

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. IV

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING, MARCH 28, 1885.

No. 18.

The Weekly Messenger

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The British want to know what to do with the Russians and the Arabs and the dynamiters. Here in America we want to know what to do with the Mormons and the Chinese, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Tariff. But on both sides of the Atlantic, and not alone in countries where the English language is spoken, one question is forcing itself in front of all others,—“What shall we do with the drink trade?” and people are showing their common sense by looking this question straight in the face, and trying to find a wise and intelligent answer. We have, as our readers know, given much space to this matter. We now intend to collect on one page, in as lively and readable a form as possible, information on this subject gathered from all parts of the world. We have reason to believe that this will be appreciated by our readers; and we shall be extremely glad to receive their opinions and suggestions as to this and any other department of our paper.

ON THE RED SEA.

There has been hot fighting on the shores of the Red Sea since last week's *Messenger* was published. On Friday morning, the British army at Suakin marched out into the country to engage the rebel army under Osman Digna. A reconnaissance the day before had discovered that the rebels were strongly entrenched in the neighboring hills, and numbered perhaps 25,000 altogether. The enemy retired from the first hill when they saw the red-coats approaching, but the other positions attacked were only captured with difficulty. At one time a tremendous charge of Arabs took place on the British square, and for a time the ranks were thrown into confusion. After several hours of very severe fighting, strong positions were established by the British, after a loss of 21 killed and 42 wounded—seventeen of the slain being Indians.

On Sunday, a force of British and Indian infantry was forming a zareeba, or fortified camp, seven miles south-west of Suakin, at Hasheen. Suddenly a cloud of Arabs sprang from their places of concealment and rushed upon the British. The troops formed a square as quickly as possible, but the camels, mules and horses were driven back in confusion on the troops, causing a stampede, and, amid clouds of dust, the Arabs penetrated the south and north of the square. Meanwhile the Marines and the Berkshire regiment, who were on the east and west sides of the square, maintained a continuous fire, holding the enemy at bay, while a charge of cavalry and fire from the guns of the artillery at the Hasheen zareeba checked the onslaught of the Arabs, which at the outset threatened a serious disaster to the British. Gen. Graham reports the English losses, so far as known, as two officers and twenty-two men killed, and thirty-three men wounded. The losses of the engineers and transport corps and Indian troops are not reported. An

unofficial estimate places the British killed at fifty-two and wounded at eighty-five. Nearly all the casualties were due to spear thrusts, received in hand-to-hand encounters. The Arabs got between the transport train and the zareeba, speared the men of the transport corps, and killed the animals. They fought savagely, refusing to give or take quarter. Gen. McNeill, it is thought, did not take sufficient precautions against a surprise.

This attack began at three in the morning, and was not finally repulsed till four. The appearance of the yelling Arabs was so sudden that the whole assemblage of transport animals, mixed with the natives, became panic-stricken, and surged on the zareeba, making resistance hopeless. The scene was indescribable. The Arabs fired and crept in all directions among the animals. The Haddendowahs swarmed from the bush like magic and attacked the zareeba fiercely on all sides. The Soudanese coolies

able to penetrate their line. The sheikhs fought to the last gasp, but lost their banner, which was captured by the Marines. The British lost 5 officers and 51 men killed, and 170 wounded. The stench from the dead Arabs was so intolerable that the camp had to be moved. A decisive battle is expected this week.

SIR CHARLES WARREN.

When the air is full of rumors of a great war with Russia, not to speak of the campaign against the Mahdi, hardly a thought is given to the fact that another British force is at present under arms in South Africa. A number of Boers from the Transvaal had gone on a filibustering expedition across the frontier into Bechuanaland, had ill-treated and killed the Bechuanas and robbed them of their land, and had among other things killed a British subject. As the filibusters were defiant, and seemed to be supported



COLONEL SIR CHARLES WARREN, K.C.B.

were mistaken for enemies, and many were killed by the British. The Berkshire regiment and the Marines stood firm and cool and fired volley after volley into the ranks of the enemy. The Naval Brigade inside the zareeba also opened a hot fire. The Indian troops held their own gallantly as soon as they were able to gain close square. Eventually, being unable to stand the rattling fire, the enemy disappeared as they came.

A later telegram says that the Arabs numbered 4,000. They rushed to what seemed certain death repeatedly without faltering. Hundreds of dead and wounded lay around the British square. It is believed they lost 1,000 men. The British, especially the Marines, behaved admirably. Desperate sheikhs waving their banners and with swords and spears charged the Marines before they had been re-formed, but were un-

dermined by the Transvaal government, a British force of 3500 men, with a number of volunteers, went to Africa to teach the Boers and their government a severe lesson. The government did not wait to be taught, but promised to hand over the murderers for justice, and has withdrawn its protection from the filibusters. These men have fled; the natives—among whom the venerable missionary Dr. Moffat worked for fifty years—have had their land restored to them, and some of the volunteers have been organized into a Mounted Police Force to see that no similar marauding occurs in the future. Colonel Sir C. Warren, whose portrait we give this week, is in command of the Bechuanaland expedition. He was born in 1840,—his father and grandfather having both been distinguished soldiers,—and he has seen a good deal of service before in the South of Africa.

A NORTH WESTERN REBELLION.

Louis Riel, who fomented a rebellion among the half-breeds of the North West of Canada some years ago, and afterwards fled across the frontier, has been at his old operations. The Government stores at Carleton, in Saskatchewan Territory, have been seized; and the officials themselves imprisoned. The mounted police there are besieged in their barracks. The telegraph wires have been cut, and it is believed the operators are under arrest. Reinforcements of mounted police are being sent, and the Winnipeg volunteers are under orders to proceed North West if required.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

The 19th of March was another “Black Thursday” for the liquor sellers. There were four contests on that day. Missisquoi in Quebec, by a majority of forty, upheld the present license system. In Ontario, two counties and one city adopted the Scott Act. Lambton gave a majority of about 3,000, Elgin gave a majority of about 1,600, and even the city of St. Thomas gave a majority of eleven on the same side—the vote being 754 to 743.

Wellington votes on the 2nd April, and this contest is looked forward to with great interest. The liquor men announced that they would not publicly oppose the Act, but they are secretly working hard to defeat it.

In the first week of June a monster temperance picnic will be held at Chatham,—a sort of Scott Act jubilee for Kent, as well as for Elgin, Essex, Lambton and Middlesex.

The Hastings liquor sellers have had a secret meeting to organize opposition to the Scott Act in that county and the city of Belleville.

The temperance people of those counties which have adopted the Act, and where it will come into force in a few weeks, are preparing to see that the law is thoroughly carried out.

Ontario County, says the *Whitby Chronicle*, will in a few weeks rank with the temperance counties of the province. The *Gazette* thinks a vote will likely be taken in June, and agrees that the Scott Act party will probably be successful.

In the Province of Quebec, Chicoutimi votes on the 9th of April. A convention for Huntingdon has decided to begin a contest in that county. Conventions for Chateaugay and Beauharnois are being held this week at Howick and Valleyfield respectively.

LORD HARTINGTON, British Secretary for War, states that recruiting is exceedingly active, and the fighting strength of the army is 40,000 more than in 1883. The regular army numbers 184,000, besides 208,000 volunteers and 70,000 in the reserves ready for immediate service. Ten men-of-war can be got ready in Devonport dockyard in a fortnight.

PROFESSOR WIGGINS, of Ottawa, prophesied a tremendous storm for the 18th of March, which turned out, in many places that should have been affected, a remarkably calm day.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

"Fifteen minutes of nine, Harry. You have no time to lose," called his mother, as Harry Welsh, after opening the door, stood upon the front steps, enjoying the beauty of the May morning.

"All right! It only takes me ten minutes to walk to the office." He began to move a little more briskly, and had his hand upon the gate when Ruth Burnett's voice arrested him.

"Would you like a rose-bud for your button-hole?"

The garden-lots of Mrs. Welsh and Dr. Burnett were separated but by a low pale fence, and Harry, looking across, saw pretty Ruth, with garden gloves and scissors, clipping a bouquet for her parlor vases. She held up a saffron bud, and Harry needed no second invitation to step to the fence and receive it.

Harry was eighteen and Ruth seventeen. They had graduated together last June from the Clifton Academy. The old school-boy and school-girl intimacy, had within the last few months, begun to assume a slightly coquettish character, more self-conscious than the old relation, though still scarcely dignified enough to be on quite a "grown-up" footing. They had plenty to say to each other, though the chatter was not particularly wise.

"I suppose a yellow rose-bud is hardly worth your acceptance. Heliotrope, I have been informed, is your favorite flower," said Ruth, as she pinned her offering to his coat.

"Who gave you that valuable information?"

"The birds of the air whispered it, perhaps; or perhaps somebody sharper than a bird overheard the conversation in Mrs. Gray's bow window last night, when a certain gentleman got possession of a certain lady's fan, and refused to deliver it until she had ransomed it by the sacrifice of part of her bouquet."

"Now, who told you that, I should like to know! You weren't at the social."

"Somebody else was, however, though you, it seems, had eyes but for one."

"Who told you?"

"Guess!"

Thus the conversation continued, until the sound of the town clock striking nine brought the interview to an abrupt close.

"Nine o'clock, and I shall be late again! That is your fault, you naughty girl!" and with this unceremonious leave-taking Harry started for the gate, striding off down town as fast as his long legs would carry him.

He was seriously annoyed, and he had good cause to be. When he had graduated last year, his future career had been a matter of anxious concern both to his mother and to himself, and they accepted with thanks the offer made to Harry by Col. Holcomb of a clerk's seat in his office. The salary offered, though small, was quite sufficient to lighten his mother's cares, while the opportunity of studying under the colonel's oversight was an advantage that outweighed the money compensation he received.

The colonel himself felt that he had done Harry a favor in giving him the place. He would have preferred an older and more experienced clerk, but he had taken Harry simply because he felt it a duty to help the widow and her boy.

The colonel was highly respected by his fellow-townsmen. He was liberal, high-minded and energetic, and used his large income wisely and generously. With all his virtues, however, he had some marked peculiarities. One of these was a tendency to look upon small failings with a less charitable eye than upon greater sins.

Punctuality was his hobby, and Harry had received many admonitions from him upon the necessity of acquiring that virtue, so that he fully understood the colonel's views and requirements upon it.

Nine o'clock was the hour the young man was expected to take his seat in the office, and during the first few months of his employment he had not failed to be at his work at that time. Twice during the previous week, however, he had been late. The second time the colonel had expressed great displeasure, and Harry felt very loth to encounter such a rebuke again.

He drew a long breath of relief when, upon entering the office this morning, he found his employer was not there. The colonel, who kept early hours, was generally at his desk by seven o'clock, but he

frequently left the office before Harry's arrival.

"If he went out before nine o'clock, he will probably never know of this last piece of negligence of mine," thought Harry, as he took his chair. With thankfulness for his narrow escape, however, came also a twinge of compunction. "I declare I won't let such a thing as this happen again! The old gentleman isn't far wrong when he says such carelessness is inexorable."

Then he betook himself to his daily tasks with more than usual diligence to atone, so far as he might, for his delinquency. Half an hour later the colonel entered. His manner grave, but he exchanged greetings with Harry in his usual friendly way. Looking around with a vexed and disappointed air, he asked,—

"Has there been a man here to see me?"

"No, sir."

The colonel took his seat at his desk without further remarks, and Harry thought, "I am safe this time," and continued his work with a lighter heart.

The bells were ringing at noon before the colonel spoke again. It was his custom to remain in the office until Harry had dined and returned, and to-day, as Harry was making preparation for departure, he looked up from his work and asked, rather abruptly,—

"At what hour did you leave home this morning, Welsh?"

"At a quarter of nine, sir," replied Harry, remembering his mother's words as he left the house.

"It takes you about ten minutes to walk down here?"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, with heightened color.

"I was called out of the office unexpectedly a little before nine this morning," continued the colonel. "Poor old Mr. Roberts had a paralytic stroke, and his wife sent for me to help to get him from the shop to his bed. I did not like to leave, as I had told Dan Shaw to meet me here at nine o'clock. I need not have troubled myself, however, for, as usual, the rascal forgot the appointment, as he forgets everything else he ought to attend to. I could hardly have missed him, I think. It was about a quarter of nine when I was called out but you, I presume, were here when the hour struck?"

The colonel paused inquiringly. Harry was too much dismayed to pause for thought. His present predicament was far worse than the earlier one. It would have been had enough to plead guilty to a third case of unpunctuality within a week; but now, the prevaricating answers he had given would justly have subjected him to a far severer reprimand. The colonel waited an answer. There was no time for consideration, and Harry answered,—

"Yes, sir."

Nothing more was said, and the next moment the lad was in the street, his cheeks burning, his eyes filled with remorseful tears, feeling more heartily ashamed of himself than ever he had felt in all his honest young life before.

He reviewed the situation very thoroughly on his homeward walk. Conscience cried loudly, "Confess your sin at once, and ask forgiveness." Pride promptly rejoined, "What good would that do! The lie has been told. Confession now would bring shame, and do no good."

Not to confess seemed less painful than confession would be, so he concluded to remain silent. "I'll never be guilty of such a falsehood again," was his energetic conclusion. "But nobody shall know of this if I can help it." Then he tried to cast the affair out of his mind.

Meanwhile, at the office, Col. Holcomb pursued his work for some time after his clerk's departure. He was aroused by the opening of the outer door, and raising his eyes, saw before him a tall, haggard man with bloodshot eyes, unshaven chin and general seediness of aspect. He was perfectly sober, however, and albeit as he looked, poor wretch, he walked towards the colonel's desk with a composure and self-respect he had seldom felt of late years.

"Found you this time, have I, colonel?" said he, in a tone which, though familiar, was perfectly respectful. "Taint a likely story to tell, and there ain't many folks would believe if I did tell it, that you and me made an appointment, and you broke it."

The stern glance the colonel had turned towards the stranger when he first entered,

changed now to a look of undisguised contempt.

"It is scarcely worth while to incur the sin of falsehood to cover your lack of punctuality, Shaw. You wish me to believe, I suppose, that you came to the office this morning, and did not find me?" "That's just what I did," rejoined the man, his red face growing visibly redder. "I was here before nine, and dangled my legs on yon high stool for a good quarter-hour. Then, as I had a little job of work to attend to, I concluded I'd better go, and give your honor another call when you had more time to talk to me."

The colonel bent his clear gray eyes sharply upon his visitor. "You were here this morning at nine o'clock, you say?"

"That's just what I was; that is, if your clock yonder don't lie, for it struck while I was here waiting."

"If you could not wait why did you not leave a message for me with my clerk?"

"There was no clerk to leave it with. There wasn't a soul in the office the whole time I was here."

"That will do, Shaw," said the colonel, sternly. "I will not listen to any more falsehoods. I know positively that the office has not been left unoccupied for a longer time than ten minutes since seven this morning. Your excuses are mere fabrications, and the little faith I was beginning to place in your promises of reform I have lost. I had a good place for you, but after the specimen of your untruthfulness you have given to-day, you cannot have a recommendation of help from me. You may go, sir; I have no further use for you."

The poor wretch endeavored to expostulate and explain; but the colonel would not listen, and he left the office in despair.

Harry Welsh returned to his work at the usual time. Col. Holcomb made no allusion to the interview he had just had, and after a few days Harry concluded that his misdemeanor was a thing of the past.

Something like a week later, Mr. Whitlow, the proprietor of a neighboring store, came into the office where the colonel and his clerk were working together.

"Have you heard of the tragedy in 'Irish-town'?" Nancy Lawson was just in the store and gave the particulars.

"No, I have not heard," said the colonel.

"Dan Shaw has committed suicide, she tells me."

"Poor wretch!" said the colonel, in tones of genuine compassion. "I hope his lot in another world may be better than it has been in this."

"It couldn't well be worse," rejoined Mr. Whitlow. "He has been a hard drinker, as every one knows, but Nancy tells me that the temperance folks got hold of him a few weeks ago, and to so good a purpose that for a while it really seemed as though he were going to reform. He had been steady and eager to do whatever work he could obtain, until a little more than a week ago, when he suddenly broke down, and seemed to have lost all heart. He declared that the world was against him, and that no one would trust or believe him, no matter how hard he tried to do right. After that he took to drink again worse than ever. Last night, it seems, he mixed laudanum with his whiskey, and put an end to all his earthly troubles."

Col. Holcomb had thrown down his pen, and was now sitting back in his chair with a very troubled expression of countenance.

"Do you know, Whitlow, I am afraid I am somewhat to blame for this, yet, God knows, I meant well by poor Dan, and if I could have conscientiously served him, I would have done so. I had heard of his taking the blue ribbon. Some of the ladies of the Methodist Church spoke to me about him, asking me to help him to a job of work now and then."

"I said I would, and happening a day or two later to hear of an opening that I thought he might fill, I made an appointment with him to meet me here last—let me see—what day was it I spoke to you about him, Welsh?"

"A week ago last Wednesday, sir," replied Harry, remembering the day only too well.

"Yes; I told him to come to me here at nine o'clock sharp. I was called out unexpectedly just before that time, but Welsh was here at nine, and we neither of us saw or heard anything of him. In the afternoon of the same day he called, and coolly declared that he was here at nine o'clock, and found no one in."

"He said he waited fifteen minutes or so,

and as no one came in, he went off. I never heard a lie told with such unhesitating fluency. I think I should really have believed him, if I had not been assured by Harry here that he was in the office when the clock struck nine, the very moment that Shaw positively declared he was here himself. Of course so barefaced a falsehood irritated me, and I sent him about his business pretty roughly, I am afraid. I am sorry now for the manner in which I dismissed him, but for the act itself it seems to me I was hardly to blame."

"Most other men would have done the same," replied Mr. Whitlow, and soon after took his departure.

After a moment's sober meditation, Col. Holcomb took up his pen and was about to resume work, when an exclamation, half-sob, half-groan, drew his attention to his clerk. The lad was lying forward upon the table, his face hidden in his outstretched arms, so silent and motionless that the colonel got frightened, and advanced quickly to his side.

"What is the trouble?" he cried; "are you ill?"

Harry raised a white, haggard face. "I am not ill, Col. Holcomb," he said. "I wish I was; I wish I were dead. I shall never have a happy moment again as long as I live."

"If your body is not affected, your mind certainly is," said the colonel, now seriously alarmed. "Here! I will get you a glass of water."

"No," said Harry, "I do not need it; I can tell you in a moment what the trouble is;" he paused to gather resolution, then continued rapidly, "It was not poor Dan Shaw who lied to you the other day, Col. Holcomb—it was I. It was ten minutes past nine when I entered the office, and so far as I know, Shaw's story was true—every word of it."

The colonel fell back a step or two, his face growing dark with dismay and indignation. "Can it be possible?" he cried; "have I been so deceived in you? Do you know that, if the thing you accuse yourself of is true, you are responsible before God for?"

"Don't say it! Don't say it!" cried Harry, grasping his arm; and softened in spite of himself by the agony in the boy's voice,—the white misery of his face,—the colonel paused in his denunciations, adding soberly, a moment later,—

"I also am to blame. I should not have been so one-sided—so hasty in judgment."

A pause ensued, broken at last by Harry's quavering voice. "Do you think it is certainly true? Is there no hope that the story is false, or at least exaggerated?"

The colonel turned abruptly to the table where his hat and cane were lying. "We will soon find out. Get your hat and we will go together to see if anything can yet be done for the poor fellow."

Harry mutely obeyed. Together the two traversed the narrow streets that led to that portion of the town inhabited by the lowest class of its population. The house they sought was a miserable shanty around which a crowd was gathered. As the colonel approached, a woman whom he recognized as the old wash-woman, Nancy Lawson, saluted him, and he stopped to ask a few questions.

"I have heard that Dan Shaw is dead. Do you know whether the report is true?"

"An' what else could it be, an' him with laudanum enough inside him to poison a regiment?"

Harry clutched the colonel's arm for support. "He lived here, I believe; can we go in to see him?"

"I'm afraid not, your Honor; the doctor has been there for an hour or more, an' he turned every sowl of us out of doors as soon as he came."

"What doctor is with him?"

"It's Burnett the bye brought, though the pore crathur of a wife yonder sent him for O'Brien."

Even while the woman spoke the door of the house opened, and Dr. Burnett himself appeared.

"Is Mrs. Shaw there? I should like her to come in, if she is."

A woman, weeping vociferously, came forward, assisted by officious friends, all of whom the doctor summarily dismissed. His face brightened as he caught a glimpse of Col. Holcomb; "Hello, colonel! I'm glad to see you here; come in please."

The colonel entered the house leading Harry with him, though upon the latter the doctor looked somewhat askance,

"What is the truth of this sad story?" asked the colonel. "Is it as bad as we have heard?"

"It is bad enough. Poor Dan drank himself into delirium tremens, and then tried to put an end to his sufferings and his life at once. Fortunately, though the dose he took was enough to have killed an ox, it was too much for a human stomach to stand. I have been doing my best to help nature, and I believe between us, we shall put him through yet. At all events, he is still alive."

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried Harry, and burst into a hearty fit of crying.

"Thank God!" echoed the colonel, reverently, and then gave, in as few words as possible, such an explanation to Dr. Burnett as made their extreme interest in poor Dan intelligible, without betraying that Harry's share in the wrong done was greater than his own.

"I am glad that the poor fellow—from any cause—has found friends," said the doctor. "Dan is not a bad sort of a fellow if he can be weaned from the whiskey bottle. I believe that this spell will make a better man of him if he can survive it, and I think he will if he has proper care."

Proper care he had, as it is hardly necessary to say. A patient, tireless watcher in Harry Welsh, a liberal provider of all necessary comforts in Col. Holcomb; and after a long illness, Dan Shaw fulfilled Dr. Burnett's prediction, and arose from his bed a wiser man.

The consequences of the lie told by Harry Welsh were not so terrible as they had threatened to be, but the lesson they taught him is likely to last for a lifetime.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER.

"Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof" (Joshua xxiii. 14). "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread" (Psalm xxxvii. 25).

It was piercingly cold, a sharp east wind seeming to cut through to one's very bones, the dust was flying in clouds. Altogether it was a most miserable day. Hard at work breaking stones by the roadside was an aged man.

It was just noon, and as he rose from his occupation to eat his frugal dinner, which had been tied up by his old wife with loving care in a red cotton handkerchief, you might perceive he was nearly bent double, for Jamie Dawson was a martyr to rheumatism, which the severe weather was making exceedingly painful. He had a fine face and well-shaped head. His features were good, though they looked rather large, he was so thin. The expression of his countenance was calm and dignified, and as he moved toward a sheltered spot to eat his meal, his white hair floating in the wind, he muttered to himself, "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Yes, yes, it is His word, and "He is faithful," he exclaimed in a louder tone. "Oh Jamie, surely you are not going to begin doubting the Friend who has never failed you these 'threescore years and ten.' And a slight cough tinged his pale cheek, as if ashamed of the thought, "but my poor boy, it is hard to lose you," and the old face quivered with strong feeling, and tear after tear rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

The meal despatched, he returned to his work till evening.

We shall follow old Jamie Dawson to his dwelling, his stiff and feeble limbs heavily mounting the steep hillside.

His cottage was a mere hovel, but once inside it was so clean and tidy that it looked quite a nice little home, and it was the dread of leaving that home that was agitating him, but still more bitter than losing it would be the parting with the faithful companion of a lifetime; the placid, decent old woman, awaiting his return, seated by her bright hearth and cheerful little fire.

Jamie Dawson and his old Betty had served God for many a year. Numerous trials had been theirs, poverty, sickness, all their dear children but one taken from them, some of them grown up men and women; the only one left to cheer and solace their old age being the one whose constant ill-health had promised an early grave.

What a blessing that feeble life had been to them! The old father and mother had known no want while the clever workman

plied his needle seated at the tailor's board; but the tears were flowing, because intelligence had just reached them that his faithful "servant" while engaged in his daily task had suddenly been called away.

Jamie was very old, he could earn but little; Betty was feeble and infirm, but the work and the trifling parish pay, with that good son's help, had hitherto sufficed; now the workhouse was in prospect, and separation from each other.

The next day Jamie's rheumatism would not allow him to move from the snug fire-side. His Bible was before him, and he read to his partner promise after promise of their Heavenly Father, and they comforted each other with many a reminiscence of past mercies and wonderful deliverances.

Just then a cheery voice was heard at the cottage door, and the parson's big, rough dog bounded in for the welcome Betty always gave him.

"Ah, Jamie, I was sure the rheumatics had pinched you and pinned you home to-day; but what a fire! it makes one cold to look at it." Soon the parson plunged into the object of his visit—some coals to be given away, and they were to have a share, and then there was "a little trifling help" from a friend, sent to those who were of the same "household of faith."

Gladly would Mr. Pierce, the vicar, have kept the old people in their cottage, providing for their few wants, but a family of nine children and a small income made it impossible. He could give little more than his sympathy and prayers, and he could promise nothing beyond occasional help from friends.

He was deeply pained at their trouble. "Let us tell Jesus," said he before they parted. "Joshua at the end of his pilgrimage could say that 'God had never failed him!' David bore the same testimony, and all the other saints mentioned in the Bible, and why should not you?" and they knelt and prayed as those only can who know they are speaking to a friend. Then the little gift the vicar's good wife always contrived to save out of her poverty was bestowed, and he was gone. This visit greatly refreshed the old saints; it told them that, though God for the moment was hiding His face, they were neither forsaken nor forgotten by Him.

God was His own interpreter, and He would make it plain.

And so the day passed. The warm fire which they might now indulge in, and the comfortable meal provided, were taken in token of His faithfulness.

But their faith was to be sorely tried. The attack of rheumatism proved to be a very severe one, and at last the parish officer came to say that "no more outdoor relief would be given them, and they must go into the workhouse."

Betty was now the comforter. "Never mind, Jamie," she would say, "we shall not be parted for long, we are bound for the same home, and we shall soon meet to part no more." It must all be well. Let us not doubt him at the end."

But the prospect of being parted from his faithful wife was a terrible trial to the poor old man. He wept, he agonized, he prayed, till at length he could say from his heart, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Then, like Abraham of old, when the will was given up, the spirit resigned, the lesson learned, the voice was heard saying, "It is enough."

Again Mr. Pierce was at the cottage with a letter he had received from William Dawson's fellow-workmen. Out of a fund they had among themselves they had forwarded to the clergyman quite a nice sum of money to which they had added the proceeds of a concert which they had held out of respect to the memory of a companion whose consistent walk and filial piety had won the esteem and admiration even of those who did not follow his example.

The gift was also accompanied by another letter, addressed to the old pair, telling how these fellow-workmen had valued their son, and expressing their wish to fulfill as far as possible what they knew was an object dear to his heart, namely, to provide for his aged parents. This letter was written by one of them in a coarse and homely style, which conveyed their meaning only the more clearly on that account to the old people, and was signed by all William's mates.

And now there was no more the workhouse to dread; a few friends added a little more to the fund, and the old pilgrims found that at "evening time it was light." They had trusted God when trouble

pressed hard upon them, and now they could set their seal to the verse at the head of this narrative, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you" (Joshua xxiii. 14); "For He is faithful that promised" (Heb. x. 23).—*Mary Inman, in British Messenger.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 5.—Acts 27: 1, 2, 14-26.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Much preparation will be needed for this lesson. The teacher should thoroughly "get up" all the nautical details of the voyage,—which, if worthy to be recorded in an inspired book, must certainly be worthy of being studied by readers of that book.—*Eugene Stock.*

I. The voyage (vers. 1-13). Trace this out on the map, with the aid of the *Journal* given in the *Introduction*.

II. The tempest (vers. 14-20), with its dangers and discomforts; the power and teachings of the sea; the vain efforts to resist its force.

III. God in the storm, revealed through His servant (vers. 21-26.)

Paul praying. All the more because he had God's promise to sustain him. We here naturally think of the beautiful stanza of the Greek hymn of Anatolius (d. 458), containing the word *Euroclydon*:
Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest!
Wall of *Euroclydon*, be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be, darkness must fly,
Where's in the Light of light, Peace! it is I!

Paul the means of saving the others. As ten righteous men would have saved Sodom. The power of a good person, or of a few good people, who live their religion. The time of trouble makes their religion to shine the clearer.

Good cheer from God, through faith in His word.

Illustration. A good man said that he rested on three pillows: God's love, God's wisdom, and God's power.

Illustration. A late sermon says that there are three ways of thinking about God: (1) He has been considered as a lofty and glorious King; (2) as a supreme Governor, holy and just, but without heart; (3) the true way is to interpret God by His Fatherhood. Now as a matter of fact, we need all these ways of thinking about God. The glory of his fatherhood is that he is such a Father; that the King of glory, the One who governs all things, He is our Father, and loves us and cares for us.—*P.*

IV. Applications. (1) To the storm of trouble; (2) to the storm of sin. We cannot save ourselves. With all our efforts the tempest is too strong for us. Only God can help; only God can save. He sends His word and His ministers to us, with His promises, and looking to Him there is good cheer.

PREMATURE DEATHS.

Strong men lose their lives by imprudent acts, while the weak, compelled to take care of themselves, often live to old age. Few men live as long as they should, because few abstain from violating some law of health. The late Dr. Marion Sims, the founder of the Woman's Hospital in New York, said that most men die prematurely, even when they die of old age.

Among these premature deaths he mentions that of Peter Cooper, who imprudently exposed himself at the age of ninety-three, took cold, and died of pneumonia. Capt. Labouche, who died a few years ago in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven, also died prematurely from a cold caused by imprudent exposure.

Dr. Sims says that his own father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight, because he did what he ought not to have done. One hot day in July, he rode thirty miles in the saddle. Having stabled his horse, he began chopping wood.

Suddenly the axe dropped from his hands, and he was paralyzed. The long ride in the sun had overheated and fatigued his body. The violent chopping overtaxed heart and lungs, and threw the blood too forcibly to the brain. A blood-vessel in the brain gave way, letting out the blood, which, forming a clot, produced paralysis.

"As all this occurred as the result of an imprudent and unnecessary act," says Dr. Sims, "I am justified in saying that my father died prematurely at the age of seventy-eight; for I am sure that without

this he would have lived to be ninety-five, as his grandfather did before him."

The strength of the strong is often their weakness, while the feebleness of the weak is their strength.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUZZLES.

ANAGRAMS.

Into my arm,
Red nuts and gin,
Cart horse,
New door.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Mountains, lakes, towns, etc., of New England.

An animal island; an animal lake; a buried city; useful for table service; a cathedral city; ready for a ride; an important part of a picnic; a gentleman of fine manners; part of an animal; a lively head; a kind of grass; a remarkably intelligent tree; an important public building in London; a famous novel; running water requested to speak; a place that is supposed to be at the other end of the world; useful but not agreeable salt; agreement; a mount of dried grass; a good kind of carpet; a noble man; a day of English racing; a field quite homely; belonging to no one, excepting, it may be, to a woman; a city evidently much interested in the tariff; famous for cutlery; a fruit; a queen's palace; a meadow of considerable extent; lakes of a bird; a river with no life in it; a field without any Winter; an excellent kind of apple; a famous castle in England; the field of an artisan; a pretty hard head; a good place to go for decorations at Christmas time.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. Tax. 2. Old. 3. To guard. 4. A current.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a voracious sea fish, and leave a word denoting attention.
2. Behead it again, and leave the repository of the covenant of God with the Jews.
3. Behead an inhabitant of the ocean, and leave anything that is healthy. Behead again, and leave a kind of liquor.
4. Behead one of the esculent grains, and leave concreted sugar.
5. Behead a buffoon, and leave an indefinite quantity.
6. Behead a testament, and leave wickedness.
7. Behead the pope, and leave a kind of monkey.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE—Chandeller (Shandy Lear).

COUNDRUM.—Each requires a staff.

ANAGRAMS.—Broath.

Worth.

Sury foot.

Revolution.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.—1, tea; 2, coffee; 3, cream; 4, sugar; 5, hash; 6, toast; 7, quail; 8, oatmeal; 9, rolls; 10, fish; 11, bread; 12, pork; 13, beef; 14, egg; 15, liver; 16, butter; 17, potato; 18, melon; 19, pickle; 20, pie; 21, honey.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Benjamin Hamford, Eusebe Corneau, Willie D. Jamieson, Leroy Hicks, Lillian Gerwin and John Hunter.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.—A boiled bread pudding is not so common a dish as a baked one, but it is equally nice. Let one pint and a half of milk come to a boil, and pour it over three-quarters of a pint of fine bread crumbs. While this is cooling, beat four eggs very light, add sugar to your taste with a third of a cup of butter, a teaspoonful of currants, cherries or raisins, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg; then when the milk has ceased to be scalding add these to it, beat well together, and put it into a buttered basin or pudding dish; tie a cloth over the top, set it into a kettle of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour and a half. A tin pail is better than a basin; for by its use there is less likelihood of burning your hand. Have the tea-kettle on the stove, so that the water can be replenished, and the boiling of the pudding not for a moment suspended.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—Half cup of butter, creamed, one and a half cups of sugar, half cup of milk, half teaspoonful of almond, and cup of cornstarch, one and a half cups of pastry flour half teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, whites of six eggs. Mix in the order given, and bake in a moderate oven.

THE WEEK.

THE CZAR has decreed that his authority must be formally acknowledged by every Catholic clergyman in the empire, as higher than that of the Pope. If anyone refuses, he will not be allowed to carry on his religious functions. Rome and Russia are now at open enmity.

A NUMBER OF WOMEN, who conducted public prayer meetings, all last Friday, in front of certain saloons in Marlboro', N.Y., have been arrested on the complaint of the saloon-keepers. No doubt, earnest prayer and a flourishing rum trade cannot exist together.

SIR HARRY PARKES, one of Britain's leading diplomats, has just died. He was from 1865 till 1883 the Ambassador to Japan, and was successful in getting that country opened both to commerce and to mission work. Since then he has been Ambassador to China, and his death took place at the capital, Peking.

THERE IS SOME TALK of attempting to save Gen. Grant's life by cutting out his tongue: but it is not certain that such an operation would have the desired result.

THE RAILWAYS in various parts, especially in Canada, were very much blocked by snow-drifts on Saturday. A telegram from Petersburg, Virginia, says that snow was falling there all day on Sunday. Passengers from Huntingdon to Montreal,—a distance of fifty miles,—took two days on the journey.

A TERRIBLE fire took place in Chicago, on Saturday evening, when the Langham hotel and an adjoining building were burned. Five lives were destroyed—including those of three firemen crushed by a falling wall. The damage done to property is estimated at \$350,000.

"ONE YEAR IN PRISON" is the sentence just awarded in Ireland to Patrick Leary, who was concerned in an attempt to blow up Millstreet Barracks. He was only the tool of worse men, or his sentence would have been far heavier.

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE of the evil that may be done to superstitious people by fortune-tellers and other impostors reaches us from Denver, Colorado. Mrs. Westall is the wife of an engineer on the South Park Railway—a very mountainous line. About ten days ago, during the absence of the husband with his train, a gypsy fortune-teller called upon Mrs. Westall, and after repeated entreaties was permitted to tell the lady's fortune. The gypsy, among other things, said that unless Mr. Westall was immediately taken from duty on the road he would be killed in an accident that afternoon. The gypsy related so many things which Mrs. Westall knew to be true that she believed the story about her husband's impending peril. She made an attempt to reach her husband by telegraph, but failed, and during the night and the next day she became raving mad and has not recovered. The gypsy cannot be found, and her motive can only be guessed at. Mr. Westall's friends think that the woman was paid for her work by enemies who wanted him to leave his situation.

THE new German territory in New Guinea has been called "Emperor William's Land."

AN ASSASSINATION SOCIETY, for the "removal" of horse thieves and incendiaries, has been exposed in Willbarger Co., Texas. Twenty-three citizens, many of them prominent in society, have been arrested. Three of the marked men had already been killed.

THE wife of James Stephens, the well-known Fenian, who was recently expelled from France, says he is destitute and dying at Mons, in Belgium. Several prominent Irishmen are subscribing for his support.

EGYPT is in a bad way financially. To help her out, six of the powers have guaranteed the interest on a new loan of \$45,000,000. The interest on old loans is to be reduced to five per cent, and on Suez Canal shares to 2½ per cent. Europeans in Egypt are no longer to be exempt from taxation.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE, it is said, has already suffered to the extent of \$75,000,000 by the war with France.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, heir to the British throne, has been initiated a Freemason.

MORMON MISSIONARIES are actively engaged in Montana.

SUSAN WARNER, author of "The Wide, Wide World" and other well-known books, has died at the age of 68.

THE Duke of Connaught, better known as Prince Arthur, is said to be the next Viceroy of Ireland.

ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY lives have been lost by a colliery explosion at Camp-hansen, in Germany.

A FRENCH CANADIAN was arrested two years ago in Nova Scotia, and handed over to the United States to be tried for murder in Massachusetts. He has at last been acquitted; but during his confinement all his property was sold and he lost everything; his mother died of grief, and his sister has gone mad. The Dominion Government is now applying to the President, to ask the Massachusetts Legislature for compensation to the released prisoner.

THE FARMERS of Southern Manitoba complain that the promised railway communication has never been given them. Mr. Stephen, President of the Canadian Pacific, again promises to extend branch lines if he succeeds in making arrangements with the Government.

TURKEY has an insurrection of her Albanian subjects to deal with just now. The cause has not been made very clear, but there is never any reason for surprise at a rebellion against Turkish rulers. Several fights have already taken place, and 250 Turks and forty Albanians have been killed.

THE GOVERNMENT of Prince Edward Island is going to appeal to the Imperial Government to compel the Canadian Government to carry out the conditions on which the colony came into Confederation.

QUEEN VICTORIA is perhaps going to visit Aix-les-Bains; she refuses to accept a military guard offered her by the French Government.

LORD GRANVILLE, the British Foreign Secretary, recently asked the United States Government to prosecute the persons who published an offer of reward for the body of the Prince of Wales, dead or alive. The reply has just been received from Secretary Bayard, in which he assures the Government of Great Britain that the present administration will do everything possible to suppress overt acts of hostility against any friendly government. The question is—what does Secretary Bayard consider an "overt act"?

THE PRESIDENT of Costa Rica has been authorized to defend the country against the troops of Guatemala. Mexican troops are also preparing to check the ambitious President of the latter republic.

A CURIOUS TRIAL, something like the famous Tichborne case in England, has just been decided at Ahmedabad, after no less than four years' litigation. A young Brahmin and his wife went on a pilgrimage, during which he totally disappeared, and has not been heard of since. Soon after, the widow suddenly pretended to recognize her lost husband in a devotee who lived on the banks of the Nerbudda. The religious man owned to the soft impeachment, set up house with the lady, and proceeded to make free use of her property. The jealous relatives, however, doubted his identity and brought the question into court. One of the most conclusive pieces of evidence against the impostor, was that he had completely forgotten to speak or understand English, in which the real Brahmin had passed a creditable examination. The trial illustrates the temptations offered by the Indian custom forbidding widows to marry again.

SUNDAY was the 88th birthday of the German Emperor, and was celebrated with universal festivities.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS have just been sent to the Irish National League by its Detroit branch, "for parliamentary purposes."

THAT UNKNOWN LAND to the north of China,—the Corea,—has lately been the scene of some sort of rebellion. It has now been the scene of a most barbarous punishment inflicted by the rulers. Advice received in San Francisco state that the father, mother, wife and children of three leading members of the independent party in Corea, and eleven of their Korean sympathizers, were hanged at the palace gates on February 3rd. The parents, wives and children of four of these sympathizers were hanged at the same time.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of Edinburgh have been to Berlin, and have been associating on the most friendly terms with the German Royal family.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, one of the largest owners of property in the British capital, has ordered a reduction of ten per cent in all his London rents.

A MARRIAGE OF DWARFS.—The widow of the late General "Tom Thumb" is going to be married again, and her second husband, an Italian count, is about the same size as her first. The ceremony, the New York Herald says, will take place on Easter Monday in the Church of the Holy Trinity in that city. Cards of invitation will be forwarded to the mutual friends of the contracting parties, the Italian and French consuls, the Mayor and a few others. None but those to whom invitations are sent will be permitted to witness the ceremony, as the desire of both Mrs. General Tom Thumb and Count Magri is to avoid, as much as possible, any great public display, and to have the affair conducted in a manner and style befitting the future domestic life they are to lead in Italy, for which country they will shortly depart. The groomsmen and bridesmaid will be Miss Lucy Adams and Major Newell, the husband of the late Minnie Warren.

A LARGE PORTION of the New Jersey State Capitol, at Trenton, was burned on Saturday morning. The fire, which began with an explosion, did immense damage to the offices and the museum, though fortunately the most valuable relics had been sent to the New Orleans Exhibition.

THE BOSTON MACHINE Company's works have been burned, including the largest lathe in the country—and the loss amounts to \$250,000.

THE MAYOR and Town Council of Cork have decided to take no notice of the Prince of Wales when he visits their city. The loyal minority of Councillors, like their brethren at Dublin, are going to perform the duties of hospitality.

ANOTHER lion tamer has met the fate so often awarded to folly. This man, who called himself Zeth, was going through his usual performances in a circus at Vienna, when one of the lions sprang upon him, and killed and ate the man before help could be obtained.

A LETTER expressing the appreciation of the British Islanders for the offers of military assistance made by the colonies, has already been signed by thousands. When a few million signatures have been obtained, copies of the letter will be sent to all the British Colonies.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS is going to authorize the British Government to raise a loan of \$52,000,000 for the building of railways in India and South Africa.

THE NATIONAL birthday present to Prince Bismarck will probably be the Schonhausen estate, which used to belong to his ancestors.

THE MORMONS are now thinking of wiping out the doctrine of polygamy from their creed, at the spring conference of the church. They are beginning to see that "discretion is the better part of valor."

CHOOSING WIVES by proxy is not quite a new proceeding, but it is not often that a batch of two dozen wives can be chosen at one time, and all turn out satisfactory. According to the Philadelphia Times, twenty-five brawny looking young men and twenty-five red-cheeked young women, the latter wearing high-topped boots, passed through that city from New York for Mauch Chunk on the Reading Railway the other evening. The young men are miners in Carbon County. They originally came from Hungary; so did the young women. The young men, who wanted to get married, sent an agent to Hungary three months ago to get them wives. The fair-haired girls were all strangers to the young men until they met them on the arrival of the steamer "Werra" at Castle Garden on Sunday. They were all married in New York before starting for the coal regions.

THE WRONG CORPSES.—From Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, comes a curious story of the insurrection in the Bhamo district of independent Burma. During the recent siege of the fortified town of Bhamo, the Chinese residents, who form a large part of the population and live largely by themselves, were reduced to famine. They sent an envoy to make terms with the commander of the Burmese army besieging the place. The latter offered the Chinese \$1,700 and permission to pillage Bhamo on condition that they would evacuate the town and deliver up to the two leaders of the place. The Chinese answered that they would accept the Burmese commander's terms if he would simply so alter them as to allow the leaders to be delivered dead, the reason given being that the men could not possibly be taken alive. To this the commander assented, and not long afterward he received the bodies of two dead men, as he had expected. It was soon discovered that the Chinese took their pay, but made no attempt to carry out their contract. They had stolen the corpses of two fever victims, and after hacking them up with knives sent them to the Burmese commander, who paid the price he had agreed to give for the bodies of the rebel chiefs!

IN FIGHTS with the Chinese at Kelung, on the 4th and 8th of March, the French lost 198 men killed and wounded.

THE MAHDI'S followers are reported to be deserting him in large numbers. The Madir of Dongola is practically showing the Mahdi that if he thinks he is going to be let alone all through the hot weather he is very much mistaken.

THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT received \$226,146 from liquor licenses in the year ending with last June. Montreal district alone contributed \$151,654. The number of licensed hotels was 983, with 1026 retail liquor stores and 309 restaurants, in the Province.

THE ONTARIO MILLERS, at a meeting of their association in Toronto, have protested to the government that the duty on flour should be raised to 75 cents a barrel, if only to make it equivalent to the duty on wheat.

THE TRIAL of Wilkinson, Bunting and Meek, on a charge of conspiring to bribe legislators, begins at Toronto on Monday.

EDWIN J. PLELPS, of Vermont, is going to replace Mr. Lowell as United States Ambassador to Britain. Robert McClane, of Maryland, goes in a similar capacity to France, and George Pendleton, of Ohio, to Germany.

SENATOR JOHN SIMPSON died on Sunday, at Bowmanville. He was born in Rothes, Scotland, in 1812, and came to Canada in 1816. He was the first President of the Ontario Bank, and was a Liberal member of the Legislative Assembly from 1856 until Confederation, when he entered the Senate.

ONE OF THE VOYAGEURS, on returning from Egypt to his home at Como, Que., was presented with a watch by his friends, to show their appreciation of his spirit in volunteering for the service of the Empire.

THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT is passing a bill to change the boundaries of two of Montreal's three electoral divisions. The two representatives concerned do not mind, but they claim that Montreal, in proportion to its population, should have seven representatives in the Provincial Legislature.

MISS CLEVELAND, sister of the American President, and now the "first lady in the Union," is a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She will need a good deal of moral courage and strength to uphold her principles in her new position. The Inauguration Ball, to begin with, was the scene of an enormous consumption of wine and champagne, and the most disgraceful scenes were enacted by men who hold high positions in the land.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, was called a witness in a murder case in South Carolina, last week. He is the son of a deacon in the church. The coroner began by asking him:

"Do you know what it is to take an oath?"

"No, sir."

"Who made you?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you ever hear of God?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear of the devil?"

"No, sir."

"Do you go to church or Sunday-school?"

"No, sir."

His testimony was not taken.

His father tries to explain matters by saying that the boy had not been at home since infancy.

THE ANGLORUSSIAN war cloud is still dark and threatening. The British have a large army ready on the frontier, to be poured into Afghanistan if Russia decides on war. Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, is going to have a conference with the Ameer of Afghanistan.

A TAVERN-KEEPER at Goderich, Ont., has been arrested on a charge of stealing ballot-boxes in the recent Scott Act election.

THE FOX AND THE HAWK.—The West Chester Record tells of a singular circumstance that was witnessed by a number of members of the West Chester Fox Hunt, on the Bailey farm, in East Bradford Township, Pennsylvania. The hunt, with its pack of hounds, had been out for some time in search of a fox without success, and had stopped in sight of a sunny bank covered with tall dead grass while the dogs went to scour it. As they stood watching their movements a large red-tail hawk suddenly made a descent from a lofty height as if to pick up some prey upon the bank. It had scarcely struck the grass when up jumped a large red fox from the very spot where it had appeared to strike, and then the bird again soared aloft. Immediately the dogs and hunters were off after B-synard, and a hot chase ensued—not fruitful, however, as the fox finally gave its pursuers the slip after a long run.

THE MEDICAL STUDENTS of Dublin have stolen the Mansion Flag, so that the Lord Mayor should not carry out his threat to lower it when the Prince of Wales arrives.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

It is thought most probable that the government (or the Canadian Pacific, which amounts to much the same thing) will buy the North Shore Railway between Quebec and Montreal.

The Minister of Agriculture's report states that 166,596 immigrants came into the Dominion last year,—against 206,898 in 1883, 193,150 in 1882, and 117,016 in 1881. The number of persons who went to Manitoba and the North West last year was 30,265; deducting 6,625, who are reported as having gone to the United States, the total number of North Western settlers for the year is 23,640. Charitable societies brought in 2011 immigrants,—mostly children; the number for 1883 was 1218. The amount paid for immigration for the year amounted to \$380,302.

A new election in West Northumberland will take place on the 7th of April.

READERS' CORNER.

(To the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—I like the Messenger, it gives news from all parts, in short and plain paragraphs. It is the cheapest and best moral reform paper I know of. It deals fairly with all questions and advocates pure gospel principles. It is free from all objectionable fiction and evil insinuations. It is interesting and instructive to old and young, and perfectly harmless in all its teaching. I really should be lonesome without it, weekly. Its uncompromising war against rum and its degrading effects renders it a pioneer in the cause of human redemption from the evils of our time. Your struggles will be remembered in the future as those who toiled in the cause of liberty from a greater bondage than was our Southern slavery. May good angels bless you.

Yours Respectfully,

CHANCY L'EBLE.

Shakers, Albany Co., N.Y., March 1, 1885.

HOW THE ARABS USE WATER.

In the "Waterless Land," says a writer in the Century magazine, water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins, like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tanai, manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with the a, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded "wadis." These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. I was several days from the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at nightfall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: "No, thanks, I drank yesterday." They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.

HINTS ON FURNISHING

I want to offer a few suggestions with reference to the furnishing of a guest chamber. First, let me advise the housekeeper not to be persuaded to spend money for dry goods boxes, pink cambric and dotted muslin, as such furnishing soon becomes extremely unsatisfactory.

If she lives in the country, there are frequently auctions where a bureau, three or four chairs, perhaps some of them bottomless, a sink, a washstand or a small table that might be used for toilet purposes, could be bought for a trifle. I have known all these articles to be sold for less than a dollar. Perhaps a nail or two, or a little glue, may be needed to put them in proper condition for further use. If she lives in a city or village, the auction room is just the place to find what she wishes. It is a good way to remove every vestige of old paint from them by using hot lye. Put a quart or two of ashes and three or four quarts of water in an old kettle, let it boil a few minutes, and apply hot with an old broom, going over the article several times, frequently heating up the lye. The paint will soon yield to the vigorous use of the broom, then wash and rinse thoroughly, and wipe dry, then wet over with vinegar to kill all traces of the lye. I have just removed the paint from the case of an old-fashioned tall clock that has been off duty for nearly forty years, preparatory to having it painted and gilded, when it will occupy a corner in one of our living rooms. In a few days the furniture will be ready for its new dress, which may be cream color with chocolate bands, edged with gold paint, or a delicate shade of pale green with bands to harmonize, or the bands may be omitted. Give two good coats. When thoroughly dry, varnish with best furniture varnish.

I have no doubt but the furniture may be bought and made ready for use, with less money than the cambric and muslin. When completed you will have something pretty and durable, not requiring to be "done up" every year. Perhaps a mirror may be obtained in the same way. The frame may be painted like the furniture or with gold paint.

A small table may be made of a round piece of board, and three old broom handles painted. Tie a ribbon around where the broom handles cross. The tops of the furniture may be covered with oil cloth which resembles marble, it being neatly tacked on underneath.

The chairs may be supplied with seats of sack or board firmly fastened on, then nicely cushioned with pieces of old bed quilt. The piece bag can scarcely fail to supply materials for a variety of pretty coverings for them.

Window shades of bleached cotton with a trimming of lace across the bottom are neat and economical. Before we had blinds, I used to cut common plain certain paper the width of the shade and several inches longer and tack shade and paper together on the roller, roll up as high as I wished, cut the paper off the length of the shade, then fasten to the hem at the bottom with a fine thread or a few pins on the back. Of course, the paper is next the window.

For a carpet straw matting is inexpensive or the floor may be painted, the centre light, with a darker border of a color harmonizing with the color of the furniture. Two or three rugs, would be an improvement.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

"Accidents will happen in the best of families," is an old saying that can be verified by every housekeeper. When sudden injuries or ailments come to a member of the family prompt remedies are required and they should be kept where they can easily be obtained and applied.

The accidents which most frequently occur among children are cuts, bruises and burns and to this list I will add such diseases as croup, cramp, colic, etc. For all these there are a few standard remedies and appliances which every mother may have in readiness for use.

I will suggest these; a small bundle of cotton or linen rags, a few pieces of flannel, a little cotton batting, for ear-ache, etc., and a rolled bandage; this is made of strips of old muslin two inches wide sewed together with ends overlapped, not seamed, then rolled as tightly as possible. The bandage may be from three to twenty yards in length, additions being made from time to time as suitable material is found. This must be kept for severe injuries where complicated bandages may be required. For ordinary cut fingers or toes a supply of rags is easily kept ready.

For cuts, besides the wrappings, we need a package of court plaster, and some vaseline or other healing salve.

For bruises, apply tincture of arnica, but if there be laceration with the bruise use glycerole of arnica in preference.

For severe burns cloths wet in a solution of soda should be quickly applied. For slight burns a mixture of lime water and sweet oil brings speedy relief.

For bee stings or the bites of insects use spirits of ammonia.

For cough or threatening croup, a good cough syrup may be procured from your physician. The use of this, with a hot foot bath, oiling the soles of the feet and the chest, and avoiding exposure will usually prevent an acute attack of croup. Should it come, however, grate a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with molasses and sugar and give. Send for a doctor always in cases of croup, if possible.

For cramp, colic, pleurisy, or any severe pain a mustard plaster is often serviceable. To make it, mix flour and water to a thick paste, spread on a heavy cloth, sprinkle mustard over it, then cover with a thin cloth, such as cambric or mosquito net.

For neuralgia, wring flannel cloths from hot water and apply to the part affected, changing for hot cloths frequently.

For greater convenience in reference, I will place the things I have named in a list. 1, soft rags, cotton and woollen; 2, long bandage roll; 3, cotton; 4, one bottle of glycerole of arnica; 5, one package of court plaster; 6, one box of vaseline, or healing salve; 7, soda in a tin box; 8, one bottle of lime water and sweet oil; 9, one bottle of ammonia; 10, one bottle of cough syrup; 11, one large lump of alum; 12, one box of mustard. All bottles should be plainly labelled.

A good plan is to keep all these things in a box which must always be in its place, and which must not be made a receptacle for old bottles, powders, pill boxes, or any other medical rubbish.—Household.

The Temperance Worker

"INTEMPERANCE IS THE CAUSE OF MORE EVIL THAN WAR, PESTILENCE AND FAMINE COMBINED."—Right Hon. W. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister of Britain.

IN THE ENGLISH workhouses, the custom of dealing out beer to the inmates is by degrees being stopped. Another custom was to give beer to able-bodied paupers in payment for their work, but the Government has put its foot down on that as illegal. Certainly there could be no better way of persuading a pauper to remain one, than by giving him beer! One workhouse master who sent in a bill for \$355, which he had given in beer, has had to pay the sum out of his own pocket.

If You CAN'T shut up a liquor-shop, the next best thing is to take away its customers, and a good deal has been done in this way in the cities of the British Isles. Of course it is not the least use trying to compete with a public house unless your establishment has extra comforts and conveniences and brightness to make up for the absence of the rat in the poisoner. Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms in Glasgow must be of a very cheerful and well managed sort; for besides doing a good paying business it shows the splendid record of 1,400 pledges taken at its bar.

A GOOD IDEA of how the organization of Good Templars has spread over the world may be had by reading this paragraph from the journal of the Scottish Temperance League: "The Good Templar soldiers in the Soudan have held a lodge session three days' journey beyond Dongola. A new naval lodge has just been instituted at Alexandria. The 'Royal Lancers' lodge at Bangalore, India, is starting a juvenile Temple. The Madras Templar is the organ of the Good Templar Grand Lodge at Madras. A new lodge has been formed at the Mauritius, among the Creoles, and will work in the French language. The R. W. G. Templar, Mr. Malins, has just commissioned Mr. Ferdinand de Rou to go to Schleswig-Holstein, to plant the Order there. The new Spanish lodge in Uruguay is the only Spanish tetotal society in the world. There are now three lodges in Finland, and the members are awaiting the sanction of the Russian Emperor to proceed. On New Year's Day the corner-stones of a Good Templar hall were laid at Nassau, in the Bahama Islands."

THE ENEMIES of temperance are plenty, but by misrepresentation they try to make themselves out more numerous than they really are. They have recently published a statement that Cardinal Manning was opposed to prohibiting the liquor trade. A Glasgow gentleman, seeing the statement, wrote to His Eminence about it, and received this answer:

"Archbishop's House, Westminster, S. W.,
"February 14th, 1856.

"SIR.—The statement that men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament is none of mine, but a silly saying of the opponents of the temperance movement. I have often answered it by a saying almost as silly, though capable of being drawn out into very grave truth, namely, 'that men may be made drunk by Act of Parliament,' that is to say, that the present state of the law in respect to the drink traffic gives such enormous facilities to cover the whole face of the country with direct and glaring temptations to intemperance, that Parliament is responsible and culpable in a large measure for the drunkenness that is destroying our people.

"In my belief the only just and adequate remedy for this is Local Option, or Local Veto; that is to say, the people have a right of self-defence.

"You may make any use you like of this reply. Believe me, sir, your faithful Servant,

"HENRY E.—, CARD, MANNING."

It was Cardinal Manning who, only last year, said that no doubt a "Maine Liquor Law" was an extreme remedy, but that the necessity was also extreme.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT,—of the Scott Act, as it is familiarly called from the name of its introducer,—is not the least effective of the many "local option" laws now being tried by various states and provinces on this continent. It has had a chequered career in parts of Nova Scotia and

New Brunswick, owing to negligent and dishonorable officials, as well as to conflicting decisions of law courts. But in the one county of Ontario where it has been tried its success has already been very clear. The Deputy-Reeve of Evesing township, in the county of Halton, furnishes some very instructive figures in regard to the result of the Scott Act's working in his locality. He reports that there were expended, for the support of the poor in Evesing, the following annual amounts:

1880—Under licenses\$583.14
1881—455.45
1882—One third of year under licenses, the rest under Scott Act342.37
1883—Under Scott Act218.31
1884—131.55

At a meeting of the County Council it was decided to vote \$600, the sum considered necessary to enforce the Act this year. It will be noticed that the amount required to support the poor in Evesing during the last two years of licenses was \$1018.59; and in the first two years of the Scott Act, \$351.86. The saving in poor rates in this one township is thus seen to be \$666.73,—considerably more than the sum necessary to enforce the Act in the whole county. Another comparison shows that the loss to the township in license fees—which brought in a revenue of \$322.06 in the year ending April 30th 1881, and \$288.47 in the year following, making a total of \$610.53 for the two years—is less, by \$56.20, than the amount saved in poor rates alone.

THE *Journal of Health* asserts that no thoughtful mother should rest until she has taught her daughter to do well the following things: To make a cup of coffee, to draw a dish of tea, to bake a loaf of bread, to cook a potato, to broil a steak or chicken, to cut, fit, and make a dress, and to set a tidy table, and say "no" when asked to drink wine. The success and permanence of the temperance cause depend largely on women. How necessary therefore that they should be well trained in right views about alcohol.

AN IRISH GUIDE

Mr. S. C. Hall, in the recently published "Recollections" of his long life, tells of his visit to Father Mathew, the great Irish temperance reformer. The writer says:

Some months after my visit to Father Mathew, I was enabled to test the force of the pledge. Travelling through Wicklow, en route to wild Glendalough, I had stopped at Roundtown to find a guide. A young man was pointed out to me leaning against the door of his cabin. I at once engaged him, and in my impatience bade him get up on the car, rejecting his appeal for permission to go in and put on a more respectable dress. The afternoon of early autumn was raw and cold, and I drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. Of course I offered the guide his share. The sandwiches he took readily, but much to my surprise declined the proffered flask. I urged him unfairly—to test his resolution; after trying persuasion, I laid a crown piece on the seat, and said, "Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of this whiskey."

"No," he said; "I not for ten thousand times the crown piece, nor for all the lands of Lord Powerscourt if they were yours to give them, would I touch a single drop. Your honor must hear me. There wasn't in the county of Wicklow a greater blackguard than I was—fighting and drinking I was all day and all night; the rags I had on were not worth a tranee, and often the prates I ate I begged from a poor neighbor. The old granny, that lived with me, starved and prayed. There was no house but one, in the place or near it, would open the door to me, that one was the public house, where I spent all the little I earned. That was the way of it, yer honor. How is it now? Isn't this coat I'd have worn if you'd given me time to change it, for I have a better, and a top-coat besides. If you'd gone into my cabin, you'd say you'd seldom seen one more comfortable; and you'd have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers knitting, by the side of a turf fire. There isn't a neighbor, boy or girl, that wouldn't say to me, 'God save ye kindly,' and I have five pounds in the savings bank, and when I make it ten there's one I'll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me. Now that I've told yer honor what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took—will yer honor ask me to break it and take the poison drop from your

hand?" It is needless to say I was greatly touched. My answer was instant. "Indeed, my lad," I said, "I will not, but I will at least pay you this compliment," and I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced with joy. I think I never saw happiness expressed so strongly.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE, (Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER III.—DISTILLATION.

When a liquid is changed to a vapor by heat, and that vapor is turned again to a liquid by cold, the process is called distillation.

Cold surfaces condense the moisture in the night air, and we say: "The dew is falling." By the heat of the sun, these drops of water are turned again to vapor that rises and spreads itself in the air; this is again changed to water by cold, and falls in the form of dew or rain. Thus, with her own heat and cold, "Nature is ever distilling."

Unless sugar is dissolved in water, it will not turn to alcohol; therefore, when first formed, alcohol is always mixed with water.

Alcohol and water could not be separated until men, in imitation of nature, learned to distil.

Every child who has watched the steam puffing from a tea-kettle, knows that heat will turn a liquid to vapor. Some liquids require less heat than others for this change. When two such liquids are mixed, one can be made to pass off in vapor, leaving the other. Thus alcohol and water may be separated.

Put a fermented liquor into a kettle over the fire, with a pipe in its closely fitting cover to carry off the steam. Nearly all the alcohol will pass off in vapor before the water comes to the boiling point.

If this pipe is of the right length, and is cooled by ice or cold water, the vapor, while passing through it, will turn to a liquid and drip from the end of the pipe. If you apply a lighted match to this new liquid, it will burn with a pale blue flame, giving out heat.

It is mainly alcohol which has been separated—distilled—from the fermented mixture. What remains in the kettle is principally water. The alcohol is unchanged in its nature; but is stronger, because not so much diluted with water.

DISTILLED LIQUORS.

In the manner just described, brandy is distilled from wine or cider; rum from fermented molasses; whiskey from fermented corn, barley, or potatoes; gin from fermented barley, or rye, afterward distilled with juniper berries. Ordinarily these distilled liquors are about one half pure alcohol.

Some of the water passes over with the alcohol, so that these liquors are often distilled a second, and even a third time, to make them stronger alcohol.

The alcohol usually sold is distilled from fermented molasses; but it can be made from any fermented liquor. It is so greedy for water that entirely pure alcohol can be produced only by distilling it with some substance such as lime, that is still more eager for water, and will take it from the alcohol.

DRUGGED LIQUORS.

Wine in its many forms was probably the first, and for many centuries, the only known intoxicating drink.

The ancients supposed that each of the various fruit juices made a different kind of liquor; but you see all of them are mainly alcohol and water. The different taste of each, if it is really what it claims to be, is due to its own peculiar fruit, grain, or plant flavor.

Poisonous drugs and coloring matter are often added to alcohol and water to imitate the various liquors. So much of this is done that many of the fermented and distilled liquors now sold and used, contain other poisons added to their own ever-present one—alcohol—the most dangerous of all; therefore, the idea that "unadulterated whiskey," or that the "pure, fermented juice of the grape" can be "good," is a mistake.

HOW ALCOHOL WAS DISCOVERED.

The people who lived about 700 years ago thought that somewhere, if they could only find them, were two things that would greatly bless the world. First, something

that would turn iron and all common metals into gold, and thus easily and greatly enrich the finder; second, an "elixir of life," which would prevent sickness and death, and keep those who drank it forever young.

The men who tried many curious experiments in search of these two wonders, were called alchemists. It is supposed an Arab named Albucaiss was thus led to discover alcohol by distilling it from wine.

He thought it was the long sought "elixir of life." He drank heavily of it, urging others to do the same. His career of intoxication and violence was short. He had found not the "elixir of life" but the "water of death."

(To be Continued.)

LATE HOURS.

The *Lancet*, the leading British Medical paper, says: The habit of writing and reading late in the day and far into the night, "for the sake of quiet," is one of the most mischievous to which a man of mind can addict himself. The feeling of tranquility which comes over the busy and active man about 10.30 or 11 o'clock ought not to be regarded as an incentive to work. It is, in fact, a lowering of vitality, consequent on the exhaustion of the physical sense. Nature wants and calls for physiological rest. Instead of complying with her reasonable demand, the night-worker hails the "feeling" of mental quietness, mistakes it for clearness and acuteness, and whips the jaded organism with the will until it goes on working. What is the result? Immediately, the accomplishment of a task fairly well, but not half so well as if it had been performed with the vigor of a refreshed brain, working in health from proper sleep. Remotely, or later on, comes the penalty to be paid for unnatural exertion—that is, energy wrung from exhausted or weary nerve centres under pressure. This penalty takes the form of "nervousness," perhaps sleeplessness, almost certainly some loss or depreciation of function in one or more of the great organs concerned in nutrition. To relieve these maladies, springing from this unexpected cause, the brain-worker very likely has recourse to the use of stimulants, possibly alcoholic, or it may be simply tea or coffee. The sequel need not be followed. Nightwork during student life and in after years is the fruitful cause of much unexplained, though by no means inexplicable, suffering, for which it is difficult if not impossible to find a remedy. Surely, morning is the time for work, when the body is rested, the brain relieved from its tension, and mind power at its best.—*London Lancet*.

USEFUL GIFTS.

There are many useful gifts for a bride who is to go to a new home at once which her humblest friend may prepare, and in the using of which she will be quite as grateful for their thoughts for her convenience as for the more showy gifts she seldom finds it convenient to use. Holders, dusters, nets for cooking vegetables or eggs, dumping cloths with a stout twisted string secured to each one, jelly strainers of flannel, bags for various purposes—I have such a penchant for bags—ironing blankets and sheets, clothespins, apron and mittens to wear to hang clothes out in, table covers for use when the table is laid over night, beside many other conveniences, may each be prettily ornamented by some design or letters in Turkey red marking cotton, which will wear well and insure care in laundering.

Bits of flannel left when making up winter clothing can scarcely be classed with linen outfitting, yet they are useful and may be quite ornamental if pinked or notched or bound and provided with cord or braid to hang up by; nothing makes better wash-rags, they hold the warmth of the water, preventing a chill which one sometimes feels in using linen ones; for straining jelly or any liquids requiring straining, flannel leaves a clear, "shiny" appearance, much more tempting than the cotton results often obtained after using cloths for that purpose; for holders and scouring cloths too, and even rolls of flannel and linen and "rags" nicely prepared are very useful in a house where everything is new. I know of a case where in serious sickness a fine flannel skirt was torn up for "flannel cloths" because the house had not any such rolls, of old or new, provided for such an emergency.—*Household*.

A STONE MASON WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

We wonder how many of our young people have read a book called "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is, we fear, less known by this generation than by the previous one, but those who have not read it have missed one of the greatest treats that the world of books has in store for them.

Hugh Miller, who in it tells the story of his life, was born in the town of Cromarty, on the north-east coast of Scotland, in October, 1802. For many generations back his family had been sea-faring men, and though he was only five years old when his father was lost at sea, he had the clearest remembrance of the joy in the house over the fastidious vessel when she was yet far from land. After his father's death he was brought up under the care of his mother's two uncles, and few boys have the privilege of being under the care of two such men. Young Miller did not take kindly to school, he was too fond of the open air, and the restraint was very irksome to him. The windows of the schoolhouse commanded a fine view of the Bay of Cromarty and not a vessel could enter or leave the harbor without his knowledge. He was intimately acquainted with every one of them, even to the smallest detail of their rigging, and much of his study time was spent in drawing them on his slate. When very young he revelled in such books as "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and, later on, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Cook's and Anson's Voyages," and "Blind Harry the Rhymers' History of Wallace." The latter was especially his delight, rousing all his Scotch patriotism, which was further stimulated by the inexhaustible fund of stories dealt out to him from time to time by his "Uncle James." The tastes of his "Uncle Sandy" ran in another direction. Natural history was his hobby and young Hugh being much with him soon learned to be as fond of it as he. "Together they explored caves, roamed the beach for crabs and lobsters, whose habits Uncle Sandy could well describe; he also knew all about moths, and butterflies, spiders and bees,—in short was a born natural-history man, so that the boy regarded him in the light of a professor, and doubtless, thus early obtained from him the bias toward his future studies." Up and down the beach the boy would wander with a big hammer belonging to his great grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, chipping away at stones which attracted his attention, unheeding the taunts of the passers-by who asked him if he was "gettin' siller in the stanes," and returning home laden with bits of mica, porphyry, garnet, etc., would exhibit with delight his treasures to his uncle, and learn from him all that the latter could teach him about them.

In this way was his boyhood spent, and it must have been somewhat of a shock to him to wake up when nearly seventeen years old to find that he was a boy no longer, but that he must begin to prepare for his man's place in the world, and to work for his own living. His uncles were very anxious that he should be a minister, but he felt that that was not the work for which God had fitted him. Passionately fond of writing and study, while supplying him with food and clothing, would still leave him leisure to pursue them. He noticed that the winter frosts prevented stone masons from working during several months of the year, and looking forward to having all this leisure to devote to his studies, a stone mason he decided to be.

The change in his life was a great one. His boyhood "had been happy beyond the common lot." "I had been a wanderer," he says, "among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditional stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life

in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil."

But did he look upon this as a misfortune? Telling long years afterwards of that first day's work he said, "To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual.....I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen." And how about the results of this labor?

Looking back over twenty years to this his beginning of a life of toil he says "My advice to young working-men, desirous of bettering their circumstances, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Keep your consciences clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity to cultivate your minds..... Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all; there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work

keen delight, the situation of the quarry; the thick fir wood on the one side, the little clear stream running by on the other, and in front the noble bay which had been his playground all his life. He examined the high bank of clay which rose above the quarry where he was working, took the keenest interest in the preparation of the blast when wedge and lever failed, and although his hands were blistered and sore with the unaccustomed use of the shovel, examined with interest and pity the beauties of a goldfinch and a woodpecker, which having taken shelter in the cliff above had been killed by the explosion, and fallen with a huge mass of clay almost at his feet. When the mass of rock they had been working at was raised he saw that the bed on which it had rested was "ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before," and knew from this that though now far above high water mark, the rock on which he was standing had in ages gone by, far beyond the reckoning of man, been itself a sand bank washed by the waters of a river or sea. He examined the cliffs along the shore formed of thin layers of different kinds of stone, and in each layer

one of degradation. I had sunk by my own act for the time to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed, and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I, in that hour, determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual employment to a drinking usage; and with God's help, I was enabled to hold my determination."

For seventeen years he worked as a stone mason doing faithfully whatever he undertook, and in his leisure hours gathering facts and making discoveries which he afterwards gave to the world in "The Old Red Sandstone." His first published work was "Poems Written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason," issued in 1829. This procured him considerable notice, but in spite of this he believed he saw that he could never be a poet, and so turned his attention resolutely to prose. His first prose volume was "Scenes and Legends in Cromarty," published in 1835. Some time before this he married Miss Lydia Fraser, "a young lady of great personal attraction, and rare intellectual gifts."

But Mr. Miller was not to remain a stone mason all his life. A branch of the Commercial Bank was established in Cromarty, and the manager knowing his stirring integrity of character offered him the position of accountant. He knew nothing of the work, but yielding to strong urging, he went to the head bank at Edinburgh to learn it, and then took the position. Shortly after this some letters of his on the Scotch Church Controversy brought him into still further prominence and he was invited to Edinburgh to edit the *Witness* newspaper, the organ of the Free Church party, and in this work he continued until the day of his death in 1856.

During the following seventeen years of his life in Edinburgh his principal literary work was done. Here along with his work of editing he produced "First Impressions of England and its people," "My schools and schoolmasters," "The Footprints of the Creator," "The Testimony of the rocks," and "The Old Red Sandstone." He possessed the warm friendship of many of the leading geologists of the day. Murchison, Agassiz, Lyell, all bore testimony to the value of his researches in the world of geology, and at the meeting of the British Association in 1840 it was resolved that one of the most remarkable of the fossils which he had discovered should be named for him.

But these years of unremitting toil and exhausting brain labor began to tell upon his health, and his mind began to give way. He became unable to sleep, strange, horrid fancies filled his brain, fits of delirium came upon him, and in one of these, with a pistol shot, he took his own life; a sad warning to all who may be tempted to put too great a strain upon the powers of either mind or body.

Great as Hugh Miller was in science he was still greater as a man. Honest, earnest, industrious, high-minded, God-fearing, he, by his own unaided efforts, raised himself from humble station to a position of trust and high influence among his fellow men, and Scotland has few sons of whom she has better reason to be proud than "the stone mason of Cromarty."

If you wish to keep a knife sharp don't put it in hot grease; stir your potatoes while frying, or turn meat with a fork or an old case knife kept on purpose. Don't allow soap to lie in water and waste. When you have enough remove it to its dish, and if the water is hard use lye, a very little, in your dish water, some in wash water always. If you haven't suitable ashes to make it buy concentrated lye and see how much you save in a few weeks. I know a lady who says it takes five bars of soap to do her washing and complains because she can't take a magazine. I could do it with one bar and two cents' worth of lye I know. Don't throw waste paper or rags into your yard, if you can't use them to advantage burn them in the stove.—*The Household.*



of every sceptic that ever wrote; and we would be all miserable creatures without it. There is none of the intellectual and none of the moral faculties, the exercise of which does not lead to enjoyment, nay, it is chiefly in the active employment of these that all enjoyment consists; and hence it is that happiness bears so little reference to station."

He was none the less a good stone mason because his leisure hours were spent exploring the woods or the rocks on the seashore. He closely followed the example of his uncle David who "made conscience of every stone he laid" and of whom it was well known that no wall built by him ever bulged or fell. An advice of his uncle James which he also followed was, "give your neighbor the cast of the tauk—'good measure heaped up and, running over,' and you will not lose by it in the end."

If ever a man "learned to make a right use of his eyes" Hugh Miller did. His first day in the quarry, which many lads would have bemoaned as the beginning of a long life of hardship, was to him a veritable opening of Wonderland. He noted with

teeming with fossils, as in the leaves of a printed book, he could read the history of its own formation.

Another remarkable trait in the character of this man was his steady refusal to touch anything that would intoxicate. Bad as are the drinking customs of to-day they were infinitely worse then. A total abstainer was something extremely rare among the masons, says Mr. Miller, "when a foundation was laid the workmen were treated to drink; they were treated to drink when the walls were levelled for laying the joists; they were treated to drink when the building was finished; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad; treated to drink when his 'apron was washed'; treated to drink when 'his time was out'; and occasionally they learned to treat one another to drink." But one day when he had been thus treated he came home and took up his books as usual; but something was wrong. "As I opened the pages of a favorite author," he says, "the letters danced before my eyes, and I could no longer master the sense..... The condition to which I had brought myself was

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON I.—APRIL 5.

PAUL'S VOYAGE.—ACTS 27: 1, 2, 14-25.

COMMIT VERSES 22-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I believe God, that it shall be even as it was said me.—ACTS 27: 25

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God able to support in time of trouble.

DAILY READINGS.

- 3l. Acts 27: 1-26.
1. Gen. 7: 11-24: 1-14.
W. Ex. 14: 10-15.
Th. Isa. 50: 1-14.
F. John, chapters 1 and 2.
Su. 2 Cor. 1: 1-10.
Su. Luke 8: 22-30.

INTRODUCTION.—We left Paul, at the end of Lesson XI, first quarter, pronounced by Agrippa II, after a prolonged hearing, to be innocent, so that he might properly be discharged had he not appeared to Caesar. In view of the appeal, however, he must be sent to Rome. After a short interval (supposed to have been about three weeks) spent in preparing for the journey and to waiting for the ship, with other prisoners, began the voyage to Italy, under military guard. This lesson takes the matter up at this point.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. JELLY—nothing is certainly known of him except from chapter 27. 28. CELESTIAL COMPASS—rather, "Augustian band" or Roman soldiers. 2. ADMIRALTY—rather, "Admiral's house" near the mouth of the Egean Sea. They took this ship expecting that a vessel going to Italy. ... HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How did Paul come to be a prisoner at Caesarea? Why was he to be sent to Rome? Was the trial at Caesarea fair? ... QUESTIONS.

esson tells us who has a right to plead these accusations? How will true faith in God give us good cheer?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. 40-48's plans may be carried out in long and straight ways.
II. Discomforts and trials bring out the value of religion.
III. One good man is a blessing to many people.
IV. In every life there are storms.
V. Put God to help and good cheer for those in the storm.
VI. Faith in God, as a wise, powerful, loving Father, is the source of comfort.

OSTRICHES IN AMERICA.—The San Francisco Call says that the enterprise of ostrich farming, promoted by a company of San Francisco capitalists, promises to be rewarded by complete success. The ten young birds that were hatched last year are all showing good stamina. The old birds began laying hatchable eggs about a month ago and are expected to produce about eighty eggs each. The eggs of ostriches under four years of age are called pullets' eggs, and are worthless for breeding. The California Ostrich Company has eleven old birds laying, so that with each ostrich producing some eighty eggs the prospect of a large number of chicks is excellent. At least 350 young birds are expected from this year's hatching. By-and-by, those who adorn themselves with ostrich feathers will not have to go to Africa for their supply.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, March, 24, 1885.

The English grain markets are very quiet but steady. Red winter wheat is quoted at 65 9/10 to 7s 2d; Canadian peas, 5s 11d. The local grain market is very dull and prices are without change. We quote: Canada Red Winter, 92c to 93c; White, Winter, 90c to 91c; Canada Spring, No. 2, 90c to 91c. Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats, 32c; Rye, 60c to 62c; Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 53c to 56c per bushel. FLOUR.—This market is very quiet, and values are about steady. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$4.05; Extra Superior, \$3.90; Family \$3.75; Spring Extra \$3.65 to \$3.70; Superior, \$3.40 to \$3.45; Strong Bakers, (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25; Middlings, \$3.00 to \$3.05; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$3.05 to \$2.60; do., Spring Extra, \$1.80 to \$1.85; Superior, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Patent, \$4.10 to \$4.15; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.30 to \$2.35. MEALS unchanged. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both the butter and cheese markets continue very dull. We quote:—Butter—Creamery, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, 12c to 17c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 11c to 15c; Western, 8c to 14c, as to quality. Cheese.—Fine to fancy full makes, 10c to 11 1/2c, as to quality and size of lots. The public cable is a shilling higher at 58s. EGGS are quoted at 20c to 21c for fresh stock, and 14c to 15c for lined. HOOD PRODUCTS.—Outside of a fairly good local trade there is not much doing. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; do., Short Cut, \$16 00; Canada Short Cut, \$16.00 to \$16.50; Hams, city cured, 12 1/2c to 13c; do. green, 9c; Lard, in pails, Western, 10c to 10 1/2c; do., Can. 9 1/2c; Bacon, 11 1/2c to 12c; Tallow, common refined, 6c to 6 1/2c. ASHES are again firm at \$3.95 to \$4.00 for Pots. FARMERS' MARKET. Rather unseasonable weather has prevailed here of late and farmers are prevented from coming long distances to market their produce. Oats and hay are rather higher in price; frozen meat continues plentiful and cheap; eggs are getting more plentiful and lower in price, and the same may be said of butter. Apples are in demand at decidedly higher rates. Oats are 80c to 85c per bag; peas, 75c to 80c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50 do.; potatoes 20c to 40c per bag; tur-

nips, carrots, and beets, 40c to 70c per bushel; onions 75c to \$1.00, do.; cabbages 75c to \$1.00 per barrel; butter 14c to 40c per lb; eggs 10c to 30c per dozen; apples \$3.00 to \$4.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 61c to 7c per lb.; mutton carcasses 4c to 5 1/2c do.; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 10c do.; fowls 8c to 12c do.; ducks 12c to 15c do.; hay \$6.00 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle has improved considerably of late, both in quantity and quality, and prices have a downward tendency. Choice steers and heifers sell at from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb; bulls, of which there are a good many offering, 3c to 4c do; rough steers and fat cows 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c do., and leanish stock at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Calves are rather plentiful but few of them are in good condition and these latter bring from \$6 to \$10 each, while small lean veals sell at from \$2 to \$4 each. Sheep are rather scarce and slightly higher in price, but spring lambs are getting common and sell at from \$3 to \$5 each. Live hogs sell in small lots at about 5c per lb. Milch cows are plentiful but very lean in flesh, and good cows still bring pretty high rates. The horse trade has been very active of late and considerable numbers are being shipped to the United States, but the prices paid are not so high as they were a year ago.

NEW YORK, March 23, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 88 1/2c bid April; 90 1/2c May; 92 1/2c bid June; 92 1/2c bid July. Corn, 49 1/2c bid March; 49 1/2c April; 50c May, and bid June; 51c bid July. Oats, 36 1/2c bid March, April and May.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat, Superior, \$2.75 to \$2.95; Low Extra, \$2.95 to \$3.35; Clears, \$3.45 to \$4.25; Straight \$3.00 to \$4.90; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.65. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.95 to \$3.20; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.40; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$4.40; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.43 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.10 to \$3.25; West India, sacks, \$3.25 to \$3.60; West India, barrels, \$4.60 to \$4.75; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.65 to \$5.25; Patent \$4.50 to \$5.60. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.75; Family, \$4.05 to \$5.40; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.25 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per blr.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter (new)—Creamery, ordinary to fancy 18c to 25c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 18c to 26c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 11c to 20c. Cheese—State factory, family to selected, 8c to 12 1/2c; do. light skins, good to choice, 7c to 9c; Ohio flats, ordinary to prime, 3c to 10 1/2c; Skims, 1c to 2 1/2c. EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in bbls, 19 1/2c; Western, poor to fancy, 18c to 19c; Southern, 17 1/2c to 19c.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

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

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

SCOTT ACT PETITION HEADINGS.

prepared in accordance with the schedule to the Act, with ruled columns and headings, faintlined, on full sheet foolscap. Price per dozen sets (12 for Governor-General, and 12 for Secretary of State), 30c. Single set, 5c. For sale by

JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, "Witness" Office, Montreal.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets labeled—"J. M. Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

CAMPAIGN TRACTS.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE.

- No. 2.—Sir Alexander Gait's great speech at Sherbrooke, on Prohibition viewed from the standpoint of a political economist.
No. 3.—A Synopsis of the Scott Act, showing the steps necessary in inaugurating a contest.
No. 4.—The Rev. Mr. Hinchol's striking speech at Ottawa, on the remarkable success of the Scott Law in the County of Lanark.
No. 5.—A Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens.
No. 6.—The Banquet Question: Facts and Figures for the Farmer, by a Toronto Grain Merchant.
Price, 25 cents a Hundred.

25¢ No parcels will be sold of less than a Hundred copies, and 5 cents extra for Postage on Single Parcels, and 3 cents for each additional hundred, must accompany orders.

- The National Temperance Society's Tracts are on hand at the Witness Office, and will be forwarded at cost to all who want for them. They are as follows:
1.—A miscellaneous series of 241 tracts, from two to twelve pages, by some of the best writers of the country, suitable for all classes of people, and adapted to every phase of the work—\$1.10.
2.—Seventy-four page illustrated tracts—10¢.
3.—Teachers series prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; especially adapted for teachers—5c.
4.—One page handbill tracts, 79 kinds—20¢.
5.—Children's Illustrated Tracts, 4 pages, 122 kinds—30¢.
6.—Twenty-nine Temperance Leaflets or Envelope Tracts, neatly printed on tinted paper—30¢.
7.—Lion Leaflets, especially adapted to woman's work. Prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 77 numbers—20¢.
8.—Young People's Leaflets, 14 in the same, especially adapted for young people—10¢.
9.—Young People's series of 12 page Tracts, prepared by the same—10¢.
10.—Lion Handbills—Cider series, 40 numbers—10¢.
11.—Lion Series, 57 numbers—5¢.
If any money is forwarded for assorted supplies, we shall send the best assortment we can to the extent that it pays for.

Money must invariably be in our hands in advance, as there is not even a margin to pay for answering letters.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

Printed in plain black on white ground; 25 assorted suitable for Sunday schools, Meeting Halls, &c., & 15 cents, sent on receipt of 15 cents.

JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, "Witness" Office, Montreal.

SEND 10c for 30 rich (1885) Chromos with your name on. Newest and Prettiest Card issued. Liberal cash commissions allowed for selling our cards. Catalogue and full particulars with first order. Address: EUREKA & CO., Boston, Que.

CARDS New and Beautiful Styles for 1885.

Send 5c for Agent's Sample Book and Special terms. 5c Embossed, Perfumed, Hidden Name, &c. Cards, 8c; 7 packs and Agent's Sample Book 5c. Blank Cards at wholesale prices. NOTTINGHAM CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

\$5.00 FOR 35c. A VOLUME OF UNIVERSAL REFERENCE.

THE R. M. & CO. STANDARD CYCLOPEDIA. This Cyclopaedia is a new and valuable book for popular use, compiled by competent editors, after consultation of the best authorities, printed from new, large, clear type, and handsomely bound in leatherette in imitation of crocodile skin. It contains information on every conceivable subject and its reliability has been assured by the most careful preparation. It is of the greatest use in answering the 10,000 questions that constantly arise in regard to dates, places, persons, incidents, statistics, &c. Complete in one volume. Finely illustrated. We want agents and canvassers. Write in order that you may have a copy to exhibit and canvass with, we make this

SPECIAL OFFER.

To anyone who will agree to show this book to their friends and assist us in making sales, we will, upon receipt of 35 cent stamp, to repay postage expense, packing, &c., forward one copy by return of mail. CALL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill.

50 Perfumed, Embossed, Hidden Name, &c. Cards 5c, Scrap Pictures and Agent's Sample Book, 10c. 15 Packs Cards and Agent's Large Album of Samples, \$1. Best inducements ever offered to agents. Send 5c for pocket sample book and special terms. STEVENS BROS. & CO., Northford, Ct.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 221 and 223 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, composed of John Dougall, and J. D. Dougall, of New York, and John Bolph Dougall, of Montreal.