

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

PREPARE FOR 1885.

Next week our columns will contain the prospectus of all our publications for 1885. We may say, in advance, with regard to the *Weekly Messenger*, that we hope to go on strengthening the bond between our readers and ourselves,—a bond, we are thankful to say, that is already powerful. The public are finding out that it is quite possible for a paper to be interesting and pure at the same time; to not only keep its columns free from immoral matter but fill them with matter of an entertaining and instructive sort. Those who receive the *Messenger* now, we are glad to believe, would not like to be without its weekly visit; and we want all our present readers to introduce the *Messenger* to their neighbors, so that they may also subscribe.

The subscription is only fifty cents a year, and five copies a week are sent for \$2. Any person sending us 25 subscriptions (at forty cents each) will receive a splendid portrait group of the leading journalists of Canada, with their signatures and a facsimile of each newspaper. The portraits, which make one of the finest works of art produced by Messrs. Root and Tinker, of New York, include the likeness of Mr. John Dougall, the senior member of our firm, and founder of the *Witness and Messenger*.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Montreal.

26th November 1884.

"THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE POISON."

Dr. Jones, President of the Board of Health of the State of Louisiana, in his last annual report says: "It can be clearly demonstrated by facts that alcohol is the most destructive of all poisons to the human race, and to this general assertion the citizens of New Orleans form no exception. Thus in 1857, in the city of New Orleans, the deaths from intemperance and delirium tremens numbered eighty-four; in 1858, 139; in 1859, 138; in 1860, 175; and during the four years specified 526 individuals perished in New Orleans from the direct effects of alcohol." The doctor goes on to say that during 34 years 4694 cases of delirium tremens and alcoholic mania were treated at the New Orleans Charity Hospital alone, 914 ending fatally; besides 1873 cases of intemperance, including 97 deaths. During the same time, 4877 cases of cirrhosis of the liver, abscess of the liver, ascites, gastritis, anasarca and hepatitis, have been treated at the hospital, and 1370 deaths ensued,—these diseases being in a large measure dependent on the use of distilled liquor in a hot climate. Dr. Jones estimates that in that period alcohol has been the direct cause of at least 20,000 cases of disease, and 5000 deaths, in the city; and he remarks: "It is impossible to form any correct estimate of the pecuniary loss to the city and State by the destructive effects of alcohol, for of all poisons it occasions the greatest physical, mental, moral, and industrial loss."

HOW THE WIND BLOWS—Several significant facts have to be noted this week. An important election for the British House of Commons was held at Hackney (a large district in the east of London) to fill the seat of the late Postmaster General Fawcett. The Liberal candidate, Prof. Stuart, was successful, with a majority of 6000. Both candidates, it should be noted, declared in favor of giving localities the power to suppress the liquor trade,—the only difference being that the Conservatives would pay the liquor sellers "compensation" and the Liberal would not.—The new mayor of the town of Conleton is a Good Templar, and instead of the usual wine-feast he gave a temperance dinner to the corporation and \$100 to a hospital.—The present Warden of York County, Ontario, is a teetotaler, and at the "Warden's supper" he has had the courage of his convictions, and proved that alcoholic liquor is not necessary for the most sociable enjoyment.

THE GREAT CONFERENCE at Berlin pursues its labors, and it is likely that the vast Congo territory, including much of Central Africa and the West Coast, will be declared under international protection. No duties will be permitted, except such as are absolutely necessary for the benefit of trade. It is probable that Britain's demand for exclusive authority over the Niger River will be agreed to, after rules have been laid down for that river's trade. There seems to be harmony between Britain, Germany, and the United States, and no great grumbling from any power but Portugal, whose claims are considered worthless.

THE LORDS AND THE FRANCHISE—There is every prospect now of a compromise between the British Government and the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone has had a conference with Lord Salisbury about a Redistribution Bill, and they are said to have come to an agreement. The Franchise Bill is therefore likely to be passed without much disputing. Some of the Radicals are indignant, as they wanted to have a regular contest, ending in the abolition of the House of Lords. Some of the Conservative leaders are getting ready for an attempt to catch the two million new voters—who are agricultural laborers—by a cry for protection against American grain and cattle.

THE REV. T. R. BACON has resigned the pastorate of the Dwight Place Congregational Church, New Haven, owing to the opposition of certain members of his congregation. He had not brought politics into the pulpit, but he had elsewhere assisted the independent Republicans against Mr. Blaine.

A YOUNG WOMAN at Cleveland has horse-whipped a clerk in a dry goods store because, as one of the managers of a ball a few evenings before, he asked her to take off her hat in the ball-room. No need to seek for the cause of the recent conflagrations, with such a fiery temper in the bosom of a Cleveland belle!

LORD TENNYSON is about to publish a new poem, called "Freedom."

A TRAGIC INCIDENT is reported from Eastern Hungary. A clergyman, with his wife and child, were driving in a sledge from Krasnisora to the neighboring village of Kis-Lonka. A pack of ravenous wolves pursued them. The mother was terror-stricken, and let the child fall from her arms. The father leaped from the sledge to save the child. He and child were at once fiercely attacked by the wolves. The father fought desperately and killed two of the wolves, but he was at last overcome, and both he and his child were devoured. Meanwhile the horses had rushed onward with the sledge, still bearing the agonized mother. In her agony of terror she gave premature birth to a babe, which was dead when it was born. This terrible shock, with all the rest she had suffered, proved too much for the poor woman, and when the sledge reached Kis-Lonka she too was dead. The whole family had perished inside of an hour.

THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE receipts for the year ending 30th June last were \$43,338,127. The expenses were \$3,066,883 more than the receipts. The receipts were \$2,170,565 less than in the previous year, mainly owing to the reduction of letter postage to two cents. The number of stamps, stamped envelopes and post-cards, issued during the year, was 2,166,130,396, of the value of \$41,515,877,—a decrease of \$1,394,452. No less than 4,843,099 letters and other parcels could not be delivered, owing to want of full address, and other causes; 2,539,477 letters and 17,513 packets of cake, fruit &c., were destroyed. Of letters sent to foreign countries, 210,436 could not be delivered and were returned. The number of letters and parcels "registered" was 11,246,545, and only one in every 21,795 of these went astray.

BERNARD COLERIDGE, son of the Lord Chief Justice of England, has just been condemned by a jury to pay \$15,000 damages to a Mr. Adams, who was engaged to Miss Coleridge. Bernard wrote a letter to his sister declaring that her intended husband was immoral in the extreme, and she showed the letter to Adams. The judge who tried the case has overruled the verdict, and is accused of favoring the defendant.

GENERAL GORGEI, the commander-in-chief of the Hungarian forces in the rebellion against Austria in 1849, has ever since been accused of treachery to his cause by surrendering. Only now, after 35 years, 280 of his former companions have signed a declaration freeing him of all suspicion. The old general was greatly affected by this restoration of confidence.

A WILD "LABOR DEMONSTRATION," was held in Paris on Sunday, when many of the speakers were in favor of killing and robbing the rich. Soldiers were called on to put down the meeting, and the radical papers are more furious than ever.

AGAINST THE FOLLY of the French Government in proposing a tax upon food, must be set their wisdom in proposing a tax on intoxicating drinks and a reduction in the railway passenger duty.

LIEUTENANT GREELY read a paper on his recent travels before the American Geographical Society in New York, and said:—"I started on the expedition, as most have done before me, without all the appliances they should have, without all the instruments that should have accompanied such an undertaking and which we found necessary." Concluding, he said: "You all know of our timely rescue; what happened then you have all read of—and you will read more." This sentence caused something of a flutter in the audience. Greely made no reference to the most horrible scenes that had been published.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—Reports of French victories at Formosa and in Tonquin have been received, but in Hong Kong it is asserted that the success in Tonquin was unimportant and in Formosa no success was obtained. It is evident that the French cannot do much against the Chinese without many more ships and soldiers. In the meantime, the French government has to put up with the sharpest criticism and opposition from the more enlightened members of its own party.

THE MERCHANTS of St. John, New Brunswick, have appealed to the Canadian Government to protect their West India trade from destruction. That, they say, will be the result of the treaty between the United States and Cuba, by which the island admits American manufactures almost free of duty. Several of the speakers were in favor of annexation to the United States.

THE INSPECTORS, appointed to examine the cow-stables in New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey, report the condition of the cattle trade generally good and the cattle brought from the West in good order. They have learned much about contagious pleuro-pneumonia, and of the possibility of controlling the disease in America.

PENNSYLVANIA, says the Philadelphia Record, is losing \$22,720,000 a year through the stoppage of anthracite coal mining; the loss by railway companies' pools and restrictions, and by the coke syndicate, is \$9,247,000 a year.

QUEEN VICTORIA will have been fifty years on the throne if she lives till 1887, and plans are being discussed for a grand celebration that year.

MRS. BLOOD, mother of Lady Colin Campbell, has just got a verdict for \$5,000 damages for libel, against a paper called *Modern Society*. Her daughter recently obtained a divorce from Lord Colin Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll.

THE TURKISH SOLDIERS, who were becoming mutinous because they could not get enough pay to keep them in food, have been quieted for the time. The Government agrees to pay part of the arrears, and to cut down the term of service by two years.

THE CHOLERA epidemic in Paris has almost died out. London is expecting a visit from the destroyer next summer, or even sooner. We, on this side, should be prepared for every emergency.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.)

CHAPTER II. — Continued.

For answer, his father lifted him gently on to his knee, and put his strong arms around him, as though to defy even the thought of Death to touch his precious boy; and when the tea-things came in, Willie woke up from a cosy nap, lively and smiling; but his smiles could not banish from his father's mind the thought that, for the first time in his life the child had appealed to him for help in vain. Willie had turned to him, hoping his clever father would relieve him from the fear of lying for ever underground; but what could his father tell him, since he had determined the child should never hear of Him who says, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die"?

CHAPTER III
"OUR FATHER!"

Intense hunger often prevents sleep, and though Dave felt tired and faint, he was still wide awake that evening when he crept away from an approaching policeman to rest within one of the recesses made by the seats upon the bridge. Away in the distance he saw everywhere the lighted windows of homes, but he—like the King of earth and heaven—"had not where to lay his head." It was cold and damp, curled up on the stone seat above the river, and some might even have preferred the warm, safe prison cell; but to the street boy liberty was next to life. He was free—free to look up at the golden stars, and wonder vaguely concerning their calm, sacred beauty; free to look down at the flowing waters, and think of a boy he had seen drawn up out of the river drowned.

"Anyways he ain't hungry," thought Dave; "I mind he were often short of cash like me, before he got drowned; wonder what's come of him now!"

The next moment he was conscious of a faltering step beside him, and the starlight showed him dimly the bent figure of an aged woman, with a little basket on her arm. He saw she was poor and feeble, so he felt there was no need for him to make his escape.

"Why, my lad!" said a weak, quavering voice, "ain't this a blessing that we've got into this cosy place out of the rain? It's just beginning to come down, but we shan't feel it much if we creep under that there shelter."

"The bobby will be by," said Dave. "I spects I can give him the slip, but he'll see you, and he'll turn you out, sure enough."

"He's turned his light on here a while ago," said the woman. "I don't think he'll look right in again, and if it rains hard, he'll turn into the cabmen's shelter at the top; I hope he'll let me alone just this one night."

"They'll take you in at the Union," suggested Dave, "if you hain't got no tin."

"Why ain't you there, child?" she asked.

"Oh, I couldn't—I wants to feel free."

"And so do I, lad; I've lived off the parish, and I hoped to die off the parish, but our Father—He knows better nor I do. Maybe I've got stuck-up of late, for I'm over seventy, and I've earned my living, and nursed my good man till he went to glory; and what with charing and needle-work and washing, I never wanted no parish relief; but I've got the rheumatiz this three month, and I couldn't do no work nor pay the rent, and I'm two month behind, so the landlord he sold

no appetite to eat a morsel. So here it is, dearie, and do you eat every bit of it; dear now! where's your mother, to leave you alone, and you such a little wee boy?"

"Haven't got no mother," said Dave, snatching at the food, "and I ain't little; I'm bigger than I look in the dark. But I say, you'll be hungry maybe to-morrow, and then you'll want this."

"No, lad; it ain't no good keeping up my pride—the Lord knows better nor I do, and since He sends me there, I'll go there; He'll come along of me I know. I'm a-going to apply there in the morning, only I just wanted one night more to feel free like afore I goes to the — Workhouse. I likes being out here better than being shut up there, so I says to

Reckon you wouldn't sit so close to me, if you'd a-known I'm out of gaol to-day."

"I don't know about Jarvis," said Betty; "but whether you've been in gaol or not, I know the Lord does love you. Why, He used to touch the lepers—poor creatures nobody wouldn't have about them, and who had to get out of the way of everybody."

"Just like me," said Dave, "Guess He wouldn't touch me though; I'm horrid dirty, but I means to wash in the morning." "You don't know my Lord Jesus, you don't know nothing of Him if you think He wouldn't touch you; why, boy, we touch Him when we pray to him."

"Pray—what's that?" "Talking to Jesus; He likes us to tell Him all we feels, and all we wants."

"All we wants? my eye!" cried Dave, "I wants something more to eat, and a new suit, and kittens, and lots. Where does He live? Guess if I go to Him, some one will drive me off."

"No, nobody can," said the old woman, "there ain't nobody can drive us off from God."

"God! is it Him as you means? —I can't get to Him."

"Yes you can, and He will hear you and help you."

"Tell me how." The boy crept close up to her, his face upturned to hers in the darkness.

"I can't tell you much, laddie; I'm only old Betty, and don't know nothink. But God did teach us one prayer, and I knows that right enough. You say it after me—say it quick, 'cause something queer's come to my tongue, and I feels a bit sleepy. Our Father."

"Our Father," said Dave, in wondering, hushed tones.

"Our Father," came again more feebly from old Betty, and again the boy spoke it after her. But she did not speak again, only leant back against the wall, and her basket rolled from her hand.

"She's gone to sleep, sure enough," said Dave. "Guess I'd like to tell Him all I wants. But it don't matter about me; I'm used to sleeping out of doors; but she's too old for it," and then his face looked up to the sky where the dark cloud hid the stars, and Dave uttered his first prayer—"Our Father, can't you find a place for old Betty to-night?"

He dropped fast asleep by her side, so sound asleep that he was not conscious when in the gray dawn of morning a policeman flashed his lantern into the recess, and found a little ragged boy asleep on the seat, wrapped round in Betty's shawl. But the old woman slept more deeply still, for though she had been turned from her earthly home, One whom she loved had drawn nigh unto her in the darkness, and lifted her away to our Father's house, "where the many mansions be."

(To be continued.)



OLD BETTY AND DAVE ON THE BRIDGE.

me out to-day, and told me to go to the Union."

"What a shame!" cried Dave. "I'd like to shoot the old fellow."

"Ye mustn't talk like that, child; I ought not to have been behind with my rent, but this poor hand got terrible bad a while ago."

"Won't it get worse if you stay here? the rain is getting in to us now."

"It don't feel over bad to-night; I feel somehow stiff and chilly, but I'm not in pain, thank the Lord!"

"Well, I'm glad you're come," said Dave. "I likes company, and I'm that hungry I can't sleep."

"Well now, that's queer. I've got half a loaf as a neighbor give me—poor dear! she wanted it bad enough herself—and I can't get

myself, Betty, you shall say one more prayer out of the Union, and then you goes in to-morrow!" "I'd a-hoped to have died out of the House, but sure and I ain't no call to be discontented and to grumble—it's nothing to what the Lord went through."

"Who's the Lord? do you mean the Lord Mayor?" asked Dave, with his mouth dangerously full.

"Why, laddie! our Lord—our Lord Jesus."

"He ain't our Lord," said Dave. "I ain't heard nothink on Him."

"Not heard of Jesus! why, there's nobody loves you like Jesus does, laddie."

"Nobody loves me at all," said Dave, "nor I don't want them to; Jarvis pretended to care a lot for me, and he got me in gaol.

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NO CARDS.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"Mother, let's have a Christmas of our own this year. Most all the girls has 'em at their houses—some has Christmas trees, and some has hangin' up stockin's and they make presents and they gets presents, and there's candy, and it's nice. Do let's, mother."

Tildy Crofts spoke very earnestly as her mother sat darning discouraging holes in a large pile of small stockings.

"I wouldn't be no sort o' use to try. You can't spread a pound of butter over a whole acre of bread, and no more you can't make a little bit o' money go more'n just so far. There's too many here to do for, Tildy!"

"But that's just why I'd like to do it, mother. They'd like it so."

"Yes, I know they would, and so would you, and so would I. But it ain't no sort o' use to try—none!"

And Tildy could not stir her up on the subject. There was a large family, and a husband who never "got along," and the struggle which always comes in company with these conditions had long ago taken away whatever of energy or spirit the poor woman might have possessed. Tildy, now thirteen, going occasionally to school, and to Sunday-school, was beginning to take in influences which came from happier homes, and her childish heart was sometimes sorely perplexed between her desire of having things more "like folks," and her discouragement over the hopelessness of the ground she had to work.

But her anxiety to have a Christmas tree of their own was becoming too strong to be destroyed by the lack of sympathy shown by her mother. She went out and sat down in the back yard, resting her hands on her knees and her head on her hands, looking at the three or four chickens feeding there.

"Turkeys are the thing to have, but them that don't have turkeys has chicken-pie Mis' Bartlett says so. I'd hate to have my poor chickens killed, but I'm bound to have a Christmas. Might have a dried apple pie to come after, with orange peel in, and clean plates to hand it 'round on! I'm goin' to hem a handkerchief for father. I'd like to make a pincushion for mother; then she'd stick her pins in it, and not in her dress and scratch the baby. I'd like to have a tree—trees are splendid; Jim could get a tree in the woods. But then there has to be lots o' things onto a tree to make it look any-ways stylish and proper."

But there was in Tildy stuff which surely had not come of either father or mother, for the more it appeared as if she couldn't possibly have a Christmas tree, the more she determined she would.

"Fifty cents apiece, mamma, please, for the Christmas cards," cried three happy children dressed for a morning shopping.

"Dear me! it really seems too much, children, when you get so much besides. A dollar and a half for what could so easily be done without, and times so hard!"

"Why! ain't we to have our cards, mamma?" The three faces looked surprised and grieved.

"Oh, yes, dear, I suppose so, but I sometimes think you little ones are learning to care too much for your own selves, and not enough for others about you who has a so little. I wish you could have heard Aunt Laura tell me the other day about one of her Sunday-school class who was thankful for such very small helps and showings—how in the way of Christmas doings. This season, when our Lord came a little child among us, ought to be a time for children to try to do good to each other."

"I would like to, mamma," said Bessie.

"Real helping means a little doing with-out ourselves, you know, dear. But we'll talk of it again. Run along now, little ones; don't stay too long."

Bessie kept on thinking she would like to help Aunt Laura help the poor little girl, till they came to the cards and then she forgot her. They were beautiful in their endless showing of flowers, birds, angels, and pretty child-faces. The great difficulty was to choose among so many. She was soon in deep discussion with Susie and Emily as to the desirability of buying a cheap lot which would enable them to send one to half the girls they knew, besides some for the home circle, or a few more choice for a few more favored ones, when she heard a voice close at her elbow.

"Oh-h-h—ha'n't them lovely, now!"

The words came from a girl she had seen

at school, but had little to do with, with a stubby figure, homely face, and keen, good-natured-looking black eyes. Very poor she looked—not at all like a customer for fancy goods, as the clerk seemed to think, for he paid little attention to her except to interpose slightly as a younger child who was with her seemed anxious to handle the easily soiled wares, clamoring rather noisily.

"Let me see—let me see!"

"Sh, now, Patty, them ain't meant for you nor me."

But the speaker leaned rapturously over a card which Bessie would not have supposed would attract her, one not gaudily colored, but exquisite in soft delicate tinting and dreamy allegorical figures. But she turned from it with a sigh to ask the price of some ladies' polka-dotted lawn ties.

"Twenty-five cents." She hesitated, and then in a lower voice asked.

"You couldn't sell two for forty cents, could you?"

"No." A wistful look followed the red dots as they went back into the showcase. The blue one she bought could not be intended to go near her own coal-black hair and eyes.

"Don't you tell mother about this," she cautioned Patty, turning just in time to rescue from her not overclean hands a card with a bright colored bird. Patty gave it up with a pitiful look which went to Bessie's heart as she watched the two.

"I want it—I want it awful bad," she whimpered.

"Look here," the older girl led her to a loaded Christmas tree, on which both gazed with wonder and admiration. Then the latter slipped back and bought the card, a cheap one, without letting the child see, and they went out.

"It's Tildy Crofts," said Susie, looking after them. "Jessie Barnes says they're the slackest, good-for-nothing set in town."

"I don't care," said Bessie, "I'm sorry for her. I wonder what kind of Christmas such folks have?"

"Oh, never mind that—it don't concern us, you know. Come, let's club together and buy this lot. See, they're beauties!"

But Bessie was looking down at the card which Tildy Crofts had admired, half thinking of the angels on it who were showering blessings down with liberal hands, half wondering why beautiful cards and all the other beautiful things which go to make up Christmas-tide in beautiful homes, should belong to one child and not another—to her and not to Tildy Crofts. Wondering too, in a vague sort of way, if it might not be so ordered to give the one a chance to do that good by the other of which her mother had spoken, and slowly making up her mind that it ought to be some concern of hers what kind of Christmas Tildy Crofts had.

"No, I'm not going to buy those," she said, paying for the card she was looking at.

"Twenty cents for that one!" exclaimed Emily. "Why, if you buy such nice ones, you won't be able to get half enough for the girls, or for father and mother."

"I ain't going to get any for the girls, nor for father and mother. I'm going to send this to Tildy Crofts."

"Tildy—Crofts!" Her sisters stood with open eyes in astonishment and dismay.

"Such a beauty. I thought you were going to send it to Belle Whitman."

"See, here," Bessie drew a little aside from the crowd of purchasers, a Belle Whitman gets more cards than she knows what to do with, and everything else too. I think it would be ever so nice to give things to some one that don't get things, don't you?"

The others looked doubtful.

"If you mean to send cards to all the Crofts'es, it will take nine more," said Susie, hesitatingly. "I heard Tildy, one day, telling the teacher there were nine besides her."

"Just think of so many poor little things not having a good Christmas. But I ain't going to buy any more cards. I'm going to buy that necktie for Tildy." When this was done she had just five cents left.

"There must be a baby among so many," she said with a very positive air. "I mean to buy it a rattle—babies always like rattles. Now, I'm going to find Jimmy Crofts. I know he drives a grocery wagon, a little way from here, for I saw Tildy talking to him, and he's got red hair and squints."

Bessie started out full of her new interest and the others followed in a great state of perplexity over this confusion thrown on their plans. Jimmy was found loading his grocery wagon, and Bessie approached him confidentially.

"Will you give this to Tildy?" she said, offering her small parcel.

"Yes'm, sure, secin' you wants me ter."

"But they're for Christmas. Couldn't you manage to put them where she'd find them on Christmas morning, for a surprise, you know?"

Jim's face beamed as he took the parcel.

"Crackey, now! But I guess you didn't know we're agoin' to have a real right up an' down Christmas to our house, did you?"

"No, I didn't," said Bessie.

"Sure's—you—live! An' a tree! Me'n' Tildy's a doin' of it, 'n nobody else don't know 'cept the teacher as has been a showin' of her how to string popcorn onto strings, 'n make popcorn balls with dabs o' red onto 'em, 'n stars o' shiny paper, 'n lots o' doin's!"

"Well, can't you hang these on the tree when Tildy don't see?"

"I'll do it if I have to set up all night for it!" said Jim fervently.

"I'm glad I did it," said Bessie as they turned away.

"I wish I had," said Emily.

"We can yet," said Susie. "Let's go in here. But what shall we get?"

They looked rather helplessly around upon everything necessary to make Christmas for any whose age might fall between one month and a hundred years.

"Tops are nice—let's get tops."

"Nice tops! But we don't know whether they are all boys."

"Dolls, then. See these cunning little ones!"

"But what if they should not all be girls?"

"We ought to get something useful for poor folks," said Susie, looking wise. "Mittens or scarfs or stockings."

"But we couldn't get enough with our money. I say, let's get some pretty things for their tree—something just to make them glad—that they wouldn't get any other way, poor things!"

So it was agreed. Some bright-colored candy was bought, then such love-fruit in the way of tree decoration as would make the most gorgeous show for the least money. Jimmy was again waylaid, and the treasures entrusted to him, under solemn promise that he would never tell where they came from—no, not if he lived a thousand years.

"And we won't tell anybody else."

"No. How they'll wonder why we give 'em as to anybody."

"Aunt Laura peeped in on the afternoon of the sunny Christmas day.

"Come, Bessie, Susie, Emily, I'm going to see some of my pets, and I'll take you."

Two or three old people were visited, to each one of whom the day had been made pleasant by her remembrance, and then they stopped at a door which was not thick enough to keep in the sounds of noisy mirth.

"Now you'll see a jolly little bee-hive," said Aunt Laura, as the door opened.

"If it isn't Tildy Crofts!" said Bessie, in an amazed whisper.

"Come in," cried Tildy, with a face which would have brightened at sight of her teacher if it had not already been so radiant as to make that impossible. "Yes'm," she went on in a flutter of joy and excitement—"there is—a tree! A Christmas tree—at our house! Jes' for all the world like other folks' Christmas trees, ha'n't it?"

Mrs. Crofts came forward with more of an appearance of life in the face, over the blue dotted tie she wore, than had been seen there for many a day. The red dots graced Tildy's neck, both being tied in as large a bow as their size would admit. The children gathered around with faces full of Christmas sunshine.

"I guess you knowed somet'ing about this," said Tildy, with an affectionate smile at her teacher, as she displayed a neatly fitted up little work-basket. "I'm agoin' to keep everybody's clothes mended now, so mother 'll git more time for keepin' things slicked up. And look a-her, Jim made this feather-brush out o' the tail feathers of the chicken that made the pie. Jes' see how it works—wait till I find some dust, we're dusted high about all there was a'ready."

Aunt Laura inwardly hoped the duster might lead to improvements in the Crofts household.

"But do you see the bought things?"

Tildy returned to the tree in a fresh burst of delight. "I thought we was jest agoin' to have home doin's onto it. Jimmy—he's gone out 'cause he had to do a little work to the store—well, Jimmy he knows some-thin' o' how these be-you-chiful bought things come," she shook her head mysteriously; "but says he can't never tell, not on

no account whatever, no more'n if he was dumb. Says 'twas angels done it. (I guess 'twas too.) Says—look a-her—" she reverently drew from its envelope the card Bessie had bought, and went on impressively, "Jimmy says the angels looked precisely like them in this pictur!"

Aunt Laura caught the quick look which Bessie cast at Susie; a look in which a tear arose above the amused smile, as the feeling grew warm in her heart that this helping to make Christmas bright for the Crofts family was the sweetest work she had ever done.

"Ah!" Aunt Laura said, as they got outside the door, "I wonder if this is why there were no cards at home!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE TEACHER IN HIS CLASS.

In every lesson, as far as possible, stick to one point. Do not attempt to cram the mind of your pupil with too much. Say to yourself, "Such and such is the point in my lesson, let all the rest of my teaching revolve around that." One point fixed on the mind is better than twenty "in at one ear and out at the other."

Be simple. Do not shoot over the head of your scholar. Little Johnnie was very anxious to go to Aunt Susan's. When his mother inquired why he was so very anxious to go there, he replied, "Because aunt Susan always puts the ginger-snaps on the lowest shelf." If the teacher in a Sunday-school class talks of "protoplasm," "antipodes," "the sun culminating at noon," and like things, there will be little or no interest, but if he puts "the ginger-snaps on the lowest shelf," he will not fail to hold the attention of the little ones.

Do not preach. Here is a temptation, especially if the love of God is in your heart. But there is a time for everything, and in teaching children, bear in mind that they will remember long what they tell you but will soon forget what you tell them. This is the difference between a good teacher and a poor one. A good teacher will draw out the observations and reflections of the scholar, and so make him remember; a poor teacher gives him a lot of information, which is no sooner heard than forgotten, because the child has not been worked, and takes no part in the lesson.

Don't neglect the dull children. There is such a temptation to push forward the clever ones and neglect the rest, but it is the second half of a class which is the test of a good teacher. It is easy enough to teach a child who is anxious to learn, but the dull and stupid ones surely want most care.

For their benefit be graphic. You are teaching the parable of "the sower." Picture out the crowds, the lake, the hills around, the boat, throw life and reality into the scene. An able writer, describing this, makes little boys trying to spell Peter's name backwards on the stern of the boat. Or your lesson is on Simeon detained by Joseph as a prisoner. Picture the feelings of the wives watching the return of their husbands from a distance, and seeing one short—their agony of suspense to know which it was. A young teacher once described Peter praying on the house top—the flat roof, the sea-beach below him, the sun shining on the waves, etc.—to a class of big manufacturing "Brunnengen" boys, and the next Sunday the lesson had hardly begun, before one began, and the whole number chimed in: "O teacher, please tell us again about Peter, and the waves, and the roof—it was so nice!"—*Selected.*

THE FIRES which have occurred of late have given very satisfactory proof of the use of the jumping sheet. This article consists of a piece of the strongest sail-cloth, about 10 ft. by 8 ft. Its edges are bound over a stout rope, and at short intervals round it there is a rope handle, or "hooket," as it is technically called. It would be well if the occupiers of large premises, would consider the propriety of adding this simple and inexpensive article to the fire appliances, which are commonly to be found in such places. Every fire-escape carries one, and we believe every fire engine also; but if every factory and other large places of business had easily accessible a jumping-sheet of sail cloth with properly constructed rope-handles round the edges of it, recent experience shows that it might often prove of service before the brigade could be on the spot; and a little occasional practice of those who might have occasion to use it would tend greatly to diminish the risk of it.—*The Presbyterian.*

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

PERTH.—A most enthusiastic convention has decided to set to work with a new petition in this county.

THE GUELPH city petition was signed by 546 electors. The petition from Wellington county bore 3,556 names.

WATERLOO.—The first temperance meeting in the town of Waterloo for 45 years has just been held. The hall was crowded to the doors, and most of the speakers were Germans, who form a large part of this county's population.

THE MISSISSQUOI petition will be deposited in the Registrar's office on the 6th of December. The "antis" are moving quietly, and therefore dangerously Wide-awake and Work-hard win the fight.

LONDON.—A meeting was held in the Victoria Hall, London, Ont., on Saturday evening to consider the propriety of taking a vote on the Scott Act in the city at an early date. On motion it was decided to organize a central committee to promote the movement.

CARLETON.—At the last moment, the liquor party has put in some objections to the Scott Act petition. If the petition is sustained,—as it probably will be,—a polling day will probably be fixed in the end of January.

MANITOBA.—At last report, the city petitions bore more than 400 signatures, or about one third of the usual vote. The agent, the Rev. J. E. Allen, has started to organize in Westbourne, Beautiful Plains and Minnedosa counties.

ENFORCE THE ACT.—The temperance people of Ontario will ask the government to amend the Crooks Act, so that its machinery may be used to enforce the Scott Act; and the request is likely to be granted by the legislature.

MIDDLESEX.—A crowded and enthusiastic meeting has been held in Parkhill Town Hall, Dr. Caw presiding. Mr. Burgess made the chief speech, and the Rev. Father Coreoran, in moving a vote of thanks, said that intemperance was a scourge which all true-hearted men ought to unite in repressing, and that the Roman Catholic Church was in hearty and lively sympathy with every effort made to that end.—The Rev. Mr. Treleven preached a strong sermon in favor of the Scott Act at New Brighton, and denied that the liquor-sellers should have compensation. According to his text, they ought to pay compensation to their victims: "If it be known that the ox hath used to push in time past, and his owner hath not kept him in; he shall surely pay ox for ox, and the dead shall be his own." "But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and he hath been testified to his owner and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or woman, the ox shall be stoned and his owner also shall be put to death." Exodus, xxi, 36 & 29.

"CANNOT BE ENFORCED."—Where there's a will, there's a way; and the people of Summerside, P.E.I., having the will, have also found the way to suppress the liquor trade by the Scott Act. A correspondent, writing on the 15th, says:—"During the last few days the following persons have been convicted for violation of the Act,

viz.: Mrs. Gabriel McKinnon, first offence; Mrs. Angus Gillis, second offence; Daniel Campbell, third offence; Dougall McNeill, fourth offence; Mrs. Dougall McNeill, second offence; Aaron Wilson, International Hotel, second offence; Mrs. Sarah Croak, first offence. Some of the above parties are now in gaol, paying the penalty. And still the liquor party say 'the Scott Act cannot be enforced.' Can't it?

NEWFOUNDLAND has also a local option measure for the prohibition of the liquor trade, and the following paragraph from the St. John's Evening Mercury shows that its triumphant career is like the Scott Act in Canada: "Local Option was adopted on Thursday without dissent" says a telegram from the Bay of Islands. Significant announcement! 'Without dissent' speaks volumes for the morality and sobriety of the section. What a lesson it teaches. How it should encourage temperance workers. The time is ripe for Prohibition. We hope some temperance man with 'backbone' will ask the Legislature next session to submit to a popular vote the question, 'Shall we have Prohibition in Newfoundland.' The capital itself is the scene of a lively movement against the liquor traffic, and two splendid meetings are reported in the Mercury. At one, of which the Hon. J. J. Rogerson was chairman, a committee was formed to organize the campaign in St. John's West. The Hon. C. R. Ayre presided over the other meeting, which was characterized by great earnestness. The enrolled number of total abstainers is now 814.

A CONVERT TO PROHIBITION.—The Hon. Francis W. Bird, of Walpole, was in the city yesterday, and surprised his friends by exhibiting a countenance which displayed every evidence of good health. Mr. Bird has never looked better within the last ten years. In the course of a brief conversation the veteran statesman said he was now a teetotaler, and that he had become converted to the doctrine of prohibition. It was, he said, a matter of conviction forced upon him by much recent reading and thought. Mr. Bird stands on Gladstone's platform—the evil of strong drink must be put down, or it will put us down. He says that he wants to see prohibition become the law of the State so that the traffic in alcoholic drinks shall stand condemned as illegal. The argument that the law cannot be enforced, says Mr. Bird, no valid argument. There is a law against murder, yet men are murdered.—Boston Herald, 12th Nov.

ALAS! ALAS!—The Winnipeg liquor men are down in the dumps,—and well they may be, if a certain prominent hotel man told the truth to a San reporter. This candid rum-seller, when asked what were the chances of the Scott Act passing in the city, said: "Well, between ourselves, I think they're mighty good, so good, in fact, that if the hotel men and those whose bread and butter is in the traffic do not soon organize, the temperance people will sweep us all out of existence." An attempt had been made to organize, he said, but the liquor men could not get up enough enthusiasm to form an Anti-Scott Act Association. He went on, in the same gloomy strain: "What has come over them I don't know, but the whole town seems temperance all at once, and if the Scott Act were submitted to-day I believe it would be carried by a vote of almost two to one. I can't see how it is. The hardest drinkers are the most hearty supporters of the Act. . . . I fail to see what we hotel men will do."

"NO MORE BEER FOR ME."—A correspondent writes to the London Advertiser telling how he discovered in his own family the effects of beer that had been ordered for health. He says: "No more quarter barrels for me, nor a doctor who doesn't know his business better. I refused to sign the petition, but I will vote strongly for the Scott Act. If you put this in the paper I hope many will see it who have been under the cursed delusion I was so plainly under. I would give anything had we known ten years ago so much about this effect of liquor used for the said purpose."

WE HEAR MUCH OF "respectable hotels." One of the most respectable, we suppose, is the Windsor, at Montreal,—outwardly an ornament to the city and a credit to the continent. An action for debt was recently brought against Harold de Wolfe, the man who married Bebe Vining, the actress, in New York and took her to Montreal. Discovering that he had another wife living, Miss Vining returned to her friends. De Wolfe is declared by the physicians to be suffering from "alcoholic mania,"—that is, he is a confirmed drunkard. And the bartender of the Windsor deposes that he served De Wolfe with at least twenty drinks of brandy a day, and that there were men going to the Windsor who drank twice as much. Such is the "respectability" of the liquor business.

"THE AMOUNT OF LIQUOR consumed in a district is the measure of its degradation," said the well-known Irish judge, Baron Dowse, and that fact is the foundation of all our efforts for prohibitory legislation. The fact has a most startling illustration in Switzerland, where trade in liquor has been made as free as trade in the necessities of life. The terrific increase in drunkenness has at last roused the government, and a start has been made in the right direction. A heavy tax—so heavy as to be almost prohibitory—is to be imposed on brandy, both native and imported.

IN KANSAS, too, prohibition seems to be quite workable, in spite of what the liquor men themselves say. We fancy the fact would be acknowledged by such of them as Henry Heeman, at Lawrence, who was last month fined \$100 for each of twenty-one offences, sent to gaol for a month, and ordered to give \$500 bail for good conduct on his release. Adolph Evers, besides forfeiting his \$500 bond, was convicted on six counts, fined \$600, and imprisoned for thirty days. Michael Dinlar was fined \$500, Christopher Roths \$500, and J. Bois \$300, and each went to gaol.

THE REV. DR. PARKER, chairman of the Congressional Union of England and Wales, has publicly announced his determination never to speak at any public meeting presided over by a brewer. He feels that, in their commercial and public capacity, they must be looked upon as men of ill-repute. "Think," he exclaims, "of a brewer being worth upwards of half a million of money, and being petted and cheered because he has given fifty pounds to the fund of some ragged school! It is worse than ironical, it is positively iniquitous."

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE Convention has been held at Chicago. Mrs. Clay, of Kentucky, said that women in that state were slaves as much the negroes used to be. Mrs. De Geer of Kansas, said they were freer there than anywhere else, and would soon be able to vote. It was decided to petition Congress and the State legislatures; also to spend \$5000 on the agitation.

THE WEEK.

A LARGE SCHOONER, the "Maggie M. Rivers," of Thomaston, Maine, has been found on the Atlantic by the British warship "Canada," and towed into Bermuda. The schooner was water-logged and in a most dilapidated state, and full of oak pine. She left Fernandina, Florida, on the 4th of February, and had evidently been long ago abandoned by her crew.

MR. HENRY GEORGE, who is lecturing in Scotland, says that both the old parties in the United States are now dead, and a new party, as yet without a name, will arise to take their place.

ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU of Quebec, who has been visiting Rome, is likely, it is said, to be made a cardinal, and Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, to be made an archbishop. What an honor for Canada!

EARTHQUAKE.—Shocks were felt on Saturday night or Sunday morning in Peru, in New Hampshire, and on the lower St. Lawrence.

A STORM did great damage in New Orleans on Saturday night. On Sunday night a very heavy gale swept over the north eastern district, including New York and Montreal.

IN A COLLISION on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, six passengers and an engineer have been killed, and many wounded.

A PLAGUE OF RATS has come upon Burlington Township, Pennsylvania, a new breed of large and light grey rats disputing the ground with farmers and their children.

BRITISH COMMISSIONERS are now in Afghanistan, to settle the boundary between India and that country. They have been well received.

THE EXECUTION of Mrs. Boutet, at Quebec, has been put off for a week, as it is complained that the jury were guilty of some irregularities while performing their duty.

TWO MEN sailed from British Columbia a few days ago in a sloop with 19 Chinese to be smuggled into the United States. The sloop capsized, and all were drowned.

THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL has passed a resolution of censure upon the Prefect of the Seine, because he did not carry out the law removing all nuns from the hospitals. The Prefect says it would be imprudent to send them away during the cholera epidemic.

THE PORTS in the Baltic Sea are impeded with ice, and navigation will soon be closed.

A SMALL BLUE VENETIAN cup, bought for \$5 in 1860, has just been sold by its owner to some enthusiastic and extravagant collector, for \$5,600.

ANOTHER universal exhibition is proposed, to be held in Paris in 1889.

A MEMBER of the French Chamber moved to vote \$120,000 to provide for the poor in Paris, owing to the stagnation of trade. The government said that public works had already begun, to provide occupation for the unemployed, and the vote was refused.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS get wilder and wilder. They now threaten to impeach Lord Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, for "conspiracy to murder."

A MEETING of business men in Boston has passed resolutions asking to have the silver dollar coinage stopped, and to get a reciprocal commercial treaty with Canada.

A TERRIBLE PESTILENCE is causing hundred of deaths in some counties of Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky; poisonous water, taken for want of better during the dry weather, is said to be responsible. The disease is described as acute typhoid dysentery.

EARL RUSSELL,—who is a youth of nineteen years,—is a Radical and wants people to call him plain Mr. Russell.

IT IS PROPOSED to send 3,400 South Carolinians, in their red shirts, to attend the inauguration of President Cleveland.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the Union is called on to say whether polygamists in Utah may vote at school elections.

A SCHOONER from St. Simeon has been wrecked, and all hands lost, at Isle aux Coudres, on the Lower St. Lawrence.

THE "DOLPHIN," a new despatch-boat for the United States Navy, went for her trial trip last Thursday, and her main-shaft, by which the engine drives the propeller, snapped off "like a piece of old cheese." She had to be ignominiously towed home.

MRS. SCHELLING,—formerly Miss Morosini, one of the young ladies who have lately married their fathers' coachmen,—has come out as a public singer at Steinway Hall, New York.

SMALL POX is causing great anxiety at Tweed and other places in Hastings County, Ontario.

THE DEFICIT in the Cuban treasury amounts to over \$9,000,000 for six months.

THREE NEW YORK grocers have been arrested for selling oleomargarine.

MISS CAROLINE S. ASTOR, belonging to the wealthy New York family, has just been married in great style to Mr. M. O. Wilson. William Astor, the bride's father, gave her \$100,000, as well as a house.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, in opening the German Reichstag, said that the friendship of Russia, Austria and Germany had been cemented by the recent meeting of the Emperors, and peace would be undisturbed for a long time.

A BENEVOLENT LADY in Philadelphia, with \$30,000 a year, has been convicted of shop-lifting.

MR. D. L. MOODY is going to Toronto, to conduct evangelistic meetings.

MR. JAMES HARTNEY, an Annapolis merchant, has been committed for trial on a charge of defrauding insurance companies by fire.

A CYCLOPE in India, recently, did immense damage. Owing to the dykes bursting, the water supply of Madras city was cut off.

SIR WILLIAM FOX, K. C. M. G., ex-Premier of New Zealand, spoke at the annual public meeting of the Prohibitory Alliance in Sheffield, England, on the 5th of November, and spoke very strongly on the question of the liquor traffic. Rich brewers and distillers he said were equally responsible with retailers. Referring to the drink traffic in New Zealand, he said the licensing bench, elected by the ratepayers, had refused to grant new licenses; but it was the existing licenses both there and in this country that did the harm, and what they wanted was the land swept clear of these licenses as soon as the people were ready for it.

THE BRITISH NAVY according to the latest report, is to be strengthened by new ships costing \$125,000,000 to be raised by a new loan, and the ship-building industry in various parts is to be stimulated thereby.

GERMANY, it is said, is going to annex several islands in the Pacific, as well as part of New Guinea.

IN EGYPT.—A man who has arrived at Cairo from Khartoum says that Gordon has an army of 2000 Turks, 6000 blacks and a large number of Arabs, with plenty of provisions and ammunition. Everybody in the city treats Gordon's word as law. The Mahdi's position is 18 hours march away; his troops are said to be much thinned by disease, and many of them are deserting him. The relief expedition is pressing on up the Nile with all the speed possible. Everyone praises the Canadian boatmen, and the remark is made that 1200 should have been engaged instead of only 400. Another of the Canadians, we are sorry to learn, has been drowned. Smallpox has broken out among the English and Egyptian troops at Dongola.

THEATRICALS IN A TEMPLE.

Miss Gordon Cumming, the traveller and authoress, tells of the odd manner in which the Chinese combine theatricals with their religion. The idols are supposed to have as great a passion as their worshippers for the drama. The play is performed in a temple, and the public, who are admitted free, come in great crowds. There are galleries for the mandarins and principal citizens. In the lower corridors many barbers ply their trade diligently, for skull scraping and hair plaiting is a business which must not be neglected and which can be successfully combined with the enjoyment of the play. Vendors of refreshments too, find a good market for their wares.

On one occasion, Miss Cumming says: We entered by a side door, which took us right into the actual temple, where the kindly priests put us into a good place just in front of the great altar. We had a perfect view, and a stranger scene I never beheld; the temple, the theatre, and the side courts are one mass of rich carving in wood and stone, crimson and gold, with the gray curiously carved roofs harmonizing with a brilliant blue sky. On the stage there were most exciting hunting scenes, in one of which an Amazon Queen shot a tiger with bow and arrow. It was a noble Chinese tiger with beautiful fur, much handsomer than the hairy tiger of India, and it had fierce green eyes. It rolled over quite dead, and its attendants tied its legs to a bamboo and carried it off in triumph. The illusion was not improved by the very evident fact that it wore large white-soled Chinese shoes on its hind paws.

Women do not act in China, and their parts are taken by men. How the men manage to imitate the deformed feet of Chinese women is a mystery. The dreadful orchestra banged vigorously on gongs and kettledrums, beat wooden clappers, clanged cymbals, and produced dismal wails from various stringed instruments, the whole resulting in a never-ceasing series of most exciting discords.

Miss Cumming gives an interesting account of a dinner given them by a madarin, while the play was going on.

She says: We found all the little tables in the mandarin's gallery spread for a Chinese feast, with all manner of odd and end dishes to be nibbled and tasted in the intervals of the real courses, which were brought in one bowl at a time whence our host and his friend helped us all with their chopsticks. The cooking was first class, and we thought many of the dishes excellent, such as shark's fin soup, pigeon's egg soup, duck's tongues, samlin fish, bamboo shoots, and a multitude of other good things. It was a very prolonged feast, and all the time the play was going on for our entertainment.

Our host selected a play which he thought would interest us, and certainly nothing more extraordinary could be conceived. There was a Chinese Emperor with a long white beard, and a pretty Empress with delicate features and aquiline nose. Both wore wonderful jewelled headresses and rich robes embroidered with dragons. They sat together beneath a huge state umbrella. Around them stood nobles in gorgeous apparel and a gigantic magician with beard reaching to his knees. One hand played

with his beard, the other waved a fan, on his head was a jewelled helmet. He was attended by a dwarf, old and bearded. He, too, was gorgeously arrayed, and he bore a sword and a standard, which last was simply a dragon impaled on a spear.

The magician carried off the lover of a beautiful lady—a great mandarin—and consigned him to the care of a company of Buddhist priests in the richest of vestments. These persuaded him to join their order and to say the mystic words O-mi-to-fu, so when next he met his lady love he was vowed to celibacy.

Then the Emperor, much impressed with the power of the magician, prayed to be allowed a glimpse within the gates of hell. Thither accordingly he and his counsellor were transported, and they (and we) looked in and beheld all the tortures, which, in the Canton and other temples are so vividly exemplified by groups of images, being realistically acted! Wretches men with iron chains round their necks, and struggling horribly, were dragged in by hideous devils, with fire flashing around them. C. was seen in two across the chest; another across the skull, the ends of the saw moving on each side, and the blood streaming—a most sickening sight. Then a small-footed woman was dragged in and turned head downward into a mill, into which the small feet were slowly dragged. A man was thrown into a rice-pounding machine. A woman (in effigy) was carried in, and flaming devils tore her limb from limb. We were told afterwards that we might consider ourselves fortunate in not having been compelled to witness a crucifixion, which is so common a punishment in China. These scenes changed and showed a bridge, over which the good walked safely, but the wicked fell into the river, to be devoured by hideous and repulsive reptiles.

VIRGINIA FRIED CHICKEN.—Dice and fry half a pound of salt pork until it is well rendered. Cut up a young chicken, soak for half an hour in salt and water, wipe dry, season with pepper, roll in flour, and fry in hot fat until each piece is of a rich brown color. Take up and set aside in a warming closet. Pour into the gravy one cupful of milk—half cream is better; thicken with a spoonful of flour, and add a spoonful of butter and chopped parsley; boil up and pour over the hot chicken, or, if preferred, serve without the cream gravy, with bunches of fried parsley. Plain boiled rice should accompany this.

CABINET Pudding.—Two cups of prepared flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed with the sugar, five eggs, one cup of sugar, half pound raisins, seeded, and cut in three pieces each, half cup of milk, half of a lemon—juice and grated peel. Add the beaten yolks to the creamed butter and sugar; then the milk and flour, alternately with the whites. Lastly, stir in the fruit, dredged with flour; pour into a buttered mould, and boil two hours and a half. Eat hot with liquid sauce.

A PRETTY TABLE COVER.—A neat cover for a common room is made by taking a square of cretonne for the centre. Choose cretonne with very small figures, and of not too bright colors. For a border put a band of dark drab linen around it. Fringe out and make quite a deep fringe. To cover the seam, sew a band of black velvet ribbon about one inch wide around it. On the velvet put a row of fine feather-stitching in any color of silk desired, also on the corners.—Household.

MUTTON PIE.—Mutton pie make a welcome dish for the children's dinner; cold roast or boiled mutton should be used for this purpose. Trim off neatly all the fat, cut the lean meat in small pieces and put them in a pudding dish; if you have any gravy or stock pour that over them; put in a little butter, and season with pepper and salt and a little parsley chopped fine; cover the top with a thick paste made just as you make baking powder biscuit; brown nicely in the oven.

PIN-CUSHION covers made of cheese-cloth embroidered and trimmed with lace, wash well and keep their looks.

If you have tin baking powder boxes, use them for spices. Marked, and ranged along the shelf they are very convenient.

HAM should boil slowly, and be left soaking in the broth till cool. It will then be juicy and delicious.

THE STORY TELLER.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Mildmay.—Are you looking for a seat, Sir George? Come and sit here between Sir George and me!

Sir Gay Brammel (with playful humor).—No; I will not come between husband and wife. Nobody can say I ever made a man jealous!

Mrs. Mildmay (wishing to be pleasant).—No, indeed—that I'm sure you never did!

Mrs. Mildmay.—Beware how you make insincere jokes about yourself.—Punch.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS. (It makes Danvers assert to opposite positions, and thereby pass for a person of undecided views)—Miss Oriana: 'Don't you hate the a-a-tle, Mr. Danvers, with its glare and noise, and rizzers, and general vulgarity?'—Danvers (fervently): 'Oh, d-d-d, don't I, that's all!'—Miss Lillian: 'What, hate the session, Mr. Danvers?'—with the fresh air and blue waves and the delightful lounge after bathing, and the lawn tennis and the Indevella dances! I don't on it, and I should have thought you did too!'—Danvers (still more fervently): 'Oh—I—I—I should think I did!'

AN UNBURIED SMOKER AND DRINKER.

The Rev. George Trask, of Massachusetts, was sent throughout the States as an able and eloquent lecturer against tobacco and all intoxicating drinks. At one time he had addressed a large and attentive audience, and, among other things, said in his lecture that no man habitually using tobacco and whiskey could expect to live more than five or six years after becoming to use them. And so earnest and positive was he in his address, and so attentive his audience, that at the close he confidently challenged any reply, and invited any questions on the subject. After a moment's silence a man rose and said:—'I like what you have said, Mr. Trask, but I would like to ask you a question. One of my neighbors is an old man, some seventy-five years old, and he has used both tobacco and whiskey—all he could get—over since he was thirty years old—that is, for some forty-five years. How do you reconcile that with what you have said, that a man using both tobacco and whiskey couldn't live more than five or six years?' Mr. Trask was somewhat startled, and to gain time for collecting his thoughts, began asking some questions: 'How old did you say the man was?' 'Seventy-five years.' 'And he has been using both tobacco and whiskey ever since he was thirty?' 'Yes, using them constantly and freely.' 'What kind of man is he?' 'Does he seem to take much interest in business, or in anything that's going on?' 'No, I don't think he does.' 'Does he seem to love anybody?' 'Well, no.' 'Does he seem to hate anybody?' 'No, I don't think he does; he seems rather indifferent to everything.' 'Well,' said Mr. Trask, 'was it this time had gathered up his wife, if your old man has evidently been dead some forty years, and the only mistake you've made is that you did not bury him.'

HOW HE GOT HIS FANS BOXED.—Little Innocent: 'This is a very swagger flower, ain't it, Cleo?'—Cleo: 'No; it is not a swagger flower; it is a choice exotic; and you should handle it more carefully. You have rubbed off some of its bloom on your nose already.'—Little Innocent: 'Are you a choice exotic, Cleo?'—Cleo: 'No. Why do you ask?'—Little Innocent: 'Because Captain Silge rubs off your bloom on to his nose so very easily. I've seen him do it often. So there! Yah!'—Fun.

A DELICATE POINT.—MAY: 'Sorry to hear of master's accident last night, mum! 'Ope he's better, mum!'—Mistress: 'What, Mary! Where! Where! I have heard of no accident!'—Mary: 'Oh, yes, mum! I see in the paper he sat down on a point of order!'—Fun.

DOUGLAS JERROLD once boasted that a friend of his was the kindest-hearted man in the world. 'Why,' said the wit, 'he is so kind-hearted that he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain.'

MRS. PONSORBY DE TUMKINS 'IN EXTREMIS.'—'PONSORBY, dearest, the Chateau is at large at last! Don't you think we might get him to come and dine or something? Surely there are still some decent people who would like to meet him!'

A LAMENT.—DOWAGER.—'It's been the worst season I can remember, Sir James! All the men seem to have got married, and none of the girls!'—Punch.

A WRINKLE for the Nile Boat Expedition. To prevent any of the boats being lost, see that they are well fanned.—Judy.

GOOD FOR A SNEEZE.—The Chinese Envoy to Berlin is Tahn, Tahn, Tahn.—Moonshine.

THE PREMIER'S ECCELESIASTICAL POLITY.—Summary of his advice to the Establishment: Be national, be rational.—Punch.

GOOD VALUE GIVEN.—Our English sovereign for a New Guinea.—Fun.

THE PRECIOUS TOKENS.

I have something Jesus gave me
For my own!
It is something which he sent me
From his throne.

I do not seek for hidden gold,
In earth's ground,
Nor give my wealth to gain the pearl
Which I found.

It is something which I carry
Near my heart:
It is safe till Jesus bids me
From it part.

In itself it has no value
More than tears,
Though I'm weary as I bear it,
I've no fears.

It is precious as a token
From my Lord,
That His heart thought is as loving
As His word!

Like His presence, it doth bring me
Peace divine;
'Tis His sweet and tender whisper,
"Thou art mine."

What is the gift I clasp so closely,
Wouldst thou see?
'Tis a cross, which Christ my Master,
Sent to me.

If my human hand had found it,
I should grieve,
But my Jesus laid it on me,
I believe!

Oh, how sweet it is to bear it
As His gift,
While the burden of my treasure
Christ doth lift!

—Congregationalist.

A JEWEL LOST.

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

"Lost—somewhere—a golden hour
Of this glowing autumn day;
Since the sunrise, ere the sun set,
I have lost it on my way."

Fanny Randolph sat in a darkened room brooding over her trials. It did seem as if no one in the whole world was as burdened as she was. She wished she could fly away somewhere and be at rest. "Such an unsympathetic set of children as ours I never heard of," she wailed, and then following the wail came a burst of hot tears.

"What's the trouble, Fannie dear?" asked a cheery voice, as the door opened softly and a sunshiny face peeped in. "Seems as if I heard the sound of sobbing. Where are you anyway? It's as dark as a pocket here," and Susie Holloway stumbled over an inconvenient hassock before she reached her friend's side. The sobbing had ceased. Fannie laughed as she answered, "I'm here, having just been enjoying the luxury of a good cry. The fact is, I'm completely weary of housekeeping and the care of children; it is monotonous and unwholesome beyond endurance."

"Have you been in here enjoying the luxury ever since you closed the blinds?" asked Susie, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, ever since; it does not seem long though. Did you see me close the blinds?"

"Yes, I am sorry you lost a jewel, Fannie."

"Why, Sue, I have lost nothing, it was Laura Don; she lost the ruby out of her finger ring, but her father says she can have another as soon as they go to the city."

"But, Fannie, you, too, have lost a jewel, and your father will never replace it," Susie said soberly.

"What do you mean, Sue?"

"I mean you have lost this hour brooding. Let me recite you a couple of verses from the 'Link of Gold.'"

"For my hour was a jewel,
And wild rays shined upon set;
But of each minute six seconds
Made the radiance brighter yet."

"Oh, has my hour been set?"

"No, my friend, as hour of gold
We will get to buy another,
But its treasures are not sold."

Fannie was crying again, but this time the tears were not angry ones, but those of repentance.

"I'm so sorry, Sue, that I have been so wicked; I who profess to follow our Master. Let me tell you my troubles, Sue, and you

will help me. I do not want to lose any more links of gold."

"Tell on, dear, I'm listening."

"It is hard to be both sister and mother."

"So it is, Fannie."

"And it is hard to have so poor a servant as Biddy is; she almost distracts me."

"Then get some one to take her place as soon as you can. In the meantime make the best of her. What are her principal faults?"

"She is a wretched cook, and is very untidy; such a looking table as she sets, everything on askew. Father don't enjoy his meals much."

"Can't you teach her better?"

"No; I have tried a good many times."

"Couldn't you help for awhile—assist in the cooking and set the table? I do."

"I suppose I could, but I don't like puttering around the kitchen."

"I would not putter, whatever that may be, I would work," Sue answered, smiling.

"But Biddy is not the worst of my trouble. Albert is so trying. I believe he tears his pants purposely to make me mend them, and Carl is forever cutting chips and littering up the house, and as for Janie, I don't know as there ever comes a day that her demands upon one are not 'outrageous.'"

"Fannie, my dear, you are blue and no mistake. Come out of this dark room. I want you over to my house a little while, and when you return I will give you a recipe that was once given to me to use."

"A recipe for what?" "To bring sunshine out of darkness." Fannie went with Sue, remained a half hour, and then returned with a slip of folded paper in her hand. She opened and read, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And then underneath were the pencilled words: "Please use the recipe in your own family first, dear friend."

The afternoon had nearly passed away when Albert and Carl returned from school. They burst into the sitting-room like young hurricanes, but were struck dumb with surprise, when instead of the expected, "Do stop your everlasting noise!" from Fannie, she said, "Your coat is all mended nicely; Albert; it lies on your bed, and you'll find something you wanted in the pocket," adding to Carl as Albert ran up the stairs, "I have cleared out the big closet for you, Carl, so as you can whittle all you want to. I shouldn't wonder if you would be a famous carver some day."

Carl said nothing but went to explore "the big closet," coming back just as Albert was kissing Fannie. He heard him say, "Oh, Fan, how good of you to give me your red silk handkerchief. I've begged for it so often that I didn't deserve it, but I'll make it all right though. I know where some royal cat-tails grow, and I'll bring you some of the finest you ever saw before I'm an hour older."

Albert could not say any more, for Carl pushed him aside to take Fannie's smiling face between his hands. He kissed it tenderly saying huskily, "I've been a mean fellow, Fan, chipping all over the house just to be hateful, but you've punished me now, heaping coals on my head. Oh, what a cute little workroom that closet makes, so light, too, with the big, clean window. Oh, Fan, I'll make you some of the prettiest things you ever saw—Swiss cottages and a clock and a double bracket." And then an hour later, when Mr. Randolph and his children gathered at the supper table, a gleam of light broke over all the faces. And why? Because the table was laid so neatly, with the vase of beautiful flowers in the centre, and the egg-toast was so delicious and the flaky brown potatoes done to a turn. "You are improving wonderfully, Biddy," Mr. Randolph said, as the girl brought in the tea. "Shure, sir, it's Miss Fannie needs all the praise, fer 'tis her that's done it all. Bless her, but I'm afther thyrin' to larn, an' I will larn, too." Then Biddy went into the kitchen and Mr. Randolph looked at his daughter. That look she never forgot; it took deep root in her heart, and with it went the last vestige of darkness. She rejoiced that she was the possessor of a wonderful recipe. The recipe is free too. Are you using it?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NEVER CUT LAMP WICKS, but wipe them off, as this gives a more even flame than cutting. It is poor economy to use a wick after it becomes stiff and discolored; remember it strains all the oil, and it is still poorer economy to burn cheap oil. The odor is almost unbearable, and very unhealthy, causing sore throat and eyes, while dim flame is all that can be obtained from it.

WHICH?

BY IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

Frank Barton bounded up the dark, rickety stairs of the tenement where he lived in a few rooms with his mother. He burst open the door of their apartments, crying:

"At last, mother, at last!"

"What, Frank?"

She was looking unusually pleased about something, but he was too impatient to tell his own good news to hear hers.

"A situation, of course, and at seven dollars a week."

"Why, Frank?"

"You may well be astonished. I could scarcely believe my own ears. It came in such a strange way, too. I stopped in a hardware store to ask if they wanted a boy. The man said he did not, very crossly, and ordered me to go about my business, when another man who was in there stepped up to me as I was going out and said that he wanted a boy in his store, that he liked my looks, and would take me. I told him I was out of employment because my last employer failed, and that I had good recommendations. That was all right, he said; he didn't care so much for what my last employer thought; he would judge for himself. He's a nice man, mother. He has such a winning, kind way."

"When do you begin?"

"To-morrow morning. So our starvation days are over. I knew that something would come. I went into his store with him. It's a perfect palace, I can tell you."

"Why, what kind of store is it?"

"That's it, mother. I have been afraid you wouldn't approve of it; it's a liquor-store."

"You promised to come, did you?" she asked simply.

"What else could I do! It was that or starve."

"You were small when your father died," she said; "you do not remember what caused his death."

"Yes, I do. He was killed when he was," he could not add "drunk." "But you need never fear that I will learn to drink. I hate it as much as you do. Think of seven dollars a week! Why, we'll live like kings."

"I, too, heard of a situation for you," she returned.

"It never rains but it pours. What is yours?"

"A very different one. You were just gone this morning when a man called. He said that he had heard that you wanted a situation, that all the neighbors spoke well of you, and that he wanted such a boy. He is a shoemaker. He wants an apprentice, and offers fifty cents a week beside board and clothes, which is unusual. He is a Christian man, and he will help you to walk in the straight and narrow path."

The broad road looked more attractive just then.

The small shoemaker-shop where he must peg away day after day, and be only a shoemaker when he had learned; no company but this man, whoever he was; on the other side, almost a palace to spend his time, plenty of talking and fun, and jovial companions? He remembered how pleasantly all who were in the saloon greeted him. To be sure, they laughed when he refused to drink, but they would get over that when they found how determined he was not to drink.

"Why," he burst out, "I would have to leave home if I were apprenticed, and what would become of you?"

"Mrs. Armstrong, who brought him in, offers to board me for two dollars a week. I make three now by sewing, and then would make more, as I would have no housework to do."

"We'd have no home."

"Mrs. Armstrong proposes that you come to her house to dinner every Sunday, and the shoemaker kindly asked me to tea with you one week."

"I prefer to keep our own home. If I take the other we can do so; and he said something about raising my wages if I suit, which I will."

"O Lord! save my boy," prayed the mother's heart.

Little sister looked during the frugal supper. They did not speak again of either of the situations during the evening. They retired early. Mrs. Barton spent the hours in prayer. Frank, tossing on his hard bed, hungry from his slight supper, determined

to accept the situation in the liquor-store. He and his mother then could live in their own home and have plenty to eat, he argued. With the shoemaker it would be years before he could get more than the pittance of fifty cents a week; maybe the liquor-dealer would raise his wages in a few weeks, and from that he would go right up. He would work hard to please him, and by the time he was grown up he might be taken into partnership or have a store of his own. The road to fortune was easy there, for every one who sold rum made money, and who ever knew a shoemaker to accumulate wealth? He remembered what his mother said about this shoemaker being a Christian, and helping him—as if he needed any help! He could and would be a Christian, even in the liquor-store. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

Then he saw himself, as he saw the half-pint bartender that day (only no need to be sober, he thought), giving glasses half full, and sometimes full, of whiskey to his neighbor.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" He could think of nothing but those words. They seemed spoken in his ears.

He heard the rough voices, profane language, which he shrank from now. He would grow accustomed to it after a while. He knew too well that he would; and there would come a time when he would laugh at their low jests from which he turned now in horror. He would grow used to seeing men intoxicated; he would give drink to men who were bartering everything, even their souls, for it. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" He saw himself sinking lower day by day, and when he had sunk and was debased in soul, what was there to keep him from being debased in body? There was the Lord. His mother had taught him to ask strength of the Lord to keep from sin; but how could he do so when he disobeyed His commands, and how could he keep pure of his own strength?

Suppose he went to the shoemaker, what would he ever amount to, and how would he ever make any money? All his life he would be a poor workman, while there was not a doubt of making a great deal of money in liquor. He wished that he would not remember that the solemn question had been asked, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He wished that the Bible did not use such language that there was no mistaking its meaning. He sat up in his bed. Why was it so particular, anyway, if men would buy liquor what difference would it make if he sold it to them? He wished he could forget that the Bible has said, "Woe unto him," if he did.

He decided one thing, and that was that he could not be a Christian and enter that saloon. If he went there he must give up God and go down, down. He was a wise boy for his years, and he had striven to lead a Christian life; so he looked it in the face. Give up God, and for what? A few paltry dollars. Not only give Him up, but by his example lead others from Him. "O Lord!" he prayed, "lead me not into temptation."

"Mother," he called at her door a little later, "are you awake?"

"Yes, my son," answered the mother.

"I have decided. I will go to the shoemaker."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,

*Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.*

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off; so I am safe!"—*Baptist Teacher.*

TWO GIRLS' INFLUENCE.

BY FAITH AISHLAND.

"I know you would not think my reason of any account, Emily, but I never wish to pursue the acquaintance of any one who is not a strict temperance man, a total abstainer from all that intoxicates." So spoke Bessie Sayres, as she stood with her friend in a deep window from which they had just responded to the bow of a gentleman who was passing.

"O, well, Bessie, of course," said Emily, with an uneasy laugh, "I believe in temperance principles, too; but then, you know, we cannot expect young men to be as strict as we are; they have so many more temptations."

"I do," said Bessie, quietly, "and I think that all the more reason why they should be strict, in order to avoid temptation."

Emily Rutherford looked unconvinced. She was a pretty girl, prettier than Bessie, but there was a look of indecision about her fall red mouth, that contrasted forcibly with the decided lines around her friend's.

"Well, Bessie," she said at last, after a few moments' silence, "you know, as well as I do, that no one ever saw Mr. Ashland under the influence of liquor."

"No," said Bessie, "but he makes no secret of his views on the subject, that one can take a glass occasionally, or even daily, and suffer no harm."

"Do you think he does suffer from it?" asked Emily.

"Possibly not himself," said Bessie, "though even that is doubtful to my mind; but look at his influence, Emily," she said, laying her hand on her friend's arm.

"Think of Charlie Maynard—is his influence over him what you would like?" Emily flushed. "Charlie ought to be able to take care of himself," she said; "I should be ashamed of him, if he could not."

"It is of no use either to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," quoted Bessie, softly. "Mr. Ashland professes to follow the teachings of the Book from which those words are taken."

Emily turned away uneasily. She always felt dissatisfied with herself, when with Bessie. She knew the right way, but dread of ridicule kept her from coming out as a strong temperance worker. In the circle of society in which she moved, wine was a common beverage, even in a small company, and she remembered how, just a few evenings ago, she had smilingly handed Charlie Maynard a glass of the sparkling poison—for it was poison to Charlie. His blood was fevered by a small amount, and his gay laugh and unsteady step were but the forerunners of a blinding headache, and bitter remorse and self-upbraiding.

"I think, though, Bessie," she said, as her friend followed her to the door, "that you are rather extreme in your views. It surely would do no harm for you to show some appreciation of Mr. Ashland's attentions, and not so studiously avoid meeting him."

Bessie smiled. "You must allow me to do as I think best in the matter, Emily," she said, gently; and then the girls separated with an affectionate good-bye.

"You look gloomy, Tom!" It was Charlie Maynard's cheery voice that broke upon Mr. Ashland's reverie. The latter sprang to his feet, and welcomed the young man in a tone the reverse of gloomy; but when they were seated by the open grate, with a light stand between, on which stood a decanter and two goblets, his face grew grave again. The firelight flashed and flickered on the cut glass, the wine sparkled and glowed, and as Charlie, in response to a word from his friend, raised his glass to his lips, he paused and said, "If I were you, Tom Ashland, I would not touch this again."

"What do you mean, Charlie?" asked the other, surprised.

"Simply this," said Charlie; "I believe that Miss Sayres thinks well enough of you to encourage you if it was not for your indulgence in this. She is almost a fanatic on the subject of temperance, it seems to me."

"Why do you not take your own advice?" said Mr. Ashland, with a half-laugh.

"O, Emily would not impose any such condition on me," said Charlie, flushing.

"If what you say is true, Charlie, I will let this be the last I will touch," said Mr.

Ashland, pouring out what remained in his glass over the ashes. "Will you join me in it?"

"Not now," said Charlie. "I have not so much at stake as you, so I'll wait awhile before I join the 'temperance army.'"

"Better come now," said Mr. Ashland; but Charlie still shook his head.

Ah, Emily! if you had only made the stand you should, when Charlie asked you if you objected to the use of wine, what a different sequel your life might have had.

The months sped by, and found Tom Ashland keeping his word firmly through all temptations, and surely winning his way with Bessie. Charlie and Emily were settled in a snug little home not far from Bessie's. Emily seemed happy, but sometimes a shade of care would flit over her girlish face, and as the months grew to years this deepened and settled on her brow.

Long before this, Bessie was Mrs. Ashland, and her husband's interest in the work she had always had so at heart, was scarcely second to her own.

Charlie Maynard was the one always nearest to their hearts, always first in their prayers, but it was not until years after Emily had laid down her weight of grief and sorrow and gone to her rest, that those efforts were rewarded, and Charlie ransomed from the power of the destroyer.

Bessie would never give him up, never listen to Tom's discouraged words, when he told of some fresh fall of Charlie's, and said, "I am afraid it is of no use, Bessie."

"It must be of use, Tom," she would say. "I'll never believe that Emily's bitter repentance was not accepted, as long as Charlie is within reach of our efforts. But, O, if she had only used her influence in the right direction, earlier."

When Charlie was at last enabled to overcome his fatal weakness, he looked like an old man, although only in middle life. What wonder, then, that he often sighed as he contrasted his blighted powers with the vigorous manhood of his friend, and thought of the wasted years of his life, which even the most earnest efforts could not wholly redeem?

Reader, on which side is your influence?—Church and Home.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRICULUM.

(From Peabody's Select Notes.)

Dec. 7.—Prov. 23: 29-35.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Strong drink a foe. When drink, like a strong man armed, once gains entrance, its first concern is to overpower the watchmen on their towers—caution, judgment, self-respect, natural affection, common sense, and the reserve force of justice, honesty, and religion. When these guardians of the fortress are killed or maimed, the powder magazine, as well as the rich spoils of man, lies open to the enemy's tender mercies which are cruelty.

"O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!"—M. Briggs.

II. Warnings. A little steamer once shot the rapids at Niagara, and, though the captain declared, "The fact of my having gone through safely with my boat does not demonstrate to my satisfaction that the river is navigable," many men have been ambitious of testing it. Paul Boyton took the precaution of sending down some logs, and when he saw the heavy timbers come through, splintered and soaked, he left Niagara the same day. We have not forgotten the fate of Matthew Webb, another famous swimmer, who also looked long and intently upon the seething waters, and thought that he could go through.—M. Briggs.

III. The enchantress Cice, in Homer's *Odysee*, is a good illustration of the power of intemperance. She invited the strangers to her marvellously beautiful palace, tempted them with her luxurious feasts, but those who partook thereof she turned into beasts. Only Ulysses, protected by a certain flower, was safe from her enchantments. That flower for us is Total Abstinence.

IV. The veiled prophet of Khorassan, in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, is an exact and vivid picture of this modern fiend. Over the features of this great chief, Mokanna, was hung a glittering silver veil to hide, as he said, his dazzling brow, too bright for man to look upon. His followers, each,

"Kneeling pale With pious awe before the silver veil. Believes the form to which he bends the knee. Some pure redeeming angel sent to free This fettered world from every bond and stain, And bring its prime to glorious dawn again."—"On the White Flag Mokanna's host uttered These words of sunshine, Freedom to the world." Then he persuaded the beautiful, innocent Zelia to be his bride,—the elect of Paradise, the bride of Heaven.

"Together picturing to her mind and ear The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere Where a' was pure, and every stain that lay Upon the spirit's light should pass away." Under such promise, he hurried her to the charnel house, and while the dead stood around them, and their blue lips echoed their vows, she pledged in a goblet of burning blood that she would be his, body and soul. Never would she leave him; and the wide charnel echoed, "Never, never." Then, too late for her, he revealed to her his

"Ha, ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all And that I lov'd mankind—I do, I do!"—As critics love them—

"As the Nile bird loves the slime that gives That rank and venomous food on which she lives." Then he drew away the silver veil that hid his maimed and monstrous features, exclaiming:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn, Can send one curse to the foul thing I am." That is almost word for word the picture of the wine cup. It promises all manner of joys; it sings of Paradise; it seems an angel of delight, "Sent to free this fettered world from every bond and stain, And bring its prime glories back again."

It unfurls its banner, inscribed with "these words of sunshine: Freedom to the World." It persuades the young, the brilliant, the innocent to partake of its feasts and wed themselves to it. And when it has bound them by the chains of appetite, of habit, and of disease, irrevocably, then it bears its victims to the charnel house of the dead—of the millions of the dead whom it has slain, and they echo, "Never, never, never, shall we part." It casts off then its shining veil, and reveals its loathsome, monstrous features: it shows them the evil it has done to others and will do to them; it piles up its losses, its miseries, its remorse, its utter ruin before them, and well may exclaim:

"Here judge if hell, with all its power to damn, Can send one curse to the foul thing I am."—P. PRACTICAL.

I. SUMMARY of the evils of intemperance.

- 1. It injures the body.
2. It ruins the soul.
3. It disables the mind.
4. It unfits for daily life.
5. It brings poverty.
6. It leads into bad company.
7. It is opposed to religion and morality.
8. It injures family and friends.
9. It tempts others.
10. It leads to crime.
11. It fills poor-houses and prisons.

II. The Cure.

- 1. Don't begin.
2. Touch not, taste not, handle not.
3. Keep away from drinking places.
4. Keep away from the company of those who drink.
5. Sign the pledge.
6. First and chiefest, give yourself body and soul to the Lord Jesus Christ.
7. Use all the helps of prayer and religion.
8. Work continually for temperance and religion.
9. Keep yourselves familiar with the arguments for temperance.
10. Prohibitory laws.
11. A temperance atmosphere.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES."

Not long since a good sister of the W. C. T. U. was visiting at a beautiful home in one of our cities, where some brandy peaches were passed at the tea-table. A little boy of the family watched her closely, and when he saw her decline them, a bright smile illumined his face, and leaning confidently upon her lap he said, "Oh, I know why you didn't take the peaches! It's because there's brandy in them, and it will help make us like to drink brandy and then we might get to be drunkards."

"I can't think where the child learned such nonsense!" said the lady of the house, apologetically.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said the little fellow, "I learned it at Sunday school; my teacher told me all about it, and I'm never, never going to eat any brandy peaches. Don't

you see, mamma, the lady don't eat them, and I'm so glad she's temperance too." And the little fellow crept close to his friend with a new air of fraternity, while the embarrassed mother left her own peaches untasted.

"Ah," thought the W. C. T. U. worker, "there's a temperance missionary in this house, whose influence can scarcely be counted."

Let us send out these little missionaries from every Sunday school armed with definite and clear instruction on these points where our insidious enemy is creeping in among the lambs of the flock.—Union Signal.

Question Corner.—No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following form part of a letter written by an earnest man who was imprisoned in Rome, and who is said to have been made a martyr in that city. Who was he? and where are these words found? Give chapter and verse.

- 1. Where our Lord performed his first miracle.
2. The king of Judea who ordered the babies killed?
3. A name given to these children.
4. The animal that is a type of Christ.
5. Birds which the disciples were commanded to imitate.
6. One of the names of our dear Lord.
7. Another name, meaning God with us.
8. The Israelite without guile.
9. The mountain to which our Lord often went to pray.
10. An apostle (supposed to have been identical with No. 8).
11. The mother of John the Baptist.
12. An emblem of subjection.
13. The time to begin to serve God.
14. Something with which the sorrowful Mary anointed the feet of Jesus.
15. An adjective describing the Passover bread.

- 16. The meaning and joy of Easter.
17. The disciple who denied his Lord and then wept bitterly.

18. The animal on which our Lord rode into Jerusalem.

- 19. The foundation upon which the wise man built his house.
20. The count? to which Joseph and Mary fled with the infant Jesus.
21. The ruler who went to see Jesus by night.
22. The doubting apostle.
23. The old man, who in the temple took the child Jesus in his arms.
24. What Christ is making in heaven for those who come unto God by him.
25. The town in which our Saviour lived when he was a little boy.

- 26. One of the first disciples chosen by Christ.
27. A man who was raised from the dead.
28. The sacrament by which we commemorate the death of Christ.

- 29. The birds offered by Mary when her child was named.
30. The office held by Caiaphas.
31. A beloved son who was a type of Christ.
32. The town of Galilee in which the widow's son was raised to life.
33. An angel who was sent to show glad tidings.

- 34. The name through which all good comes to us, and the only one through which we may find everlasting life.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 20.

- 1. Balaam, Num. 24: 17.
2. Manasseh was the elder, Ephraim's family was the greater, Gen. 48: 14, 20.
3. Ephraim and half of the tribe of Manasseh were situated in the centre of the country west of the Jordan and the other half tribe of Manasseh on the east of Sea of Galilee, north-east of the tribe of Gad.
4. See Judges 12: 1, 6.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

STEPHEN—Acts VIII. 50.

- 1. S-amarita John IV. 7.
2. T-homas John XI. 16.
3. E-phraim John XI. 54.
4. P-into John XVIII. 28.
5. H-erod Matt. XIV. 6.
6. E-gypt Matt. II. 13.
7. N-azarath Luke IV. 16.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Altag Brown, Albert Jesse French, Lizzie E. Caldwell and Frank Smith.

