

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Weekly Messenger

### THE NILE DRAMA.

The curtain is beginning to be drawn away from that mysterious region on the Upper Nile, and seldom has such a dramatic scene been presented to the world as the struggle which an isolated British officer has for months been carrying on with a host of furious and fanatical Africans. Even the European newspapers cannot help exclaiming in admiration. The Vienna *Tagblatt* says that the defence of Khartoum will always be an interesting chapter of the world's history, showing that British energy and wisdom have not yet died out.

A report has been spread that General Gordon has not only sent the besieging rebels away from Khartoum but has taken his army to Berber and recaptured that city, which was taken and deluged in blood some months ago by the Mahdi's troops. This news, however, is doubted. If Gordon is really at Berber, it will be a comparatively easy matter to send a small force to him and find out exactly what he wants.

General Gordon has had medals made and presented to the troops, as well as the women and children, who took part in the arduous work of defending Khartoum.

The British troops, led by Lord Wolseley, are steadily advancing up the Nile, and last reports are that the general health is good. The river is rising, which will be all the better for the expedition, as several steamers have been damaged while passing through the cataracts. One alarming report is that a steamer has been wrecked in one of these rapids, and Col. Stewart and most of the others on board have been killed by treacherous Arabs. The cost of this expedition will be enormous—something like \$750,000 a week, and the sooner Generals Wolseley and Gordon get their affair over, the better will their employers be pleased. The Soudan, say some, is likely to be put under the Mudir of Dongola, who has proved himself a brave ally of the British.

As to the protests of various European powers against Egypt's paying her running expenses in preference to paying interest to foreign money-lenders, the Egyptian government simply replies that the change was absolutely necessary. It is stated that Germany proposes another international conference at London, to try and come to some settlement of Egyptian affairs without leaving them entirely in the hands of Britain.

### FIGHTING THE CELESTIALS.

The most interesting incident reported from China this week is an attempt on the part of the United States Minister, Mr. Young, to mediate between the two hostile powers. At first it was said positively that this was done at the request of France; but the French Government denies this. At any rate, according to the London *Times*, the attempt is not likely to be successful. Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, declares that the terms offered by

France for a new peace are monstrous. France has already avenged the attack on her troops, and yet she demands \$18,000,000 as indemnity. China, he said, was determined and prepared for war. At Washington, it is not believed that Mr. Young really went to Li Hung Chang in response to any French request for mediation.

It is doubtful where Admiral Courbet is at present, but he has certainly done nothing worth speaking of. One French paper says that the Admiral is instructed to destroy the Chinese fleet, if the Government does not submit, and then return home.

The French Premier has sent a note to the British representative in Paris, explaining what had been done to ensure the safety of foreigners and foreign interests in China. Premier Ferry goes on to express the solicitude of France for the interests of British commerce. This is polite, to say the least of it, and it is to be hoped M. Ferry means what he says, and is not filled with a miserable jealousy of British colonial and commercial success.

The French Government wants \$2,000,000 to pay its war expenses in China up to the end of this year. There is now a proposal to raise a "Colonial Army." Whether it will consist of Frenchmen or Chinese we do not hear.

### AFFAIRS IN THE OLD WORLD.

The nations of Europe are still in a nervous and irritable state, but there are signs that the fever has run its natural course and is dying out. Some English jockeys have just been brutally treated by a French mob at Parisian races, it is true; and a newspaper which is supposed to be controlled by the President, is declaring that France, in order to be strong, must not be isolated from the rest of Europe, even if she unites in common action with Germany. But when the French people have the simple question asked them, whether they prefer the friendship of the English, who have only criticized them, or the friendship of the Germans, who have conquered them by arms, the Germans are likely to take second place. M. Clemenceau, and other enlightened statesmen in the Chamber of Assembly, intend to declare, as soon as that body meets, the necessity of France being in harmony with England. And M. Jules Valles, a celebrated Communist, who thoroughly understands the British spirit, bids Germans and Frenchmen to beware of rousing the dormant spirit of Englishmen. He says that although England has no immense standing army, in the event of war, soldiers would spring from the ground. The whole militia and volunteers, in fact every man able to use a rifle would rally round the Union Jack. He warns Germany of the presence of Socialists, which is an ever-menacing danger, and at whose bidding regiments may lay down their arms. The article concludes: "Beware lest that silent race, whose voice is raised only amid the cannon, put on their red coats to celebrate the festival of blood!"

The German spite against Britain is showing itself in a way that is not only childish but suicidal. The founder of a German colony at Angra Pequena, on the west coast of Africa,

has forbidden all but his own countrymen from trading or living there. Well, if he will not have the enterprise of Britons or Americans in his colony, so much the worse for his colony.

It is to be hoped that the British, in the midst of all their worries, will keep their traditional coolness. Their worries have been increased by the Transvaal Boers invading a neutral territory, and perhaps troops will have to be sent to keep down the land-thieves. The outcry about the weakness of the British Navy has caused the appointment of a commission to examine the matter. And it is also reported that Dover is to be bombarded from the British Channel, to test the strength of the fortifications.

### THE CHOLERA SCOURGE.

A steamer from Genoa has arrived at Cardiff with several of her crew ill with cholera, and has been placed in strict quarantine. Several cholera cases have arrived at Cardiff, and yet the disease seems unable to get a foothold in Wales or England.

In Italy the death list every day is a terribly long one, a number of cities being now affected; but the number of deaths in Naples has fallen to about twelve a day. The disease seems to have run its fatal course in that pestilential city, and the Government is "locking the stable door behind the horse," by spending \$1,000,000 on rebuilding the filthy slums in which the victims lived. Naples is looking herself again, but a serious commercial crisis is feared; trade has been much injured, and hundreds of notes have fallen due and been "protested."

The superstitious lower classes of Italians in Turin have broken out in riots against their more prosperous and better educated countrymen, under the impression that they wanted to poison them.

There is very little cholera in Spain now. The Spaniards, however, are mortally frightened, and their fear has led to some unpleasant incidents. A British steamer, the "Woodside," stranded on the Spanish Coast, and the consul wanted to send a tug to her assistance. He was forbidden by the authorities to do so. The steamer was left for two weeks at the mercy of the sea, and became a total wreck.

### THEIR UNHAPPY LORDSHIPS.

The members of the British House of Lords must be rather disgusted with their leader, Lord Salisbury, even if the majority of them agree with his political opinions. He has been speaking to large meetings in Glasgow, and he seems to hint that he will persist in opposing the Reform Bill, even if he stands alone—and it is quite possible that his ordinary supporters will refuse to follow him any farther. The more the question is agitated, the more clear it is that the House of Lords itself, and not only their lordships' action in this one case, is being attacked. Mr. Gladstone himself will not attack it, nor will his government. But its obstruction in this case makes people ask what good the House of Lords really does, and what right has it to its present position.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, one of the most Conservative politicians on the Liberal side of the House of Commons, has come out squarely in support of Mr. Gladstone. He says the question is whether the people shall govern themselves, or whether their affairs shall be managed, their policy ruled, their will constantly defeated and baffled, by three hundred privileged families.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales are said to have tried to arrange a compromise, to get Lord Salisbury to pass the Reform Bill through the House of Lords as soon as an "acceptable redistribution bill" is brought into the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone naturally refuses. Lord Salisbury of course could object to any redistribution bill brought in by Mr. Gladstone as "unacceptable."

### DR. NEWMAN HALL.

The Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, the celebrated preacher, of London, Eng., has been visiting many towns of our continent. At a crowded meeting of the American Temperance Union in Chickering Hall, New York, the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, introduced the Rev. Dr. Hall. In presenting him, Dr. Cuyler said: "I won't stand as a buffer between you and Dr. Hall long. My temperance lecture in a nutshell is that drink ruins the pocket, the brains, and the soul. Dr. Hall comes to us as one who stood side by side with William Foster and John Bright and raised his voice for American freedom during our struggle for independence."

Dr. Hall in his address said that temperance was one point on which the church and all political parties should unite. Legislation was too slow to wait for, and every man should take the work in his own hand.

"The people who indulge moderately," he said, "have no idea of their responsibility to those who overstep their limits. They give encouragement to all others who may have a constitutional tendency to drink as yet undeveloped to go as far as they have gone. Make abstinence respectable and then you will see no more young men running into temptation by accepting drink simply because they bring themselves into notice, and maybe, are subjected to ridicule, if they refuse. It seems strange that people will not give up their little indulgences, when by the denial of them they might do so much good."

IT IS A COMMON MISTAKE to assume that Australia is a country destitute of large rivers; on the contrary it possesses one of the longest in the world, viz., the Darling, which is navigable for 2,345 miles, placing it third in rank among the rivers of the world, estimated by their navigable length, and considerably above the Nile, navigable for 1,500 miles; the Danube, navigable for 1,700 miles; the Rhine navigable for 600 miles; and the Thames, navigable for 185 miles.

IT IS STATED in Spain that the United States have offered a large reduction in the duties on Cuban tobacco and sugar if Cuban duties on American goods are also reduced.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

FANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Locking On.")

## CHAPTER XIX.

## IN THE LITTLE HOUSE AT HOME.

"Hark!" said a voice inside. "What was that?"

"The wind, I suppose; I didn't hear anything. I say, Jim, wait a moment you are. If I'd known you was so scared I'd never have undertaken this job with you."

"Well, hurry up, or the undertaking won't do you any good. I don't believe the key is here at all. That horse is a vixen, anyhow. He won't let us touch him, I don't believe. What ails them matches? Why don't they bark?"

"I don't believe he will," said Reuben to himself, in answer to their remark about Samson. "So you are after him, you scamps. I'm glad I hung the key where it doesn't belong. Now for getting back."

The fact was, the little noise one of them had heard was the turning of the key in the lock. It slipped into place as noiselessly as anybody could wish, turned with just the least bit of a click which the wind might have made in a dozen ways, and Reuben drew it out again, and tiptoed over the snow, climbed to the coal-box, wound his spry young limbs around the gutterpipe, scuttled over the shed roof, and was back in his room again in a jiffy. Moving very softly still, not waiting for clothes, even yet, but wrapping himself in the grand overcoat that had kept him warm all day, he opened the hall-door, and felt his way down the hall, to the front stairs, down those stairs and another hall, carefully feeling his way, and knocking softly at last at what he guessed was Mr. Barrows' room.

There was no answer, and he had to knock a little louder.

"Halloo!" came at last from inside.

"Who's there? What's the matter?"

"It's me," said Reuben in a soft whisper. "Won't you please to let me in? I want to speak to you?"

A few words of talk inside, a little waiting, and then Mr. Barrows threw open the door.

"What's up, my boy? Are you sick?"

"No sir," said Reuben, stepping inside and quietly closing the door; "but there's somebody in the house."

"Oh no," said Mr. Barrows. "I guess not. You've been dreaming and got frightened; and Reuben knew by the sound of his voice that he was smiling.

"No, sir," said Reuben. "It's them that are scared, I guess, or will be pretty soon. I don't think they know yet. They're in the kitchen, sir, hunting for the barn key; and I've locked 'em up, only they don't know it."

"In the kitchen! Who are? You've locked them up! Are you talking in your sleep?"

And Mr. Barrows fumbled for his matches, touched the gas jet, and took a look at the boy done up in an overcoat, and with bare feet and legs.

"No, sir," said Reuben again; and he giggled in spite of himself. "He knew he looked funny. 'It's quite a long story, sir, I heard 'em. I know they are there, and I don't quite see how they can get out until you or I let 'em. There's the key. They waked me up talking about their plans, and I knew I had the kitchen key, so I slipped down the roof and locked the door. They thought I was the wind, and kept on hunting for the barn key."

A more astonished-looking man than Mr. Barrows it would be hard to find. There was much about the story that he did not understand, but it was plain to be seen that Reuben was wide awake, and knew what he was talking about. So, without more ado, Mr. Barrows hurriedly dressed himself, Reuben quietly stepping into the hall.

"Better go up-stairs, my boy," Mr. Barrows said as he passed him. "You have done your share; and if the scamps are young fellows, as I suspect, it will be better for you not to appear."

"I'll wait here," said Reuben, taking a seat in the hall.

Mr. Barrows went on through the hall, through the dining-room, stopping there to turn on the gas, which, when the door was opened, would send a flood of light into the kitchen. Then he quietly opened the door, and said:

"Well, boys, good morning!" and took a seat.

Reuben, listening, thought he would give almost anything to see their faces just then. He heard their smothered exclamations of dismay and terror, and their dash for the door which, of course, was locked, to their utter confusion.

Just what passed in that kitchen after that, Reuben does not know to this day. He heard the voices, low and steady, but could catch no word. By and by he heard the key turn in the lock, heard Mr. Barrows say "Good-by!" and then presently he came back to the hall.

"You have done a grand night's work, my boy," he said, placing his hand on Reuben's head. "One that you can brag about forever. Those fellows meant to take Samson and have an all-night frolic. They would have ruined him, without doubt, but they would have done worse than that. Samson is a good horse when people know how to manage him, and a bad one when they don't. They would have taken the whip to him, and then he would have been unmanageable at once, and the probability is they would have been killed. Now come where it is warm, and let me hear the whole story of how you found them out; and he led the way to the sitting room.

"I don't suppose they meant to steal?" Reuben said in an inquiring tone.

"I don't suppose they did," said Mr. Barrows. "At least they didn't call it that; and yet you see they were preparing to steal the use of my horse; and they stole the last hours of the Sabbath day for their own pleasure. In point of fact, they were thieves, the worst kind of thieves: stealing from God. People often fail to call things their right names. Is your question decided yet, my boy?"

"No, sir," said Reuben, looking down.

And then Mr. Barrows caught sight of his bare feet, and sent him to bed with directions to sleep as late as he could in the morning.

But when Reuben had tucked himself into bed again, it seemed to him that his eyes were wider open than they had ever been before. He went over every little circumstance connected with the night, and wondered for the twentieth time who those fellows could be. He thought of all the little things that had happened beforehand to make it possible for him to prevent the mischief.

"Exactly as though somebody who knew all about what was going to happen, had planned all the other things and made them fit," he said.

And then he gave a little start and his eyes seemed to grow bigger as he remembered that God knew about all things before they came to pass. Another thought made his cheeks grow red. Mr. Barrows had called the fellows thieves, and said they stole from God. Had not his teacher said that day that he belonged to God? Had he not stolen himself from God, and used his time and his strength as he pleased? Was it possible that he, Reuben Watson Stone, was a thief?

"I'll give myself back to him," he said decidedly. "I'll never steal another hour. I'll decide the question now, this minute. And I'll tell him so, and ask him to take me."

A second time on that cold winter night did Reuben Stone hop out of his warm bed. This time it was to get on his knees.

In the little house at home, things were not getting on any too well during Reuben's absence. The mother was secretly very much astonished over the number of things that one small boy could do to make the days pass more easily. She had not known before just what a help and comfort her "man of the house" was.

But missing him was not the only trouble. Work suddenly grew very scarce. Whether all the boys in the world were supplied with shirts, Mrs. Stone did not know. She only knew that when she carried the last bundle back, a thing she was not used to doing — it was two years since Reuben had allowed her to carry any bundles through the streets — the foreman told her the package to carry home would be lighter; that he had only a very small one; work was scarce, and it had been as much as they could do to divide it among their faithful workers so as to give all some. This made Mrs. Stone look very grave. It was as much as they could do to get along when she sewed every minute; and the very little that Reuben had been able to earn — so little

that she had not supposed she could miss it, was really missed a great deal. She walked home very slowly, saving the five cents that she would have cost to ride part of the long way in the street-car, and tried to con-  
drive some way to save money, or to earn a little more. To make matters worse, what did Beth do but meet her at the door with news:

"O mother, the agent has been here and given notice that the rent on this house will be raised a whole dollar the first of next month!"

"A whole dollar!" repeated Mrs. Stone. "Then we must starve."

And then she said what Beth never saw her do before, she sat down in the little sewing-chair behind the stove and cried. This was only two days after Reuben went away. From that time mother and daughter scrimped, and pinched, both with coal and potatoes, and tried in every possible way to save a penny.

Miss Hunter was just as good as she could be, and had invited them twice to dinner, and once to tea, but the second time Mrs. Stone would not go.

"We can't invite her back," she said grimly to Beth; "and she does it out of charity, anyhow. I ain't used to charity. You can go if you want to, child; but her nice white bread would choke me."

But Beth wouldn't go without her mother, not even to save an evening's meal.

So it was not much that Miss Hunter could do for them. In fact, she could not find out how much they needed doing for, though she suspected, for Beth's eyes were often red. She knew, too, that work had failed, but that was no more than had happened to her, skilled workwoman that she was. She shed no tears over it for two reasons: In the first place, she had a snug little bit of money laid aside for future use; and, in the next place, it gave her time to make over the blue merino into a perfect fit for Beth. She got the exact measure by offering to cut out a calico for her that the mother was making out of hers.

"There's that ten dollars, mother," reminded Beth as they sat together in the evening, talking drearily about the future.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stone, but she spoke gloomily.

She didn't often feel so dreary, but it seemed a dreadful thing to have work fail her, and rent raised the same week. It was Sunday evening. And they had passed a dreary day. A good deal of it had been spent in bed. To be sure, Beth went to Sunday-school with Miss Hunter, and in her new calico, and lovely fur cape and hood, looked as neat as wax. Miss Hunter would have liked her to wear the blue merino, but she had not found a good excuse for giving it to her yet. She was waiting for Reuben to come back to make a smooth road for so nice a present.

"If I'd known about her birthday, and had it ready, I might have given it to her then," she said meditatively. "But then, dear me! I wasn't acquainted with them then. Besides, if I had been, I wouldn't have found out it was her birthday. It is so queer in the little chick to talk about Reuben's birthday, when she was born herself the same day and hour. It shows what an unselfish little thing she is."

After Sunday-school, which Beth had not liked as well as Reuben did his (she had sat beside two little girls who whispered and giggled over the queerness of wearing fur hoods and capes and calico dresses), she found the fire out and her mother in bed.

"It went out," the mother said, raising herself to speak to the little girl; "and I thought I would let it go until it was time to get something to eat. It would save coal, and the coal is getting very low. Come and lie down and take a nap."

But Beth had slept well all night and her eyes were wide open. The last thing she wanted to do was to take a nap. She thought of the glimpse she had had into Miss Hunter's cheery room, and a great longing came to her to sit down inside, and read her Sabbath-school book.

"Mother," she said, "couldn't I go into Miss Hunter's room? She asked me to come; and it is so nice and warm in there!"

But the mother answered her sharply.

"No, child, no! Don't beg fire until you have to. Come and lie down."

So Beth, with a sigh, laid away her hood and cape, and slipped under the quilts beside her mother, and lay very still so that the mother could sleep, but did not sleeping herself, and wished the dreary day was

done, and that Reuben was at home again. It seemed at least a month since he went away. So this evening they sat drearily over the dying coal, and Beth reminded her mother of Reuben's ten dollars.

"Yes," the mother had said. "I wanted to keep that to buy you and Reuben some spring clothes. I don't know how you are to get along without some. He is just in rags, and he out-grew every single thing he had last summer; but it will have to go, of course, for coal and rent, and then, how long will it last? Ten dollars isn't a fortune, I tell you. If I don't get more work this week, I shall have to spend some of it right away; for these shirts won't buy potatoes and salt enough to last us through the week."

"Mother," said Beth, after another gloomy silence, "don't you truly think anything at all will come of Reuben's going out there to stay a week?"

The mother gave a provoked little "Humph!" as a beginning to her answer. "Of course not! What could come of it? He is nothing but a child. Small for his age, too. I don't see what possessed me to let him go off like that. I've had my pay for it. I haven't slept two good hours a night since he has been away. If he only gets home safe, without learning any dreadful habits, I shall be satisfied. It was a wild idea to think of our moving away out there. Where would we get the money to move? And just as though anybody would let us have a house without paying for it beforehand!"

"But the man said we could earn it," persisted Beth.

"Oh, yes, the man said a great many things. He took a fancy to Reuben, and felt good-natured just then, and thought he would bestow him a kindness to let him take a little journey; and he knew well enough, I suppose, that Reuben would find out he couldn't do the work, and would come home satisfied. I hope he will. I never want him to go out of my sight again."

Poor Beth sighed, and proceeded to covering the coals and making ready for bed as her mother directed. But for all that talk, she couldn't quite get over her faith in Reuben's journey, and her belief that something would come of it.

It was high time for something to come; for, on Monday morning, the shirts were carried home, and, behold, there was not one to carry back again.

"Dreadful slack times!" the foreman said, and he spoke as though he was really very sorry. "We've never seen tighter times since we've been in business. Had to turn away a good many of our hands three weeks ago. We've hung on to our best ones as long as we could. And you shall have work again as soon as we have it, maybe in three or four weeks, maybe not so soon. The pinch won't last long. It never does. Keep up a stout heart."

Yes; but on what? Three or four weeks was time enough to starve and to freeze. Mrs. Stone did not really expect to do either. She believed she could beg enough to save her from death. She believed that cheery Miss Hunter, who had already been so very good to them, would find some way to keep them from starving. Why, for the matter of that, there was the ten dollar gold piece, and the rent not due yet for a week. A good many things might happen in a week. But Mrs. Stone was not in the mood to cheer herself without any hope of the future. It all looked as dark as night to her. She did not cry again; but she went under her room with so sad a face that Beth cried whenever she looked at it.

Once the child ventured a suggestion: "Mother, Reuben said he would come on the first train. He will be here by dinner time. Won't he be real hungry?"

"I suppose so; but we must give him some of the baked potatoes and bread. I don't dare to spend a cent for butter now, or meat. We must save for the rent, child, or we'll be turned out into the streets. This is a strange time to raise poor folks' rent."

It was just at that moment that the train which was bringing Reuben home, steamed in at the depot three miles away.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A GENERAL SURPRISE.

Reuben jumped from the platform just as the engine gave its final yell. His cheeks were red as roses, and his eyes were bright. He had been gone a whole week; and what a week it had been! He looked taller and

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larger in every way than the boy who left that depot a week before. Not that he had grown so very much, but it is wonderful how much larger a thick, heavily-lined, well-fitted overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, makes a boy look.

He had Miss Hunter's flowered satchel on his arm; it was full, too; he couldn't imagine of what. "Some lunch for you," Mrs. Barrows had said, and smiled as she gave the heavy satchel into his keeping. But the boy had not needed a lunch for a two hours' ride, and had concluded not to open the satchel until he got home. He signalled a down-town street-car the first thing, and took his seat; he was in too much of a hurry to walk; and besides the satchel was wonderfully heavy.

He took out his pocket-book to pick out five pennies for the fare; and as his face grew redder and his eyes shone brighter; whenever he thought of that pocket-book he laughed. Grace Barrows had given it to him, "to remember their ride by," she told him, and within it was a wonderful paper, an envelope. This envelope Mr. Barrows had given him just as he started away, "I put it in your pocket-book, my boy," said he, "and don't open it on the cars; it is never a wise thing to handle money on the cars. It is yours, every cent of it. You will need it to help move your family. I wouldn't bring the stove if I were you, nor some of the other things that will cost more than they will come to; better sell them. The things in the house are all a present to you from Mrs. Barrows, but the money in this envelope isn't a present, it belongs to you. If you hadn't picked up that paper I should have offered a reward for its return; and my horse that you saved for me is worth a good deal of money. So you have fairly earned what you will find here. You just send me a telegram on what day you will get started, and we'll have a fire in the house and supper going, so your mother will feel at home; and now good-by, sir, and success to you!" and Mr. Barrows had shaken hands with him as though he were already a man. He laughed again over that white envelope, carefully sealed. What if there should be as much as ten dollars in it! If there only were, he could see his way clear towards moving right away. Then he fell to wording his telegram. Suppose mother could get ready to go this week! Suppose it should be on Thursday; a good deal could be done in two days and a half; then he would telegraph: "Dear Mr. Barrows: We will come on Thursday morning on the train that leaves here at twenty minutes after ten." He counted the words, and was amazed to find that there were twenty of them. How did people ever say anything with ten words, which he knew was the usual number for dispatches. He tried again and again; the first message didn't suit him anyway; it didn't sound business-like. He had stood by and listened to the reading of business dispatches many a time, and admired their short, sharp sound. By the time the car turned into Ninth street and he knew that he must leave it at the next corner, he had his dispatch planned in a way that delighted his heart. "We take the ten-twenty a.m. train Thursday." "It sounds just like 'em," he said half aloud in his glee as he pulled the strap.

A brisk walk of five minutes or so and he was at home. The fancy came over him to knock at his mother's door, and Beth opened it, and stood a moment and stared, and said, "Mother!" and then said, "Oh, oh!" and put both arms around the young man's neck.

"I thought you were a messenger boy; I was so scared because of your coat," she explained breathlessly. "Why, Reuben, where did you get your coat? O, mother, isn't it splendid?" and the mother, who had never really hoped to see her son in anything so fine, and warm, and beautifully fitting, could not help laughing a little too.

"You are just in time for dinner," exclaimed Beth; "but I hope you are not awfully hungry; or no—yes, I hope you are, dreadful hungry, because then just potatoes will taste good; we haven't a speck of meat."

"I don't want meat," said Reuben, unbuttoning his coat; "I had steak for breakfast, plenty of it; but then may I've got some in my lunch; you pitch into the lunch, Beth, and see if there is something good for dinner." Whereupon he unlocked Miss Hunter's satchel, and Beth began to draw out the treasures, with little screams of satisfaction over them.

"Mother, here is a whole chicken, put in for Reuben's lunch! And oh, here is a pie, two pies tied together, just dipped in whole, on the pie-plates! And here is a loaf of bread. O mother, mother, here is a cupful of the sweetest-smelling butter you ever saw!"

"I guess it is!" said Reuben, in intense satisfaction; "their butter tastes just like the roses that you smell as you pass the green-house on North street. I'm awful glad they sent you some."

(To be Continued.)

SEMANTHA'S VOCATION.

BY "A COUNTRY PARSON."

The snow was coming faster and faster. It was a midwinter storm. A hill farm is shut in at best in the winter, but a three days' snowing secludes a home on a wide waste of trackless plain. Semantha had hardly noticed the tempest of white outside. It was Saturday and baking day, and there was a world of work for her to do. She was at the seminary when her mother was taken sick, one of the most promising scholars. With large ambition, a desire to take an active part in the betterment of the world, she came home. Her mother died, the children were confined to her, and the narrow life of a New England farm was before her. No wonder she quailed before it. It has placed scores in an early grave and left others invalids for life. The women suffer for on these sterile farms, their lives bereft of brightness and change.

But Semantha, while she accepted her dying mother's charge, did not administer it gracefully. She had a scowl often on her face, and the children suffered from her sharp reprimands. She took care of them well, they had proper food and comfortable clothing. She denied herself often to do this, but she chafed under it and the bright rosy face became cloudy. Her father noticed it, poor man. He had no idea of the sacrifice she made to preside over his home, and asked her often "if she was working too hard." "No, she hadn't half work enough," which was a half truth. Her physical life was exercised to the utmost, but her mind demanded food, and the weekly paper hardly satisfied a keen, inquiring spirit able to grasp the deep things of life. If she had known how grateful he felt for all her care she would have taken outrage. But he belonged to a close-mouthed race and said little.

After another week of busy toil, the Sabbath brought good roads and they were all at church. Did the minister know, as he arose in his desk, how he was to feed one soul? "I, therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." The text struck Semantha at once. The subject was "Walking worthy of our vocation," and the young clergyman had one sympathetic listener and was unusually earnest.

He dwelt a moment on what it meant to walk worthy of their vocation, when the text was uttered, persecution, privation, martyrdom, and that we all have a vocation, a calling, in which it is our duty to walk worthy. He said our spiritual vocation, that which embraces and absorbs all others, is to be children of God. The fatherhood of God is the most precious truth of scripture; his relation to us includes participation of his nature or conformity to his image, enjoyment of his favor or being the special objects of his love; heirship or a participation of the glory and blessedness of God. Semantha could not quite take this in; she had not got beyond the letter of the law. But then he spoke of our relation to the Father as demanding persistent faith, unquestioned obedience and continual battle against sin, and this touched her own experience. And then he went on to show how our spiritual vocation is to be exercised through our daily vocations, whatever they may be.

I am not going to preach the sermon over, but this was a red-letter day in Semantha's life. The blacksmith, the shoemaker, the housekeeper must exemplify their religion in their occupation, said the preacher. Practise the Golden Rule. Be punctiliously honest. Be not forgetful to labor is to pray. Thus, he said, we shall walk worthy of our high calling in Christ Jesus. Semantha had never heard a sermon as she heard that; it

seemed to be preached to her alone, and her life took on a new meaning.

When the benediction closed and she went out, her whole life seemed changed. She was a "professor" as the old people expressed it. Now she had experienced something. She had found her vocation. She would walk worthy of it. God had appointed her to order her father's home. She would do it as unto her Lord; perhaps she would be blessed in it.

She served the Lord heartily after that; not that she was perfectly satisfied. The children were not angels and days came when she was utterly undone, but a smile was on her face. She spoke pleasantly if firmly, and the family life went on more smoothly. She had longed for a literary life. She had some unusual qualifications for it; quick observation, a ready pen, a good acquaintance with English literature. She had put this all by; the busy days brought no leisure for culture in this direction, but she walked worthy of the present vocation, which seemed to be to bake, sweep and mend. The poem of her life the Master saw. It had its fragrance. It was offered to him. "She did what she could" and grew reconciled to her lot. Her room mate at the seminary graduated in the spring, but she was learning in another school, and her song of victory might be heard beyond the little town among the hills.

It was a trying life she had to lead. It required faith in the father above to keep up heart. She learned to watch and pray, but she walked worthy of her "vocation," and now and then the public heard her voice in written lines. It was a new singer with a message, and she found an audience and recognition. She was learning to make the children happy, and comfort people she never saw.—N. Y. Observer.

STREET EDUCATION.

WHAT IT DOES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We recently heard related an incident of a missionary who visited an unhappy young man in jail, waiting his trial for a State prison crime. "Sir," said the prisoner, tears running down his cheeks, "I had a good home education; it was my street education that ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys on the streets. In the streets I learned to lounge; in the streets I learned to swear; in the streets I learned to smoke; in the streets I learned to gamble; in the streets I learned to pilfer. O, sir, it is in the streets the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young!" He had said and yet how true, are these words. It is the street that graduates a large percent of the criminals who fill our prisons and work-houses. This is their own testimony, and it is true. It is in the street that the young take their first lesson in vice, and form those evil companionships and vile and degrading habits that drag them down to shame and ruin. The results of a "good home education" are soon nullified by the demoralizing influences of the lounging gangs into which the boys are thrown on the street. Slang and obscenity soon drive out from the heart all that is pure and good, and extinguish the last spark of real manliness that remains in the breast. The name of God is reviled, his worship made a subject of mockery, and everything that pertains to religion is laughed to scorn. The saloon, the gambling hall and the street conspire together to effect the destruction of the souls of the young. They combine together for a common object, and the result of their work is seen on every hand in the weeks of manhood that stagger along our streets, or among the wretched multitudes that fill our gaols, and houses of refuge. This is what street education does for boys. We never see a knot of them congregated around the corners after nightfall but what we think of the ruin ahead, towards which they are swiftly and surely drifting. O, parents, if you would have your children grow up into virtuous and respectable manhood and womanhood, keep them from the streets; keep them under the shadows of your own roof; keep them under the guidance of your own hands! Under your loving and watchful care they are safe, but when they drift from your own sight out among the busy hurrying crowds, none can tell what temptations may be thrown about them that will draw them forever from your side to ruin and disgrace.—Our Work at Home.

THE OLD TESTAMENT REVISION.

The committee which have been engaged in revising the Old Testament, announce that the work is about completed, and that the whole will soon be published. We suppose that it will hold much the same place as the revised New Testament now does; not taking the place of the old version in public estimation, serving to make clear many things which are now obscure. The New York *Evangelist* gives the following as specimens of changes made:

The "unicorn" which never existed outside the English Bible will at last be killed, and the "wild ox" substituted in its place. The "Book of Jasher" will be changed to the "Book of the Upright." Sunday-school children will be no longer troubled by the doubtful ethics of the Israelites in "borrowing" jewelry from the Egyptians and then running away with it. The revised translation will rightly state that they asked for gifts, not loans. Joseph's many-colored coat will be a "tunic." The celebrated passage in the Book of Job, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God," will be changed to "Yet out of my flesh," etc. "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet," will read: "I will make judgment for a line, and righteousness for a plumb line." In Psalm vii, the passage, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be: "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." In Psalm xxxvii, the passage, "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be changed to, "Fret not thyself; it tendeth to evil." And in Psalm lxxvii, the passage, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be made to read, "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."

These, says the same paper, are fair samples of changes which will be made. The aim of the translators has been to reproduce the meaning of the original as closely and accurately as possible. It is pleasant to know that this object will be attained without affecting any of the great dogmatic statements contained in the authorized version. The revision will simply clarify the present venerable translation.

OUR LITTLE GIRLS' SOCIETY.

Hearing the children of our neighbors and our own, while playing together, talking about their society, I asked what it was for. After a little hesitation, for they did not care to have it known, it came out by degrees. They had agreed among themselves that when any one of them used a slang word, an improper one, any word that ought not to be used among refined people, she should pay a fine of a cent. The money was to be carefully kept by the treasurer and afterwards paid over to a child's hospital. They said it had helped them very much in breaking up the bad habit of using such words. Whenever one such word slips out, the rest of the children instantly apply the rule, and the one in fault is made to pay or to quit the company. It would be well to multiply such societies. One might be formed with advantages in most of our female seminaries. The schools of boys are beyond help from such a scheme. Boys will talk slang in spite of parents and teachers. But girls are not so much addicted to the vice. And a little restraint like this may preserve them from a coarse, vulgar and unlady-like habit.

But there is a ridiculous habit to which girls are far more addicted than boys, and that is giggling. Everybody knows what it is, and how common it is among young women. They giggle at home on the street, in company, even in church: let the least thing out of the common way happen and they giggle; a peculiarity in a speaker's accent, though it may be more correct than their own, and they giggle. They look like fools when they are at it, and certainly show a great want of sense and a want of good manners. If they would form societies with a penalty of a dime or a quarter every time they giggle it might be something toward a cure of a fault that is very offensive to all well-bred persons, and is never regarded with favor in good society.

In union there is strength. It is not very easy to get over a bad habit, but by helping one another the good work may be done, and I advise all my young friends to see what virtue there is in the plan I have mentioned.—N. Y. Observer.

## The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11.

## THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

TEN BATTLES TO BE FOUGHT THIS MONTH, AND TEN VICTORIES TO BE WON.

As the polling day approaches the skirmishing grows livelier and hotter in every county, and in no case do the temperance forces seem to be losing ground, but on the contrary, as the dust raised by the infuriated liquor sellers, wholesale and retail, is being effectually laid by the down-pour of facts and arguments with which the prohibitionists are flooding the country. One thing that no elector can help noticing and understanding is the absence of disinterested speakers or workers against the Scott Act. Here and there an individual may be found, of perfect honesty and respectability, who conscientiously thinks that the liquor sellers should be allowed to continue their work. But these are exceptions that only prove the rule. On one side we see liquor dealers and their paid advocates and paid canvassers. On the other side we see the ministers, farmers, business men, women,—all working with an enthusiasm not bred from gold, but from pure love of good and hatred of evil.

Two more days have been fixed by proclamation for the holding of Scott Act elections in Huron and Dufferin. The list, so far, is as follows:—

Simcoe, Ont., 9th October.  
 Stanstead, Que., 9th October.  
 Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, Ont., 16th October.  
 Charlottetown, P.E.I., (on question of repeal), 16th October.  
 Peel, Ont., 23rd October.  
 Bruce, Ont., 30th October.  
 Prince Edward, Ont., 30th October.  
 Huron, Ont., 30th October.  
 Dufferin, Ont., 30th October.  
 York, N. B., (on question of repeal) 30th October.

So that altogether there will be ten Scott Act elections this month. Let every individual in the temperance ranks determine that there shall be ten victories.

The petitions in Elgin county have been closed, with 500 more signatures than necessary. The petitions in St. Thomas city are nearly ready also.

## DESTITUTE TEETOTALERS.

Professor Andre, the Principal of the Alpine Choir, having offered to give from the proceeds of his concerts ten guineas (a guinea each) to ten destitute families that had been teetotalers for three years, and the announcement having been made known all over England, nineteen applications were received for the charity. These were locally investigated, and the reports thereon were submitted to a committee of literary men connected with the temperance movement. Their decision is that only six of the cases come really within the designation of "destitute teetotal families," and the amounts have been duly forwarded to the applicants. The committee appended to their report the remark that it is important and interesting that, out of some millions of teetotalers there should be so few in actual distress, and the fact speaks well for the habit of thrift and prudence that evidently characterizes the temperance community. Nearly all the cases of poverty which came under their notice were the results of sickness or death of the bread-winner of the family.—*London Times*.

## THE WEEK.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has been requesting the dynamite makers to guard their factories. The manufacturers say that if they had to bear this extra expense they could not compete with the American dynamite. They finally ask for a customs duty to be placed on foreign dynamite.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE engineers has been holding its annual convention in San Francisco.

THE CELEBRATED Fortescue-Garmoyne breach of promise case in England is said to have been settled. Lord Garmoyne,—son of Lord Cairns, Lord Chancellor in the last government,—promised to marry Miss Fortescue, an actress. His father with great trouble got the young man to break off the match, and Miss Fortescue at once brought an action for damages. It is now said that she is willing to accept \$125,000, return all the letters sent her, including those from Lord Cairns, and stop the action from going into the courts.

A PORTUGUESE EXPEDITION is setting out to explore the country between Mozambique and Lake Nyassa, in South-Eastern Africa.

IN SPITE OF THE anti-Chinese law in the United States, large numbers are continually being smuggled over the frontier from British Columbia, by the willing help of the white residents of that province. High fares are paid to owners of fishing smacks for carrying the Chinese to points on the coast of Washington Territory.

AT A BANQUET given him by the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, Mr. H. M. Stanley predicted an enormous trade in the Congo country for English cotton manufacturers, and advised that the British Government should send two vessels to cruise about the mouth of the Congo river.

THE DIVORCE SUIT of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt will be heard by the Supreme Court at Darmstadt on the 18th of this month. If divorce is refused the Grand Duke will abdicate his position.

ONE OF THE GERMANS attested in Switzerland for revolutionary plots has declared that he was paid by the German police to excite the Anarchists to outrages, so as to have them expelled from Switzerland.

THE ENGLISHMEN who hold shares in American railways intend to form an Association to protect themselves.

THE CASTLE OF CHRISTIANSBOURG, the residence of the King of Denmark, was destroyed by fire on Friday last. The library and ancient documents were saved, but several persons were killed while trying to bring out the valuable art treasures in the National Gallery.

ACCORDING TO THE *National Gazette*, of Berlin, the Socialists have so increased in Germany that in future they may often hold the balance of power between the other parties in parliament. It is also said that English Conservatives are going to visit the Conservatives in other European countries, to agree on plans for putting down Anarchists, Nihilists, and such revolutionary people.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has agreed to a vote of \$800,000 to rebuild the fortifications of Lyons, so that there may be work for the unemployed. The shilling tax imposed on all passengers landing at Calais and Boulogne has also to be paid by those who take ship at those ports.

BERLIN UNIVERSITY has just received nearly \$200,000, left to it by the late Countess Bosse for poor students.

THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC telegraph cable, being laid by Messrs. Bennett and Mackay, has been broken. Icebergs are suspected of the deed.

A FRIGHTFUL SERIES of murders has been committed at Fullerton, Nebraska. A farmer, his wife and child, a young man visitor, and a farm hand, were all found dead. It is believed that a farm hand named Baird, who has disappeared, is the culprit.

EXCEPT IN 1879, last Saturday was the warmest day in Toronto in any October since 1840.

A LARGE NUMBER OF HIGHLANDERS,—according to the Rev. Gavin Lang, of Inverness,—intend to settle in Canada soon. Mr. Lang, who was formerly a minister in Montreal, is interviewing the Canadian Government upon this matter.

A LIVERY STABLE KEEPER named Charles H. Foster, having swindled the people of Boston out of about \$60,000, is reported to have crossed to Canada.

THE REV. O. W. SCOTT, of Binghamton, N. Y., is reported to have denounced skating rinks, saying that he knew of fourteen girls who had been ruined in them. The reverend gentleman's logic is surely not very strong. Any young people who take the occasion of one of the most harmless and healthful exercises for anything seriously wrong would be just about as likely to fall into evil courses by attending a church social or any friendly gathering. The fault can hardly lie with skating rinks, as such.

MR. JAY GOULD, the man of money, was badly shaken up and frightened on Sunday, when his steam yacht ran on the rocks at Hellgate. Very little damage was done.

TWO MEN AND A WOMAN at Erie, Pennsylvania, went mad through the loss of \$118 that they had deposited in an insolvent bank, and they were found preparing to enact the scene of Christ's crucifixion. They were taken into custody.

THE NEW DUKE OF WELLINGTON is going to publish the private letters of his grandfather, the Great Duke. Some curious gossip is expected to see the light.

THE SCOTTISH LAND RESTORATION LEAGUE is going to raise, or try to raise, \$5,000 to get Henry George to deliver lectures all over the country.

THE CLEVELAND insurance men offer \$1,500 reward for the arrest of the rascals who have kindled no less than a dozen fires in that city recently. The *Leader*, which published a strong article against the fire-bugs, had its own office set on fire, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

THE CASTLE ISLAND Irish National League has expelled its own president because he shook hands with the Lord Lieutenant.

DYNAMITE OUTRAGES have been alarming the people of Cirey-le-Noble and Macon, two French towns.

AS EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN was riding in an Indiana railway the other day, and as the train was slowing up at Sullivan, a bullet crashed into the car and lodged in the side just in front of the Governor. No one knows who fired the shot, but the explanation is simple. St. John is the champion of the prohibition cause in the United States, and no weapon is too cowardly for the liquor party with which he has to contend.

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL Christian Temperance Union will meet in St. Louis on the 22nd of this month.

FORTY AUSTRIANS have just been sent to gaol for outrages on the Jews.

A COPYRIGHT CONGRESS has been held at Brussels, and has passed resolutions to prevent the works of any author being published in a foreign country without his will. Of course, this will have no effect till the various governments make laws to correspond, and some of the principal countries did not send representatives to this Congress.

THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT has expelled several editors of newspapers from the country, because of their Republican principles. Revolutionary ideas have spread among the lower classes, partly because the king refused to veto the clerical education bill. The editors were escorted to the railway station by great shouting crowds.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the great American historian, completed his eighty-fourth year on Friday.

SEVERAL COWS on Long Island have had to be killed, as they had pleuro-pneumonia.

A PHILADELPHIA shoe firm refuses to sell any goods to Jews, saying that it is for purely business reasons.

AT MIDNIGHT on Thursday of last week, the heat at St. Paul strangely reached 80 degrees. At other places in the North-West the temperature was low, and a snow storm took place at Helena.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, is visiting Ireland. It is thought that the commander in Ireland thinks there are too many troops there, while the Lord Lieutenant and the Commander-in-Chief both differ from him.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA's son boasts that he took \$10,000 to France for dynamite to be sent to England.

WOMEN are to be admitted to the lectures in University College, Toronto.

THIRTY-TWO ENGLISH pickpockets were arrested in Paris on one day last week. We may now expect to hear the English denounced by the French as a nation of thieves!

SIR JAMER LUMSDEN SETON, one of the richest baronets in Scotland, has committed suicide by cutting his throat in his bath. He was about 49 years old, had been nearly all his life a soldier, and the only explanation of the deed is that he went suddenly mad.

TERRIBLY HOT WEATHER is reported from Virginia, doing considerable injury to vegetation.

THE SPANISH WORKING CLASSES are suffering greatly. Trade has been injured by floods and by the regulations for preventing communication because of the cholera.

THE BRITISH REVENUE for the last three months was \$2,500,000 less than in the same three months of last year.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is trying a new way of making money for improving harbors. Every passenger to Calais or Boulogne, (that is, everyone coming from England) has to pay one shilling before he can land.

THE GREAT "WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION," at New Orleans, opens on the 1st of December. The main building is said to be the largest ever erected; it measures 1,378 feet by 905. The music hall in the centre has seats for 11,000 people. The United States Government has given \$1,300,000 for this exhibition; the State of Louisiana and City of New Orleans, \$100,000 each; citizens of New Orleans, \$500,000; and the Government of Mexico, \$200,000.

THE IRISH NATIONALIST agitators regret to say that scarcely any subscriptions are now coming in, either from Ireland or from America. Perhaps the people are getting sick of a perpetual state of disturbance, which does the country no good and much harm.

AN ENGLISH WHALING SCHOONER, the "Boswell King," has been crushed in the ice at Hudson's Bay. Some of the crew came down the coast in boats to Labrador, and another schooner is setting out to rescue the rest.

THE CATHOLIC BISHOP of Labrador has asked the Canadian Government for help for the starving natives, and a steamer is to be sent.

SITTING ON A KEG of what he thought was preserved fruit, an Iowa man let a spark drop from his pipe. The spark soon discovered that the keg contained gunpowder, and the man was blown to pieces. Ten other men were injured. This little mistake happened in a saloon.

A JUDGE AND THE CHIEF OF POLICE have been murdered by a mob at Laredo, Texas. It is believed the riotous "citizens" were led by El Coyote, a famous rufian and outlaw who lately escaped from prison.

ALL THE POOL-SELLING places in Baltimore have been closed by the police.

THE JAMAICA "GLENER" says that the island does not want to be annexed to Canada, but wants self-government.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS have already nominated candidates for offices in about twenty States of the Union, and they are increasing the number. The prohibition cause is increasing all the time, and it is certainly going to have a great effect on the coming elections. The cause is a winning one—if not now, some other time not very far off!

LORD TENNYSON is writing a long dramatic poem about Thomas a Becket.

FIFTEEN LIVES have been lost by a railway collision in India.

NEWS FROM ICELAND states that nineteen trading ships and sixty fishing boats were lost in a frightful storm on the 11th of September. The number of lives destroyed was very great.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION of the Province of Quebec is holding its first annual convention at Stanstead Plain this week.

A RUM-SELLER whose house is built partly in Sutton, Province of Quebec, and partly in Richford, State of Vermont, has been carrying on his drunkard-making business without a license from either. He kept his liquor on the Canadian side of his cellar and sold it mostly to people from the American side. At last, however, the Canadian and American revenue officers arranged to meet on the spot just after a new stock had been laid in. The Canadian went in first; the rum-seller's wife went downstairs and was moving all the liquor to the other side, when in walked the American officer, and the whole stock was seized.

LOW PRICES were brought at the Fall combination sale of Jersey cattle in New York. There is said to be a fear of investing money in cattle while pleuro-pneumonia is about.

SEVERAL MORE STRIKES of workmen and reduction of wages have occurred in the past week in the United States.

SOME CURIOUS REVELATIONS have been made at Quebec. The Liberal leader, Mr. Mercier, having been charged with taking money to stop proceedings in an election trial against Mr. Mousseau—then premier of the province—five members of the House of Assembly were appointed to investigate. The principal facts of interest that have come out are in reference to an attempt made by Mr. Mousseau to get Mr. Mercier to unite with him in forming a coalition government. Mr. Tarte, the prominent Conservative who conducted the negotiations, swears that a Roman Catholic bishop (probably Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers) was consulted, and agreed to favor a coalition if the Liberals would promise not to try to take the control of education out of the hands of the clergy. This is another proof of the way in which the Church controls everything in the Province of Quebec.

JAMES GRAVES, a jeweller, who arrived in New York on Saturday, tried to smuggle in \$20,000 worth of diamonds. Somehow, his little plan became known, though one would think diamonds could be easily enough concealed. He and his wife were both arrested on landing—at which he fainted away.

LORD SPENCER writes to the British Government that, though the harvest is good, prices in Ireland are so low that if landlords insist on their full rents there will be non-payment, evictions, distress, and crime.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN has come out with a powerful letter in accepting the Prohibition candidature for the Presidency of the United States. He says: Never was there a time when the people could better afford to, and when it was more important that they should stop and think than now, with manufactories shutting down, banks breaking, merchants failing, securities unsettled, western wheat selling at the home market for 40 cents, and hundreds of thousands of industrious laboring men who can get nothing to do. He asserts that there is no possibility of relief through the discussion of the tariff question while ignoring matters relating to the moral welfare of the people. After condemning the liquor traffic and endorsing the platform of the national convention, the letter concludes: The country needs an administration that will rise above mere partisan considerations, and in the selection of public officials will make honesty, sobriety and efficiency, not service to party, the test, and it should be conducted in the interest of the whole people.

THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic has sent a resolution to the Hon. Neal Dow, congratulating Maine on the enormous majority by which constitutional prohibition was voted. They say that great results will follow in other parts of the world.

THE POPULATION of Toronto is now 104,276.

THE NORTH LANARK exhibition at Almonte came to an unhappy end on Friday. A balcony, crowded with people, came down with a run, and a number of those upon it or underneath were injured. A collection of pictures and other articles were destroyed.

THE "DRUMMERS" have nominated a candidate of their own for the Presidency of the United States,—the Hon. Joseph Mulholland, of Louisville, Kentucky. He says that this uprising of the drumming fraternity marks a new era, when the business interests of the country shall not be ruled by professional politicians and the lower classes.

THE DOOMED BIRD.

A HUMOROUS PLEA FOR THE UNHAPPY SPARROW.

A committee of the American Union of Ornithologists has taken evidence against the imported British sparrow and has indicted him as a nuisance. The committee reports that the sparrow is an impostor, a thief, and a murderer, and recommends that he be exterminated without further delay.

The story of the sparrow's crimes is a painful and revolting one. He was brought here to destroy the measuring worm which formerly infested the shade trees in our cities. Not content with doing his duty in point of worms, the sparrow deliberately and wickedly devours grain, and thus ruins the farmer's most valuable crop. Filled with hatred of all honest birds, the sparrow makes war upon our native song birds, and, according to the testimony taken by the committee, he is rapidly exterminating them. Meanwhile he pays no attention to worms, and thus entirely ignores the contract under which he was brought to this country. He is a faithless, gaminivorous, murderous thief, and even the most hardened crow looks upon him with contempt and disgust.

This is a terrible indictment, but until the committee of ornithologists submits its evidence against the sparrow to the public it will not do to assume that the indictment is a just one. In behalf of the sparrow it may be urged that he did his full duty in regard to the measuring worms, and totally exterminated those pests in this city. Is it fair to ignore this fact, and is it reasonable to complain that the sparrow no longer feeds on measuring worms when the simple truth is that there are no more measuring worms for him to eat?

That the sparrow is exterminating our song birds may be doubted. He does not exterminate the English song birds and if it be true that as soon as he reaches this country he plunges into murder and other crimes we must make the humiliating admission that there is something demoralizing to birds as well as to statesmen in our republican atmosphere. Doubtless, the sparrow fights occasionally with other birds, and, owing to his skill and pluck, he usually defeats them. There are, however, a good many singing birds still left, and if they are in process of extermination by the sparrow, the process is a very slow one.

But, granting all that is said against the sparrow, how is he to be exterminated? It is idle to talk of shooting him, for he is too small to be hit by the average sportsman at a greater distance than three yards. Poison, too, is out of the question, for, as one of the committee mournfully remarked, the Australians have already tried to poison their sparrows and have in so doing poisoned their chickens.

To the cat alone can we look for efficient aid in carrying out the extermination policy, and it will be at once seen that to "cupp" ourselves with the required number of cats would be madness. Bad as the sparrows may be, they are infinitely better than cats. Let us accept the inevitable with a good grace and cease to abuse the sparrow. We brought him here, and here he will remain. It is impossible to exterminate him, and the sooner the ornithologists recognize the fact the better.—*New York Times*.

ONE OF THE LEADING PROFESSORS of chemistry in a leading medical college in Chicago, stated before his class in a recent lecture: "Alcohol is a poison just as much as anything else is a poison." Another prominent physician said to his class last week, "Lager beer contains twelve percent of alcohol." He also said, "Men drink lager for the alcohol that is in it." You are asked now to put these three facts together and reflect a moment on what you are doing for yourself when you drink a glass of beer!

THE CHURCH SHOULD BANISH from her communion table all intoxicating wines. She should never put a temptation in the path of one struggling for victory over a terrible appetite and still chafing in its chains. She should never deprive such, knowing their weakness and danger, of the enjoyment and benefits of the Lord's Supper by using the ordinary wine of commerce. She should not substitute the product of the vat for the appointed "fruit of the vine."—*Union Signal*.

THE STORY TELLER.

FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT.

Experienced Burglar—"We will not crack this bank before Sunday night."  
"Young Burglar—"Why not to-night?"  
"I want to go to church first."  
"Want to atone for your sins in advance?"  
"No, I want to see if there's money enough in the bank to pay for our troubles."  
"How can you find out at church?"  
"Oh, if the cashier's wife ain't there in silks and satins, we'll go ahead and crack the bank."—*Chicago News*.

TACKLING A "SPIRIT."

A gross outrage was lately perpetrated upon the gentle and forgiving spirit of —, which, having duly materialized itself, tried, at a recent Hattie-pole spiritualistic "seance," to walk over a stage strewn with drawing ticks. When the first tack entered the ostensible ghost's right foot he calmly lifted up his injured limb to withdraw the intrusive bit of steel. In his efforts to balance himself on one leg he ran another into his left foot, when he broke the silence by a gentle exclamation expressive of pain and annoyance, then he immediately sat down, and thus inserted two more tacks. Instead of letting his ghostly passions rise he merely remarked, "Well," and hurriedly withdrew into the mystic cabinet.

"STOPPING PAYMENT."

A miner belonging to a colliery near Newcastle, one day last week was approached by a fellow workman who had a very dejected countenance.  
"As my Bill," said he, "what didst thou think at 'syeen and dyns: as'st lost a sovereign. What shouldst do?" "Way," replied the other, "thou mightst advertise for'd; but thot's vary few folks honest enuf to return money now-a-days. But as'll tell thee what. Dis thoo mind when Jim Coates lost his five pund? Weel, he advertised for'd, an' said the numbers was known an' that nobody would be able to spend it. He syun got his money. Noo, if thoo gains and advertises for thy sovereign, and says thoo knaes the number, thoo's sure to get it back!"

A MISTAKEN FIDDLER.

There was recently a concert in a local mining district, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the fiddler of the orchestra stepped forward to play a "solo on the violin." His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival" through which he struggled with exemplary courage, and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause, instead of which his ears were astounded by an exclamation from the back seats: "I say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be a' n'icht tunin' that fiddle o' yours, or are ye gaun to gits us a tune?"

A FOILED DIPLOMAT.

"George, dear," she said, entering the parlor with her bonnet on, "I guess we'd better take a walk; papa is expecting company to-night."  
"Very well," added her lover, apprehensively, recalling the expensive consequences of previous walks. Before they had gone half a block, however, an idea struck him and he said—  
"I was reading such an interesting article in the paper this morning."  
"Yes; what was it about?"  
"About the danger of eating ice cream. You can't imagine how many people have died from it, Lizzie. In eight cases out of ten it's rank poison."  
"Oh, my, how glad I am you told me, my dear!" exclaimed the innocent girl, with a Chicago twinkle in her eye; "you buy me a couple of quarts of it, and I'll take it home to kill rats."

HIS POSITION.

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited. "What do you think, pr; Joe Stewars, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar!" "What position did Joe take?" "His last position was across a chair with his face down."

A SCOTCHMAN, having a warm dispute with a London sailman about his fare, said, "I'd have ve ken I am Mackintosh." To which the Cockney replied, "You may be a humbrella, for all I know; but my fare is eighteen-pence."

FIRST OLD GENTLEMAN—"Who is that handsome young man standing there?" Second ditto—"That's my daughter's husband; very brilliant young man; he made a fortune through the law." First o.g.—"Indeed!" Second o.g.—"Yes; the law made me his father."

A FACT: A sturdy Irish lass and her young man sailed their way to the boat for Erin-go-bragh yesterday. They meant to Grosbois.—*Gazette*.

THE MAN who is in the wrong uses hard words and soft arguments, while the man who is in the right uses soft words and hard arguments.

"NO FOLKS."

BY MRS. A. H. BRONSON.

It was a raw, cold day, with a suggestion of snow in the air, the chilliness of which penetrated, even to the warm, cosy room where sat a pale woman, looking listlessly out of the window. Presently her face brightened, as a man with a kindly face and cheery smile passed it and entered the house.

"Well, father!" and the thin hand was outstretched for the letter she saw in his pocket.

"Let me read it, Mary," he said. "I'm afraid it will be a disappointment."

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—We are very sorry, but we cannot be with you Thanksgiving day. Harry's father has been taken very ill and has sent for us. We leave for B. in the morning; will write you from there.

Your loving child, HATTIE." The tears gathered in the woman's eyes. "Oh dear," she said, "what shall we do? how can we bear the loneliness!"

"Oh well, mother, we must make the best of it. Perhaps—let me see,—here is some more on the other side,—perhaps, mother dear—"

"Father, come here quick," interrupted the woman. "Do you see those two girls coming down the street? They are the ones I told you about, that put me in mind so much of Mattie and Alice—look!" The old man hastened to the window, just as the two figures passed it, and looked eagerly after them.

"Yes, they do kinder seem something like them," and a heavy sigh escaped from the brave heart, well-trained to keep its own sorrows out of sight, that it might the better help the weaker one to bear hers.

"Father," she said, "what if our little girls had been left alone like that! I have watched them now going on three weeks, and they go that way always. I think the smallest one is a little lame or something, she always clings close to her sister, just so. I have wanted and wanted to speak to them, they look so tired and poor and hungry. I wonder"—and then she stopped and hesitated, looking eagerly into her husband's face.

"Well, Mary."

"I wonder," she went on, "whether they would not like to come and spend the day with us!"

"Oh," said her husband, "why, Mary, dear, perhaps they would want to stay with their folks."

"I don't believe they've got any folks, husband. They go into Mrs. Arden's boarding-house, you know, and don't ever look glad either, as if they had folks to go to!" The old man pondered a little. He was glad she seemed interested in anybody, for since the death of two young daughters a year before, the spring of life had seemed dried up.

"I'll tell you what, Mary," he said at last, "I'll just go round to Miss Arden's, and inquire a bit about them," and suiting the action to the word, he put on his coat and hat, and left the house.

In the boarding-house alluded to, a respectable, though not first-class establishment, the two young girls had ascended three flights to their room. It was very cold, and they were shivering as they entered and shut the door.

"Keep your things on, Flossie, dear," said the older of the two; "no, no, just lie down and let me cover you up, till the fire is started. There! is that better? Now I will hurry."

Then she kindled a little fire, not much, for her stock of fuel was low, and then she put on the kettle and made some tea. No, not quite that. She took the teapot, which belonged to a maiden lady in the next room to theirs, who made vests for a living, who after she drank her own cup, kindly gave it to these still poorer ones, for a second steeping and drinking. Then she put two little cups of very old china on the little table, a small loaf, and a tiny bit of butter; then she thought a moment, and then going to the closet, took out a couple of dried herring and warmed them in the fire.

"How good they smell, don't they, Flo?" said Maggie cheerily, but Flossie, exhausted with cold and hunger, answered not. Was she asleep? Maggie hardly knew. She looked so white so death-like. "O my love," she gasped, "what can I do? O Lord, help me, help me!"

A knock at the door brought her quickly to her feet. She trembled, as she walked across the floor and opened it. What was going to happen! Perhaps it was Mrs.

Arden for the month's rent, or Mr. Bins, the coal-man, and she without a dollar! Yes, it was Mrs. Arden, indeed, and a man, but a stranger.

"Will you walk in?" tremulously. "I can't stop a minute, miss," said the landlady, "but this is our good neighbor, Mr. Sims, the baker, just round the corner. He has a message for you," and she went down the stairs.

Mr. Sims stepped in. He looked at the pale, trembling girl, at the little table with the cracked cups, and the two herrings, vainly trying to get comfortably warmed up at the mite of a fire, and then at the white face on the pillow.

"Children," he said aloud, so loud that the girl on the bed started and opened her eyes in alarm, "a mother wants you to come home now, right away! You see," he said more softly, in answer to Maggie's look of wonder. "I mean the old lady you have seen looking at you from the window of the brown bakehouse on the corner. Her little girls went home to heaven this time last year, and I suspect 'twas to make room for you two. Will you come?"

By this time Miss Brown, the teapot lender, had heard the report and hurried in to offer her help and advice, and then Mrs. Arden had bethought her that a good strong cup of coffee and a bit of meat might be a good thing to carry up, now that such a good friend had appeared, and Mr. Sims, seeing them so well cared for, for the present, had himself opened all the draughts of the stove, and emptied the contents of the hod into it. Remarking that he would go and get a carriage, for he guessed "the little gal wouldn't feel much like walking that night," he disappeared from the scene, only to reappear in a few moments, and then he wrapped Flossie up in a big blanket shawl he picked up in the hall, and took her up in his arms as easily as if she were, as he said, "nothing but a doughnut," and carried her down stairs, and into the carriage, Maggie, having first carefully put away the little loaf and the two herrings, following after.

"I declare," said Miss Brown, wiping her eyes as she slowly returned with her teapot, for comfort and company, to her own scarcely less dreary room, "God don't forget, does He?"

Meanwhile Mrs. Sims, tired of waiting for her husband's return, had picked up her daughter's letter and read it over.

"Well," she sighed, "it does seem as if I might have just one to cheer me," and then her eye caught the word "perhaps" her husband was reading when she called him sheet, a gleam of hope in her heart, that after all she might be coming,—perhaps, mother dear, the dear Lord will come Himself and spend the day with you, in the person of one of His suffering ones, if you ask Him to."

Just here a carriage stopped at the door, and to her great surprise she saw her husband get out, and in his arms the smaller of the two young girls, followed by the other.

"Here, mother," said the cheery voice, as the light burden was laid upon the soft, wide lounge, "I've brought you what you wanted, something to love and care for, and plenty need there will be for it, too, I'm thinking, for this little one at any rate, and I guess a little of it went come amiss to her sister either, judging by what I see and heard at the house."

The story of the two girls was like many others,—left orphans and penniless, by parents whose only fault lay in so carefully sheltering them from every cold blast, and when they found themselves homeless and alone, the storm swept over them unprepared to resist its fury.

The older girl had learned to make flowers as a pastime, and this she bravely turned to good account, and for a time made good wages and a decent living for herself and young sister, whom she kept at school. But the great fire in Boston swept away the factory and threw hundreds out of employment, and then came the heavy tug of war.

"Why did you go to such an expensive boarding-house as Mrs. Arden's?" inquired their new friends. "It must have taken all you could earn to pay for your room."

"O ma'am," said the girl flushing, "we must be respectable. I would rather we both starved to death than live in a low place."

When the beloved Hattie and her husband came a month after to spend Christ-

mas, they were astonished at the change in the pale, sad mother they had left six months before.

"Something to love and care for" here, that she might cheerfully resign her lost darlings to their happy home in heaven was the remedy she needed, and had found indeed, in poor, frail little Flossie, whose nervous system had been so severely taxed by all that they had been through that it required the tenderest watchcare to bring her back to healthful life again. And Maggie, what a treasure she was in the house!

"No, my child," said good father Sims, in reply to her proposal to go back to the flower-shop and earn her own and Flossie's board, after she had been resting a week or two, "no, indeed; why should you? I've got money enough, for that matter, to buy all the bread and butter we can all eat, and clothes too, just as pretty ones as anybody's girls have; but a million couldn't pay for what we lost in our darlings, or for what we should lose again, if you went off and left us."

"I tell you that, little girl," he added, seeing her troubled look, "you can help make cakes and sweet-meats for the shop, and ornament them up with all the filigrees and posies you want to hang on to them, made out of good clean sugar and fresh eggs, and that's all the kind of artificial flower-making I'll agree to, so there's an end on't," and down came the big foot with a force which settled the matter, and made the glasses Maggie was wiping jingle merrily on the table.

The hospitable supper-table was laid, the night before Christmas, and the happy reunited family were busily chatting over the events of the past year when father Sims got up and went to the window, the same window where his wife had sat and looked out so sadly only a month before.

Two young girls were coming down the street, their hands filled with packages, their cheeks and eyes aglow with the exercise and the light of love for the home they were nearing, when he exclaimed, "Come here, now mother. Just look at them; you wouldn't really say now they look as if they hadn't got no folks, would ye?"

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 19.—1 Kings 3: 5-15.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. God's call to the young. Little children are sometimes intended to do great things. God has a special place for every one to fill. Sometimes the child who is least thought of in the home or in the class is to have the noblest destiny. Two brothers once lived in the same tent. One was brave and manly, a great hunter, and a popular, generous man; but his younger and feebler brother, Jacob, became greater than he. In Jesse's family at Bethlehem there were young men, tall, comely, and heroic, yet their shepherd brother, whom they despised, was chosen to be their king. Now in David's own family God made His choice; and overlooking the beautiful Absalom and the ambitious Adonijah, He selected Solomon, their youngest and gentlest brother, to be king over one of the richest kingdoms in the world, and to rule His own people in the time of their greatest prosperity. In youth our future is generally decided. If we go wrong then, it is not easy to be set right. An injury done to a living thing during its growing time is irreparable. The man who was crippled when he was a child, the tree blasted when it was a sapling, cannot by any subsequent care be made straight and whole.—Joseph Hammond, LL. B., in Pulpit Commentaries.

PRACTICAL.

1. To us—to all, that is, who, like Solomon, "love the Lord"—does the same voice speak, saying, "Ask what I shall give thee." Yes; He who spoke to this new-crowned king in the night visions hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, saying, "Ask, and it shall be given you." Let us consider: (1) Like Solomon, we are commanded to ask. It is not that we are permitted to do so; it is made a positive duty. If we do not ask, we sin. It was in the night visions that God spoke to Solomon. It is no dream, no vision, but in His own written word, He says to us, "Ask what I shall give thee." (2) Like Solomon, we have but to ask and God will give. "Every one that asketh receiveth," etc. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him." If we have not wisdom, blessing, pardon, peace, it is all for want of asking. God assure to give, because He loves to give; it is His nature and property to give. Not only (as has been beautifully said) is "the greatest Being in the world the greatest giver," but it is an essential part of His perfections to give. (3) Like Solomon, let us ask the best gifts. (4) If, like Solomon, we choose the best gifts, the other and inferior blessings are thrown in with them. (5) And here again observe that not only is it God's nature to give, but to give "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." He is, "wont to do more than either we desire or deserve."

"I knelt before Thy gracious throne, And I asked for peace with suppliant knee; And peace was given; not peace alone, But love and joy and ecstasy." (6) If, like Solomon, we cease to covet the best gifts and care only for the lower, we shall certainly lose the former, and may possibly lose both.—Rev. Jos. Hammond LL. B. 2. The prayer of Solomon is the type of true prayer (1) in its power, (2) in the condition on which it was granted, (3) in its answer.—De Presence. 3. The wisdom of Solomon's choice. (1) The choice was for the good of others rather than for the advantage of himself. The prayer of selfishness, greed, avarice, can never be put up in Christ's name. (2) The choice was made of inward worth, and not of outward show. He did not ask for himself riches and honor. What will make us noble is always more readily given by God than what will make us wealthy. Our heavenly Father cares little that we should make money or win applause; but He cares much that we should be wise and true and loving; and these graces He will in no wise withhold from those who seek. (3) The choice made of the higher brought with it the lower blessings (vers. 11-13.) Because Solomon asked wisdom, God gave him that, but added to it wealth and honor. The teaching of Christ (Matt. 6: 24-34) goes to show that a man who is chiefly concerned to please God need have no anxiety or care about lower things. If God feeds the birds, He will feed you. Men's characters appear in their choices and desires. As we choose we shall have, and that is likely to be our portion to which we give the preference, whether the wealth and pleasure of this world or spiritual riches and delights.—Henry.

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Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. On what occasion did David write "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended"?
2. Who built the city of Samaria?
3. Which are the seven churches in Asia to which the Revelation was addressed?
4. Which of these churches were not charged with any sin?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- The initials give him who enters the sheep-fold by the door—the final, him who climbs up some other way.
1. Abraham's wife.
2. The seer who told Asa that the host of the king of Syria had escaped out of his hand.
3. That which the wayfaring man in the way of holiness shall not do.
4. One of the places Paul and Barnabas passed through on their way to Jerusalem.
5. The son of Shalum, Jeremiah's uncle.
6. He to whom Samuel said, "Here am I."
7. That which the Lord promised to send in due season if His commandments were kept.

- 8. That which the dresser of the vineyard promised to do round about the fig-tree if it were spared for a year.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 17.

- ELISHA.—2 Kings xiii. 20, 21.
1. Eve . . . . . Gen. ii. 22.
2. Lazarus . . . . . John xi. 21.
3. Isaac . . . . . Gen. xxii. 16, 17, 18.
4. Solomon . . . . . 1 Kings ii. 24.
5. H-annah . . . . . 1 Sam. i. 13-18.
6. A-dam . . . . . Gen. iii. 4-20.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, C. Spence, Albert Jesse French, Lizzie E. Caldwell, Clara Farnsworth, William Traquair, James A. Clark, and Katie McDonald.

HOW TO BEGIN A HOME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Did you ever hear a gray-haired man or woman say, "Ah, well, if I had my life to live over again, and could have my present experience to guide me, I would manage things very differently!" But the fortunate individual does not exist to whom that chance has been given. Once gone, time never returns, and therefore it is of the greatest importance for you, dear readers, who are rich in youth and hope, to use these golden days to advantage.

You are beginning a home. Yours is a grand opportunity. What will you make of it? What sort of home shall this be, to which you go, I trust, while the joy-bells are still ringing for your wedding?

The first thing I would say to you is, do not begin in a boarding-house. Let your home from the first have the sweet seclusion of being your very own. Sit at your own table, spread for two. Shut your door upon the rest of the world, and feel that your house, or your flat, or your small apartment, as may be, is hemmed in with sacred privacy.

Larger or smaller, determine that your home shall be carried on honestly. Pay for things as you get them. Be resolved to live within your income. To this end let husband and wife be perfectly candid with each other. There should be a financial basis, and a scale of expenditure, thoroughly understood by each other.

An immense amount of friction, of humiliating irritation and trouble would be saved if people who are beginning home life would act with common sense and fairness about money matters. The husband is the bread-winner. The wife is the loaf-giver. He directly earns the family income. She also helps to earn it by caring for the internal economy of the household and leaving him free to attend to his business or his profession.

Domestic financing is commonly carried on in a loose hap-hazard way, to the last degree absurd. You, hand in hand at the altar, do not dream that so sordid a thing as money could ever give either of you a headache.

Well, take my advice and it never will: Buy nothing for which you cannot pay, keep out of debt, and have a common purse, each partner being fully in the confidence of the other. And as we are stewards of the divine bounty, let it enter into your home plan to give systematically, as God prospers you, to the poor, to home and foreign missions, to the cause of God and the coming of his kingdom.

Begin your home in a spirit of unselfishness. Your love for each other should not make you careless of social duties. Exercise a simple yet generous hospitality, inviting guests to your house, and giving them of your best, not in the way of food and lodging only, but in the interchange of thoughts and opinions. Nothing brightens a house and breaks its routine like neighborliness. Be at home to friends, and let the home wear an air of welcome to all who come within its doors.

A home should have its ideal to which it aspires. Of all people they are most to be pitied who are satisfied with to-day, in the sense of having nothing to climb to to-morrow. "To live that each to-morrow find us farther than to-day" should be our aim. Be the furnishing plain, be the margin for luxury narrow, still let the frugal housewife look forward to something better farther on.

You ought to think much of your day of small things in this regard. It is delightful to have to economize, so that the new picture on the wall marks an event in the home history, and the new rug on the floor is an episode, and the new book on the shelf is cause for a family festival.

Talking of home history, why not write one? Why not set down, day by day, in a book, the pleasant happenings of life? Your children—and you will be blessed indeed if they fill the home nest with laughter and song—will by and by prize such a volume as above rubies.

Do not isolate the new home by being strangers and pilgrims, with no rest for the soles of your feet, among the churches. Have a church home from the beginning; a pew, and a place, and a pastor, and Christian friends of your own, so that your household shall be one of the lights on some golden candlestick that shines in your community for Jesus.

Guard against small displays of temper, against jealousy, against slight misunderstandings.

Husband and wife should be chief friends to each other, and no entering wedge of alienation should disturb or fracture their intimacy.

"It is the little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute."

Love must rule the happy home, and love must be long-suffering sometimes, since we are men and women; not saints and angels.

If you want your home to rise in beauty and symmetry, build it on the Bible. I beg you to have family worship, always, at least once a day. Read the Bible together, and together seek the presence and the benediction of the Master. That is a cold and cheerless abode in which there is no room for Christ. Let the time never be that your little ones as they come, and your friends as they visit you, shall be surprised at a call to family prayers. Courage, dear young people, if this appals you at the outset: It will soon become your dearest and most hallowed privilege.

Begin right! Go on right! Your home will be a type of heaven.—Christian Union.

A MOST DREADFUL SURPRISE.

A religious lady was very much worried with all her good works. She used to complain to her husband that she had so many disappointments in people. He and her friends used to keep saying, "You do too much. You will kill yourself with over-work. You give away too liberally. People impose on your generosity."

And she really sometimes hoped that their estimate of her was true. Her self-denial, however, did not go very deep, for her means were large, and it was a pleasure to benefit poor people and to be thanked by them. Besides, it was a change and it quieted her conscience.

One day she was dissatisfied with a very good mission-woman whom she employed. "I really cannot afford to keep you any longer, Miss Jonson," she said. "I have so many calls, and I must say that I do not think you have worked as hard as you might have done. I will give you a guinea as a present, but I shall not require your services any longer. I am sure I hope you have done some good, but I seem to find nothing but failure and ingratitude among the poor. I have been talking the matter over with Canon G—, and he strongly advises me not to do so much. The work is killing me."

Poor Miss Jonson burst into tears, and said, "Oh, ma'am, you are so kind and good. What shall I do, and what will the poor people do? Think of that old Mrs. Stone, who has nothing to live on except the five shillings a week you so kindly allow her. Do reconsider the matter."

"It is impossible, Miss Jonson, I assure you," said Mrs. W—. "So the poor thing went off with a heavy heart, and her late employer settled herself for a nap before dinner.

In her sleep a kind of deathly sickness came over her, and she thought she actually died.

With a dismal chill she seemed to wake up in the other world.

The scantiest and dirtiest of garments covered her, instead of ample silk and costly fur. She felt an impulse to rise in the air, but a dead weight kept her down. The place was a barren wilderness, with gray, driving clouds overhead. A lean, wretched-looking ghost, with chattering teeth, approached her, and greeted her with a kind of servile politeness. It was the elegant Canon G—, who had advised her not to be quite so self-denying. "We seem to be paired off together here," he said. And he repeated this three times.

An extremely offensive and canting tradesman, who cheated Mrs. W— about some blankets for the poor, now joined them. His familiarity in claiming their acquaintance as equals was most disagreeable.

"It seems kind of singular that we should meet so," he said. And he evidently recognized the fact that they had reached a place where virtues, and not social distinctions, were recognized.

Suddenly two figures appeared hand in hand, and clad in robes of soft, brilliant light. Both persons were of exquisite beauty. Their presence seemed to give warmth and hope to the poor lady. They

drew near to her, and fixed their eyes on her with astonishment.

They were Miss Jonson and Mrs. Stone. It was dreadfully mortifying to see the old pauper and the humble mission-woman suddenly changed, as it were, into two queens, while she, their late benefactor, stood bereft of everything before them.

Bitter tears sprang to her eyes, and in a broken voice she said, "Pray, pray help me. Remember how I helped you."

The two pairs of beautiful eyes beamed lovingly upon her, and Miss Jonson took her hand, but a movement which she tried to repress showed that the touch was most painful to her.

"May we help her? She was a friend to us, and an important friend," said Mrs. Stone; and Mrs. W— was then aware, of an angel's grave and fixed attention being fastened on her.

After a pause, he said, "Yes, you will both help her as much as you can. But it will not be very much. She is earthbound. Scarcely anything of her work has abode the fire. Self-indulgence and selfishness have spoilt nearly all. But there were a few grains of kindness and pity. I think there is hope. But none without holiness shall see the Lord."

A timid knock at the door sounded at this moment, and Mrs. W— awoke.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. I am very sorry for my carelessness, but I left my umbrella behind me," said poor Miss Jonson, coming in and recovering her very shabby piece of property.

"Stop! stop!" said Mrs. W—, as she was hastily withdrawing again.

She looked with rapture on the plain, mild, sad face, disfigured by the small-pox. "Forgive me, Miss Jonson. I have changed my mind. Do not leave your work and your poor people. O God! I am a sinner."

And she wept.—E. Clifford.

FALLING BEHIND.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Calling recently upon a Christian lady, she said:

"I have been saddened to-day by a letter from a very dear friend of my girlhood, who removed several years ago from New England to the far West, and since that time I have lost sight of her altogether.

"She has a great deal to say of the deplorable state of society in the town where she is living, and adds: 'Were I a Christian, I would try to do what I could as a home missionary. I see the need of such work; although, for my own part, I have drifted so long over a boundless sea of doubt that I am fairly stranded upon a desert island of unbelief, and know that it is impossible for me to lead where I have no sure footing myself.'

"The letter shocked me," went on the lady, "for I remember so vividly the circumstances attending her conversion. She was away from our isolated country hamlet at the time, visiting relatives in the nearest city, and her letters to all her young friends at home were filled with the enthusiasm of her newly-awakened love for her Saviour.

"She was a great favorite among us, and we were all a good deal interested and softened; and I think we most of us looked forward eagerly to her home-coming as a time when, through her guidance we might establish a district young people's meeting and Sunday-school, and stand with her as soldiers of the cross, taking up our portion of the Lord's work in a desert island of unbelief, and know that it is impossible for me to lead where I have no sure footing myself."

"I remember her return as vividly as if it were yesterday—the dress she wore, the soft shine of her brown ringlets, the rose pink ribbon at her throat.

"We were all delighted to see her again, and a little company of us walked together in the sweet June twilight to the top of a round green hill and sat down in a grove of pines to see the moon rise.

"We were unwontedly silent, perhaps. The tone of her frequent letters had led us all to feel that when she came she would be ready to speak with boldness of the spiritual life in which she had found joy.

"Looking back with the experience I now have, I can understand that the Spirit was knocking for admission at the door of our hearts. I have no reason to doubt that

he was also striving with her, to induce her to take up the work for which she had enlisted.

"She was a singularly graceful, attractive young girl, with a gift in conversation, and she charmed us all with her merry talk, until she said,—

"Do you know I dreaded to come home for fear you would all think, by my letters, that I was so good I should not enjoy falling into my own place among you; but I am just the same Elspeth, you see. Joining the church had not had the effect of making me prim or precise or grave."

"But your new relations would not allow you to go to Hinsdale to a dance with me next week!" said Henry Frost.

"Of course I will go if you really wish it," she replied. "Why not?"

"Oh, I am sorry she said that!" said Henry's most intimate friend, as we retraced our steps. "Henry is fond of her. She could influence him for good if she had the will. He is tired of the half-reckless life he is living and has looked forward to her home-coming, as we all have, I believe, with a hope that she would map out a way to something better and more satisfactory. I am sorry she has come home, for now hope even is dead. We are here, far away from church; there are no Christian people to take any special interest in us, and what are we to do?"

"Elspeth confessed to me later that when she was away, she felt the importance of her own family and neighborhood work pressing upon her, but, once on the ground, she was too cowardly to face it, and slipped out of it in the first way that presented itself.

"She had come back to the old home and, instead of taking her place as leader, as we all hoped, she fell into her old place in the ranks; and as there is no such thing as entire inaction, and she would not advance, it was inevitable that she fell back.

"God showed her her work, she declined it, and he called another in her place, for His work must be done. There was a revival in that community a short time after, but the stars were not in her crown.

"She has walked in troublesome ways since then. The ways have gone hard with her, as they do to those who persistently walk in the darkness."

What a lesson there is in this account of a wasted life for the young Christian! I thought.

So many who are converted, wait listlessly, falling of the special joy they hoped to find, forgetting that regeneration is only the beginning of a Christian life, and that in order to grow we must work; and to work satisfactorily, we must pray and study God's Word.

True religion is the service of God—the taking up of little duties hour by hour, the following close to the Saviour in our daily walk, exercising love, charity, forbearance, patience, prayerfulness, restraining our tongues and our thoughts.

God gives the grace to work, if we will accept it, and when the work is done he gives the reward of grace.—Church and Home.

VEAL CUTLET.—Veal requires more cooking than any meat except pork. It is too dry to broil, and is best fried and served with nice gravy. It should be fried slowly, and if there is not enough of its own fat to fry it, a little fresh suet or butter should be used. When it is done, remove the meat to a platter pour some milk or water in the pan. Moisten some flour with a little milk and stir it in the gravy. Bread toasted and cut into small square pieces and placed around the edge of the dish is very nice; then pour the gravy around over toast. Serve immediately.

MOTHER'S BREAD.—One quart of corn meal, made into mush with water. When sufficiently boiled, cool with sweet milk. Spread four quarts of best flour in the bread-bowl, adding one cup of hop yeast, one dessertspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of sweet butter. Stir it well, and let it rise over night. Bake in an oven well heated. Be sure to bake before the first sweetness is gone. When well baked, wrap it lightly in a bread cloth, to ripen. The mush must not be allowed to get lumpy and stiff when boiling.

THERE ARE FIFTEEN times as many saloons in Chicago as there are in the entire state of Kansas. Does this prove that prohibition is a failure and high license works satisfactorily?

