

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1884.

No. 11.

## CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

In press, campaign tracts, as follows:—No. 2, Sir A. T. Galt's speech on prohibition from a political economist's point of view; No. 3, a synopsis of the Scott Act, showing the steps required for its adoption; No. 4, the Rev. Mr. Brethour's speech on the success of the Scott Act in Halton; No. 5, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens. No parcels will be sold of less than a hundred tracts, the price of which is twenty-five cents. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

## CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT.

### CONSTITUENCIES WHICH HAVE ADOPTED IT.

Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.
Annapolis,	Albert,
Cape Breton,	Carleton,
Colchester,	Charlotte,
Cumberland,	Fredericton (city),
Digby,	King's,
Hants,	Northumberland,
Inverness,	Queen's,
King's,	Sunbury,
Pictou,	Westmoreland,
Queen's,	York.
Shelburne,	Ontario.
Yarmouth,	Halton,
P. E. Island.	Manitoba.
Charlottetown (city),	Lisgar,
Kings,	Marquette,
Prince,	
Queen's,	

### CAMPAIGNS IN PROGRESS.

#### Ontario.

Northumberland & Durham, Russell & Prescott, Stormont, Glengarry & Dundas, Ontario, Oxford.

Will readers kindly furnish additions or corrections to the above list?

#### SUMMARY.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, of which twelve counties have adopted the Act.

New Brunswick has fourteen counties and two cities, of which nine counties and one city have adopted the Act.

Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act.

Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city, all of which have adopted the Act.

Ontario has forty-eight counties and five cities, of which one county has adopted the Act and in nine an agitation has been started in its favor.

Quebec has fifty-six counties and four cities, none of which has adopted the Act.

British Columbia has five parliamentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act.

Friends in counties not heard from are requested to send us accounts of the movement in their counties. If there is none, they are requested to act at once by calling a county conference. Forms of circular can be had from the provincial secretaries of the Alliance.

## CAMPAIGN NEWS.

THE LICENSE INSPECTOR of Fredericton, N. B., has begun his official course by entering a suspected place and seizing two kegs of liquor.

A LETTER FROM PETITCODIAC, Westmoreland county, N. B., says the temperance men gave the rum-sellers notice to close their places before the first of March, and on that date the shutters were on all the shops and the doors locked. More Scott Act failure!

"THE APPEAL" is a campaign paper to be published semi-monthly for twenty issues, at Waterford, Norfolk county, Ontario, by the Rev. T. L. Wilkins. Judging by the first two numbers it gives promise of being a power in the present contest.

THE CORNWALL "NEWS" is doing valiant work in the campaign in the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. If the newspaper press throughout the Dominion were only faithful to its great responsibilities, the liquor traffic would soon have no quarter.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE SCOTT ACT in Shelburne, N. S., is burked, temporarily, by appeals taken from convictions on the contemptible quibble that, as there have been no licenses granted in that county, the second part of the Act—which is provided to come into force where adopted upon the expiry of licenses—cannot be put into effect at all.

A CALL HAS BEEN ISSUED for a convention of the temperance workers of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham, Ontario, on Tuesday, the 25th of March, to consider the propriety of submitting the Scott Act to a vote of the electors. The call is signed by the Rev. J. T. Dowling, Colbourne, and Mr. J. J. Ferguson, Colbourg, respectively Chairman and Secretary of the committee.

READERS OF BOTH "WITNESS" AND "MESSENGER" frequently write for information regarding the Canada Temperance Act. One asks the publishers to insert the Act in full in the *Witness*, but this is impossible at present for want of space. A synopsis of the law, containing its salient points, is published by our office under direction of the Alliance in tract form for distribution at twenty-five cents a hundred, and the Act in full can be found in the Dominion Statutes for 1878, which every magistrate and lawyer should have.

WHISKEY SENT TO BED.—An inspector in Halton, Ontario, entered a suspected hotel with a search warrant. As he went in unannounced there was the sound of a stampee, and he followed hard upon the footsteps of the retreating host. Disappointed at not seeing his man when he reached a bedroom, the officer burrowed among the bed clothes that seemed to have been recently disturbed. Between the ticks he found a quantity of liquor, and further explorations of the chamber revealed the fugitive hiding in a closet. The hotel-keeper appeared before the police magistrate and confessed to "keeping for sale" intoxicating liquor, and was fined \$100 and

\$20 costs. That is the way the Scott Act is proving a failure in Halton.

THE ONTARIO COUNTY BRANCH of the Dominion Alliance lately met and decided to submit the Canada Temperance Act to the constituency. At a public meeting in the evening, which was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in the county, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the time has fully come for the submission of the Canada Temperance Act in this county, and that preliminary steps be taken at once to bring it before the electors." Among the speakers was the Rev. D. L. Brethour, Secretary of the Halton Scott Act Association.

CONSCIENTIOUS OFFICIALS.—In Northumberland county, N. E., the Commissioners appointed under the Dominion License Act promptly issued a notification to the public, setting forth that the Canada Temperance Act having been confirmed as good and constitutional law and being in force in that county neither they nor the Inspector whom they named had any option but to see that the prohibitory provisions of that law were carried out. The liquor sellers of Chatham and Newcastle, it is said, seeing nothing but straightforward business in the notification, accepted the inevitable and closed their shops.

CHEERING WORDS FROM HALTON.—A gentleman writing to this office for campaign tracts, from Acton, Halton county, says:—"The Scott Act is working wonders in our noble county. A few months ago we heard a good deal of talk among our hotel keepers about a repeal of the Act, but now the matter is very quiet and it is thought they have fought the matter about as far as they intend to. However, time will tell. We have had a hard struggle here for the right during the past two or three years, but I think victory is dawning and that it will be a bright one for the temperance people of our country."

THE ACT POPULAR IN WESTMORELAND.—There was a hot discussion at the annual meeting of the ratepayers of Moncton, N. B., over the question of confirming the Town Council's appropriation of \$1,000 for enforcing the Scott Act during the ensuing year. The appropriation carried by a majority of 31—163 to 132. This decision is very significant in view of the boast made a short while ago that the electors of that town were almost as one man signing the petition for a repeal of the Act in Westmoreland county. The repeal movement seems to have ended in boasting, for instead of hearing of a vote going to be taken the only sounds coming from Westmoreland are popular demands to have the Act enforced, mingled with an occasional squeal of some one whose craft has been endangered or unnatural thirst gone unslaked on account of the "prohibition that does not prohibit."

DOUBTING WORKERS.—A correspondent of the *Witness* in the county of Huron, Ontario, writes that there is "a lack of faith on the part of many of the best temperance workers in the efficacy of the Scott Act, be-

lieving that any purely local law might prove ineffectual." We believe that some of the accounts we are publishing from week to week, regarding the working of the Act in constituencies where it is in force, would tend to disabuse the minds of doubters of the measure's effectiveness. For a complete and masterly report of the Act where it has been tried, our friends in Huron and elsewhere have within their reach the speech of the Rev. Mr. Brethour, of Halton, on the workings of the law in that county, which is issued in neat form by this office at twenty-five cents a hundred. Perhaps Mr. Brethour himself can be induced to go into Huron, and if so there is little fear of temperance people longer doubting the efficacy of local prohibition. They should know now, however, that the temperance sentiment of the whole Dominion is converged upon the project of seeking national prohibition through the avenue of our local option law, the Scott Act. Accordingly, they should lose no time in falling into line in the general campaign for the adoption of that measure.

THE ACT IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—All accounts indicate that the Scott Act is being vigorously and effectually enforced in Prince Edward Island. Lately a man in Charlottetown was fined \$300 in one day for three second offences, another was fined \$200, and a third \$100. A large and influential meeting at Alberton, Prince county, passed resolutions rendering thanks to God for the recent victory: "the polls on the question of repeal, and warmly acknowledging the services of the electors who voted right, the clergymen of all denominations, with special mention of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charlottetown, and the *Pioneer* newspaper. Another resolution heartily approved of the steps taken by the Dominion Alliance to bring the question of prohibition before Parliament. Important steps were taken by the meeting to secure the enforcement of the Act in that village, \$60 or \$70 being subscribed to begin a fund. According to the *Pioneer*, the friends of license are trying to create feeling against the law by an outcry over women who have got themselves locked up for breaking it. Some of these thought they could conduct the business safely during the absence of their husbands in gaol. Mr. D. Schurman, Secretary of the County Alliance, in transmitting a resolution passed at the Summerside meeting to a local paper, says that the sale of intoxicating liquors has been most effectually stopped in Prince county. The resolution mentioned hopes that the overwhelming majority cast against repeal in that county may encourage temperance men to press for the adoption of the Act in every county in Canada.

SOME CATTLE SHIPPERS of New York sued the Guion Steamship Company for the value of one hundred and fifty-six head that died from the rolling of the ship. They recovered judgment, but it was reversed upon appeal, the higher court deciding that the rolling of the ship was a peril of the sea against which defendants did not insure plaintiffs.

THE MASTER'S REPLY.

Restless and unsatisfied, "Of what use is life?" I cried, All my wishes seem denied.

All my duties trivial seem; I have energies I deem, What I could do oft I dream.

But I cannot see my way From this spot whereon I stay; So hope fadeth day by day.

Then a voice was at my side, "Let my conduct be thy guide," 'Twas his voice, the Crucified.

"Law and prophets to fulfil, Was my life devoted still; For I came to do his will.

"What that will? the Scripture saith: Three of public work, then death.

"Thirty years unknown I trod Galilee's sequestered sod; Yet I was the Son of God.

"Daily work at Joseph's call, Daily life 'mid duties small; Yet I was the Lord of all.

"Daughter, if thy life be true Thou a blessed work shall do, Though unseen to mortal view.

"I shall know it, I shall see, When obedient to me All thy life is full and free.

"All thy quiet life I know, For I planned it long ago; Would'st thou that it were not so?

"I have given all for thee, Livesthy quiet life for me, So it shall transfigure thee.

Now on these sweet words I rest; And have ceased my weary quest, For the Master knoweth best.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

AUNT RACHEL FINDS QUINCE AGAIN.

Quince made his fires, swept his rooms, studied, recited and heard recitations. He was fully occupied, yet he found time to listen to Frank and to write to Hatham.

"I am not sure that it is the best thing for me to do; it seems too much like running away, though it is not actually running away. I am not more at home in Chelmsford than in any other place.

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manity woven into the mesh of daily living and practice.

Into this sweet home-life came Rachel Evans—"Aunt Rachel," as Gertrude called her. Quince had one day been sent to the station to meet an unexpected visitor, he not dreaming that it could be any one whom he had known.

"And Mrs. Seago is my sister. Did you know that, Quince?" "I did not know it—no. I heard Gertry speak of 'Aunt Rachel,' but I did not associate the name with one who had known my mother, and who, when my mother died, took me into her own home."

"Quince gave a swift glance into Rachel's face. She looked wan, and the sight of her mourning-dress and her long black veil brought tears to his eyes, for they were worn for grandmamma; and now he knows how much he had been thinking of the time when he should meet her again.

"Mother talked of you every day, Quince. It would have been a comfort for her had she known that you were making your home with the Seagos."

"I see now how fully I expected to go back some time," was the reply.

"I feel quite broken down, Quince; I felt that I must come, if only for a short visit, and since I have found you, I am truly glad I did so. Mother always said you would get on well, and I think, from your looks, that you have found friends. Your mother was a good woman, Quince; she could claim the promise, if anybody can."

"Mrs. Seago and Gertry were waiting in the doorway. But few words were said; the sense of loss swept over each. Memories of what had been floated before them. The one being who had loved them above all others had passed away.

Rachel had come to remain several weeks, and every morning Quince's room was visited and his wardrobe closely inspected. If there was a thin place in his coat-sleeve, it was soon made to look "as well as new," and his stockings were darned and put back in precisely the same place from which they had been taken.

Quince listened with glad surprise as Rachel told him of Hugh Mercer.

"He expects to preach the gospel. He has the quality of leadership in a remarkable degree," she said; "and, whatever he does, he enters into it so heartily that he induces others to follow the same course."

Mr. Plaisted had known Rachel Evans in her young days. She had lived a busy, bustling life, and naturally she lacked the gentleness that belonged in such a striking degree to Mrs. Seago. But, notwithstanding her innate activity, she had no sympathy with excitement in church-work; societies she was afraid of, and to act in any official capacity was, for her, an unparliamentary innovation.

Meeting her frequently in Mrs. Seago's parlor and finding her greatly changed from the Rachel Evans of time long passed, the minister ventured one evening to say to her,

"We are about to organize a 'Woman's Temperance Union,' and, knowing your executive ability from experience, I have ventured to ask if you will help us. Any office that you will accept, from that of president down, may be yours," smiling into the face of his old acquaintance.

"But I do not live here," was answered, with a little of the old terseness.

"You will remain a few months, I presume?" with grave seriousness in his eyes.

"I am here to-day, and I may be gone to-morrow. Indeed, had it not been that I found Quince, who was once a member of my family in Scarborough, I should have left before now," was the reply.

Mrs. Seago joined them in time to hear the last remark.

"We need you more than we need anybody else, Rachel."

"I have accomplished nearly all that I can do here. I have learned a practical lesson, and I am going home to put it in force."

"When mother died, I felt that I could not keep my home. It was so lonely; everything reminded me of her, and it appeared to me impossible that I could ever again find sufficient interest in it to keep on. It is different now."

"How is it different, Rachel?" asked Mrs. Seago.

"I see now that I was selfish," answered Rachel. "Living as I did, Quince found a home with me; it was a help to him. He said to me yesterday that in all probability he would have yielded to discouragement had I not taken him in. And there are always homeless boys. I shall go home and open my house, and I shall employ just as many of them as I can."

"It is a noble undertaking," said Mr. Plaisted.

"I used to think about making money off the farm; I shall think about making a home for the boys. I shall take time. I must not sit still and brood over my loss."

Mrs. Seago brushed away tears. "Rachel is greatly changed," she said to herself.

"You will allow," continued Rachel, turning to Mr. Plaisted, "that we can each work best in our own harness. I am persuaded that it is best for me to return home."

"With such a purpose before you, I cannot urge you to remain, although my plans are quite deranged by your determination," returned Mr. Plaisted, with a faint smile.

"If you can give a start in life to another young man like Quince, you well deserve to be called a public benefactor."

Mrs. Seago looked at her sister through happy tears. It was evident that a deeper, truer life was dawning for her, lifting her up and over the loss and the weariness to a more real Christian living.

Before Rachel left she had a good many talks with Gertry and with Quince. The latter had become convinced that it was his duty to enter the ministry, and was looking forward to a life-work for others.

"Mother always said this, Quince—that you would one day be a minister; but I did not then believe it. I am glad, Quince; and if in anything I can aid you, do not neglect to call upon me."

"I shall go to Mr. Chase for the vacation. The farm is small; it will be rest for me."

"You need rest now," observed Rachel. "But I cannot take it now," was the brief response.

As the spring came on it was evident that Quince was growing thin and pale. Rachel was gone, but she had made an arrangement that would lighten his burdens materially.

"This janitor business is done with," she said to Mr. Seago, in her quick, abrupt manner. "The boy is killing himself, in order to get an education; and when he gets it, ten to one he will be broken down and worthless."

It was a serious question, and the good principal had not before regarded it in this light. The consequence was that a new janitor was engaged, and Quince found his burden lightened.

CHAPTER XXV.

A HAPPY CHANGE IN HATHAM.

Hatham had written to Frank Belden and to Mrs. Seago. He was grateful. The assistance he had received, the suggestions and the possibilities held up before him, had not been lost.

"Do not imagine," he said, "that I have not spent hours and days in bitter rebellion. I bemoaned my fate and the fate of my ancestors with such a feeling of abasement and discouragement that I should have fallen into lower depths than I knew in Chelmsford but for the helping hand of a Christian woman who had known sorrow through the love of strong drink. She did not tell me her story then, but I heard it afterward; and I knew how it was that she had learned to love life."

"I cannot tell just how it was; neither just how and when my feet touched the rock; and then, as one may stand in the soft gray of the dawn to watch the rise of the sun—first a faint glow, then a rim of gold, and at length the bright effulgence of the king of day—so I, folded and wrapped in with darkness, saw above the black waves

that rolled over me the faint glow of what proved to be a cross, and on it hanging One whose face was shining, and on his head he wore a starry crown. Transfixed, I stood forgetful of myself and of my woe, while a voice that thrilled me as music never did, whispered, 'Look and live.' I looked, I looked! It was no power of mine; for while my eyes were on that cross, and on that face so full of love and brightness, I felt myself rising to meet his outstretched hand. The waves of darkness fell away from me, rolling far behind. I was standing in a large place, and the Shining One was near me. I could see the marks of his anguish—the pierced hands, the nail-prints in his feet, and his bleeding side.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," I whispered.

"Be of good courage," he answered. "Fear not. I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

"It was the voice. I longed to hear it again; I wanted to be sure. I was afraid of being again swallowed up in darkness. In my eagerness I was pressing closer. Like the woman of whom we read, I longed to touch his garment, when the voice, nearer, sweeter, than it was before, sounded down to me:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right arm of my righteousness."

"When I looked up, the face of the Shining One had disappeared; only the brightness remained. The splendor did not dazzle me; it enveloped me. I felt it to be a strangely protective power; in its folds I was safe. It is with me still; it is real; I am strong."

"Bear with me, my friends. I have purposely waited. I wanted to be sure: I am am sure. What time I am afraid, I look up. The voice I hear: 'Fear not, I will help thee;' 'I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight;' 'Look unto me, for I am God, and there is none else.'"

"Pardon, my friends, but I felt that you would like to know. It is all of grace; yet it is in part your own work. You opened the way; you made me to see the path that led to the radiant cross. It is a glorious work. And there are others. Be not discouraged; have patience with the erring at all times, as you had patience with me."

Later he wrote:

"You have heard me murmur because of my ample fortune, making that an excuse for my follies and wishing in my heart that it never had been mine. Foolish as it was, my desire was granted; a large portion of my riches has slipped away from me. Possibly I may in time recover it, but it is a mere possibility, and no longer to be counted upon. Meantime, I have received an offer from a large mercantile house, the chief members of the firm having had business with my father, and likewise knowing something of myself. I do not feel that I am sufficiently well acquainted with details. I have wasted my opportunities; I must go back and make up for lost time. A few months in a commercial college will, I think, give me the knowledge necessary to enable me to accept of their generous offer. Remember me, my friends, as often as you prostrate yourselves before the throne of grace. I must never cease the patient toiling after strength. As I have been helped, so must I help others."

There were rejoicings and there were tears in Mrs. Seago's parlor when the letter was read. With trembling they recalled the fears that in their effort to benefit him his influence over others whom he might meet in the hours of social intercourse would drag them down.

"A lesson for us to heed in the future," Mrs. Seago said to Quince. "It bids us seize opportunities to do good in God's name without fear and misgiving. He will be strength for our weakness. He will in his own time and way perfect the work. The seed planted here will blossom in eternity."

In Hatham's letter to Frank Belden he had written more explicitly of going out after others:

"There is Paul Cassel; I am afraid I did him no good, Frank. You know him, I think. He came from Pemberton and lived for a time where I did, with Mrs. Fischer. He was often with me at Brinley's. He could drink a good deal and not show it. But he fell behind in histudies; I know he

did. I do it. How coing to tell down to Brhim? Do, quittance, and now I him." Then fol only for F individui Feeling the letter planned the reach prac "When good effec still, if y your fear remarked his friend way. "It was turned O "And I me." There Frank wa but when enough to Togeth room, the so much i and read; ferred, to "You you not in his a on the m more int Brinley's doing y will not face gro "No, I shall k to do g But do r "Lead n from yi sake." "Do has suc with a Quince "No more I human this pi tion." There a hurri ran de leaving, think i him. FR Chelm Haver and a bring stop I messa Quince ceived impro No old di room and I acqu Paul He w had l large Blon show with delic seen hard E do g him do, he l of tl to h infl falls as t him latt him

did. I do not think Mr. Seago knew about it. How could he? One fellow is not going to tell on another. Just as you went down to Brinley's for me, won't you go for him? Do, Frank. I beg you, seek his acquaintance. I feel that I dragged him down, and now I must try to do something to save him."

Then followed much that was intended only for Frank's eye, with other names and individuals upon whom he was to call. Feeling his own insufficiency, he brought the letter to Quince; and together they planned the best methods to use, in order to reach practical results.

"When I think of Hatham and of the good effected in this way, I cannot shrink. Still, if you remember, Quince, you had your fears about my going to Brinley's," remarked Frank, throwing his arm around his friend and smiling in his bright, kindly way.

"It was an experiment, I remember," returned Quince.

"And it saved Hatham and did not hurt me."

There was no exultation in the tone. Frank was certainly stronger than of old; but when can a human being be strong enough to defy temptation?

Together they walked up and down the room, the two who were in their experience so much to each other, linking their speech and ready, by reason of all they had suffered, to help others.

"You will remember Paul Cassel, will you not?" Frank said as he stopped short in his walk and faced the small ebony clock on the mantel. "You will become a little more intimate with him? And if I go into Brinley's a little oftener than I have been doing you will not lose faith in me? You will not think that I have forgotten?" His face grew serious as he spoke.

"No, Frank; I shall not lose faith in you. I shall know that your heart prompts you to do good, let you go wherever you may. But do not forget—no, never forget—to say, 'Lead me in a plain path, and keep me from yielding to temptation, for thy name's sake.'"

"Do you feel, Quince, that temptation has such a power over me?" asked Frank, with a show of hurt feeling that touched Quince to the heart.

"Not you beyond others, Frank. The more I see of the wants and the needs of humanity, the more I feel the necessity of this prayer: 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

There was a quick clasping of hands and a hurried "Good-night," and again Frank ran down the stairs and into the street, leaving Quince to look after him and to think of the great change that had come over him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANK BELDEN OUT IN THE STORM.

Frank Belden had been absent from Chelmsford two weeks; his uncle, Mr. Havergal, was lying at the point of death, and a messenger had been despatched to bring his nephew at once. Frank did not stop to say "Good-bye;" but, writing a message on a slip of paper, he left it for Quince. Since then a letter had been received, saying that the sick man was greatly improved, and that Frank was to return.

Now that Quince was released from the old drudgery of laaking fires and sweeping rooms he found more time for study, and likewise more time for making the acquaintance of his school-mates. At first, Paul Cassel was a little shy and reticent. He was not a lad of strong character; neither had he a robust form. Tall, pliant, with large, light-colored eyes and a profusion of blonde hair, he likewise had a type of face that showed intellectual, if not moral, weakness, with that peculiar short upper lip and small delicately-formed chin not unfrequently seen in one who finds it constitutionally hard to say "No."

Evidently, Paul Cassel was not meant to do great deeds, but there was a place for him to fill and a work for him to do, and he could be influenced; and he had been influenced. But at the close of their first meeting Quince walked up stairs to his room feeling that if Paul could be influenced for good, he was not the one to influence him. Still, for Frank's sake, he followed Paul up, and one night went so far as to bring him to the house and introduce him to Mrs. Seago and to Gertrude. The latter sang and played for him and invited him to come again. His manner was really

good, and, without being at all prepossessing, there was nothing offensive about him; and he was an open admirer of Frank Belden, and made no pretence of hiding the fact.

As Quince was passing down the hall one morning with his books under his arm he was accosted by one of his classmates, who said, sneeringly,

"Where's Belden? It is time for him to turn up, I reckon. Or have you undertaken to coach Cassel? I see you with him occasionally."

"You will have to be a little more explicit if you expect an answer," Quince said, pleasantly.

"Boys take freaks, but I have wondered what Belden sees to admire in Cassel. By the way, you remember Belden used to be a good deal at Brinley's," continued the young man.

"That was a long while ago," answered Quince, with rising color.

"Well, he was going there pretty often before he went away. A little suspicious, I should say," laughing in a light, boyish fashion.

The two were walking down the stairs. Quince was anxious to get into the open air; he felt suffocated, and the sweep of the wind outside had a soothing influence. His companion had another shaft, and the arrow stuck in the quivering flesh:

"If you don't want Cassel to lead off, you'd better step in, old fellow. There is little doubt but Belden's getting shaky, for a church goer."

There was no reply. The two parted, and Quince went to his room, not abating one iota of his faith in Frank Belden, but inclined to find fault with one who could pick up a surmise and give it wings. Why not crush it under his heel instead?

The evening was spent with Gerty and her mother. The Plaisteds were there, and there was music. It was late when Quince went to his room, and the rain was falling. He stood at the window and gazed into the darkness. A broken line of lamps dotted the street and when the gusts were the heaviest the flame swayed, flickered and almost went out. The branches of the trees groaned and writhed as if in agony. It was a terrible night to be abroad in. A sudden peal of thunder went crashing through the heavens, and the lightning's sudden flash sent him reeling to his table. It was not an hour for sleep; neither did he incline to study. Drawing his Bible before him, he read passages here and there. At length he read:

"Whence then cometh wisdom? And where is the place of understanding? I know understandeth the way thereof, and knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens; to make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder; then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, it is understanding."

It was late and the rain was still pouring down. A strange uneasiness kept Quince wakeful and unfit for hard study. Leaving the Bible lying open on the table, he clasped his hands behind him and walked up and down the room, trying to think of what he had been reading. It was his favorite manner of getting calm when anything disturbed him. The impulse of brisk movement dulled feeling with a sense of weariness and made it possible for him to forget.

The lightning flashes were not so vivid, but the wind still shrieked through the trees and swayed their branches and drove them against the house; and the lamps made long dashes in the darkness. Was that real, or was it fancy? It sounded like the cry of a human being in distress. Quince stopped in his walk to listen. Once again the cry came; it seemed to be directly under his window. He sprang to open it.

"Quince, Quince! It is I—Frank. Take me in! Oh Quince!"

Quince did not wait to close the window, but bounded into the hall and down the stairs.

"Frank!"

"Quince!"

The lad was bareheaded and his clothes were thoroughly drenched. With difficulty Quince carried him up the stairs. The ghastly pallor of his face was pitiful. What

had taken place? How came he in this plight? Wringing out the dark curls, Quince stripped off the wet clothing and rubbed the inanimate form. Then he made the bed warm and comfortable and tucked Frank in. All this time the lad was passive, never speaking, scarcely moaning, and only when he felt himself shut in under the bedclothes did he make the least movement. Then, drawing down Quince's head so that he could touch his lips to his cheek, he whispered, confidently,

"I knew I could come to you, Quince; I knew you would save me."

What did it all mean? And the thought flashed through Quince's brain with a withering dread. Had the boy been drinking? No; his breath was as pure as that of an infant. No! he would not believe it. And it was no time to question.

Morning found Quince a silent watcher. Frank's face was no longer pallid; his cheeks were crimsoned with fever and his eyes glaring. To Mr. and Mrs. Seago it was a mystery how he came there. Amid the howling of the storm they had heard nothing.

Days passed; the poor youth's life hung upon a thread.

"If he passes through the night, he will live," Dr. Raynor remarked to Mr. Seago as he took his leave one evening.

Quince was a faithful nurse. When he slept, and when he took his meals, it was hardly possible to say,

"I must sit with you to-night," Mr. Seago said as he stepped carelessly into the sick-room.

Mrs. Seago followed him on tip-toe.

"Do not send me away," she whispered; "I cannot rest until I know how the fever turns."

This watching and waiting carried Quince back to his mother's bedside. He remembered the hush of the room and the awe that crept over him when he realized that death was in the house. It was a mystery; he could not fathom it. Everything in life was changed to him; his mother lay on the bed, white, still, cold; there was no answer to his cry, no pressure of the hand, no mother's kiss at night. Other such experiences he had known, and now it is Frank. Will he live to explain how he came to be there in the storm, or will he die and leave them to conjecture?

Hour after hour passed, and the sick youth's breathing grew easy. The flush on his cheeks died away. He was asleep, and his breath came soft and sweet as that of a child.

Mrs. Seago bent over him with dim eyes.

"I—n go now," she whispered to Quince; "he will live."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Seago while Quince fell on his knees by the side of the bed and prayed silently.

It was weeks before Frank Belden could leave his room, and many quiet chats he and Quince had together.

"You remember what was said about my going to Brinley's?" observed the invalid the first day he could sit up. "Cassel met me at the station; it was raining. He had missed me so much, he said, and he had become drenched through just to get a sight of me before anybody else got hold of me. He was laughing and shivering at the same time, with all his wet garments clinging about him. Going up the street, he begged me to stop at Brinley's it was the best place in which to get warm, he said. I felt that I owed him something for the wetting he had given himself on my account, and we went in. Brinley was very civil, and asked if we would not take something hot. I told him no; that I was going to dry off a little, and then I was going home. Paul went into the next room, and presently Mrs. Brinley brought me a steaming cup of tea and a biscuit. I was not hungry, although I had eaten nothing since noon. I drank the tea, however, and ate the biscuit, because she seemed to wish me to do so. It is possible that Paul took something stronger, although, if he did, I did not observe it. Then Brinley came over to the fire and began to question me about my uncle and the length of time I had been away."

It was still raining, but I started up, resolved to go home. It was getting late. It was useless for me to dry my clothes, as I must go out again. Better go at once, I said. Others came in; the rain would slacken by and by, they said. I think there was drinking and story-telling, and all at once I felt my old appetite creeping over me;

while a voice seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Fly for your life!'

"I rushed out of the door before they could detain me. The thunder shook the heavens and the earth trembled. I ran till I was exhausted. I thought I was going home. There was another startling crash, and in the blaze that followed I saw my face against the window-pane. I opened my arms wide, I could not reach you. I shouted; you did not hear. Oh, Quince!" closing his eyes as if to shut out the terrible picture.

"Do not say any more; we know the rest," said Quince.

"You saved me, Quince."

"God saved you, Frank."

"God saved me—yes; but, Quince, I can never again be certain that my appetite for strong drink is taken away. It is kept under through God's abundant grace. Neither can we pray to be kept from temptation and still go voluntarily into temptation. We must keep from it."

Another time he said in a voice touchingly sweet and tender,

"Quince, that was a mistake I made when you joined the church. I thought that I must wait until I was better before I could. I cannot afford to wait; I came too near falling. God must hold me, and I must be known and recognized as one of his followers."

Mr. Plaisted was often in the sick-room, and here Frank one day spoke of his future life and work.

"When God would fit a man for a peculiar work, he compels him to learn bitter lessons; he sends him to a school in which necessity oftentimes urges him on with a cruel lash. It is the cup of suffering that brings consolation," Mrs. Seago said.

"Turning-points," remarked Mr. Plaisted, in a slow serious way. "And how often we overlook them! Everything that is and can be goes to prove God's word: 'A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' Look to him, as a servant to his master, and he will show you in due time what work he wishes you to do."

(To be Continued.)

FORGIVE, FORGIVING, FORGIVEN.

Some people are always repenting, and re-repenting; and never can look upon any portion of their religious experience as a settled and accomplished fact.

A writer represents a minister, to whom a deacon told over his tale of perpetual trouble, as saying:

"Deacon, I remember your son stoutly rebelled against your authority some time ago, but afterwards felt sorry and repented of his sin, and humbly asked your forgiveness. Did you forgive him?"

"Of course, I did."

"What did you forgive him for?"

"Because I could not help it, when I saw how sorry he was."

"And does he still ask for forgiveness?"

"No—no! Nothing is said about it. It is all settled forever."

"Now, do you believe that you can do better to your son than God is to you? He pardons like a God."

It is easy for the father to forgive his erring son. And sin once forgiven is settled for ever between them. And if the wanderer should come every day asking forgiveness for what was already forgiven, and pleading for mercy when mercy had already been shown, would not the father feel both injured and insulted? When the prodigal son had worn the best raiment, and eaten tokens of his father's pitying and accepting love, would it have been fitting for him to plead with tears for forgiveness and acceptance? Would not every petition have been a proof that he doubted his father's sincerity and disbelieved his words of loving welcome? What excuse could he have made for thus marring the joyousness of that festal hour in which his father said: "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." Would it have been fitting in him to have refused a place at the feast because he was unworthy, or to have hidden away in some corner in shame and tears, while his father's heart was glowing with affection for his repentant son—*Christian at Work*.

It is said that cut flowers may be kept fresh a greater length of time by adding a liberal supply of salt to the water.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

## THE CAMPAIGN MESSENGER.

During the Scott Act campaign a liberal portion of this paper will be devoted to assisting the side of right, and workers are urged to make use of it both by sending it messages from the field and extending its circulation. Reports of the working of the Act where it is in force will be gratefully received, as being of supreme importance in the contest. Often the least troublesome but still effective way to keep us posted will be the sending of newspapers with references to the campaign or the working of the Act marked with pencil. Or, better, cut out the article and paste it on a sheet of paper with notes of your own. Address papers and communications to "JOHN DOUGALL & SON, publishers *Weekly Messenger*, Montreal."

## THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Shakespeare, one of the representatives of British Columbia, intends to move a resolution prohibiting the landing of Chinese immigrants in British Columbia.

New Brunswick members have preferred a claim of \$150,000 upon the Government, on account of a railway built by the Province and adopted as part of the Intercolonial system.

Professor Arnold gave voluntary testimony before the immigration committee, to the effect that Canadian salt in a scientific test had proved superior to both American and European salt.

Sir Charles Tupper informed an enquirer in the House that the Government intended to have a railway from Gravenhurst to Callander constructed immediately.

Mr. McLeod, who had been there, testified before the committee on that matter that Hudson's Straits and Bay were navigable until a late season in the year, and that vessels could reach James Bay for four or four and a half months a year. He thought a good, strong steamer could get into Hudson's Bay at any time.

Sir John Macdonald's bill granting municipal self-government to Indians passed its final stage in the House without discussion.

To relieve Sir Charles Tupper from his doubtful position, the Premier had a bill passed "respecting the Independence of Parliament Act of 1878." Mr. Blake caused some amusement by moving to amend the title of the bill by adding the words, "and to impair the efficiency thereof."

Mr. Foster moved a resolution in favor of prohibition and made an able speech, but he made the mistake of taking up so much time that his seconder, Mr. Fisher, had no time to speak, and the matter was therefore postponed indefinitely without a division, thus defeating the object of the motion.

Mr. Charlton introduced a bill "to prevent Sunday excursions," which provides punishment for steamboat captains and railway conductors who carry excursions on Sunday and imposes a fine of five hundred dollars on the owner of the steamboat or railway contravening the act.

A large amount of useful information respecting butter and cheese making has been obtained from experts by a special committee on agriculture. Mr. W. H. Lynch, the Canadian authority on butter making, discoursed upon the relative advantages of home dairy or factory, concluding that there

was profit in either system and that the choice must depend chiefly upon the circumstances of a given locality. Generally speaking, however, the home dairy held the leading place for butter-making, and the factory that for cheese-making. Quality was of the first importance in competing with foreign products abroad, and in this Canada was foremost in the cheese industry and might take the lead in butter making. Individual enterprise was the main hope of progress, but the Government had its part to do in promoting education in dairying. The grand results in Ontario of ten years' encouragement by the Provincial Government of the dairying interest were cited, and it was suggested that a special dairying branch should be added to the Department of Agriculture. Another part of the plan proposed by Mr. Lynch was to encourage the formation of dairying associations all over the country, which would hold annual conventions, the discussions of which would yield much information. To show that the people needed and appreciated literature upon the subject, the witness said the first edition of his work on Scientific Butter-Making, published by the Ontario Government, was exhausted in a few days. He recounted facts showing the great trouble and expense different countries had undertaken to perfect their dairying methods. Now, however, the necessity for such great pains and costly experience was largely avoidable by the use of proper mechanical appliances, for the operations of butter-making were mechanical. It had been proved that one day's experience with available mechanical appliances made all the change from a poor dairy to a good one, and the success in cheese-making in factories could not have been reached if improved appliances had not superseded the old methods.

Able speakers, chiefly on the side of free trade and against the Government policy, continued the budget debate until the House suddenly passed the financial resolutions, cutting discussion unusually short.

A delegation of Dominion Grangers waited upon the Government, asking that the duty on salt and other fertilizers be removed and that on agricultural implements reduced. They also petitioned against the passage of the insolvency law, but if it passed that it should include farmers, grangers and laboring men. Another thing they asked was that a candidate for the House of Commons, instead of depositing two hundred dollars, should show himself to be possessed of real estate to the value of three hundred dollars in the constituency for which he stood.

## THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

A bill was introduced in both houses granting copyright to newspapers by forbidding one paper to copy news from another one within eight hours after the original publication.

Since the reduction of letter postage to two cents the use of post cards has declined to such an extent that their manufacture next year is estimated to cost \$35,000 less than last.

A bill was introduced in the Senate to punish counterfeiting within the United States of notes, bonds or other securities of foreign countries.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, a well-known journalist, testified, before the House committee on territories, regarding the Mormons. He thought polygamy was declining and that the basis of the whole system was the ignorance of its dupes. As a people the Mormons were extremely ignorant and led

by cranks and those who had their own ends to serve, and instead of using repressive measures Mr. Miller would reclaim the people by educating them to a knowledge of their true condition.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate for the creation of a national Court of Appeal.

The House committee on coinage will report favorably the bill to stop making three-dollar and one-dollar gold pieces, trade dollars and three cent copper and nickel pieces, and to limit the coinage of double eagles.

The House committee of ways and means by a strict party vote decided to report favorably the Morrison tariff bill. It provides that after July 1st eighty-five percent of the present tariff shall be collected on a large number of staples, including cotton and cotton goods, wool and woollen goods, metals, wood goods, sugar and molasses. In short, a general reduction of the tariff is proposed, with the addition to the free list of salt, soft coal and lumber of many descriptions, but coal from Canada must continue to pay duty until that country admits American coal free. This report is made in spite of many interests representing that sure ruin would befall them if the tariff were changed in the proposed direction.

"Lincoln" is the name proposed by the Senate committee on territories to the new territory it is proposed to make out of Northern Dakota.

## THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Last week a sharp discussion took place in the House of Commons on a motion of Sir Wilfrid Lawson to adjourn in order to discuss the Soudan problem. This moving the adjournment is a very common device in Parliament when a discussion is desired simply to compel the Government to express its views or show the support it can command upon any particular question. On this occasion Sir Wilfrid, who is the well-known Radical and champion of liquor prohibition, violently attacked the Government, charging it with cowardice, blood-guiltiness, butchery and jingoism. Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone defended the Government's policy, and Sir Stafford Northcote followed up the attack. The Government's defence was that it was not the proper time to indicate its policy, but it was necessary to relieve the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan and to hold Suakin for the present so as to keep down the slave trade. The motion for adjournment was defeated by the very close vote of 105 to 103. Some days later the discussion was renewed upon a motion of the Marquis of Hartington for an appropriation of £380,000 to cover the cost of the Soudan expedition. Replying to Colonel Stanley, who severely criticised the Government, Mr. Gladstone said the expedition to Assouan was a necessary precaution to prevent excitement from spreading. The Government would adhere to its determination to pay no heed to the remarks of foreign newspapers, and had no intention of assuming the government of Egypt, which would be a gross breach of the public law of Egypt. Therefore the troops would be withdrawn at the earliest moment possible.

A bill introduced by Mr. Parnell to amend the Irish Land Act was rejected by a vote of 325 to 72, and the Nationalists are embittered over the heavy snub. Pressure is being brought to bear upon the Government from influential classes in Ireland, to have the time for the payment of Government loans to the farmers extended.

## GERMANY AND AMERICA.

The proposal of the Secessionists in the German Parliament to introduce a resolution of thanks to the American House of Representatives for its resolutions of condolence on Dr. Lasker is denounced by Prince Bismarck's organ in Berlin—the *North German Gazette*—as something shameful, a violation of the law and a breach of the constitution. It charges the Secessionists with originating the resolutions and offering cash to have them passed through the United States Congress. A leading member of the party thus accused denies that he originated the Lasker resolutions, and says Congress is politically far too enlightened for a sensible foreigner to feel tempted to molest it with his wishes. Several Berlin papers have been fiercely attacking Mr. Sargent, the American Minister, going even to the length of demanding that he should resign. Instead of resigning, however, the Minister will appeal to his Government in Washington for protection from unwarranted attacks upon his official course. A very hot debate sprang up in the German Reichstag, when, after opening, the usual statement of changes occurring during recess was made. Herr Rickett, an Independent, spoke in grateful acknowledgment of the many tokens of sympathy tendered regarding Herr Lasker's death, but when he particularized the resolution passed by the American Representatives the president informed him he was departing from the order of the day. Dr. Haeneke, a Progressist, said the previous speaker's departure from order was owing to the defective rules of the House. To this Baron Von Maltzahn retorted, while condemning Herr Rickett's bringing in resolutions of a foreign legislature not officially before the Reichstag, that the defect in the rules of the House lay in the manners of the House, as was proved by the Left (or opposition parties) having tried to cry down the protest of Herr Hammerstein against Herr Rickett's remarks. Herr Rickett replied by saying the member had been cried down because he read his statement contrary to the rules, and the Left cared as little for Herr Hammerstein as it did for Prince Bismarck's unjustifiable interference. This remark produced a great uproar in the Chamber, and Herr Von Botticher, representative of the Chancellor, said he knew of no interference by Prince Bismarck. Herr Richter held that the deputies had a perfect right to criticise the official acts of the Chancellor, and Dr. Moeller, Progressist, was about beginning a speech with a reference to a banner hanging in the hall which was presented by German Americans, when he was called to order and the discussion came to an abrupt close. This eruption of pent-up liberty in the German Parliament, without a sequel of Government prosecution of the daring critics of Imperial policy as expounded by Prince Bismarck, seems to indicate that the "man of blood and iron" has ceased to sit upon the safety-valve. It is possible for even him to realize that if popular grievances are permitted voice in the open senate, there, and not in secret conspiracy nor open sedition will the people's eyes be directed for redress. As to the differences that have unfortunately arisen between Germany and America, we anticipate that the solid good sense of both countries will prevail over all rash impulses and disturbing elements.

AN INSANE INMATE of a Philadelphia almshouse had his skull cracked with a blow from another one. The doctors took pieces of bone out, and expect the patient will fully recover his reason.

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## THE WEEK.

INVESTIGATIONS OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE have disclosed the fact, among other similarly interesting ones, that the cheese made in a certain factory in Orange county, New York, was seventy-five parts lard and twenty-five parts butter. Furthermore, an expert testified that the lard was rendered at a temperature scarcely higher than blood heat, which he did not think was sufficient to destroy the germs of animal life in piggrease.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS with a new telephone apparatus have encouraged the hope that before very long people will be speaking in their own natural voice across the ocean.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE MAKING in New York for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the famous Hebrew philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. It is decided to erect a hospital for chronic invalids as a memorial to the venerable gentleman. Lately Sir Moses was very ill from bronchitis, and his recovery at such an age is remarked upon as a most extraordinary case.

RECENTLY ONE McDEVITT, at Coning, Ohio, caused the arrest of a Roman Catholic priest named O'Boylan for permitting the use of a wheel of fortune at a church fair. For this he was denounced from the pulpit as a villain and a murderer, and on Sunday night friends of the priest compelled McDevitt to march out of town in a blinding snow-storm at the point of a pistol. When a secluded spot was reached the mob compelled their victim to strip off his clothing, which they cut in pieces and cast to the winds. Then he was compelled to kneel in the snow and swear he would never set foot in Coning again. Having not since been seen it is believed he perished, and his friends vow vengeance upon his cowardly torturers and probably murderers.

SENATOR SCOTT, after whom the Canada Temperance Act is popularly called, had a narrow escape from drowning by breaking through the ice near Ottawa a few days ago.

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that in Philadelphia, where old Liberty Hall with its cracked bell is guarded like a jewel, much excitement and indignation should be caused among journalists, as is stated, by the employment of three colored men as reporters on one of the daily newspapers—the *Times*.

OVER ONE HUNDRED CHILDREN of Zuni Indians, in New Mexico, died of measles within a month, and the disease continues.

THE LADIES' MEDICAL COLLEGE, of Kingston, Ontario, is in a good position as to funds, and its students are enthusiastic and well advanced at the close of the first session. Arrangements are being made for affiliation with Queen's University.

THE EARL OF EASTON, England, heir to the dukedom of Grafton, is seeking a divorce from his wife on the ground that she has a former husband still living. He married the woman—Kate Cook—unknown to his family thirteen years ago, and separated from her by mutual agreement without finding any fault against her before he became Earl of Easton in 1882. If his case fails Kate will assuredly, if spared, be Duchess of Grafton.

A DIAMOND FIND is reported at Eagle, Waukesha county, Wisconsin, and Milwaukee speculators have bought up all the land at high figures.

SHIPPING BUSINESS ON THE TYNE, England, is very dull, many vessels lying idle.

MR. W. H. HUNT, the United States Minister to Russia, died in St. Petersburg on February 27th.

SEALS HAVE BEEN SEEN and some caught in Long Island Sound recently.

CIGAR MANUFACTURERS in San Francisco jockeyed out the other day 3,500 Chinese cigar-makers, to substitute them with 2,500 whites from New York. Hearing of this treatment of their countrymen, the Chinese cigar packers struck.

ON THE THIRD OF MARCH the sixth anniversary of the coronation of Pope Leo was celebrated in the Sistine chapel in Rome with unprecedented magnificence. It is strange, if the Pope is a captive in his quarters as his people claim, that such an unusual display should be made over his pontifical anniversary.

RECONCILIATION, that we hope is on a lasting basis, has been effected between the Princess Marie and her husband, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whom she left some time ago on account of neglect and cruel treatment on his part caused by drunkenness.

A SERIES OF PHENOMENAL EXPLOSIONS occurred in London, Ontario, lately. In one case a lot of tins of canned tomatoes exploded in a shop window, blowing the latter out and scattering the tins over the sidewalk. An employee in a foundry used a damp dipper to skim some dust off a caldron of iron. The result was an explosion that hurled nearly fifty pounds of molten iron into the air, and much of it fell upon the imprudent workman, severely injuring him. In the third case, another workman in the same foundry emptied some molten iron into a pot containing water, causing an explosion that blew the pot to bits, the man escaping with slight cuts and burns.

MATTERS IN THE SOUDAN are about come to a deciding point so far as General Graham's operations at Suakin are concerned. For a week back the important rebel command of Osman Digna has been reported as more hostile than ever and eagerly awaiting a British movement. Sentinels have been posted upon all surrounding hills to signal the British advance. It is the opinion in England that General Graham must strike a decisive blow when he moves upon the enemy in order to maintain necessary English prestige. Nothing less than a complete rout of Osman will suffice, as General Graham is not allowed to go beyond Tamanieb, where the former has taken his stand. El Mahdi's march to Khartoum has been arrested by tribes combining to oppose him. General Gordon convened a meeting of foreign consuls at Khartoum to consider the situation, but the result has not transpired. He recommended very strongly, in the interest of peace, the appointment of Zobeih Pasha as Governor of the Soudan, but that dignity has declined through fear of being held responsible if any mishap should come to General Gordon. An attempt was made by the rebels at Zariba, near Suakin, on Tuesday morning, to cut off a British convoy. The British cavalry quickly dispersed the three hundred rebels who undertook the task. Osman Digna's men are reported eager to fight, and are constantly receiving reinforcements. He has the adherence of the great tribe of Haddendowas, whose sheikhs have advised him to try night attacks and attempts upon water supplies as the best means to adopt against the British arms of precision.

THE INTERFERENCE made with the American ship "Marianne Notobohn," that put into Gibraltar for repairs, by the Spanish revenue officers, has caused a stir. It was intended to anchor in British waters, but the pilot made a mistake of a few yards on the Spanish side of the line. Therefore a guard of Spanish revenue officers was placed on board to enforce the payment of Spanish taxes. Later on, however, the vessel was transferred to undoubted British territory, when the guard was removed. A question is to be referred to the British Government in Parliament, as to whether it had asked Spain for explanations of the strange conduct of her officials at Gibraltar.

MAINE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS have gone generally Republican.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has broken out among cattle in Woodson county, Kansas.

CANTON REPORTS are that the Chinese are making extensive war preparations, and there is a rumor that the French General Millot began bombarding Bacninh on Monday.

## LAUGHING GAS.

HAS THE "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

THE FOLLOWING LEGEND is said to be written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."

A FRENCHMAN is teaching his donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

A STUMP ORATOR exclaimed: "I know no north, no south, no east, no west, fellow citizens!" "Then," said an old farmer in the crowd, "It's time you went to school and learnt jography."

STANDING before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked, "Wilt thou have this woman," &c. The man stared in surprise, and replied, "Ay, surely! Why, I kummed a puppus!"

YOUNG LADY (catechising the children on the plagues of Egypt): "And what became of the plague of locusts?" A pause. Then small boy at bottom suddenly: "Please, miss, I know! John the Baptist ate them."

LITTLE TOMMY, taking a walk along a very dusty road: "What becomes of people when they die, mamma?" Mamma: "They turn into dust, dear." Tommy: "What a lot of people there must be on this road then!"

IT IS difficult for an honest man to make a living in some parts of London. A second-hand clothesier in the East-End was recently heard to moan, "Vhell, vhell! Eferny times I tell der truth I lose money, and eferny time I lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living?"

"Ma, what is a lanker?" inquired a bright child recently. "I'm sure I don't know, my son. When did you hear der word?" "Why, at Sunday school, you know, they sing, 'We'll stand the storm—it won't be long; we'll lanker by and by.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brownsmith, "I want a good girl, and possibly you might do; but have you had any experience?" "Ixpriance, is it?" replied the damsel, resting her hands on her hips and tossing her head in the air: "Ixpriance, is it? Faith, and haven't O been in no less than twenty families during the last month?"

AS SOME lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, there came a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home—this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

## STARCHED SHIRTS.

I thought when I read Chenda's call for help that I ought to reach out a friendly hand to her, for I well remember (and it was only two years ago,) how I dreaded those starched shirts, and how badly I felt when they were done. I tried so hard to get them to look nice, and they would be all scorched, wrinkled, flimsy or warped all out of shape. I don't know what I should have done if my dear Joe had not been kind and patient with me, for he is very particular about his shirts, but appreciates when I do my best. Well, after trying everything that I knew of, a friend gave me a recipe for polish to use in the starch which I have used since with perfect satisfaction, and will give it, with my way of proceeding, as nearly as possible.

Get at the druggist's one-half ounce of gum-arabic, one-half ounce of white wax, and one-fourth ounce of acetic acid, put it in one pint of hot water in a glass can, and set it in a kettle of hot water to dissolve, stirring occasionally. When the wax and gum are melted, set it away to use when needed. Use a little to wet the dry starch with. I allow one tablespoonful of starch to a shirt, then pour on boiling water, and let it boil five minutes. After it is cold, rub it into the linen till it will hold no more, (I never starch linen when wet), fold, and roll up hard and put away for two hours. Iron the sleeves first, then the back folded lengthwise, then the front beginning at the bottom, iron up to the bosom and all around it, now put the bosom board under, and pull the bosom crosswise, smoothing the wrinkles with a clean white cloth. The bosom should not be pulled lengthwise only enough to straighten it, as it changes the form of the neck. Now iron with your iron as hot as it can be without scorching. It should be tried first on an old piece of linen. After it is ironed dry dampen a little with a wet cloth, and polish. A very good gloss can be made by using the point of the common smoothing iron. Do not dampen too many times, as it takes out the starch. I do not spend much time polishing, as the polish according to recipe is all that is necessary.

A bosom board can be easily made of a piece of board a little wider than the bosom, and covered with three or four thicknesses of old white cotton cloth.—*Household*.

## VALUE OF A GOOD SCHOLAR.

A good scholar is one of the best of teachers in a Sunday-school class. A scholar who is studious and attentive, and manifestly of a loving spirit, is a living illustration of his teacher's teachings, and thus is an instructive example before the other scholars in the class. Not all teachers are prompt enough to realize this truth, nor ready enough to recognize the help which comes in this way. Many a good scholar is entitled to his teacher's hearty thanks for well-doing, and for the service thereby rendered to those whom the teacher desires to benefit. And when a scholar is entitled to such thanks, the teacher fails in duty if he withholds them. Dr. Thomas Arnold, a prince of teachers, gave prominence to the help rendered him, in his school, by good scholars. Referring to one such scholar, he called him, "a blessing to that school," and to that scholar's parents he wrote: "Your son has done good to the school to an extent that cannot be calculated." This points out a means of uplifting a class standard which may be developed, and made effective, by many a teacher who has overlooked it hitherto.—*S. S. Times*.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one cup of pearl tapioca one and one-half hours in water enough to cover. Slice three large sour apples in an earthen pudding dish, turn in the tapioca, cover with warm water, add a little salt, one-half cup of sugar, and bake one hour. To be eaten with sugar and milk.

TO CLEAN CARPETS: Dampen some Indian meal, mix salt with it, and sprinkle over the carpet; sweep vigorously. Take a small, sharp-pointed stick to remove, the salt and meal from cracks and corners.

IF A BABY must be fed with the manufactured food so much used now, it is considered best not to rely exclusively upon any one, but to change from one to another.

LITTLE WINNIE.

BY REV. W. T. SABINE.

I want to tell my young readers about a dear child whose parents are members of our Church in New York.

Winnie, for this was his name, had been baptized in his infancy and was like little Samuel, the child of many prayers. Ever since his birth, some three and a half years ago, he had been watched over with tender care and love. He was a bright, happy little fellow, to whom all who knew him became much attached.

Early in July of this year his parents took him to Lake Saranac, a beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of the State of New York. Here he spent three weeks very happily. One day at the end of this time he was observed to droop. He became restless and feverish. Two days after the loving young heart had ceased to beat, and the little white hands were folded peacefully across the breast of the dead child.

So early and so suddenly was this dear boy called to join that white-robed and glorified band of whom we sing.

"Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand."

The circumstances of his death were touching. I cannot give them to you better than in the words of his dear mother who has at my request kindly written them out for me.

"He had been in my arms most of the day. Still he was very restless and would want me to put him on the bed, and again would say, 'Oh mamma take me.' At half past three I laid him down for the last time; the doctor thinking it would be better for him to be on the bed. Just after I had laid him down his father said, 'He is dying.' Then he said to him 'Good-by, Winnie,' and he sweetly replied, 'Good-by, papa.' Kneeling at his side I said, 'daddy do you know me?' He did not answer. I then said, 'can you say mamma?' and his feeble lips replied in a whisper, 'Mamma.' I said 'can you say grandpa,' and he whispered 'grandpa.'

"After a few moments he said loud enough for us all to hear, 'I want,' I said, 'daddy, what do you want?' and he replied, 'I want God.'"

"After this all was silent for a few moments. We saw his eyes open very wide and looking so beautifully toward one corner of the room, while a sweet smile passed over his face.

"I said, 'he sees something?' so bending down close to him asked, 'Oh daddy, what do you see?' He answered 'God.' These were his last words.

"He was often talking of going home, meaning his city home, and the morning that he died asked his nurse to hand him some flowers that had been kindly sent to him.

"He picked out six white everlasting and calling them white buttercups, said, 'I want to take these home with me.' And he did take them in his little dead hand to his last earthly home."

The words of this dying child shed a beautiful light on a truth which should never be forgotten—that God loves and is willing to make Himself known even to those who are very young—that at a very early age, we may learn to trust and serve Him,—and that He can and will comfort and strengthen the youngest believer in the most trying hours.

What a beautiful death was this! There was nothing dark, or dreadful, or terrible about it. Why should there be?

"Jesus can make a dying bed, Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Little Winnie wanted God and God gave Himself to him. God answered the yearning of his young soul. He had no fears, no shrinking, no alarm, no unwillingness.

In some way we cannot explain, our Heavenly Father wonderfully, graciously revealed Himself to the dear, trusting little fellow.

Some glorious vision came to him. His very pain seemed to be forgotten. He smiled sweetly, and while the traces of that smile still lingered on his fair face, gently and brightly his ransomed spirit passed to the presence of that Saviour who had lived and died for him.

Some people may say this was all imagination; the child saw nothing; and his words meant nothing.

To some at least of those who stood by that short grave in Woodlawn Cemetery that bright summer afternoon and saw that

little form tenderly lowered into it, that vision was very real, those simple words were full of meaning. The frail, lifeless body indeed was here but the redeemed, undying spirit was with Christ forever more. Happy child! "Safe in the arms of Jesus." "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his," —Episcopal Recorder.

PARTNERS.

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

I was sitting one day last week by Mrs. Graves' little work-table, engaged in the delightful task of teaching her the shell stitch in crochet, when the door was burst open as if a cyclone was coming, and her ten year old boy bounced in. He made me a polite bow it is true, but I felt that he was a very unpleasant occurrence, for he stumbled over my feet and upset our basket of worsteds, and seized his mother round the neck for a whispering in a thoroughly tumultuous and uncomfortable way. He received a gentle rebuke for his undue haste and carelessness, and permission, evidently, to go to the bureau drawer, where I watched him upsetting a pile of clean handkerchiefs, and bringing forth in triumph—a fishing-hook!

"Does your mother always let you treat her places that way, Frank?" I asked. The bright eager face turned upon me with a surprised look, and then with a sunny glance across the table, "Oh, mother and I are partners."

Partners! I felt a sudden pang in thinking of my own well-regulated nursery, whose clock-like rules permitted no such invasion of my places by my young folks.

"I won't go above the dam, mother," were the boy's parting words, as the door closed with a bang that alarmed the plaster.

"Frank is not always so noisy," apologized the mother. "He is very much excited just now, and I must—save my little lecture about his want of consideration until it will be more likely to avail something."

"But do you give your children such right of way through all your places?" I asked my interest in the shell stitch gone.

"Not quite all," she answered, laughing, "I have a few little nooks that are sacredly my own, but only a few. Frank uses the right word when he says we are 'partners,' and I don't know when he has enjoyed anything as much as being allowed to keep that new fishing-hook in my line of handkerchiefs;" and the mother laughed afresh at the odd hiding-place the boy had invented.

But I was burdened with the consciousness that I should have snubbed my young man upon any such unreasonable proposal, and I pressed the discussion.

"How can you keep any order, or teach any order," I asked rather pettishly, "if you do not insist upon things being kept in their right places?"

"I do try to check the troublesome propensity to leave things lying around," answered my companion; "but oh, Elsie, don't you remember from your own childhood how much nicer and more secure our mother's places seemed for our treasures? The new fishing-hook is of the same value to Frank that your diamond ring is to you; more, indeed, for it gives him more lively pleasure, I am sure, and no place of his own seemed good enough for it. It was a very small sacrifice on my part to allow him to tumble my clean handkerchiefs, but the gratitude it awakened in that precious little heart has bubbled up and over in many a kiss and caress that was infinitely sweet to me."

"He got that word 'partners' from a story they are fond of hearing me tell, of a bit of my own childhood's experience. I had some bad tricks, as a child, that were hard to come and one was playing with the fire. Living in the country, big wood fires blazed on our hearths all winter, and seemed an irresistible temptation to me. Of course I was punished, time and again, but nothing ever seemed to cure me, until one day my mother found me, with long pieces of twisted paper, trying to see how near the flame I could hold them without their lighting. Instead of the punishment I expected, my mother sat down by me on the floor, and played with the fire with me for half an hour. By that time my craving was satisfied, and the morbid satisfaction that the forbidden pleasure had exercised over me was gone. 'Now, Nellie,' said my mother, as she brushed up the litter, 'we are partners in

this game, and it will be very unfair if you ever try to play it without me.' I never did, and the idea of being 'partners' with mother held me with a strong grasp all my life; it brought me to her side with many a question of this or that, which I am persuaded most young people settle for themselves, and often settle the wrong way."

I began to feel sorry for my poor little, well-mannered children, who had never known the sweetness of playing "partners" with mamma; but they were young enough, thank God, to begin yet, and I trusted I was not too old to learn.

"Aren't you afraid to trust Frank to go to the mill-stream?" I asked, kissing my friend good-by; "it's horribly deep above the dam."

"He never goes above the dam," she replied with proud content; "that's a part of the partnership!"—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

March 23.—2 Thess. 3, 1-18.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Free course of the Gospel. It is said in Arizona, Conn, where they make copper wire for the telegraph, that electricity will flow freely through pure copper wire, but that most copper has with it an alloy of tin which obstructs the flow. Ordinary copper wire has 25 per cent of impurity, but by great skill and labor they have reduced the obstructing alloy to two per cent, and the electricity had free course. So it should be the endeavor of the churches, as well as of individual Christians, to remove every alloy of sin or worldliness from them, and let the spirit of God flow freely through their lives and their characters.

II. Give you peace. (Ver. 16.) "Their peace shall flow like a river." Beginning in a little mountain spring, it flows, a little rill, over many a stony obstacle, down precipices, through forests and green fields, gleaming in the sunshine, sombre and slow in the shade, but continually growing stronger and deeper, receiving new life from other streams, till at last it becomes a broad and deep river, flowing peacefully over the rocks that broke it into foam in its earlier career, and feeling the pulsations of the tide-waves of its ocean home.—P.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In this lesson, the title is the subject, Christian Diligence. I. Preparations (vers. 1-5.) (1) By prayer. Note (a) the things Paul would have them pray for; (b) the fact that the prayers of such Christians as these were an aid to Paul; (c) the hindrances to the Gospel; (d) how it is glorified. (2) By the help of God. The faithfulness of God, obedience, the love of God, the patience of Christ. II. Christian diligence. (Vers. 6-15.) (1) The evil of idleness. (2) The treatment of busybodies. (3) Paul's example of diligence. (4) The need of diligence. (5) Its benefits to the person. (6) The source of prosperity to the nation. (7) Never be weary in doing good. III. Rewards of peace. (Vers. 16-18.) (1) Why Christ is the Lord of Peace. (2) The nature of the peace He gives. (3) How to obtain it. (4) The grace of the Lord.

CARVING HAM.—A ham may be carved in several ways. First by cutting long delicate slices, through the thick fat, in the centre down to the bone; or by running the point of the knife in the circle of the middle and cutting thin, circular slices, thus keeping the ham moist; and last and most economically, by beginning at the knuckle and slicing upward.

GRANDMOTHER'S minute pudding, which all the family liked and I alone hated, was made in this way: Let some sweet milk come to a boil, then stir in flour which you have salted; this must be done very briskly or it will be lumpy. Stir every moment until the pudding is about like mush. Serve with hot, with sugar and cream; or flavor the cream with nutmeg or vanilla.

BARLEY WATER, so often recommended for the sick, may be varied and made to relish by adding stoned raisins to it. Let it boil after putting the raisins in. If figs are preferred, cut them in pieces and put them in.

PUZZLES.

PUZZLE.

What word contains all the vowels, and in their proper order?

RIDDLE.

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go And many nails thereon, but not one toe.

CHARADE.

My first makes company; My second shuns company; My third assembles company; My whole puzzles a company.

EIGHT HIDDEN BIBLE MOUNTAINS.

Plant a border of sweet mignonette. John Angil, boatswain on ship Rover. She lost her money on the street. We witnessed the balloon ascension. The magi led the caravan. They frame in ebony and walnut. We brought from the car melons and figs. They have written Mr. Gleb anonymous letters.

OUR LIBRARY. (Partly phonetic.)

- 1. A Scotch church and a combination of colors.
2. A Mohammedan relic.
3. An unclean animal.
4. An inhabitant of one of the countries of Europe.
5. A powerful ecclesiastic.
6. The absence of color.
7. A useful animal and a soft, murmuring sound.
8. To cut, and an insect.
9. A carriage, and an organ of the body.
10. A casket.
11. Not old.
12. A useful mineral, and a word descriptive of a range of mountains.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—First row: white letters, Maryland; first monogram, Frederick; second Potomac; third, Annapolis; fourth, Susquehanna; fifth, Baltimore. Second row: white letters, France; first monogram, Cher; second, Rouen; third, Marie; fourth, Nantes; fifth, Fecamp. Third row: white letters, Asia; first monogram, Kiusiu; second, Japan; third, Burma; fourth, Madagalar; fifth, Oosaka. Fourth row: white letters, Maine; first monogram, Dec; second, Shosher; third, Frenchman's; fourth, Machias; fifth, Portland. Fifth row: white letters; England; first monogram, Tames; second, London; third, Birmingham; fourth, Avon; fifth, Penzance.

ENIGMA.—Bar

TWO DIAMONDS.

E A d d T B
E L e g e T O o l s
D e n A l a
d s

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Hannah Gingrich, T. G. Kelyes, Abila Ferguson, and Kate Kirkwood.

IN BEIRUT a well-known Moslem had publicly declared his determination to become a Christian. The civil power was appealed to that he might be prevented. Again and again he was summoned before the judge and threatened. At last he was summoned and was asked by the judge whether he still persisted in his resolution. In the strongest terms he declared that nothing could prevent him, even should the act cost him his life. "Then," said the judge, "you have possibly a copy of the Scriptures about you; if so, you might read us a portion." The Moslem took a New Testament from his robe and read the first chapter of John, expounding as he went along. With intense earnestness he spoke of the true light—of the Word made flesh and dwelling among us—and of the law of Moses contrasted with 'ne grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. He presented John's testimony to the Lamb of God, and Philip's and Nathaniel's, till he had finished the chapter, while the crowded court listened in breathless silence. When he paused the judge said, "That will do, you may go." The next Lord's day that man publicly professed Jesus Christ to be his Saviour, and was baptized, and no one has given him any annoyance. Several Moslems from the Lebanon have been baptized, and, by removing to a distance from their native place, they are not followed, nor in any way injured.—Messenger and Missionary Record.

IF THE STAIR-RAILS are dingy, their appearance may be improved by washing them with a little sweet milk; polish with a flannel cloth.

## A PAGE FROM KITTY HURLSTON'S LIFE.

By Mrs. Ellen Ross.

CHAPTER I.  
THE MOTHER'S REQUEST.

Mrs. Hurlston's birthday fell on one of the fairest days in June. Her loving children cheered her by their little gifts, as usual, but she felt that there was more of tenderness infused into their manner to day than ever before, for she was now a widow, her husband having died in the preceding winter.

The story of her married life had been a very sad one; her husband had fallen into drinking habits, and although repentance and complete reformation took place before the close of his life still his wife and family could think of his past only with sorrow and regret.

With the numerous birthday greetings which the post brought Mrs. Hurlston on this particular morning—for she was widely and tenderly beloved—a beautiful card came from her sister-in-law in London, with a kind letter containing a pressing invitation to her daughter Katharine to spend a few weeks with them some time that year. Katharine had never yet been to London; she had been somewhat overlooked by relatives sending invitations; and although now fourteen years of age, she was so gay and giddy in her ways, that everybody regarded her as more of a child than she really was. Happy and light-hearted in spite of the family troubles, which had never really come home to her, Katharine was playful and gay as a kitten, and indeed was always called Kitty, her full name being considered far too dignified for her.

She was wild with delight at the very mention of going from her obscure Yorkshire home to the grand metropolis, of which she had heard so much and formed such extravagant ideas; and all through the breakfast-time her mind was full of the thought, *How soon could she go!* What new dresses should she have! How long would she be allowed to stay! These were some of the questions which she eagerly asked.

"Our plans are prepared for these holidays," replied her mother, placidly, "so you will have to wait till Christmas, Kitty."

"Oh, well, I don't mind," said Kitty; "I shall have it to look forward to all that time, and there's pleasure in that. And Christmas will be just the best time to go; cousins will be so gay with their parties and dances and going about. It will be delightful!"

"I daresay you will soon get tired of it, as I did," said her sister Emily, a gentle girl of sixteen. "I know I was very glad to get back to our quiet home, after spending a Christmas there."

"That's because you're such a humdrum little soul," answered Kitty, playfully. "I like gay things."

"You are younger," replied Emily, with a dignity that scarcely suited her age, and which only provoked a merry laugh from Kitty who exclaimed—

"How motherly we are when we find ourselves sixteen years of age!"

The boys, Frank and Harry, laughed at this, and breakfast being now over they rose to go out to business. They were steady, thoughtful lads of seventeen and nineteen years respectively, and were a great comfort and respect to their widowed mother.

"There is just one little favor I want to ask you on my birthday, children, before you go out," she said. "I have a little book here in which I wish to keep your autographs, but I want them under certain conditions. You know this is the first birthday I have ever spent as a widow. You know, also, quite well what my past life has been; had it not been for strong drink I might now be a happy, contented wife, instead of a sorrowing widow, and you, children, might have had a wise and noble father to guide you through your early years; for he was wise and noble until he fell through the subtle and deceitful influence of drink, which I was unwary enough to cherish as a friend in our home in my early years. Since it showed itself to me in its true and deadly character, it has been completely banished from our home, and you, children, have not been exposed to temptation; and I quite believe that you are loyal enough to me to abstain from it every where, and at all times, if I expressly wished you to do so. Well, you know I do wish that most

earnestly, but I want more than that. Now I have myself drawn up in this pretty little book a pledge form, which I want you all to sign for me; and I shall indeed prize your autographs under these circumstances. Although I could trust to your honor to keep the promise given merely by word of mouth, still it will be a sort of help and safeguard to you, as you go out into society and meet with temptation, to say, 'I am a pledged abstainer.' But better still, it will help those sunk in the slough of intemperance to rise and stand upon their feet if you can say to them, 'Come sign the temperance pledge, as I have done.'"

"I am quite ready, mother," said Frank, rising to get pen and ink. And the mother watched her boys with eyes moist with pleasure as they wrote their names in her little book. Without a word, but with her heart's full consent, Emily then wrote hers; but when it came to Kitty, she said—

"Mamma dear, I won't write mine to-day. I can't do it with all my heart, and I fancy I might some time regret it if I signed now. Let me wait till your next birthday; I shall not be as old as Emily even then."

"Very well, Kitty," said her mother, with a little sadness in her voice, "I would not force you on any account; but remember, I may have no next birthday. We cannot calculate upon a single year, or a single week of our lives; and when my time comes, I should die happier if my children had all given me this solemn promise for their dear father's sake, as well as their own."

"Oh, don't talk about dying, mamma dear!" exclaimed Kitty. "It makes me feel quite gloomy; and you are young yet. The fact is, mamma, I would like to get that London visit over before I sign. There are none of these abstainers up there, and I confess I am not brave enough to be laughed at, at their parties, because I won't take a sip of wine with them."

"I am sorry to hear it, though it is a candid confession, Kitty," said her mother. "But I would like you to have a little more backbone, and not mind being sneered at for doing what is right. 'The fear of man bringeth a snare.'"

"Oh, the backbone will grow when I'm a little older," said Kitty, playfully. "At present I am young and giddy!"

At which they all laughed; Kitty was so irresistible.

The youngest girl, Ethel, having given her mother a coaxing caress, and whispered the request to her, was here allowed to inscribe her name in large, ill-formed letters, which pleased her greatly; and four-year-old Bertie was permitted to put "his mark" after Frank had written his name.

The little ceremony was over now and Mrs. Hurlston closed her book with a sigh, which no one observed but Kitty. It went to her heart, and in after years she remembered it bitterly.

"I'm a great coward, mamma," she said, when the others had left the room. "I might at least do this to please you, without my own full consent; but I know you don't wish that sort of signing."

"I don't Kitty; but I will believe that you will some day do it with all your heart."

"Thank you, dear mamma," said Kitty, affectionately kissing her.

## CHAPTER II.

## KITTY'S BITTER REGRET.

The Christmas holidays came, and Kitty was transported to London in charge of a friend who was going at the same time. She left home in the wildest spirits, with two or three new dresses in her box, and everything arranged to her heart's content. All the others were at home as companions to her mother, whom she left in her usual health; and circumstances were so favorable to enjoyment that they seemed to say to her, "Take this ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

The gay London cousins were delighted with Kitty, who seemed fully as fond of pleasure as themselves, and they indulged in quite a round of innocent dissipation. Kitty never made a stand against anything that was proposed, but entered heartily into everything. She sipped her wine at parties like the rest, seeing which, one of her cousins said warmly, "I am so glad you are not a strict-laced abstainer, Kitty. I always feel uncomfortable in the presence of teetotalers; they seem to be looking at you as

if you were a criminal for taking a glass of wine! Now, Cousin Emily, when she was here, made me quite savage. Not a drop would she touch, though she admitted she had never taken a pledge. She just refused, as she said, 'to please mamma.' Well, I wonder why that should please her?"

The words smote giddy Kitty like a blow. "You perhaps don't know everything about mamma," she replied, softly; and then she changed the conversation, and in a few minutes was as gay as ever again.

The next day, which was in the last week of the old year, they had arranged to go to Hampton Court, and from thence a round-about way home. Kitty's uncle, Mr. Osgood, was to take charge of the party, but Mrs. Osgood was to remain at home with the two youngest of her children.

It was a bright, frosty morning when they set out, as merry a party as the winter sun shone on that day. Kitty, wrapped up in furs, and dressed in colors for the first time since her father's death, looked a picture of health and happiness. None could have guessed that even at that moment a swift-winged messenger was preparing to send her sorrowful tidings, which should change her life, hitherto so gay and careless into sorer sadness, mingled with vain regrets.

Soon after noon a telegram came for her to Mrs. Osgood's house. She opened it, lest it should require an answer, and was startled and shocked to read, "Return at once. Mother died very suddenly this morning, ill only two days. Uncle, please come, if possible."

Mrs. Osgood at once sent a messenger off to Hampton Court to look for the party; but he returned alone during the afternoon, saying that the party had left before he arrived there. Poor Mrs. Osgood had then to endure her suspense until late in the evening, when the noisy and merry party returned between nine and ten o'clock.

She drew her husband into the breakfast-room without being observed, and broke the news to him. He was painfully startled and distressed, yet quite able to think calmly what ought to be done. He could not possibly leave without going to his office first thing in the morning to set business straight for his clerks; otherwise he and Kitty might have travelled all night to get to Yorkshire in the morning. But the advantage would not be great; and it would certainly be damaging to Kitty to tell her this, and rob her of her rest after a hard day's pleasure.

"She is only a child, let her get her sleep," said Mrs. Osgood's motherly heart.

So Mr. Osgood went out quickly to telegraph to Yorkshire, and the young people were allowed to be merry and go to bed as usual, though it sorely smote Mrs. Osgood's heart to listen to their merriment; and they did not even observe that she was quiet and absent-minded.

Kitty never afterwards quite remembered how she got through the next day. It seemed all like a dreadful dream to her—the sudden failure attempt to realize that she was motherless, the packing up of her pretty things into her box, which seemed somehow like shutting up all her past happy life out of sight and out of mind. Then came the dull, long railway journey through the frosty, leafless country, the train seeming to creep along at a snail's pace; and, finally the arrival at the little quiet home, once so bright and cheerful now dim and shrouded, with silent, weeping mourners going up and down. It seemed more than she could bear. Her grief choked her, and it was grief with a touch of bitterness, in it which her brothers and sister did not feel.

They had done all they could to please and gratify their dear mother; she alone had withstood her wishes in order to gratify others and her own weakness and self-love. Oh, what would she not now have given to be able to grant the stilled heart the gratification it desired! "Oh, Emily," she sobbed, "if dear mamma had ever wished me to do such an absurd and impossible thing as to crawl on my hands and knees from here to London, I should have done it to please her, while I had her alive and well! But she never wished us to do a thing but what was for our good. Oh, why did I object to please her in anything? Why did I refuse to grant any request, or strive to please myself or others before her? I can never, never forgive myself!"

When her sobbing had somewhat ceased, she said, "Let me go and see mamma, Emily. I cannot believe she is dead! How ever was it?"

"It was a swift inflammation," replied Emily, tearfully. "Almost before we could realize that she was in danger, she was gone!"

On the lighted landing there were candles, one of which Emily lit, and taking poor Kitty's hand, tenderly drew her into their mother's room. She lay in death's calm repose, with the choicest of their little conservatory flowers about her hands and breast, beyond the reach of pain and sorrow, disappointment and regret. Kitty stood with clasped hands and streaming eyes gazing at the still form which had no word or sign of greeting for her.

"Mother," she said, brokenly, "here I give you the promise which you asked of me on your birthday, and I refused. I promise never again to touch anything in the way of intoxicating drink, which killed my dear father, and embittered your life. Perhaps you can hear my vow in heaven; but if not, your God can, and in His name I make it!"

Emily pressed her hand, and allowed her to stand and sob her grief away. Then she said, "Come now, dear Kitty, I think we have learned this lesson: If we will not do what is right in the sunshine, God will most likely, in His faithful love and tenderness, make us do it in the storm and darkness of sorrow and affliction."

"To-day if ye will hear His voice"—to do whatever Duty and Right demand of you—"harden not your hearts."—*Band of Hope Review.*

## MINNIE AND HER KITTY "ROSY."

BY REV. E. P. HAMMOND.

MAHOMETI, White Bear Lake, Minn.

While on my way to the shores of this beautiful lake, we spent a Sabbath at Chicago. I there fell in with an old friend, who related to me the following touching incident:

He was riding one day on the railway; a lady came in at a station, accompanied by her little daughter, aged about seven years who took the seat directly in front of him.

The little girl held carefully in her hand a basket, into which, after lifting the cover carefully, she occasionally peeped. This was done with a smiling face and a cheerful word, as if she recognized a friend inside. My friend stretched his neck and looked over the back of the seat, wondering what the little girl had in the basket. He also peered through the open lid. He asked, "What have you there, my little girl?"

"Oh, this is my little kitty."

"What will you take for your kitty?"

"Oh, I would not sell kitty for anything."

"I will give you a dollar for your kitty."

"No, I will not sell kitty for any money you can give me."

"What is your name?" asked my friend.

"My name is Minnie and my kitty's name is Rosy."

"Do you go to Sunday-school, Minnie?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Do you love Jesus, Minnie?"

"Yes, indeed, I do."

She then looked my friend full in the face and asked, "Do you love Jesus, sir?"

"Certainly I do. I have loved him and worked for him many a year."

Little Minnie looked down thoughtfully for a few moments. Suddenly she lifted her basket over the back of her seat and said, "You may have Rosy for nothing, because you love Jesus."

You see, little Minnie was a Christian; and though she loved her "Rosy," she loved Jesus and his friends far more, and when she saw my friend loved the Saviour, her heart went out in love to him. She was willing to make a great sacrifice to give him pleasure.

Do you, my little reader, love Jesus? Do you love His people. I can tell you that Jesus has died on the cross, in your place, that you might be saved.

Oh, come, then, to Jesus and give Him your heart and get your sins forgiven, and you will then love Him and love His people as little Minnie did.

I have found some men and women away here in the North-west, near St. Paul, who, when I was here twenty years ago, gave their hearts to Christ, and they have never been sorry for it.

