowan, C. Rayback and the Chinese cook upset the only boat left, after the lifeboat had been let go adrift, and they were drowned. F. Vickery, a teacher among the Indians, told his wife to follow him and he would save her, and both jumped overboard and went to the bottom. By keeping the steambot's head against the wind, the remainder of the passengers and crew were able to stay on the bow until they were rescued by boats from the shore. Three hundred persons were killed and over ten thousand injured in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania last year. Particulars of the floods in the Middle States are appalling. The loss of property along the Ohio River, chiefly in Cincinnati, Newport and Covington, will amount to millions, whole square miles of dwellings and factories being under water to the height of two or three stories. The city of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was entirely inundated the first of the week, and many other populous places have been deluged: Five hundred houses at New Albany, Indiana, were flooded, and three thousand men out of work owing to the water stopping the factories. The dam protecting the lower part of Louisville, Kentucky, broke at midnight of Monday, letting sixty feet of water upon twenty blocks of buildings. The scene is described as awful, and the loss of life is supposed to be great. The Southern cities are anticipating floods in the Mississippi almost as serious as those of last spring.

IN THE TARIFF DEBATE in the United States Senate, Mr. Leman attacked the protective system in plain terms, arguing that it was delusive and its maintenance not necessary for the existence or development of American manufactures. The discussion and votes on the bill, he held, showed that it was impossible to materially reduce the present rate of taxation and at the same time maintain a high protective system. There could be no easier or more grateful task than that of lifting unnecessary burdens from the people. Probably, he said, no other people in the world were ever needlessly taxed for a series of years merely because their rulers were unable to devise a method of reduction.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT is in session. The Governor-General's speech at the opening refers to the bright prospects of British Columbia when the progressing railway communication with the rest of the continent is completed, and to the rapid settlement of Manitoba and the North-west going on. Among the legislation promised is a uniform liquor law for all the provinces, a uniform franchise for Dominion elections, a law to regulate labor in factories, the consolidation of customs, militia and public land laws, and measures relating to the civil service, banking and navigation.

A LESSON.

BY SUSAN M. DAY.

Three children to their mother's side had pressed,

And eager voices made their loud acclaim,
Conflicting prayers, imperious request,
Wide differing tastes, that could not be the same.

I marked with wonder, how with patience wise,
Untroubled brow, and loving, gentle smile,
She hears each one, to each she soft replies,
And all their va'ying wants does reconcile.

One wish she grants, another I deny,
Yet gives the plender something in its place;
Loves all alike, sees with impartial eye,
And measures gifts to meet each sutor's case.

And thus, when once you said to me, dear friend,
That you believed in God, but not that He
To individual prayers his ear would lend,
Since oft conflicting men's desires must be—

I thought of this sweet mother, and her plan,
How she the children's wants did satisfy,
And learned how God's far wider wisdom can

Most loving grant, and tenderly deny
—S. S. Times.

STEP BY STEP.

A TRUE STORY, BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

Of work, as of greatness, it may be said, some are born workers, some become workers, and some have their work thrust upon them. Philippa Wade seemed to have been a born worker—from early childhood she was never content unless she was doing something useful, something to help somebody; but that form of work at which she finally settled seemed to have been thrust upon her. At twelve, having been sent home from China, where her father was in business, Philippa spent a fortnight with a married sister before going to boarding-school. Her brother-in-law seemed a model of all that was excellent, devoted to his wife, diligent in business, and the fondest of fathers. Philippa noticed that the two children would not go to bed in the evening unless this general father carried them up on his shoulders. Philippa went to school, and she had letters from her sister, and by degrees some shadow seemed to be falling over that home, and lengthened across the letters that came thence.

At eighteen Philippa finished her school life, and, as dressed in graduation white she came from the platform with her diploma in her hand, she received a telegram summoning her to her brother-in-law's funeral.

The aunt with whom she had spent her vacations accompanied her. Philippa found the house, once so comfortable and bright, shabby and poor; the sister once hopeful and healthful, was aged and forlorn; more than the darkness of death lay on this dwelling; the figure in the coffin was the mere wreck of the once handsome, genial man, and a broad scar which marked the cause of death, was upon the temple. Three little children stood sobbing together at the coffin's head, and Philippa heard the boy, eldest of the group, choking down his tears, and administering strange consolation to his small sister. "Never mind, Katy, never mind; don't cry dear, now you won't be scared any more nights." What need to say that this ruined family was but another holocaust to intemperance? Philippa looked at the changed face of her sister; looked at the wan, pitiful children, one of them suffering from a nervous disease, looked at the impoverished household, looked at the marred face of the corpse, heard the whispers, "better for them," "a blessed release," "nothing left for his family," "such a fall," and her whole soul rose up against the monster vice that so dominated and destroyed in the land, and she made a calm, unalterable resolution to be henceforth, with all her might, a temperance worker.

Thereafter, the home and the family must be reconstructed; the widow and her youngest child were practically invalids; Philippa's parents had died during her six years at school; she had a brother in business, this sister and her three children, and her

uncle, out of these members a new household must be formed.

The funeral was over, and Raphie Wade and his aunt took council; Philippa sat and listened; the widow and her children had gone to their rest; their nights might be quiet now; earth had shut her doors closely about the madman who had been wont to come home furious. Philippa's mind was full of high planning and courage; she was ready to go forth alone, armed only by her earnestness, and battle with the Destroyer of Homes. Here was the great city, seemingly wholly given over to idolatry, to the worship of Baal; here was a wide field for her work, here she would toil night and day, and gather in her trophies of saved souls. Philippa was full of zeal for souls; it was but lately that she had consecrated her life to Jesus; she heard the cry, "What doest thou?" and she was longing to make large answer. She had not yet learned that there are some to whom God says, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." And now, with these warm, eager desires to be up and doing, she listened, startled, to the arrangements her brother made for the future of his family circle. He was junior partner in a large iron works, and in the hills thirty or forty miles from any town, was a branch of the works, which it had called into being; there was a substantial home for the superintendent of the works, and there it had been decided that Raphie Wade must go, to oversee a very important branch of the business.

"I am afraid it will be lonesome, aunt," said Raphie, "but there is the only place where I can have a house, and be able to maintain this family in comfort."

"There is no need for us to be lonesome," said aunt Grace, calmly, "if we are doing our duty and love each other. I have no doubt that the change of scene and the pure air may benefit Dora, and, perhaps, bring entire health to poor little Kate. It seems to me a very providential thing for these children."

"But," thought Philippa, "is it providential for me to be shut out from all opportunities of usefulness?"

Energetic aunt Grace went hopefully on with her planning. "Dora is completely broken down. If her unhappy husband had lived six months longer, I am sure she would have died; we can look to her for nothing; we must nurse and comfort her; but I can keep the house, and Philippa can teach the children. Can you not, dear?"

"Certainly," said Philippa; but thought, "This is such small work to do, any one could do that."

Aunt Grace continued: "Dora's furniture and mine together will fit out the home comfortably, and I will take my own old servant along."

"It seems hard on Philippa to ask her to go there," said Raphie. "There is no society; except the laborers' houses, there is only one house near, the home of a large land-owner; our firm owns absolutely nothing but the one bank, and the space occupied by the one buildings; this land-owner, Mr. Cortin, is an unbeliever, worst of all, there is no church and no opportunity of enjoying church privileges. It will be like burying you alive, Philippa."

"Never mind," said Philippa; she could say no more; the condemnation to doing nothing, the being set apart from the work she longed for, was cutting her to the heart.

"To go there," said aunt Grace, "seems the direct leading of Providence. A young girl like Philippa can not live apart from her family, and I am sure she would not wish to; we must bear our burdens together. And as God is the God of the living and not of the dead, He does not bury His people; even there He will lead us into activity. To care for and train these three children will be no small matter. They may do great things."

"But," sighed Philippa in her secret soul, "I want to do something myself. I feel a worker's energy."

However, Philippa was the last one to make anybody's burdens heavier by complaining. She set herself to aid in the preparations for departure; but busy as she was, she had time for many thoughts as to the work she had hoped to do, and must leave undone. She had meant to distribute tracts, to attend a mothers' meeting for poor women, to teach in Sunday-school, and get up a boy's temperance society. Other girls, perhaps, were planning what dresses, parties, amusements they should have; Philippa

had planned Christian work, and lo! an angel stood across her path, and shut up the way!

And so the time for going to Bambeck Bank drew near. It was the last Sabbath at home; Philippa was very weary—the night before she had been up for hours with little Kate; the child was subject to screaming fits at night, fancying that she saw her father coming in drunk and raving; it was the poor creature's only inheritance from her parent! Being so tired on Sabbath evening, Philippa did not go so far as her own church; she took Paul, her ten-year-old nephew, for escort, and they went into the nearest house of prayer. Here was the text of the evening:

"And ye shall hear a voice behind you saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."

And this was the thought that Philippa carried away; it fell upon her soul like a benison from heaven. God's people are not required to do their own planning. The worldly man plans for himself; sometimes he works out his plan to the end, at other times a Divine Hand intermeddles and brings all to naught. But God plans for His own. He will lay out our work for us; all we have to do is to perform the work, and take the steps as He allots them to us. Perhaps He only gives out the work fragment by fragment, but it is worth doing well, as part of some great whole. Here is a factory; this man works on a spring, that on a case, that on a wheel, that on a hand, a face; but together they produce the finished watch at last. Let us, therefore, be content to have God plan for us, and leave out our work for us; all will be well at the end.

"Still," said thoughtful Paul, as they went along together toward the nearly deserted home, where there were so many miserable associations, "still, I suppose God's workman always carries along God's tools, don't he? There's no telling what may turn up. Aunt Philippa, if I were you, I would take out to Bambeck a lot of Bibles, and tracts, and hymn-books."

Thus was Philippa unconsciously rebuked by a child. She had been feeling, as if at Bambeck there could not possibly be work for her to do, outside of her own home circle. At Bambeck she had concluded that there were no souls to be saved, and had consoled herself for going there, with the thought that God might soon open the door for them to go elsewhere. But on this Sabbath evening Philippa reached cheerful assent to God's will. Evidently it was the Father's voice that had called, the Father's hand that had mapped out the way; why then hesitate to heed it? God's way is always a good way!

A few days more and the family were at Bambeck; the children drew long breaths of mountain air, and exulted in grass and daisies. Raphie was busy at the Works; aunt Grace and Philippa, and the maid, with a little feeble help from Dora, were bringing order out of chaos, and setting up a home. Paul came to his younger aunt;

"Aunt Philippa, I am glad that this house is away from the other houses, and has a big back garden; you keep Kate there and don't let her go by the village, for she is so afraid of drunken men, and they always make her worse. Is it not such a pity, aunt, that Kate can't remember father nice; I remember him when he was so nice, and that is the way I try to think of him, and forget all that is between; but poor Kate, she only remembers how he used to scare her; she has been scared ever since she was a baby; wouldn't it be dreadful, aunt, to have her grow up into a woman, looking so frightened, and jumping and starting at everything! But yes, aunt, there's drunken men here; I saw one; I guess they are everywhere. Oh, dear me, it was a very heavy sigh for so young a child!

Saturday night found things at the home reduced to very reasonable order. Sunday was a day of rest; Philippa taught the children, and spent the rest of the day in reading; after tea, as the May evenings were clear and light, she went to her aunt Grace.

"Aunt, I have been thinking all day about these people here; no church, no Sunday-school; I want to know how many of them there are, what they are like, how they live, whether there are any children among the houses. Will you not come out with me and survey the land and see what are its possibilities?"

The aunt and niece went out together. The village was made up mostly of board-

ing shanties or houses for the men of the Works; only five or six families, and those with but few, and very bold, unpromising-looking children; the population consisted mostly of men from twenty to forty years of age.

Mr. Cortin, the land-owner, their only neighbor of means, had set up on his own property, as near to the Bank hamlet as possible, a "beer and liquor store," in other words, a low tap-room. Most of the men seemed to be in this den, drinking and talking. The hamlet lay on a single street—the Works at one end, the taproom at the other; the narrow lane leading from the superintendent's house, which was owned by Mr. Cortin, entering the village street, close to the liquor store. Philippa and her aunt reached the hamlet at this unpromising point, and were liberally stared at by tipplers. As they walked down the street they saw three men leaning on a gate. Philippa thought when she first desecrated them that she would speak to them, ask if they ever had any religious services, or any Sabbath reading. But as she drew nearer, her heart failed her; she began to think that her aunt was the elder woman, and should open the conversation. Aunt Grace, however, was less enterprising and active than her niece, and it did not come into her mind to do any work outside of her own home, or the regular organizations of her own church. The men were passed in silence; then Philippa's heart began to reproach her. Would her Master have passed three immortal souls, without giving them one word of the news of salvation? Three men without the Gospel! Three who by another Sabbath might be swept into eternity, and not one word of Christian inquiry or cheer spoken to them! They must be better disposed than many others, as they were not at the tap-room. As she with her aunt reached the end of the village and took a cross-path over the fields homeward, Philippa began to pour out these feelings; they would not have sprung up in her aunt's mind, but being presented, she approved them in part.

"But we could not speak to them on the street, dear; and what could we say! And yet, poor fellows!"

"Aunt, I have tracts at home; let us get them and come back; it is but a very little way by this path, and I will give the tracts. I feel so dissatisfied."

"I suppose it can do no harm; they will see that we mean well; I suppose they will take no offence."

So Philippa and her aunt Grace got the tracts, and came as they went, and there still were the men, leaning on the gate. Aunt Grace almost wished they had not been there, this seemed such an odd errand of Philippa's. Philippa stopped short. She did not know how to address these men, what to call them; an embarrassed flush rose up on her frank, pleasant face, and pleaded for her. She plunged in *medias res*.

"Will you have a tract? They are very nice; they are stories by John A. Swarth."

"Thank ye kindly," said the central man, taking the tracts and distributing to his companions. Among the rest were two leaflets. One with the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the simple, unadorned Scripture, only on the top of the page there was a picture of the prodigal feeding swine in a far country. This attracted the eye of the man to whom it fell. He held it out:

"I'm not good at reading, Miss; would you read it out to me? it's short."

The fact was, Philippa's voice fell pleasantly on his labor-tired ear, and he wanted to hear more of it.

Philippa took the leaflet, looking undecided.

"The ladies should not stand," said the eldest of the men; "will you have chairs near the step, ladies?"

The chairs were brought, and aunt and niece sat down; they were being led on, from one thing to another. Philippa read the wonderful story, "A certain man had two sons;" clearly and feelingly uttered, it fell fully on the Sabbath evening air, and as it proceeded, another man joined the listeners. When the leaf was read and returned, the possessor of the other leaflet came forward; he was a young man, and spoke eagerly.

"Miss, here's a hymn here my mother used to sing! Miss, will you not sing it through? Seems like I could once catch the tune, I could sing it myself."

The hymn was, "Children of the heavenly King."

Philippa could sing; she took the paper,

and lo Grace in pul asking sing."

Phil oined

"w T came, T

Whi were sitting at

Phil the corner glared

ened a experi to the aunt, c travag

But she wa "At seemed care of

The pale n came, T ed Pau "youn

of the Philipp camp c which have b

out. I that ve ing, an have h

Miss, t heart, i self; F to God

parents were g see the likely i

more," asleep, thing's you wd

"B, thou s' old, Fri miss, I

"He said Ph Bille.

"Mi went a of an e the win

"Ye here in know a sit on t

the bar row ev eight."

"The some at Then what s

back at her bro "Wh to see y

some te Brow ful.

"I w young gave so

tracts, s time an the me

than m whisky dram-s

they go drinkin is given

you, si since th We hav

some h ladies c bed, h

hymns, heaven. Raph his ha come in and we

and looked at her aunt for help. Aunt Grace felt uneasy and altogether too much in public to suit her; but here was this lad asking for the words "his mother used to sing."

Philippa bravely began, and aunt Grace joined in:

"We are travelling home to God
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see."

When the hymn was ended eight men were standing around, with hats off, listening attentively.

Philippa distributed tracts to the newcomers, and then hurried home. She was glad enough to be in shelter; she was frightened at the step she had taken; her feelings experienced a depression correspondent to their late exaltation. She said to her aunt, "I am afraid this is all wrong, and extravagant."

But if aunt Grace was less enthusiastic, she was less easily cast down; she replied, "At all events it was done for God, and seemed to be done at His call. He will take care of it."

The next Friday evening a young man, pale and feeble in appearance, leaning on a cane, came to Ralph Wade's house, and asked Paul at the door, for a word with the "young lady." Having asked, he sat down on the step, as if exhausted. Paul called Philippa. She came and sat down on a camp chair, near the veranda post against which the man leaned. He said: "Miss, I have been ill; yesterday was my first day out. I was lying ill last Sunday evening in that very house where you ladies sat reading, and my bed was near to the window. I have had a close shave for my life. I tell you, Miss, that Prodigal story out to the heart, and then that hymn! I asked myself, Frank Brown, are you travelling home to God? Are you going in the way your parents trod? No more you ain't, for they were good people! Are you likely soon to see them? No, Frank Brown, you're more likely to never see 'em nor any good folks more." The men came in, thinking I'd been asleep, and out of kindness read them things over to me. Miss, I've come to ask you what I must do to be saved?"

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And like one of old, Frank Brown asked, "Who is he that I might believe in Him?" for he said, "Oh, Miss, I know so little about Him."

"Here is His portrait in the four gospels," said Philippa, and she gave Frank Brown a Bible.

"Miss," said Frank Brown, before he went away, "do you ever sing hymns here at an evening? I see an organ in through the window."

"Yes," said Philippa, "we often sing here in the evening, and Mr. Brown, if you know any men who would rather come and sit on the porch here and listen than go to the bar-room down there, you may let them know that we shall be singing here to-morrow evening from seven until half-past eight."

"Thank you kindly, Miss; there'll be some sure to come."

Then Philippa felt frightened again, at what she had said, but she could not take it back, and as Brown was rising to go away, her brother Raphie came from the house.

"Why, Brown, he said cordially, "glad to see you out again. Come in and have some tea and a bit of toast."

Brown hung his head and looked bashful.

"I won't intrude, sir. I came to ask the young lady for a bit of advice. Sir, she gave some of us a few words, and a few tracts, Sunday evening, and it was the first time any one ever showed that they thought the men of Bambeck were anything more than machines to dig ore, or casks to pour whisky in! Mr. Cortin has set up his dram-shop, where men spend away what they gained hard, and fighting, swearing, drinking and gambling fill up such time as is given us for resting. I could not tell you, sir, how many men have gone bad since the bank was opened six years ago! We have most of us lived like brutes, and some have died like brutes, and when the ladies came down near where I lay sick in bed, last Sunday, and read, and sang hymns, it seemed just like voices from heaven."

Raphie Wade was much moved; he laid his hand on Brown's shoulder, "Come in, come in," he said. "The table is standing, and we have just finished supper; come,

get a cup of hot tea, and let us talk over this matter, and maybe we can find some way of fighting the whisky business."

But after all this talk with Brown, it seemed better just to let the work grow on in its way, and meet it as it sprang up.

Saturday evening came, and promptly at seven, five or six of the workmen from the bank, men who had evidently washed and shaved for the occasion, came and sat down upon the steps of the veranda. Raphie Wade went out and shook hands with them all, and soon in the sitting-room, the windows of which were open to the floor, Philippa and her aunt began to sing hymns and well-known old-fashioned songs, intermingled; Dora and Paul joined their voices, and one or two pieces Paul, Rene and Kate sang alone, to Philippa's accompaniment. Raph Wade, standing on the veranda, looked along the lane leading to the dram shop, "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," said the sign, and saw a number of men who had gone there, come out, and listen as the sounds of music floated down to them. After a little a few of them came up the lane and leaned on the gate. Before the singing ended twenty men had gathered.

When the organ was closed, Nathan Bent, the most quiet and reliable of the men, stepped to the window. "Thank ye kindly, ladies all, we take it as a great favor," and then the twenty dark shadows trooped away, but not to stop at "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," this was the quietest and happiest evening that these men had spent for years.

All the next day the Wade family, reading or conversing in their own house, carried in their hearts the burden of those men in the hamlet. What were those workmen doing during all those long hours? This might be a last Sabbath on earth for some of them, and were they getting any nearer heaven?

After tea Philippa made up her bundle of tracts, and said, "Come, aunt Grace." Her resolution was taken; she could not let these men feel that they were forgotten. They should not say, "No man cared for my soul."

Aunt Grace heard the summons with relief; she too had been much perplexed, and she rejoiced that a decision had been reached at last. Aunt Grace got her bonnet, and said, "Come, Paul." They would take the boy with them to help on the work. They went by "Cortin's Free-and-Easy," there they found the same noise, and the same staring, and the bar-tender looked very blackly at them, but two or three men left their tipping and followed them down the street. They stopped at the house where they had found a welcome the previous Sunday, and there were the same three men, and young Brown with them. One or two more were on the watch at adjacent windows. The smile of welcome was their reward.

"Ah, Miss," said Brown, "I made sure you'd come, and bring us a little book or two; and we've had the room set in rare order; will ye not step in, ladies, and read us out a chapter, and sing us a hymn?"

There was no resisting this entreaty. They entered; the room had a well-scrubbed deal-table and a few chairs; the woman of the house, Bent's wife, greeted them cordially, and Philippa opened her Bible.

"Have you any particular place you wish me to read?" she asked, turning to Brown.

"There's a mighty nice bit in the back of the book, all about The City," replied Brown.

Philippa read the last two chapters of Revelation.

"Aye," said Bent, "that's a rare fine place, for sure. 'Pears to me we'd hardly be fit for that."

"Yes," ventured Aunt Grace, "if we are washed in the blood of the Lamb, then we shall be fit even for that city of gold."

"I mind," said Brown, "my mother told me that drunkards could not get there, and that's kept me afraid to drink. I'm bad enough, but when I got withinside of a grog-shop I seemed to say to myself, 'Ah, here you are shutting yourself out o' that fine city.'"

"There's a singing piece," observed Mrs. Bent, "I mind it begins, 'Oh, mother dear'—but I don't call up the rest of it."

"I think it is 'Oh, Mother, dear Jerusalem,'" said Philippa, and she began the choice old hymn, and aunt Grace and Paul joined in. As they sang, the room kept filling, and some men stood in the door, and some leaned on the window-sill, until there were twenty present.

After a few more hymns, Paul divided the tracts, and aunt Grace read one aloud, then they rose to go home.

"Ladies, will you come next Sunday evening?" asked Bent, earnestly. "You will be the making of us poor fellows if you take an interest in us."

"We'll be sure to come!" spoke up Paul for his party.

The next Saturday evening a number of the men again gathered in the Superintendent's front yard to hear the music, and Raphie Wade went out and taught them the chorus to several pieces, and led them in joining the refrain.

On Sunday night Bent's house and the one next were filled; fully sixty men were present, and the grog-shop was deserted.

Raphie Wade walked into the hamlet, and saw the throng gathered about his sister and aunt.

As they returned home, Philippa said: "Raphie, you must take this matter in hand; there is no room at the cottages, and there are too many men present for us to teach alone. Can not you find a room, and lead the meeting yourself? Your voice is stronger, and you could make a prayer."

"We are building an additional store-room," said Raphie, "at the Works, and when that is done I might clear out our present lumber-room and make it a place of meeting. It would cost a little to white-wash it, and make some seats and a reading desk."

"I will write to the Sabbath-school, where I attended while at the Seminary," said Philippa, "and tell them of this work, and ask them for a donation to fit up the room and buy papers. We can give a little ourselves."

"And until we get that room," said aunt Grace, "we can use the large winter kitchen at our house; we look in the summer kitchen now."

"Moving in so many chairs, and doing so much more cleaning, will be a deal of trouble to you," said Raphie.

"Never mind the trouble," said Philippa.

"I'll do the work and carry the chairs," said Paul.

"A ready mind will make all things easy," added aunt Grace.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

BY MARY MAYNE.

The chief business of a child is to grow. A beautiful development of every part of the body is the foundation of growth in its broadest sense, which includes the mental and spiritual nature. The food a child eats is therefore a matter of vital importance. So, a'so, his sleep, his exercise, the air he breathes—everything that affects his bodily growth.

"Simple, nutritious food." How often is this repeated in the ears of parents! Yet in a majority of households the arrangements are such that the children eat just what the adult members of the family eat—often a most unsuitable diet. It is certainly desirable for children, when old enough to manage spoon and fork with moderate dexterity, to sit at the same table with their parents. Half the pleasant family intercourse is lost otherwise. But unless the dishes served are plain and simple, or some are denied to them, injurious results are sure to follow. There must be a great reform in the average American dinner before children can safely eat of everything upon the table. But until such reform parents need to make special arrangements or restrictions.

If children understand from their first coming to the family table that some articles are not designed for them they will seldom feel the denial a hardship. We have seen a little girl of eight years, night after night, happily take her bread and butter and milk at the dinner-table and never think of asking for anything else or appear to want anything different.

"Carrie is seven," said a very careful mother, not long ago, "and she doesn't know how pie tastes." Happy ignorance as pie is often made! It is distressing to see pale, puny little ones devouring rich pastry, which, indigestible for any one, is little less than poisonous to a feeble child. But pie is not unwholesome because it is pie, nor cake because it is cake. Bread is worse than cake, if the one be hot and heavy and the other light and plain. No mother-duty is more

important than the giving of personal attention to the food her children eat. One of the very foundations of comfortable family life is the regular serving of well-prepared meals.

It is generally safe to satisfy the healthy appetite of a child with suitable food at regular times. If some incline to over-eating this is ordinarily the result of early mismanagement. Sometimes a delicate, peculiarly organized child may need to be adroitly coaxed to eat what he really requires. Such cases are not rare; but the difficulty, of course, arises from the general health.

When young children need something to eat between meals, let it be systematically given about midway between them—not half an hour before the regular meal, when it will surely take away the appetite. Nibbling crackers, candy, and eating fruit all along through the day is plainly harmful. Even a very young child can understand and be interested in a simple explanation of the use of good food in making blood, bone and muscle, of the necessity of mastication and the intervals of rest from work demanded by the stomach.

Respect the tastes of children about food, while at the same time guarding against becoming fastidious. But they should never be forced to eat what is really distasteful to them.

Many mothers complain of the difficulty of providing suitable school-lunches. It is a problem. A long intermission, giving time for pupils to go home to a simple dinner, would remedy a great evil. Step into a city bakery, near any school, between twelve and one o'clock. You will find it crowded with children hastily swallowing cake, buns, tarts, pie. Is it strange that school-children are pale and delicate? If mothers would take the trouble upon themselves of putting into the little basket a wholesome appetizing lunch, they would have their reward. The child not knowing what is prepared will relish it better. But variety is important. We have known boys and girls to acquire an inveterate dislike for certain articles, simply from having them, week after a week, as a lunch at school. —*Christian Union.*

PIE PLATES.

Ennice has been going to the cooking-school lately, and she says pies are not sensible food; that they are injurious. I have heard that hinted a good many times, but never so decidedly as now. Modern science is really doing some good when it comes practically into our kitchens and dispenses with some of the hardest things women have to do.

Grandma took another look through her glasses at the pile of pie plates lying on the table.

Ennice said they might just as well be put on the top shelf of the china closet, where they would be out of the way, and kept clean from dust.

Grandma said she never recalled before how many they had; the deep yellow ones for custard, squash and pumpkin pies; the blue-edged ones for apple, plum and mince; "What lots of money we must have expended for them!"

"That's nothing compared to the price of lard, spice and flour, with the fruit thrown in," said mother who really heaved a sigh of relief, as Ennice packed them away. "But what is father going to do without pies?"

"He will never miss them when he gets used to the sensible dishes with which I propose to tempt his appetite; and it's my opinion he will be very glad to miss his headaches and some of the grocery bills."

Mother thought of the possible new dresses.

"And while we are about to reform let us dispense with this kettle of suspicious-looking lard."

"Doughnuts!" exclaimed grandma, "you don't say they are injurious too? What shall we do with our spare time? Oh! the hours and days of my life that have gone to making pies and doughnuts! What will the children eat?"

"They will eat fruit and good home-made bread and vegetables, and be healthy and good-natured," said Ennice.

"And no more doctor's bills," said father, as he came in and sanctioned the teachings of the new cooking-school. —*Woman's Journal.*

FIRES.

Two saw-mills have been burned in Prince Edward Island, one at Tyne Valley, belonging to James Yeo, member of the Dominion Parliament, and another at West Point, belonging to Owen Campbell, the loss being several thousand dollars in each case. Two dwelling houses in Charlottetown, capital of the same Province, belonging to James Barrett, have been burned. Griffin & Grundy's foundry, Guelph, Ontario, has been burned; loss three thousand five hundred dollars, insurance one thousand. The main building of Hamlin University, owned by the Methodist Episcopal church, near Minneapolis, Minnesota, has been burned, the one hundred and twenty pupils escaping, and the library being saved; loss sixty-five thousand dollars. R. Forrester's dye works, Halifax, Nova Scotia, suffered a loss of three thousand dollars, while the building was damaged to the extent of five hundred dollars. By a fire in the engine sheds at Hemmingford, Quebec, the Grand Trunk Railway has lost from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars' worth of property. The Royal Opera House, Toronto, has been burned; loss sixty-five thousand dollars, insured fifteen thousand dollars. Duncan McIntyre, Avonmore, Ontario, has had his house burned, the fire starting from a stove-pipe; loss about fifteen hundred dollars. The wet pulp mill of the Timonderoga, New York, Palpard Paper Company has been destroyed, a loss of fifteen thousand dollars. A boarding house tenanted by an Fallswick, lately, and many of the inmates escaped by jumping from the second story windows, one fireman had his arm broken and another made a heroic rescue of a child. Twenty-four draught horses and six mules were consumed in the burning of Lorillard's stables at Jobstown, New Jersey, a few days ago. George Vezina has had a fine cottage at Chateau Richer, Quebec, destroyed by fire, the loss being two to three thousand dollars, insured. The principal offices of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton, New Brunswick, have been burned out. A fire causing a loss of one hundred thousand dollars has occurred in New York, the concerns affected being Broom & Smith, leather dealers, the Bell Printing Press Company, the Great American Engraving and Printing Company, Wessel's Printers' Warehouse and Hope & Co., galvanized iron merchants. At Rondout, New York, on Sunday morning, a fire started in a barber shop and spread to the building of the Cornell Steamboat Company, occupied by several ferry and railway companies, and also caught and burned the steamboat "City of Catskill," valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The loss of the owners of the building is placed at twenty thousand dollars, and its occupants also lose heavily.

CRIME.

Foul play is feared to have overtaken H. T. Plumb, a travelling salesman from New York, at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, where he disappeared from a hotel, and his overcoat and dress coat were found in a canyon near by, covered with blood. Maggie Crulet, in her twelfth year, was shot and killed in Philadelphia by Miss Catherine Burneson. A number of little girls were playing near that lady's window, when she raised the sash and fired a revolver among them, the result being as above stated. Miss Burneson claims that she thought the weapon was not loaded, and that she had only meant to frighten them with it. George Mahan, an engineer, was lately taken to the Bellevue Hospital, New York, suffering from delirium tremens. He was placed in

the Alcoholic Ward, and on the second day he knocked out the brains of another patient, with a chair, fractured still another's skull, and inflicted severe injuries upon the attendants who tried to restrain him. Mahan is thirty-four years old, six feet in height, and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. His relatives say he was a peaceable and industrious man until he took to drink a few months ago. James Livingstone, aged sixty, Berlin, Massachusetts, killed his wife with a hatchet, and then told his neighbors, saying both had been drunk and quarrelled. R. J. Smith, Lowell, Massachusetts, shot his wife dead and then shot himself fatally. Safe bursting is said to have become so prevalent at Council Bluffs, Iowa, that merchants leave their safes open at night to avoid having them ruined by explosions, and one of the mills had the combination posted above the safe, with a request to the burglars to use it and not injure the safe. A policeman named Watson, New Lois, New York, has been arrested for backing one of the contestants in a fight that came off in a room adjoining that where his court was held. Recently a Government benefaction called the orphan money was distributed among the Cree Indians in Arkansas, and one of the band who received two thousand dollars went crazy with delight and shot two of his sleeping companions. The camp was aroused, and in the attempt to capture the lunatic another man was mortally wounded. The lunatic went under a waggon and defended himself with fire-arms, but was soon shot dead. James Worthylake and Dennis Hutchinson quarrelled over an old score subject at an dancing party in Digby county, Nova Scotia, and fought outside, and Worthylake was shot dead, and his antagonist received a bullet wound in the breast which was expected to end his days soon. A policeman has been arrested at Council Bluffs, Iowa, for stealing a watch, and the case is believed to be the beginning of an investigation into much bad conduct on the part of the police. H. C. Gurney, an accountant in the Durham, Ontario, branch of the Toronto Bank of Commerce, lately left for parts unknown taking fifteen thousand dollars with him, and leaving a thousand or two more in doubt. The bank is secured for five thousand. John G. Buchan-Hepburn, son of Sir Thomas Hepburn, a Scottish baronet, has been murdered by riotous miners whom he was trying to conciliate, in Chihuahua, Mexico. Milton Yarberr, who was guilty of many murders, was hanged at Albuquerque, New Mexico, for the murder of Charles Campbell. Joseph Lavington and Charles Fields, sneak thieves who have been operating in the hotels of Toronto, have been sent to the penitentiary for three years. A messenger of the Murray Hill Bank, New York, was jostled on a street car and robbed of a wallet containing eleven thousand dollars. A French widow, named Adele Peanne, has accused Francois Desplane of inducing her to come to America under promise of marriage, and then absconding with two thousand dollars' worth of her property, leaving her and three children destitute. Patrick Canning and William McElrath, employees of the Commissioner of Jurors, New York, have been arrested on a charge of corrupt and gigantic fraud. It is estimated that they had four or five thousand customers among prosperous citizens, from whom they annually took a fee of one hundred dollars each, in return for which the citizens were assured against having to serve on juries.

A PANIC FROM SMALL-POX exists in the south-western parts of Virginia, where several towns are smitten.

FRANCE.

Prince Napoleon has been released from imprisonment, the Tribunal quashing the indictment for treason against him. The Radicals are violently excited against the administration of justice for the release of the Prince. The latter, with his son Louis, has gone to London on a visit to the Empress Eugenie, who, however, is reported as having recently disclaimed any sympathy with his pretensions. The bill for the expulsion from France of all members of former reigning families has been the cause of a very exciting discussion in the Senate, Admiral Jaureguiberry opposed the bill on the ground that it made martyrs of the Orleans Princes, who were never hostile to the Republic, and he would prefer a law not aimed at persons. The Minister of Justice announced that the Government had agreed to abandon the bill and accept a proposal made by Senator Bardoux, to the effect that the princes might be expelled by decree of the President if their acts threatened the safety of the nation. This proposal was rejected by a vote of a hundred and forty-eight to a hundred and thirty-two, and the first article of the Government bill was defeated by a vote of a hundred and seventy-two to eighty-nine. M. Waddington, a Republican Senator, then proposed that any prince found guilty of furthering pretensions endangering the state, shall be banished; trial to take place before the Court of Assizes or before the Senate sitting as a High Court, and this proposal was adopted by a hundred and sixty-five to a hundred and twenty-seven, and afterward sent to the Chamber of Deputies, where it was referred to the committee that had charge of the Government bill. The health of M. Fallieres, the new Premier, is shattered, and he cannot therefore retain the position. Different statesmen are mentioned as likely to be given the duty of forming and leading a new Ministry, as the present one will likely resign if its bill on the question of the position of princes be rejected by the Legislature. In Paris the feeling of uneasiness is said to continue, and business to be stagnant, with the people yearning for strong government. The Communists are rousing themselves to prepare for the anticipated general elections, and M. Felix Pyat, a fire-eating and dangerous Communist journalist in the troubles of 1871, has revived the publication of the newspaper in which he then advised the destruction of certain prominent monuments, residences and churches. Germany is said to feel excitement over the elevation of General Thibaudin to the French Ministry.

DR. HAFE was exploring a chasm near Atlanta, Georgia, and became lost on the Tallulah Falls bluff. He was discovered on a Sunday evening on a narrow ledge, three hundred feet down the bluff and a hundred feet above the water. At daybreak he was clinging to the almost perpendicular wall, and it seemed almost impossible to rescue him. Five men, however, took ropes and worked their way down until they got within fifteen feet of him. They then threw him a rope, which he fastened about his body and was thus let down to the ground.

MR. BINGHAM has introduced a bill in Congress to have a commission of seven appointed to investigate the telegraph business of the country and ascertain if anything can be done to cheapen telegraphic communication.

MRS. GORDON, an old woman of fifty-seven, in Toronto, was recently frozen to death on the floor of her house, where she lay down in a drunken state.

THE WEEK.

SIXTY SHEEP were smothered in a box car overturned in deep snow in the Grand Trunk yards, point St. Charles, Montreal.

THE SENATE OF NEW JERSEY has passed by eleven to nine the bill prohibiting the manufacture or sale of any intoxicating drink.

"HEAD MONEY," or the tax of one dollar for every alien passenger brought into New York port from a foreign port, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

THE INDIANS in ARKANSAS are greatly excited over the threatened attempt of colonists to enter upon their reservation. Troops are guarding the border, but no intruders have as yet appeared.

SAMUEL HARTAN, of Wilmington, Delaware, one of the most prominent ship-builders of the United States, has died in Vienna, Austria, aged seventy-seven, leaving an estate worth over two millions.

INDIAN ALARMS are revived in New Mexico territory, the savages that are feared being supposed to be the same as those recently deprecatng in Mexico, and the settlers are said to be wholly unprotected.

TEN YEARS OF SERVICE were decreed for a portion of the slaves in Cuba from the proclamation of emancipation, and the anti-slavery societies of several provinces of Spain are now agitating for having the emancipated slaves relieved from such an extension of their thralldom.

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW JERSEY has come to the help of the rural municipalities by passing a bill to tax corporations on the same basis as individuals, and let the proceeds go into the treasury of the counties containing the property so taxed. An excited discussion took place over the bill, in which it was stated that railways now paid the State six hundred and forty-three thousand dollars in taxes, whereas if equitably taxed they would pay over three millions annually.

THE HEADQUARTERS of a bad lottery swindle have existed for years at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada, and the local authorities apparently could not suppress the concern, as it only dealt with persons at a great distance, who did not care to go to the expense of bringing the swindlers to justice. Circulars have been sent broadcast advertising the lottery, but no drawings are ever held, and only enough small prizes are given to serve as baits. It is said that the present session of the Dominion Parliament will deal with the matter, and legislate with a view to make some international arrangements with the United States for the suppression of such institutions.

AT WIGAN, in England, there lives a young lady, now dying of consumption, who for several years has desired to make Mr. Gladstone a birthday present, her own birthday occurring on the same day as his own, but she never ventured to do so until last December, when she made a bookmark, worked in silk and bearing some words, "The Bible our guide," which some friend of hers forwarded with her explanatory note. Some days afterward she received by rail from Hawarden a box containing a very choice selection of camellias and ferns, and some fine English grapes, with notes from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone inclosed. Mr. Gladstone's was as follows: "I am greatly touched by your kindness in having worked a bookmark for me under the circumstances at which you glance in such feeling and simple terms. May the guidance which you are good enough to desire on my behalf avail you fully on every step of that journey in which, if I do not precede, I cannot but shortly follow you."

K1

Of a that n in oth popul ledge; may b acquir sorbing ist or t be con who is ough may be mand i miratic Wha popula "work our ma wondel cluster the "u with w If, how surely i positio tion. A plex an varietic penetra ings, to to appr be a tas meritin ly, how "know mired v very dit ment. defects, women, them so particu into cha its infr an acqu act upon man's li reveal t Of co will dep The s prides h of the w appeal i such wa is able to self as w men the craves ; doctrine those wi business ledge of tomer, that will he uses a commod. with his ficient of his wishe apt illust another c cess, and, humanity cate coin in his cel he lays d duct and purpose c producing knew the know it—alism—an much sell the profo All kno thus obtai knowledge; all of its s of the inf quite igno the poores the final i On the oth which is i poses unft It admits t and error much less recognizes er that is i in every them. A good i en by Dr. characters t

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

Of all the various kinds of knowledge that men desire for themselves, and honor in others, there is none that obtains more popular respect than what is called "knowledge of the world." Scholarly attainments may be held in light esteem; professional acquirements may be thought to be too absorbing; the historian, or dramatist, the artist or author, however eminent as such, may be considered mere specialists, but the man who is known to possess a keen and thorough knowledge of the world, whatever may be his other deficiencies, is sure to command a large measure of deference and admiration.

What, then, is this knowledge to which popular homage is so freely accorded? The "world," in this phrase, does not signify our material planet, with all its wealth and wonders, nor yet the life as a whole, which clusters upon it. It is confined strictly to the human race, and to that small part of it with which we are most nearly connected. If, however, this is an inclusive knowledge, surely it has a right to one of the highest positions in the whole range of information. To understand man, with his complex and wonderful nature, in his manifold varieties, to comprehend his character, to penetrate into his motives, to read his feelings, to perceive his unfolding development, to appreciate his influences, would indeed be a task worthy of the finest powers and meriting the highest respect. Unfortunately, however, we can hardly dignify the "knowledge of the world" so generally admired with any such significance. It is a very different and a vastly inferior attainment. It means rather a knowledge of the defects, foibles and weak points of men and women, and how successfully to play upon them so as to make them subservient some particular object in view. It is an insight into character just far enough to discover its infirmities, and turn them to account—an acquaintance with motives sufficient to act upon them at pleasure; a glance at a man's life sufficiently keen and piercing to reveal the best way of influencing them.

Of course the nature of this knowledge will depend upon the object to be achieved. The successful politician, for example, prides himself, perhaps, on his knowledge of the world. That is, he knows how to appeal to different kinds of men in just such ways as to secure their votes;—he is able to convey such impressions of himself as will convince them that he is of all men the most suitable for the office he craves; he judges shrewdly what political doctrine to emphasize in order to gratify those with whom he talks. The man of business is often applauded for his knowledge of the world; he gauges each customer, and finds out the special motives that will induce him to give large orders; he uses admirable tact in obtaining an accommodation, he is discriminative in dealing with his employees, he knows, in fact, sufficient of human nature to make it pliant to his wishes. Lord Chesterfield afforded an apt illustration of this kind of knowledge in another direction. His aim was social success, and, to this end, he studied civilized humanity with keen avidity. The intricate complexity of these studies was evinced in his celebrated advice to his son, in which he lays down the most minute rules of conduct and etiquette, avowedly for the sole purpose of affecting society favorably, and producing a reflex benefit to himself. He knew the social world as far as he cared to know it—that is, its surface of conventionalism—and used his knowledge with as much self-satisfaction as if it had been of the profoundest kind.

All knowledge of human nature that is thus obtained and used for selfish ends, is knowledge only of its weakness, and not at all of its strength. It takes account only of the inferior part of man's character, and quite ignores the superior. It builds upon the poorest foundation, and thus ensures the final overthrow of its own structure. On the other hand, that knowledge of man which is used for noble and generous purposes uniformly emphasizes the other side. It admits the defects, weak points, follies and errors, but never dwells upon them, much less builds upon them. It constantly recognizes the virtue, the goodness, the power that is inherent in humanity, and seeks in every way to develop and strengthen them.

A good illustration of this contrast is given by Dr. J. P. Clarke in reviewing the characters and lives of Louis Napoleon and

Abraham Lincoln. Speaking of the former he says: "His system of government and his plan of action was to make use of men's vices. During twenty years he did all he could to demoralize France, to feed its love of military glory, to cultivate its passion for display, luxury, extravagance. Victor Hugo wrote a book about him, keen and able, called 'Napoleon the Little.' For a long time it seemed that Victor Hugo was mistaken. Napoleon appeared to be a great success and a mighty power. All Europe admired and feared him. At last the bubble broke, and now all men see that he was Napoleon the Little, and that his empire, built on human vices and follies, was weaker than water. The first man who dared resist Napoleon, and who showed his weakness to the world, was Abraham Lincoln, his opposite in all respects. He was honest, and believed in honesty. He had no tricks, he did not know how to flatter or to bribe. When our war was over he requested Napoleon to remove his troops out of Mexico, and Napoleon consented. A writer in 'Blackwood' who had persistently ridiculed the North and Lincoln during the whole war, then said that the United States had done what no European Government, nor all united, would have dared to do. The United States had told Napoleon to withdraw his armies, and had been obeyed. Napoleon, who began in strength, ended in corruption and defeat; Lincoln, who began in almost hopeless weakness, ended in triumphant success."

If, then, any one prides himself on his knowledge of the world, let him ask himself to which of these types he belongs. What is it in humanity that he knows so well, that he believes in so implicitly, trusts so fully, and on which he is raising a superstructure? Is it the evil or the good? Is it folly, vice and weakness, or wisdom, integrity and strength? If the former let him pride himself no longer, but remember that shame and defeat await all such plans, cunning and shrewd though they appear. But if it is on the latter on which he depends, let him take courage, even though the way may seem dark, assured that these are the everlasting truths, and the firm realities in which alone it is safe to trust, and on which alone it is wise to build.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

SMELT-FISHING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The Lake at Burlington has just closed, and the smelt-fishers have moved their little huts on runners out to the accustomed grounds. Modern improvements have made this sport one of the most luxurious imaginable. Instead of kneeling in the cold winds beside a constantly freezing hole in the ice, the fisherman now sits at ease in his neat little house, warmed by a stove, and keeps watch of two or three lines let down through holes in the floor and corresponding holes in the ice. He smokes and reflects, or talks with a companion, and is as comfortable as the millionaire before his grate of glowing coal. Besides being a lazy amusement, smelt-fishing is a pretty profitable employment, as the fish are exceedingly toothsome, and bring a good price in the local markets. An attentive and persistent fisherman will make about as much out of his day's sport as a laborer, who comes home sore and stiff at night with his hard-earned pittance. The genius who sits on his bench and manipulates the little lines is usually a jolly, hospitable sort of fellow, and is perfectly willing that the blue-nosed skater should seek refuge occasionally in his cosy little house, and even permits him to handle one of the lines for a while. If he should happen to bring a young lady companion with him, the ancient fisherman becomes a model of gallantry. He lays his black pipe under the stove, resigns his warm seat to the fair one, and places all his piscatorial resources at her command. It is pleasant to note the immense satisfaction with which he resigns to her the line upon which he has just detected a faint nibble, and when, following his directions, she hooks the unhappy fish and draws it up through the ice with a little scream of mingled terror and delight, his eyes shine with approbation and pleasure, and he feels as proud as did the Canadian woodsman who initiated the Princess Louise into the mysteries of salmon-fishing. But when he removes the struggling victim and coolly bites out its eye with his teeth for a fresh bait, the situation becomes embarrassing in the extreme, and the cozy hut no longer possesses any attraction for the young skaters.—*Troy Times.*

A SILLY SUPERSTITION.

English papers tell an amusing story of a well-known banker of Liege, Belgium. A short time ago he gave a little dinner party to which ten guests had been bidden, besides himself and wife, making twelve in all. They were just about to sit down when in dropped a friend from the Antipodes and invited himself to dinner, thus making the fatal number thirteen. The banker, to prevent ill luck, rushed down-stairs to his office, found the cashier just about to leave for the evening, dragged him upstairs, fitted him with a dress coat, and led him triumphantly into the drawing-room amid the applause of the relieved guests, three of whom declared that they would not sit down to the best dinner ever served if there were thirteen at the table. At that moment the bell rang, and a note was brought for one of the guests, whose wife had suddenly fallen ill, and who was consequently unable to remain. Thirteen again! Gloom and despair; and the cashier, finding himself the Jonah of the evening, volunteered to depart. The banker saw him down stairs, and was expressing his regret, when—joy!—the family doctor heaved in sight. Him the host secured, and happy at being able to offer the hospitality of his table to his kind-hearted and sorely-tried employee, the three returned to the drawing-room. Dinner was ordered to be placed on the table, but, just as all was ready, the hostess, who was in delicate health, and who had been unduly excited by all the untoward events, fainted dead away, and had to be put to bed. Thirteen again! This time there was nothing for the cashier to do but to go and dine with what appetite he might at the nearest restaurant.

THE ELEPHANT WHO DID NOT SEE THE JOKE.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of the animal's wonderful long memory of a wrong suffered. One of these pests of society, "a practical joker," visited a caravan in a West of England fair and tried his stupid tricks upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unsuspecting creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid. "Ha!" cried the delighted joker, "I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow." "You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head." The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited. The affair had not, however, yet concluded. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one; but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat-tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat-tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.—*Chamber's Journal.*

QUEER TEMPERANCE LAWS.

Russia has made the following curious effort to regulate the liquor traffic: There is to be only one liquor-shop in a village, and where two or three villages are almost contiguous, the one shop must suffice for their combined inhabitants. The publican must be a native of the village, must be appointed and paid by the Common Council, and must sell food as well as liquor. If he allows any person to get drunk, he is liable not only to dismissal, but fine and imprisonment. If any Russian village is reported to the authorities to be addicted to

drunkenness, the sale of liquor may be interdicted for as long a period as may be necessary.

The Queen of Madagascar has ordered the framing of a prohibitory law in her dominions, "forbidding the manufacture or importation into her territories of alcoholic liquors. A breach of this ordinance will entail the forfeiture of ten oxen and ten dollars' fine. If the penalty cannot be paid by the offender it must be worked out at the rate of ninepence per day.

AN EGYPTIAN HOME.

Let us begin by visiting the house of a poor member of the community, so as to get an idea of Fellah life in its simplest form. In a blank wall of about eight feet high, composed of unburnt bricks, and veneered with a coating of sun-dried mud, we find a small door through which no one over five or six years of age could pass without stooping. As this is the only entrance, we conclude that the proprietor has neither buffalo nor any of the larger kinds of agricultural instruments, and that any hopes he may have of acquiring live stock in the future do not soar above a cat, a few barn-door fowls, and perhaps a very diminutive donkey. A glance at the interior confirms this conclusion. The enclosure consists of three small courts—if a space twelve feet by six feet can be dignified by such a name—connected by holes in the partition walls similar in size to the entrance. The first court is occupied almost entirely by a windowless mud hut, covered by a flat roof of maize stalks mixed with clay. This diminutive structure is at once the kitchen and winter bed-room of the whole family, comprising a married couple, the husband's old mother, and two young children. A large brick stove, which occupies two-thirds of the dark interior, is used in the day time for baking the bread and cooking the scanty fare, and at night it serves as a bed for all the inmates. During the warm summer nights they can sleep on a bit of seed-matting in one of the two other "courts." In the first of these are two hollow mud-pillows for storing the grain and other provisions, and close to these primitive provision chests sits the old grandmother churning buffalo's milk—presumably for one of the neighbors—in a kid's skin suspended by a bit of palm-tree rope from a long peg in the wall. Leaning on her shoulder is a young child, whose perfect nudity is only partly concealed by the multitude of flies which cluster on his dark brown skin, and who divides his attention between the churning operation, the unexpected strangers, and the bit of sugar cane, which he is gnawing with intense satisfaction. In the third and innermost court there is nothing but a small mud hut, which represents the family treasury. Without making a personal inspection, we can construct with tolerable certainty an inventory of its contents. There will be the gaudily-painted wooden trunk, in which the wife, when a bride, brought her modest trousseau to her new home, the few articles of wearing apparel and female ornament not actually in use, and some copper cooking utensils. These constitute the entire movable property of the family unless we include under this term half a dozen lean chickens, which have been taught to subsist by their own exertions. The premises are quite sufficient, therefore, for all practical wants, and if the live stock should be hereafter increased by the addition of a few kids, lambs, or even a donkey no additional accommodation will be required, for the new comers can sleep comfortably in close proximity to the family without any danger of bipeds and quadrupeds interfering with each others comfort.

A GOOD STORY is told about Mazzini. While the notorious Italian agitator was in London he went out one day with an English friend and bought a lot of rusty old swords and pistols. "What on earth are you going to do with them?" asked the Britisher. "Nothing at all," replied Mazzini, "only when the police hear of my purchase, telegrams will be sent everywhere, and not a king or queen will sleep quietly to-night." And the Italian chuckled.

THE LATE LOUIS BLANC, of France, once said to a well-known English diplomatist, "England would be supportable were it not for the aristocracy and the Bible," to which the Englishman replied, with ready presence of mind, "he was glad, at all events, that the aristocracy was in such good company."

SUE'S SHADOW.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

There was something the matter with Sue Wilson, perhaps it was the spring weather; she tried to think that it was. At any rate, there was something the matter; something very unpleasant and disagreeable—at least that was the effect it had upon her. It all dated back to the social at Alice Denver's, which was, after all, only an informal gathering of the young folks at Alice's one evening. How did that so affect Sue? Well, I will tell you about it. It was only last winter that she, Sue, had come out quietly but decidedly for Christ, and had made public profession of her faith, and her desire henceforth to follow in his footsteps. She had been very happy, very, indeed, until that little social.

Edith Mason, a cousin of Alice's from New York, was there, and Sue thought there was no one like Edith. They had had impromptu charades, played "Pledgments," "Forty Questions," and everything else they could think of, when Edith sprang up; "Let's have a dance," she said; "there are just enough of us for two sets, and Grace will play, I know."

Sue flushed to her very temples; she knew some of them glanced significantly her way. Last year, when Edith was here, there was no one that enjoyed dancing any more than did Sue, but now—she had not thought of it before, but she felt that she ought not now; she knew instinctively that it was not expected she would by those who knew of her profession.

She had not spoken to Edith about the change she had experienced; she knew she ought, but somehow she could not—at least, she said she could not—though why I cannot tell, for she was able to talk on every other subject imaginable.

"I wish you'd excuse me," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, you're not sick—are you, dear?" asked Edith, pausing in the middle of the floor with the table she was pushing to one side.

"The rest half stopped. There were some who knew the cause of Sue's hesitation, they watched with some curiosity to see what she would do; the others, a trifle vexed at the delay, were puzzled to know what reason she could give for her, to them, unreasonable hesitation.

Of course the only thing for Sue to do was to say, simply but firmly: "I cannot, for I am the servant of the King of kings, and he would not wish me to."

She knew that was just what she ought to say and do, but she shrink from it.

"I cannot," she said to herself. "Besides, this is not the proper place for anything like that." But all the time she knew perfectly well that she would not hesitate a moment to say, "My mother and father would rather I did not." Why should she hesitate when it was her heavenly Father? But she must say something, for they were all waiting.

"I am not sick," she said, wishing most devoutly that it was, "but I would rather not to-night."

"Oh! well," laughed Edith gaily, "we cannot excuse you for any such excuse; you're too accommodating, I know, to spoil our pleasure for no better reason than that."

And Sue instead of telling them she had a far better reason, let them go on with their preparations.

"I cannot help myself," she said; "and I'm not sure that I ought, either, for it would be so unaccommodating, as Edith said, and would prejudice them all against religion."

"What is that to the? I follow thou me," whispered a still small voice within; but Sue would not heed it.

"I will dance this time for the sake of accommodating," she pleaded mentally, "and then, when I have a suitable opportunity, I will tell Edith that I cannot do so any more, and why."

But the days came and went, and no such opportunity presented itself; there was always some reason why the time or place was not proper. And meantime, while she was waiting for it, there were other socials where she was needed to make up a set.

But, as I said, something the matter with her. She found herself too tired at night to read her Bible. In the morning, if she had time she read a few verses so hastily and inattentively that five minutes afterward she could not tell anything what they were about, and her prayers were mere forms; she took no comfort in them. She

knew she was wrong, but she could not help herself, she said. She felt wretched enough; but instead of bravely retracing her steps, she kept going farther and farther away from peace and happiness.

But at last the crisis came. Edith had proposed a German on Thursday evening, which was to be the last of her stay; and, alas for Sue! was also the regular prayer-meeting evening.

The morning of the day before, the girls were gathered in a little group in the Academy dressing-room discussing it—all unconscious that Sue was in the library, and the door was ajar.

"I say, Edith, is Sue Wilson going?" asked Georgie Dunham.

"Why, yes, of course; unless something unforeseen occurs."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, that I'd take my name off the church-roll, if I were in her place. I'm no saint myself, as you all know, and I don't profess to be; but if I did, I'd live up to it; I wouldn't go hopping from one side of the fence to the other. I actually had half a mind to go and do likewise, she seemed so different at first; but I'm glad I saved myself the trouble, for she's just like all the rest of us now, for aught I can see; only it does not take much observation to see that she's more uncomfortable."

Sue dropped the book she held in her hand, and went back into the school-room. The girls found her there with her head buried in her hands. She never forgot that morning. Never in all her life before had she been so utterly wretched; she went down into the depths of the valley of humiliation as never before. She had brought dishonor on her Saviour's name; she had professed to come out from the world, but she had not; she had turned one soul from him, and what a Christian bright, energetic Georgie would make. Perhaps, she thought, with a shudder of remorse, she had turned others among the girls also.

She went home into her own room, and down on her knees, she sobbed out her grief and penitence. Then, by and by, when she was calmer, she took up her Bible—her neglected Bible—and searched it eagerly for comfort. It opened to Acts, and her eyes fell on Peter's name. She was glad of that; she would like to read something about him, for he, too, had denied his Lord. She will always remember that fifteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Acts—how they brought the sick into the streets, and laid them there, that perchance Peter's shadow, as he passed by, might overshadow them.

She put her Bible down. Could it be possible that the shadow she had cast could be made to bring healing also?

There was a long hard struggle. The downward path was tread so easily is hard to retrace, but Sue was in earnest.

The girls were all there when she went into the Academy the next morning, and as usual Georgie Dunham was the centre of an interested circle.

It seemed to Sue that for an instant her heart stood still, but she went bravely up into the very midst of them all. "Girls," she said, "I have something to say to you. You all know that last winter I professed to have found my Saviour, and publicly confessed my intention to follow him; but instead of acknowledging him in all my ways, I have dishonored him; I have done things I know he would not wish me to, but I have asked his forgiveness, I believe it has been granted, and I ask yours now. And one thing more, girls; don't look at my life, at the very best it is so imperfect, but just look at Him. You can't find anything in His life to criticise unfavorably, and there is something in His religion, though my life may not show it."

Georgie Dunham winked briskly for a minute or two, then, jumping down from the desk where she was sitting, she put out her hand and said frankly: "I'm right glad to hear you say so, Sue; I didn't like the way you were doing, and I've more faith in you now than ever before, for there must be something in it, or you would not say this."

No one but Sue herself knew how thankful she felt when, a few weeks later, Georgie, half laughingly, half tearfully, but wholly in earnest, avowed herself on the Lord's side henceforth and forever. But Sue never forgot how near she had been to turning this soul away from Christ rather than to him, and the memory caused her to be always very humble, vigilant, and also very pitifully charitable toward others.—S. S. Times.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Edouard's Select Notes.)

February 25.—Acts 5: 1-11.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Initiatory battles." Somewhere in the beginning of every life Satan makes an attack upon the soul, as he tempted Christ in the wilderness, when he was entering upon his public work as the Messiah. On the success or failure of this introductory battle depends the whole after life. As Satan came to Adam and Eve in the garden; to Cain, the first born man; to Nadab and Abihu, at the commencement of Israel's national life, and afterward to Achan in the first establishment of Israel's power in Canaan; and above all, as without effect he came to Christ at the very outset of his personal ministry; so now and here, when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. He would fain use the time of inexperience and feeble faith to detach one and another, and so undermine the power and destroy the life of the Church of Christ.—Glenworth Butler.

II. "Illustrations of hypocrisy." Hypocrites resemble looking-glasses, which present the faces which are not in them. How desirous are men to put the fairest gloves upon the foulest hands, and the finest jacket on the rottenest posts! Hypocrites are like counterfeit coin; a curious cloth on a dusty table; a sailor in a leaky ship; a lamp without a light.—From William Secker. Christ compares them to wolves in sheep's clothing; to serpents adorned above, but full of corruption; to dishes cleansed without, but foul within. St. James likens them to clouds without rain.

PRACTICAL.

1. Verse 1. God often teaches us by contrast, setting the good and the bad side by side.

2. God will use us to aid his kingdom, as examples or as warnings, as lifeboats or as wrecks on dangerous rocks. It is for us to decide which.

3. Verses 2-4. Sinners are continually keeping back part of the price, unwilling to give all to God.

4. Whoever is ambitious for honor rather than usefulness, and desires to seem rather than to be, is on the verge of hypocrisy.

5. An ill man is always ill, but he is then worst of all when he pretends to be a saint.—Lord Bacon.

6. I know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production of either malice, cowardice, or vanity, and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views.—Lord Chesterfield.

7. Fraud and hypocrisy are certain to be detected.

8. We see here the guilt of attempting to impose on God in regard to property. There is no subject in which men are more liable to hypocrisy; none in which they are more apt to keep back a part. Christians professedly devote all that they have to God. Their property, as well as their bodies and their spirits, they have devoted to him, and they profess to desire to employ it as he shall direct and please. And yet, it is not clear that the sin of Ananias has not ceased in the Church! How many professing Christians there are who give nothing really to God; who contribute nothing for the poor and needy; who devote nothing, or next to nothing, to any purposes of benevolence; who would employ "millions" for their own gratification, and their families, "but not a cent for tribute" to God. The case of Ananias is, to all such, a case of most fearful warning. If God punished this sin in the beginning of the Christian Church, he will do it still in its progress; and in nothing have professed Christians more to fear his wrath than on this very subject.—A. Barnes.

9. Verse 5. The punishment of the guilty is for the good of the many.

10. Verse 11. It is well when Christians are afraid of sin, but afraid of nothing else.

11. They who are filled with the Holy Spirit are safe from being filled with Satan.

12. When Christians are afraid to sin, and sinners are afraid because they have sinned, then the Gospel will prosper.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Here is an excellent opportunity to warn against one of the commonest of sins among the young—Lying, one of whose forms is Hypocrisy. (1) The story of these two liars,

verses 1-4. What their sin was; their motive in it. These people were warnings—as Barabas was an example. Which shall we be? (2) The punishment, vers. 5-10. Why it was not too severe. The punishment of all liars, and why they cannot enter heaven. (3) The effects, vers. 11, and the following verses. Awe was upon all, sinners repented, the Church were purified, and saved from their greatest danger.

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE STUDY.

A name that in the Bible is applied to a biped and to a quadruped. With it there comes into my mind a king, a palace, royal state and surroundings, subterranean passages, grapes, honey, eggs, poultry, birds, fishes, Indians, cobblers, a river, Quakers, an historian, a volume the perusal of which tries heart and nerve, a statesman, &c., &c. I also think of a judge in Israel, and of Prophets, and of our Lord and Saviour.

What is the name? To what biped is it attached?

What is its association with the various objects, and what judge in Israel do I mean?

How is the word associated with Prophets?

How with our Lord?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The first and last letters spell the names of two brothers, sons of a king, both slain by the Philistines.

- 1. The son of Nun.
2. A prince of the Midianites who was slain upon a rock of the same name.
3. A widow from Bethlehem-Judah, who said that the Lord had dealt bitterly with her.
4. A Levite, of whom the Lord said: "He can speak well."
5. The name of a woman who was full of good works and almsdeeds.
6. A king who is said to have stretched forth his hands to vex the church.
7. A Jew, born in Pontus, with whom St. Paul abode for some time, because he was of the same craft.
8. The oldest son of a high priest who died in offering strange fire before the Lord.

VALUABLE POSSESSIONS.

Peter tells us in one of his epistles "If these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." What things does he refer to, and where is the passage to be found?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

CHRISTMAS PUZZLE STORY.

Be ye kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Evening. Julia. Egg. Piece of silver. Grandmother. Beauty. Both not behave itself unseemly. Seeketh not her own. Is not easily provoked. Unloved no evil. Reuben. Basket. Piece of silver. Can two walk together except they be agreed? Fig. Raisins. Nuts. Almonds. Apples. Trees. Wood. David. Bunches. Paper. Candles. Knocking at the door. Rhoda opened not the gate for gladness. Twelve. The poor. Wortheth willingly with her hands. The streets and lanes of the city. Gladness. Give and it shall be given you, &c., &c.

BIBLE STUDY.

ARK. Noah's ark, and the Ark of the Covenant. My thoughts are of the earth, and the flood of waters; the people and animals preserved in the ark, the Ark of the Covenant, the acacia tree, the gold that covered it, and the purple pall. Also of the old preacher of righteousness. The anguish is that of a drowning world. The mirch is from the little children as they play with toy arks.

Bible references: Gen vi, 14; vii, 7; 2 Peter ii, 5; Exodus xxv, and xxxvii.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 21.—Abbie Duncan Burr, 11 ac; Alexander George Burr, 11 ac.

CRUST COFFEE.—Cut in two and brown evenly in an oven, Graham biscuits or bread crusts; pour boiling water to these and let boil a few minutes; strain and season with cream and sugar, and you have a most palatable drink for the sick.

SAUCE FOR FISH.—Two ounces of butter, one-half cup vinegar, one teaspoonful ground mustard, one teaspoonful salt, a little pepper; let this boil, then add one cup of milk and yolks of two eggs. Let this just boil, stirring all the time.

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Shave two cups maple sugar, stir with one of butter, one egg, one cup sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, Graham flour. Use white flour on the mixing board; brown sugar may be used.

TI scho and a the liber espe of th to gi card who high kind stitcl orph Ar cloth lortu and; to as inten Sund untar of ho tatter a smi the h what lessor I p that t serve the a qualiti eyes, both pocke One Florr. adjoin for se hands who v pretty polon with l blue s were ornar feathe brune ecru c her h somer little the cit "Sh asked the m poor childr "H asked, Mabel watch "Pl her, s too p some o Emi the tw snc at anoy; somel word i chatte; Emma seeme class; only to pupils The and ch yet M

FINE FEATHERS.

The Hemlock Street Sunday-school, to which Florrie Warren and Mabel Chandler belonged, was a thoroughly live school; it gave liberally to all missions, but was especially interested in the poor of the city. The boys were ready to give their torn books or discarded toys to some little urchin, who would appreciate them very highly, and the girls exhibited a kindly rivalry in the many stitches they took for the ragged orphans or the neglected waifs.

And not content with feeding, clothing, or amusing their less fortunate neighbors, these boys and girls used their utmost efforts to assist their teachers and superintendent in gathering into the Sunday school numbers of the untaught children. It was a point of honor with them to greet every tattered or shabby new-comer with a smile and pleasant word, to find the hymns for them, or to explain what was to be the topic of the lesson for the day.

I presume it is needless to say that the refreshments which were served at the Christmas tree and the annual June picnic were of a quality that gladdened hungry eyes, and a quantity that supplied both yawning stomachs and pockets.

One beautiful Sunday in spring, Florrie and Mabel (who lived in adjoining houses) started together for school, both of them dressed in handsome new garments. Florrie, who was fair, looked exceedingly pretty in a soft gray cashmere polonaise, elaborately trimmed with blue silk and looped over a blue skirt, and her golden curls were covered by a gray chip hat ornamented with long blue feathers. Mabel was a decided brunette, and her costume was of *ecru* cashmere and cardinal silk; her hat matched it. Two handsomer costumes or two prettier little girls could not be found in the city.

"Shall we call for Emma Miller?" asked Mabel, as they drew near the narrow, dismal street where poor Mrs. Miller and her five children lived.

"Have we got time?" Florrie asked, thus generously giving Mabel a chance to consult her new watch.

"Plenty! If we do not call for her, somebody may think we are too proud to go there in our handsome dresses."

Emma was not quite ready, but the two girls waited for her; when she at length appeared she seemed annoyed or embarrassed about something, and hardly spoke one word in answer to their friendly chatter. Whatever the cloud upon Emma's spirits may have been, it seemed to affect all the rest of her class; Florrie and Mabel were the only two out of Miss Grace's seven pupils who appeared at all cheerful.

The next Sunday was as bright and charming as its predecessor; yet Miss Grace had only three

girls in her class, Emma being one of the absentees.

"Where could the Lowell girls have been? And Susie and Jessie?" said Florrie, referring to the absent scholars, when she was walking home between her cousin Lizzie and Mabel Chandler. "They must be sick, I think," replied Mabel.

"Suppose we go now and find out. If they are, perhaps we can do something for them."

"Very well. And you will go with us, will you not, Lizzie?" Mabel asked.

"I think not; mamma will expect me at home."

"By the way, Lizzie, what has become of your lovely new spring suit? I was surprised to see you in that plain old gray dress these two lovely Sundays. Did't the new dress fit you?"

"Oh yes, beautifully! Mamma says I look as if I had been melted and poured into it."

"Then for pity sakes why did't you wear it? The one you've got on is real dowdy!" cried Florrie.

"It is clean, isn't it?" laughed Lizzie.

"I am afraid so. And never again, summer or winter, will I wear such costly clothes as these to church or Sunday-school."

And she was as good as her word.—*Fraunce E. Wadleigh in Child's Paper.*

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the older lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with

his shoulders. In doing this he asked for all, but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hinderance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my Alpine stock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now in my freedom, I found I could make double speed with double safety.

Then a voice spoke inwardly: "O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right." I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain side, I said within myself, "And even this will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me."—*Sarah Emiley.*

A SHATTERED TESTAMENT
—A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

During the battle of Tel-el-Kebir Private William Room of the Highland Light Infantry, had a marvellous escape. In jumping into the trenches a bullet from the Egyptians struck him in the pouch-bag at his side, going through a Testament he was carrying with him. This fortunately changed the direction of the bullet, which otherwise would have gone through his stomach. As it was the ball entered his hip, and came out of the inner part of his thigh. Mr. Room is now doing well.—Our engraving and the above particulars are taken from a photograph published by Messrs Hills and Saunders, Grosvenor Fine Art Gallery, who inform us that a framed copy has been sent to Her Majesty—*Graphic.*

WAYS TO DO GOOD.

Pray for individuals by name. Send well-selected tracts by mail. Loan "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Invite your neighbor to church. Persuade the unsaved to attend prayer-meeting. Be fearless in expressing Christian views. Visit the sick, and pray with them. Benefit the poor, then win them to Christ. Urge church-members to take religious papers. Seek the conversion of thoughtful children. Remind the "backslider" of his solemn vows. Show the "reformed" man his need of Christ. Converse of Jesus at length with willing hearers. Exhort the convicted to yield and turn. Look after new converts. Keep near the Saviour yourself. To general consecration add the special consecration of one-tenth of your income, one-seventh of your time, and all your thoughtfulness.—*Am. Messenger.*



"Of course it is clean. But why wear it? I am just dying to find out; are not you, Mabel?"

And Mabel too, in the extravagant fashion in which girls talk professed herself "dying" of curiosity.

"You see we've got so many poor girls—*real* poor girls who never have nice clothes—in our Sunday-school, that mamma don't like to see me put on my handsome dresses or hats to wear there; she says that poor girls have feelings as well as rich ones, and that their shabby apparel will look shabbier than ever beside my silk or velvet. She says that she has heard poor people say that they were ashamed to go to church in their rags and sit beside elegantly-dressed people; I know I should feel so too. And it is not right to do anything, especially in God's house, which will hurt people's feelings."

"Oh Mabel!" exclaimed Florrie, with blushes in her cheeks, "can it be that our finery was the cause of those girls staying away to-day?"

you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"—*Chris. Woman.*

CASTING ALL YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

In the summer of 1873 I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wrap and other burdens upon

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 13th, 1883.

The condition of the local market is without change neither prices nor sales having improved. The Chicago market has fluctuated somewhat throughout the week but with but little effect either way. We quote: Canada White Winter \$1.08 to \$1.10; Canada Red \$1.13 to \$1.14; Canada Spring, \$1.10 to \$1.11. Peas, 89c per 60 lbs. Barley, 56c to 65c per bushel. Oats, 36c to 37c. Rye 60c per bush.

FLOUR.—The expectation of holders has been justified by a slight rise, superior being fully 10c better than last week, but this is almost purely nominal, but few sales have taken place at advance prices. Bakers have been dull as holders are inclined to hold at higher figures than are thought just. The market generally is very quiet and but little doing. Quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.05 to \$5.10; Extra Superfine, \$4.95 to \$5; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.85 to \$4.90; Superfine, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.15 to \$5.40; Strong Bakers', American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.15; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Pollards, \$3.60; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.30 to \$2.35; do. Spring Extra, \$2.25 to \$2.30; do. Superfine, \$2.15 to \$2.20; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Unchanged. Oatmeal, \$1.95 to \$5.00. Cornmeal nominally \$3.90 to \$4.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—The market has been rather quiet this week but a steady change in prices to report. Quotations:—Creamery, fresh made, fine flavored, extra, 25c to 27c; do., good to fine, 23c to 25c; Eastern Townships, 23c to 24c; Morrisburg, 18c to 22c; Brockville, 17c to 20c; Western, 15c to 18c. Add 2c per lb. to all of the above for the jobbing trade. Cheese firm, but small business—10½c to 11½c for August, and 13c to 14c for October September and October; common grades, 7c to 9c.

HOG PRODUCE.—Trade has improved somewhat throughout the week, sales having increased at slightly higher prices. We quote:—Canada, short cut, \$22.00 to \$22.50; Western, \$21.25 to \$21.75; Lard, in pairs, 14c to 14½c; Hams, city cured, 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Dressed Hogs, \$8.40 to \$8.60 in car lots; \$8.50 to \$8.75 in small bunches.

EGGS.—Scarce at higher prices. Fresh at 30c to 31c and lined 23c to 24c.

ASHES.—Pots rather scarce at \$5.12½ to \$5.15.

FARMERS' MARKET.

With improved weather the farmers are marketing their produce in larger quantities, although those living at a distance have great difficulty in transporting heavy loads over the numerous chabots in the roads. There is an active demand for most kinds of produce and prices are well maintained, although not so high as on last week during the scarcity. Oats are 80c to 90c per bag; potatoes 70c to 90c; Dressed Hogs \$8.50 to \$9.25 per 100 lbs; beef forequarters \$4.50 to \$5.50; do hindquarters \$6 to \$8.50. Turkeys 12c to 15c per lb; geese 10c to 13c; ducks 12c to 16c do. Tub butter 20c to 25c; do prints 25c to 45c; do; old eggs 25c to 30c per dozen; fresh laid eggs 40c to 50c do. Apples \$3 to \$5 per barrel; oranges \$5.50 the case. Tommies Cods 25c to 30c per peck; fresh herrings 25c to 30c per dozen; fresh salmon 25c to 30c per lb; cod, 6c to 7c; haddock 5c to 6c do. The hay market is largely attended by farmers and prices are weak and tending downward. Good hay brings about \$9 per 100 bundles, with an occasional choice load at \$10. Cow hay brings from \$6.50 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles. Straw is sold at from \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles, most of the sales being at from \$4 to \$4.50.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The snow blockade has prevented the usual supplies of beef cattle from being brought to the market and the scarcity has caused a great advance in prices, which the butchers very reluctantly pay, and some of them refuse to buy at the present high rates and it is probable that many people will have to keep Lent more rigidly than they had intended, owing to the scarcity and high prices of butcher's meat. The best cattle sold at from 5½c to 6c per lb, with a few sales at 6½c do. Large fat bulls and rough old oxen sold at from 4½c to 5½c per lb and leanish

stock at from 3½c to 4c do. Good calves are in demand at very high rates, but very few of this kind are brought to market. Mutton critters are also in request but the few offered are nearly all of common or inferior quality. They sell at from \$4 to \$6 per head. The few live hogs offered brought 7c per lb. Good milch cows have been in great demand of late, but with larger supplies prices are again declining.

New York, Feb. 12th, 1883.

GRAIN.—Following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, \$1.20½ Feb., \$1.21 March, \$1.22 April, \$1.24 May. Corn 69½c cash, 72½c Feb., 71½c March, 69½c May. Oats, 48½c cash, 48c Feb., 48½c March, 49½c May. Rye, sales 24,000 State at 75½. We quote: Canada, in bond, 74c; State, 74c to 75c. Pens.—Canada field, 85c to 90c; green peas, \$1.30; black-eyed Southern, \$2.90 to \$3.00 per two bushel bag. Buckwheat, 74c.

FLOUR.—Low Extra, \$3.40 to \$4.60; Superfine, \$3.10 to \$3.45; Spring, \$3.65 to \$3.90 for Winter; Western Spring Clear Extra, \$5.50 to \$6.05; Poor to Choice Fancy, held at \$6.85 to \$7.00; Inferior Clear Extra, \$4.65 to \$5.75; Straight Extra, \$5.50 to \$6.25, up to \$6.75 for Choice, and \$6.60 to \$7.50 for Choice to Fancy; Patent Extra, \$6.35 to \$8.00; Choice Fancy Family Extra, \$6.45 to \$6.80; Buckwheat Flour, \$2.50 to \$2.65 per 100 lbs. Sales of 250 bags.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.50 to \$6.50; Coarse, \$6.75 to \$7.05 per bbl. Cornmeal, Brandywine \$3.85 to \$3.90; City Sacked, coarse, per 100 lbs, \$1.26 to \$1.28; Fine white, and yellow, \$1.35 to \$1.45; no sales. Corn flour, \$3.65 to \$4.80. Grits \$4.25 to \$5.00.

FEED.—100 lbs or sharps, \$22 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$20 to \$21; 60 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$18.50 to \$19; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$18.50 to \$19; 60 lbs. or medium feed \$18.50 to \$19; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$18.50 to \$19; rye at \$19 per ton; barley feed, \$22.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, per lb., prime, 13½c; fancy, 14c to 14½c; timothy, \$2.00 to \$2.25 per bushel; domestic flaxseed, \$1.28 to \$1.30; Calcutta linseed, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

BEEF.—A fair average trade. We quote: \$12.50 for plain mess; \$12 to \$13.50 for extra mess; \$13 to \$13.50 for plate; \$14.50 for extra plate; \$27.00 to \$29.00 for extra India mess and \$15 to \$16.00 for packet.

BEEF HAMS.—Fair market at \$20.00 to \$21.

LARD.—The Chicago market prices are, loose long clear, \$9.10; short clear, \$9.45; short rib, \$9.20; shoulders, 6.65c; boxed clear, \$9.35; short clear, \$9.75; short rib, 9.45c; shoulders, \$6.90.

CUTMEATS.—Demand better than last week. We quote: 9c to 9½c for pickled bellies; 8½c for pickled shoulders; 11½c to 12c for pickled hams; 9c for smoked shoulders; 13½c to 13¾c for smoked hams.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hogs at 8½c to 8¾c and market pigs at 9c.

PORK.—\$19.00 to \$19.25 for new mess; \$15 to \$15.50 for extra prime, \$19 to \$19.50 for family.

LARD.—Prices but little changed. Sale still small. We quote 11½c for Western steam and 11c for city.

STEARINE.—We quote 11½ to 11¾. Oleo-margarine, 9½c to 10c.

TALLOW.—We quote 8c to 8½c for prime. Sales of 35,000 lbs reported.

MEAT AND STOCK.—Western heavy wethers, 6½c to 6¾c per lb; Jersey and near-by calves, 6c. Spring lambs, 6c to 7½c. Live calves, State, fair to prime, 9½c to 10c; Jersey, &c., 10c to 10½c; butter-milk fed, 5c to 6c; grassers, 4c to 4½c. Dressed veals, from 10c to 11c for poor to fair, to 13c to 14c for choice.

USEFUL HINTS.

A knowledge of many little facts that are not always to be had systematically laid down in books, but which descend traditionally from mother to daughter by word of mouth, is often more useful to the sorely tested young house mistress than all the Latin and mathematics that she learned at school can be. She may know how to play Beethoven's sonatas so as to hold a drawing room breathless and entranced, but it stands her poorly if, while she plays, a great ink spot on the drawing room carpet stains her

in the face, that she does not know how to wash out with milk, and clean up afterward with warm and nice soap-suds, or a grease spot that could have been absorbed out of existence by frequent applications of magnesia or buckwheat flour, if she had only known enough to sprinkle it abundantly on the spot and brush it off afterward. What does it benefit her that her ready wit and repartee can keep a whole dinner table gay, while the fine cookery, that at no end of trouble she has taught her cook, keeps them contented, if the company are forced all the time to be nervously flitting hats and nappings and adjectives against the pestiferous flies that she could have driven away by leaving in the room, an hour or so beforehand, a little preparation of equal quantities of cream and brown sugar, and half as much black pepper, had her mother ever known as much, or thought to tell her of it? Of what use is it to her, living possibly far from bakeries and bread shops, to keep crackers, for instance, in the house if she has never learned how to freshen them by leaving them for three minutes in a hot oven, or to prevent them being stored all over by ants by strewing the store-room shelves with a few cloves, occasionally renewed? Such things are trifles, each one by itself, of course, but half a hundred such things can contribute very materially to comfort and good nature in a family.

If the knowledge that the steam of green tea will revive her rusty black lace, and make it as fresh as new, has not descended to her, of what good is it that the lace has? Or why should she have a costly bit of the beautiful Brussels lace in her keeping if nobody has ever told her to shut it away from the air, or from peculiarly strong perfume? She will spend more presently in frequent repairs and re-dressings than the lace cost her in the first place. She can afford possibly to wear gold embroidery, in an era of gliding, if she knows enough to clean it, when it tarnishes, with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock alum; and she may be splendid and graceful in long, white ostrich plumes that would need as long a purse to provide frequently, if she had never seen them dipped and dipped again in the thick, warm lather of curd soap, then rinsed and dried, and curled over a knitting needle before the fire. She may be the best of cooks, and know how to make twenty different omelets, but if she is not acquainted with the fact that a little salt rubbed on the discolored egg-pan will restore its silver tint, she would better not serve the eggs in any shape.

What right has she to be at the head of a family if she is not sufficiently mistress of herself and a few surgical facts to arrest the bleeding of a cut limb by a tight ligature between the cut and the pulsing heart? If she does not know that always handy mustard and water will empty the stomach that has received poison, or that the white of an egg, when administered internally, will transform corrosive sublimate with its deadly torture in the simple salivation of blue mass? If she cannot distinguish between apoplexy and drunkenness by knowing that the limb will convulsively withdraw in the former case, if the sole of the foot be tickled, and does not then further know that the clothing must be loosened, and blisters applied to the calves of the legs, the pit of the stomach and the back of the neck, and if she be a pioneer's wife, it would be a useful thing for her to remember that when her grandmother was a pioneer's wife before her, she found pine sawdust nearly as good as soap with which to wash her linen.—*Harper's Bazar.*

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint of New Orleans molasses, one coffee-cup melted butter; boil together ten minutes. When cold add one teaspoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two of soda. Use as much flour as will work in conveniently; roll very thin, and bake lightly.

ANN'S COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar; flour to roll thin, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar; caraway seeds of nutmeg, and even ginger is used if people prefer it. They will keep for months in a dry place.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance talker, is now in Scotland, and writes home that "the work goes on grandly" there. He expects to return to this country soon—possibly next month, certainly not later than May.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

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

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

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.

Feb. 25, 1883. [Acts 5: 1-11.]

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-11.

(Revised Version.)

But a certain man named Ananias with Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet. But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thy heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whiles it remained, did it not remain thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thy power? How is it that thou hast conceived this thing in thy heart? thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. And Ananias hearing these words fell down and gave up the ghost; and great fear came upon all that heard it. And the young men arose and wrapped him round, and they carried him out and buried him.

And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much. And she said, Yes, for so much. But Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and they shall carry thee out. And she fell down immediately at his feet, and gave up the ghost; and the young men came in and found her dead, and they carried her out and buried her by her husband. And the whole church, and upon all that heard these things.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."—Prov. 12:17.

TOPIC.—Lying unto God.

LESSON PLAN.—1. A FEARFUL SIN, vs. 1-2. 2. TERRIBLE JUDGMENT, vs. 3-11. 3. A MIGHTY GREAT GOD, vs. 11.

Time.—A. D. 30-34, some time after the last lesson. It is impossible to determine the exact date. Place.—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The disciples were bound together in the closest sympathy and love. They were of one heart and one soul. Those that had houses or lands sold them, so far as was necessary to meet the wants of the poor. This was not done by all, nor was it obligatory upon any. Some did this, and all who had money, even when they did not lay it down at the apostles' feet, held it subject to the need of others. A bright example of one who gave up all is recorded at the close of chapter 4. In our lesson to-day we have, in stark contrast with that, an example of pretended sacrifice and deceit, and the swift punishment with which it was visited.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. A POSSESSION.—a piece of land (see vs. 3). V. 2. KEPT BACK.—bringing apart, as if that had been the whole. BEING PRIVY TO IT.—knowing of the fraud and consenting to it. V. 3. WHY SAID SATAN.—the devil is a liar and the father of lies. V. 4. TO TEMPT.—in trying to deceive the apostles, who were filled with the Holy Ghost and acted under his guidance. V. 4. WHILE IT REMAINED.—he had perfect liberty to keep the land, and when sold to keep the money. He had not been required to bring any of it. WHY HAST THOU?—though the lie was of Satan, it was also of Ananias. The devil can do no heart without that heart's consent. James 4:7. UP TO GOD.—the Holy Ghost is a person and God. V. 5. FELL DOWN.—God took the case into his own hand and inflicted upon him a terrible judgment. It may seem to us severe, because men do not always receive the punishment they deserve. V. 6. WOUND HIM UP.—wrapped his garments about him. V. 8. SHE SAID.—If Ananias only acted the lie, it was none the less a lie; we may be guilty of falsehood without speaking a word. But Sapphira boldly put in her words. V. 9. TO TEMPT.—to try whether the Spirit could be deceived by a lie—direct and impious affront to God the Holy Spirit. V. 10. SHE FELL DOWN.—an awful punishment for an awful sin. V. 11. GREAT FEAR.—first upon those who were present, and afterward upon all who heard of it. Do. Bless it! Laid it needed season and kept others from repeating the sin.

TEACHINGS:

1. We should hate and shun a lie.
2. We may lie in act as well as in word.
3. God abhors a lie, and lying lips are his abomination.
4. God knows and sees every secret deed and thought.
5. Sin will most surely meet its punishment.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at No. 33 35 and 37 St. James Street, West, Montreal, by JOHN DUGGALL & SONS, composed of John Duggall, of New York, and John Duggall, Douglas and J. D. Duggall, of Montreal.