

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Although an unusual thing in journalism to have a new paper obtain a circulation of seven or eight thousand within twenty months, it is not surprising that the *Weekly Messenger* should have done so when its character and price are taken into consideration. It has sustained the thread of the world's doings from week to week with precision and regularity from the start; it has discussed topics from time to time which could not have failed to interest its readers; it has been embellished with pictures to please the eye of young and old; it has contained Sunday school helps, Sunday reading and selections for the little ones and for the aged; its reports of the metropolitan markets must have been of great value to many farmers throughout the country.

The lately added department under the title of *The Temperance Worker* has given a large amount of intelligence calculated to be entertaining and useful to temperance people and societies, as well as discussions upon subjects which must have evoked some thoughtful reflection on the part of readers engaged in work for the temperance cause.

We shall always be grateful for news from all quarters of Canada respecting temperance effort and progress, and are prepared to arrange that such favors shall not cost their bestowers anything.

Will our friends kindly make this paper known as widely as they can, and do whatever falls in their way to promote its usefulness and prosperity.

See our advertisement on last page, and prepare for future competitions if too late for the present one.

MORE FROTH AND FURY.

The Windsor, N.S., *Mail* joins in the thoughtless cry, saying in a late issue:—"The Canada Temperance Act is a farce. It has been tried and found wanting, and the sooner the temperance people repeal it and get back our old Provincial Act, the better." There are more untruth and silliness in these few words than would suffice for a much longer article expressing the same views. In the first place the law in question is not a farce in any place where public officials are not left to please themselves as to whether they shall do their bounden duty or not. Neither has it been found wanting when tried in the highest courts of the Empire in point of constitutionality or in the humbler tribunals as regards effectiveness for its designed purpose. As to returning to the old Provincial Act, it is as yet a question to be settled by the courts whether old Provincial license laws can run parallel with the new License Law for the Dominion, except where specially provided in Federal legislation. If they can they are still in force in Nova Scotia. As to a license system being better than prohibition under local option, those who have had the largest experience and observation of the

working of anti-liquor laws, as well as those who even cursorily reflect upon the principles involved, are in the great majority thoroughly convinced that any license system that does not give the local option of entire prohibition to communities is futile as a means of keeping the liquor traffic from being an intolerable nuisance. Again, when the Provincial Act that is signed after by this journalist ruled throughout Nova Scotia, the cry was that it was anomalous and unjust that the Provincial law should provide for the prohibition of trade in goods that had been allowed to come into the country by the Dominion Government and upon which its importers had paid heavy duties for the benefit of the national revenues. That was an anomaly, but the evil of it lay in allowing goods to be taken into the country, the trade in which produced so much harm to the people that it was necessary to enact local laws against it. The Scott Act goes far toward ending that anomaly by prohibiting the introduction of liquor in wholesale quantities into districts where it is in force.

COMMENDABLE ACTION.

In Toronto for some weeks past the temperance people have been alive to the desirability of freeing the forthcoming Industrial Exhibition in that city from the taint of a liquor traffic upon the grounds. A well-attended meeting of representatives of the different temperance bodies in the city was held the other evening. The object of the meeting was to protest against the sale of liquor on the exhibition grounds during the fair next month. Mr. S. H. Blake, late Vice-Chancellor of Ontario, who had just returned from abroad, sent a letter of regret at not being able to attend. Says a Toronto paper:—"In years gone by there has been any amount of schemes devised by the holders of booths at the fair grounds to evade the spirit and letter of the law, as, applying to exhibitions, whatever it may be. Last year when the police attempted to stop people from selling liquor whom they thought had no right to they were told to go to Inspector Dexter, and he told them to go to some one else. And so on." After a spirited discussion the meeting in question passed the following resolution:—

That a deputation be appointed to wait on the Board of Directors of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association to remonstrate against their action in appointing Mr. Hill, their manager, to apply for a license to sell intoxicating liquor at their annual exhibition; that the said deputation be also requested to wait upon the Toronto Board of License Commissioners to request that no transfer or enlargement be made of the license granted to the manager of the exhibition, and to point out that the granting of the said license was entirely contrary to the text of the Ontario License Act.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

R. W. G. L. OF THE WORLD.—The following is a record of a few days' work done in Pictou county by Mr. Knight, G. W. C. T. of Nova Scotia:—At New Glasgow—Organized "Amon" Lodge, with the following officers:—W. C. T., D. R. Campbell,

W. V. T., Emma Meikle; W. C., Samuel Logan; W. Secretary, James McLellan; W. F. Secretary, Maggie C. McLean; W. T., John Fraser; W. M., John McRoberts; W. G., Elizabeth Ross; W. Sent., Duncan Fraser; Lodge Deputy, Stewart Fraser. At Fox Brook—Organized "Central Orb" Lodge—W. C. T., A. J. McKay; W. V. T., Nettie McFay; W. C., Maggie McKay; W. Secty., F. W. Thompson; W. A. Secty., Cassie McKay; W. T., Hugh McDonald; W. D. M., Alex. Brittain; W. D. M., David H. McKay; W. G., Daniel McKay; W. Sent., Elliott McIntosh; P. W. C. T., William Fraser; Lodge Deputy, F. W. Thomson. At Merigomish—Reorganized "Lorne" Lodge, with forty-nine members—W. C. T., Hugh McDonald; W. V. T., Annie Sutherland; W. C., Finlay Campbell; W. Secty., Ellena McVicar; W. A. Secty., Henrietta McDonald. W. F. Secty., Jessie McQueen; W. T., Thomas Grant; W. M., John Campbell; W. D. M., Rebecca Cameron; W. G., Angus Grant; W. Sent., Allan McVicar; P. W. C. T., Daniel Cameron; Lodge Deputy, John Cameron.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

CADETS.—The Grand Section, Cadets of Temperance, of Nova Scotia, held its eleventh annual session at Windsor a few days ago. Representatives were present from different parts of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The following officers were elected: G. W. P.—John E. Butler, Halifax; G. A. P.—A. A. McKinnon, Spring Hill; G. Sec.—John E. Hill, Halifax; G. Treas.—W. C. Sterling, Halifax; G. Chap.—A. L. Lawrence, Windsor; G. Archon.—A. Taylor, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; G. Guide.—L. P. Taunton, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; G. Watchman, R. B. Elliott, Halifax. We should be glad to hear of the prosperity of the junior branches of our various temperance societies, and hope they may become more and more useful as training schools for the temperance party of the near future.

A new Division was recently formed at Riverton, Pictou county, Nova Scotia, members of New Glasgow Division assisting at the organization. It is called by the name of the place, and started with twenty-one charter members and the following officers:—Samuel McKay, W. P.; John Grant, R. S.; Wm. F. Grant, A.R.S.; Alex. Grant, F. S.; Isa McKay, Treas.; James McKay, Chap.

A mammoth temperance picnic, participated in by about eighteen Divisions, was announced to have been held at Hutchinson's Clearing, near Eglershouse, N. S., on the 22nd August.

THE TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE of the Methodist Conference of Newfoundland at the last session of that body reported a series of resolutions, by which the conference in adopting resolved:—(1) That they rejoiced in the success which had crowned the efforts put forth in several localities in the Colony during the past year, to secure the benefits of the Local Option Law, and would urge

upon all the friends of Temperance increasing zeal in the same direction; (2) That they observed with much satisfaction the growing influence of the temperance sentiment throughout the bounds of the Conference, and would press upon the Conference the need of keeping abreast of the times in this great enterprise; (3) That the third Sabbath in December be set apart for the preaching of temperance sermons throughout the bounds of the Conference, and (4) That, as many Circuits have been remiss in making returns of temperance statistics, such should hereafter be made through the annual District Meetings in the ordinary way.

COLONEL J. J. HICKMAN, the temperance orator from Kentucky, is performing a speaking tour of thirty towns in Nova Scotia. He was greeted at Amherst by one of the largest meetings ever held there, and one report says:—"On rising he was welcomed by a storm of applause, and with language and earnestness seldom found in any one man, opened up a line of argument in favor of total abstinence and against liquor in any shape or form of the most refined and convincing character. He spoke over an hour and a half, during which time the dropping of a pin could have been heard, except when the audience applauded his many well-made points. In concluding he said that he had appeared in this country as the representative of the Independent Order of Loyal Good Templars, with which Society he had been connected many years, and could recommend it to every good thinking man and woman, and hoped that every person desiring a place among men would lend their aid and presence to the order."

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED that an amendment is required to all our restrictive liquor laws, which would provide for the punishment of the illegal purchaser of liquor as well as the illegal seller. There is such a law in England, and its operation is said to be salutary. As one justly remarks, "The crime or offence is a mutual one, and the man who tempts the saloon-keeper to violate the law is morally as guilty as the man who sells the liquor."

THERE IS NO NEED to be discouraged because there are still people simple enough to lend strangers their money in railway stations, trains, etc., either upon the security of scraps of paper given for bank cheques or no security at all. The repeated warning examples appearing in the newspapers doubtless save thousands of people void of understanding from being fleeced, and the cases that still occur are probably of victims who cannot or will not read the papers and have no knowing friends to caution them against smooth-speaking and smooth-looking scoundrels when they go from home. A farmer lately fell into the hands of confidence men on a train near Toronto and innocently loaned them ninety dollars upon the usual security of a worthless cheque for two thousand dollars. Of course he never saw his money again.

FRANK BLOOD, Cobleskill, New York died from terror of hydrophobia after having been bitten by a dog.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.
(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")
CHAPTER XV.—MR. HARMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

All through dinner, Hinton had felt that strange sense of depression stealing upon him. He was a man capable of putting a very great restraint upon his feelings, and he so behaved during the long and weary meal as to rouse no suspicions, either in Charlotte's breast or in the far sharper one of the Australian uncle. But, nevertheless, so distressing was the growing sense of coming calamity, that he felt the gay laugh of his betrothed almost distressing, and was truly relieved when he had to change it for the gravity of her father. As he went from the dining-room to Mr. Harman's study, he reflected with pleasure that his future father-in-law was always grave, that never in all the months of their frequent intercourse had he seen him even once indulge in what could be called real gaiety of heart. Though this fact rather coupled with his own suspicions, still he felt a momentary relief in having to deal tonight with one who treated life from its sensible standpoint.

He entered the comfortable study. Mr. Harman was sunk down in an arm-chair, a cup of untraced coffee stood by his side; the moment he heard Hinton's step, however, he rose, and going forward, took the young man's hand and wrung it warmly.

The room was lit by candles, but there were plenty of them, and Hinton almost started when he perceived how ill the old man looked.

"Charlotte has told you what I want you for to-night, eh, Hinton?" said Mr. Harman.

"Yes; Charlotte has told me," answered John Hinton. Then he sat down opposite his future father-in-law, who had resumed his arm-chair by the fire. Standing up, Mr. Harman looked ill, but sunk into his chair, with his bent, white head, and drawn, anxious face, and hands worn to emaciation, he looked twenty times worse. There seemed nearly a lifetime between him and that blithe-looking Jasper, whom Hinton had left with Charlotte in the dining-room. Mr. Harman, sitting by his fire, with fire-light and candle-light shining full upon him, looked a very old man indeed.

"I am sorry to see you so unwell, sir," began Hinton.

"I am not well—not at all well. I don't want Charlotte to know. But there need be no disguises between you and me; of course I show it; but we will come to that presently. First about your own affairs. Lottie has told you what I want you for to-night?"

"She has, Mr. Harman. She says that you have been good and generous enough to say you will take away the one slight embargo you made to our marriage—that we may become man and wife before I bring you news of that brief."

"Yes, Hinton; that is what I said to her this morning; I repeat the same to you tonight. You may fix your wedding-day when you like—I dare say you have fixed it."

"Charlotte has named the twentieth of next June sir; but—"

"The twentieth of June! that is four months away. I did not want her to put it off as far as that. However, women, even the most sensible, have such an idea of the time it takes to get a trousseau. The twentieth of June! You can make it sooner, can't you?"

"Four months is not such a long time, sir. We have a house to get, and furniture to buy. Four months will be necessary to make these arrangements."

"No, they won't; for you have no such arrangements to make. You are to come and live here when you marry. This will be your house when you marry, and I shall be your guest. I can give you Charlotte, Hinton; but I cannot do without her myself."

"But this house means a very, very large income, Mr. Harman. Is it prudent that we should begin like this? For my part I should much rather do on less."

"You may sell the house if you fancy, and take a smaller one; or go more into the country. I only make one proviso—that while I live, I live with my only daughter."

"And with your son, too, Mr. Harman," said Hinton, just letting his hand touch for an instant the wrinkled hand which lay on Mr. Harman's knee.

The old man smiled one of those queer, sad smiles which Hinton had often in vain tried to fathom. Responding to the touch of the vigorous young hand, he said—

"I have always liked you, Hinton. I believe, in giving you my dear child, I give her to one who will make her happy."

"Happy! yes, I shall certainly try to make her happy," answered Hinton, with a sparkle in his eyes.

"And that is the main thing; better than wealth, or position, or anything else on God's earth. Happiness comes with goodness; you know, my dear fellow; no bad man was ever happy. If you and Charlotte get this precious thing into your lives you must both be good. Don't let the evil touch you ever so slightly. If you do, happiness flies."

"I quite believe you," answered Hinton. "Well about money matters. I am, as you know, very rich. I shall settle plenty of means upon my daughter; but it will be better for you to enter into all these matters with my solicitor. When can you meet him?"

"Whenever convenient to you and to him, sir."

"I will arrange it for you, and let you know."

"Mr. Harman, may I say a word for myself?" suddenly asked the young man.

"Most certainly. Have I been so garrulous as to keep you from speaking?"

"Not at all, sir; you have been more than generous. You have been showing me the rose-color from your point of view. Now it is not all rose-color."

"I was coming to that; it is by no means all rose-color. Well, say your say first."

"You are a very rich man, and you are giving me your daughter; so endeavoring that any man in the world would say I had drawn a prize in money, if in nothing else."

Mr. Harman smiled.

"I fear you must bear that," he said. "I do not see that you can support Charlotte without some assistance from me."

"I certainly could not do so. I have exactly two hundred a year, and that, as you were pleased to observe before, would be, to one brought up as Charlotte has been, little short of beggary."

"To Charlotte it certainly would be almost beggary."

"Mr. Harman, I have some pride in me. I am a barrister by profession. Some barristers get high in their profession."

"Undoubtedly some do."

"Those who are brilliant do," continued Hinton. "I have abilities, whether they are brilliant or not, time will show. Mr. Harman, I should like to bring you news of that brief before we are married."

"I can throw you in the way of getting plenty of briefs when you are my son-in-law. I promise you, you will no longer be a barrister with nothing to do."

"Yes, sir; but I want this before my marriage."

"My influence can give it to you before."

"But that was against our agreement, Mr. Harman. I want to find that brief which is to do so much for me without your help."

"Very well. Find it before the twentieth of June."

After this the two men were silent for several moments. John Hinton, though in no measure comforted, felt it impossible to say more just then, and Mr. Harman, with a face full of care, kept gazing into the fire. John Hinton might have watched that face with interest, had he not been otherwise occupied. After this short silence Mr. Harman spoke again.

"You think me very unselfish in all this; perhaps even my conduct surprises you."

"I confess it rather does," answered Hinton.

"Will you oblige me by saying how?"

"For one thing, you give so much and expect so little."

"Ay, so it appears at first sight; but I told you it was not all rose-color; I am coming to that part. Your pride has been roused—I can soothe it."

"I love Charlotte too much to feel any pride in the matter," replied Hinton with some heat.

"I don't doubt your affection, my good fellow; and I put against it an equal amount on Charlotte's part; a noble and beautiful woman, and plenty of money, with money's attendant mercies. I fear even your affection is outweighed in that balance."

"Nothing can outweigh affection," replied Hinton boldly.

Mr. Harman smiled, and this time stretching out his hand he touched the young man's.

"You are right, my dear boy; and because I am so well aware of this, I give my only girl to a man who is a gentleman, and who loves her. I ask for nothing else in Charlotte's husband, but I am anxious for you to be her husband at once."

"And that is what puzzles me," said Hinton. "You have a sudden reason for this hurry. We are both young; we can wait; there is no hardship in waiting."

"There would be a hardship to me in your waiting longer now. You are quite right in saying I have a sudden reason; this time last night I had no special thought of hurrying on Charlotte's marriage. Her uncle proposed it; I considered his reasoning good—so good, that I gave Charlotte permission this morning to fix with you the time for the wedding. But even then delay would have troubled me but little; now it does; now even these four short months trouble me sorely."

"Why?" asked Hinton.

"Why? You mentioned my health, and observed that I looked ill; I said I would come to that presently. I am ill; I look very ill. I have seen physicians. To-day I went to see Sir George Anderson; he told me, without any preamble the truth. My dear fellow, I want you to be my child's protector in a time of trouble, for I am a dying man."

Hinton had never come face to face with death in his life before. He started forward now and clasped his hands.

"Dying?" he repeated, in a tone of unbelief and consternation.

"Yes; you don't see it, for I am going about. I shall go about as much as usual to the very last. Your idea of dying men is that they stay in bed and get weak, and have a living death long before the last great mercy comes. That will not be my case. I shall be as you see me now to the very last moment; then some day, or perhaps some night, you will come into this room, or into another room, it does not a bit matter where, and find me dead."

"And must this come soon?" repeated Hinton.

"It may not come for some months; it may stay away for a year; but again it may come to-night or to-morrow."

"Good God!" repeated Hinton.

"Yes, Mr. Hinton, you are right, in the contemplation of such a solemn and terrible event, to mention the name of our Creator. He is a good God, but His very goodness makes Him terrible. He is a God who will see justice done; who will by no means cleanse the guilty. I am going into His presence—a sinful old man. Well, I bow to His decree. But enough of this; you see my reason for wishing for an early marriage for my child."

Mr. Harman, I am deeply, deeply pained and shocked. May I know the nature of your malady?"

"It is unnecessary to discuss it, and does no good; suffice it to know that I carry a disease within me which by its very nature must end both soon and suddenly; also that that there is no cure for this disease."

"Are you telling me all this as a secret?"

"As a most solemn and sacred secret. My brother suspects something of it, but no one, no one in all the world knows the full and solemn truth but yourself."

"Then Charlotte is not to be told?"

"Charlotte! Charlotte! It is for her sake I have confided to you all this, that you may guard her from such a knowledge."

John Hinton was silent for a moment or two; if he disliked Charlotte having a secret from him, much more did he protest against the knowledge which now was forced upon him being kept from her. He saw that Mr. Harman was firmly set on keeping his child in the dark; he disapproved, but he hardly dared, so much did he fear to agitate the old man, to make any vigorous stand against a decree which seemed to him both cruel and unjust. He must say something, however, so he began gently—

"I will respect your most sacred confidence, Mr. Harman; without your leave no word from me shall convey this knowledge to Charlotte; but pardon me if I say a word. You know your own child very well, but I also know Charlotte; she has lived for all her talent and her five-and-twenty years, the sheltered life of a child hitherto—but that is nothing; she is a noble woman, she has a

noble woman's heart; in trouble, such a nature as hers could rise and prove itself great. Don't you suppose, when by-and-by the end really comes, she will blame me, and even perhaps you, sir, for keeping this knowledge from her?"

"She will never blame her old father. She will see, bless her, that I did it in love; you will tell her that, be sure you tell her that when the time comes; please God, you will be her husband then, and you will have the right to comfort her."

"No, for you cannot see it with my eyes; that child and I have lived the most unbroken life of peace and happiness together; neither storm nor cloud has visited us in one another. The shadow of death must not embitter our last few months; she must be my bright girl to the very last. Some day, if you and she ever have a daughter, you will understand my feeling—at least in part you will understand it."

"I cannot understand it now, but I can at least respect it," answered the young man.

CHAPTER XVI.—"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

When Hinton at last left him, Mr. Harman sat on for a long time by his study fire. The fire burnt low but he did not replenish it, neither did he touch the cold coffee which still remained on his table. After an hour or so of musings, during which the old face seemed each moment to grow more sad and careworn, he stretched out his hand to ring his bell.

Almost instantly was the summons answered—a tall footman stood before him.

"Dennis, has Mr. Jasper left?"

"Yes, sir. He said he was going to his club. I can have him fetched, sir."

"Do not do so. After Mr. Hinton leaves, ask Miss Harman to come here."

The footman answered softly in the affirmative and withdrew, and Mr. Harman still sat on alone. He had enough to think about. For the first time to-day death had come and stared him in the face; very close indeed his own death was looking at him.

He was a brave man, but the sight of the cold, grim thing brought so close, so inevitably near, was scarcely to be endured with his equanimity. After a time rising from his seat he went to a bookcase and took down, not a treatise on medicine or philosophy, but an old Bible.

"Dying men are said to find comfort here," he said faintly to himself. He put one of the candles on the table and opened the book. It was an old Bible, but John Harman was not very well acquainted with its contents.

"They tell me there is much comfort here," he said to himself. He turned the old and yellow leaves.

"Vengeance is mine. I will repay." These were the words on which his eyes fell.

Comfort! He closed the book with a groan and returned it to the bookshelf. But in returning it he chose the highest shelf of all and pushed it far back and well out of sight.

He had scarcely done so before a light, quick step was heard at the door, and Charlotte, her eyes and cheeks both bright, entered.

"My dearest, my darling," he said. He came to meet her, and folded her in his arms. He was a dying man, and a sin-laden man, but not the less sweet was that young embrace, that smothered cheek, those bright, happy eyes.

"You are better, father; you look better," said his daughter.

"I have been rather weak and low all the evening, Lottie; but I am much better for seeing you. Come here and sit at my feet, my dear love."

"I am very happy this evening," said Charlotte, seating herself on her father's foot-stool, and laying her hand on his knee.

"I can guess the reason, my child; your wedding day is fixed."

"This morning, father, I said it should be the twentieth of June; John seemed quite satisfied, and four months were not a bit too long for our preparations; but to-night he has changed his mind; he wants our wedding to be in April. I have not given in—not yet. Two months seem so short."

"You will have plenty of time to prepare in two months, dear; and April is a nice time of year. If I were you, I would not oppose Hinton."

Charlotte smiled. She knew in her heart of hearts she should not oppose him. But being a true woman, she laid hold of a futile excuse.

"My book will not be finished. I like to do well what I do at all."

Her father was very proud of this coming book; but now, putting her hand, he said softly—

"The book can keep. Put it out of your head for the present; you can get it done later."

"Then I shall leave you two months sooner, father; does that not weigh with you at all?"

"You are only going for your honeymoon, darling; and the sooner you go the sooner you will return."

"Vanquished on all points," said Charlotte, smiling radiantly, and then she sat still looking into the fire.

Long, long afterwards through much of sorrow—nay, even of tribulation—did her thoughts wander back to that golden evening of her life.

"You remind me of my own mother tonight," said her father presently.

Charlotte and her father had many times spoken of this dead mother. Now she said softly—

"I want, I pray, I long, to make as good a wife as y a tell me she did."

"With praying, longing, and striving, it will come, Charlotte. That was how she succeeded."

"And there is another thing," continued Charlotte, suddenly changing her position, and raising her bright eyes to her old father's face. "You had a good wife and I had a good mother. If ever I die, as my own mother died, and leave behind me a little child, as she did, I pray that my John may be as good a father to it as you have been to me."

But in answer to this little burst of daughterly love, a strange thing happened. Mr. Harman grew very white, so white that he gasped for breath.

"Water, a little water," he said feebly; and when Charlotte had brought it to him and he raised it to his lips, and the color and power to breathe had come back again, he said slowly and with great pain—

"Never, never pray that your husband may be like me, Charlotte. To be worthy of you at all, he must be a much better and a very different man."

CHAPTER XVII.—HAPPINESS, NOT JUSTICE.

Hinton left Mr. Harman's house in a very perplexed frame of mind. It seemed to him that in that one short day as much had happened to him as in all the course of his previous life, but the very force of the thoughts, the emotions, the hopes, the fears, which had visited him, made him, strong, young, and vigorous as he was, so utterly weary, that when he reached his rooms he felt that he must let tired-out nature have its way—

—he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the young and healthy until the morning.

It was February weather, February unusually mild and genial, and the pet day of yesterday was followed by another, as soft and sweet and mild. When Hinton awoke from his refreshing slumbers, the day was so well and thoroughly risen that a gleam of sunshine lay across his bed. He started up to discover a corresponding glow in his heart. What was causing this glow? In a moment he remembered, and the gleam of heart-sunshine grew brighter with the knowledge. The fact was, happiness was standing by the young man's side, holding out two radiant hands, and saying, "Take me, take me to your heart of hearts, for I have come to dwell with you. Hinton rose, dressed hastily, and went into his sitting-room. All the gloom which had so oppressed him yesterday had vanished. He could not resist the outward sunshine, or the heart glow which had come to him. He stepped lightly, and whistled some gay airs. He ate his breakfast with appetite, then threw himself into an easy-chair which stood near the window; he need not go to his chambers for at least an hour, he might give himself this time to think.

Again happiness stepped up close and showed her beautiful face. Should he take her; should he receive the rare and lovely thing and shut out that stern sense of justice, of relieving the oppressed, of seeing the wronged righted, which had been as his sheet-anchor yesterday, which had been more or less the sheet-anchor of his life? Here was his position. He was engaged to marry Charlotte Harman; he loved her

with his whole heart; she loved him with her whole heart; she was a beautiful woman, a noble woman, a wealthy woman. With her as his wife, love, riches, power, might all be his. What more could the warm, warm feelings of youth desire? what more could the ambitions of youth aspire to? Yesterday, it is true, he had felt some risings of that noble pride which seems to receive so much and give so little. He had formed a wild, almost passionate determination to obtain his brief before he had obtained his bride, but Mr. Harman had soothed that pride to sleep. There was indeed a grave and sad reason why this beautiful and innocent woman whom he had won should receive all the full comfort his love and protection could give her as quickly as possible. Her father was dying, and she must not know of his approaching death. Her father wished to see her Hinton's wife as soon as possible. Hinton felt that this was reasonable, this was fair; for the sake of no pride, true or false, no hoped-for brief, could he any longer put off their wedding. Nay, far from this. Last night he had urged its being completed two months sooner than Charlotte herself had proposed. He saw by the brightness in Charlotte's eyes that, though she did not at once agree to this, her love for him was such that she would marry him in a week if he so willed it. He rejoiced in these symptoms of her great love, and the rejoicings of last night had risen in a fuller tide this morning. Yes, it was the rule of life, the one everlasting law, the old must suffer and die, the young must live and rejoice. Yes; Hinton felt very deep sympathy for Mr. Harman last night, but this morning, his happiness making him more self-absorbed than really selfish, he knew that the old man's dying and suffering state could not take one iota from his present delight.

What then perplexed him? What made him stand aloof from the radiant guest, Happiness, for a brief half hour? That story of Charlotte's; it would come back to him; he wished now he had never heard it. For having heard he could not forget; he could not exorcise this grim Thing which stood side by side with Happiness in his sunny room. The fact was, his acute mind took in the true bearings of the case far more clearly than Charlotte had done. He felt quite sure that Mrs. Home had been wronged. He felt equally sure that, if he looked into the case, it lay in his power to right her. Over and over he saw her pale, sad face and he hoped it was not going to haunt him. The tale in his mind lay all in Mrs. Home's favor, all against John and Jasper Harman. Was it likely that their wealthy father would do anything so monstrously unjust as to leave all his money to his two elder sons with whom he had previously quarrelled, and nothing, not a thing at all to his young wife and infant daughter? It would be a meaningless piece of injustice, unlike all that he had gleaned of the previous character of the old man. As to John and Jasper, and their conduct in the affair, that too was difficult to fathom. Jasper had spent the greater portion of his life in Australia. Of his character Hinton knew little; that little he felt was repugnant to him. But John Harman—no man in the City bore a higher character for uprightness, for integrity, for honor. John Harman was respected and loved by all who knew him.

Yes, yes; Hinton felt that all this was possible, but also he knew that never in their close intercourse had he been able to fathom John Harman. A shadow rested over the wealthy and prosperous merchant. Never until now had Hinton even approached the cause; but now, now it seemed to him that he was grappling with the impenetrable mystery, that face to face he was looking at the long and successfully hidden sin. Strong man as he was, he trembled as this fear came over him. Whatever the cause, whatever the sudden and swift temptation, he felt an ever-growing conviction that long ago John and Jasper Harman had robbed the widow and fatherless. Feeling this, being almost sure of this, how then should he act? He knew very well what he could do. He could go to Somerset House and see the will of old Mr. Harman. It was very unlikely that a forged will had been attempted. It was, he felt sure, far, far more probable that the real will was left untampered with, that the deed of injustice had been done in the hope that no one who knew anything about such matters would ever inquire into it.

Hinton could go that very day and set

his mind at rest. Why then did he hesitate? Ah! he knew but too well. Nearer and nearer came that shining form of Happiness. If he did this thing, and found his suspicions correct, as he feared much he should, if then acted upon this knowledge, and gave Mrs. Home her own again, happiness would fly from him, it might be forever. To give Mrs. Home her rights he must cruelly expose a dying old man. Such a shock, coming now, would most probably kill John Harman. After bringing her father to such shame and dishonor, would Charlotte ever consent to be his wife? Would she not indeed in very horror fly from his presence? What was Mrs. Home to him, that he should ruin his whole life for her sake, that he should give up wife, wealth, and fame? Nothing—a complete stranger. Why should he, for her sake, pain and make miserable those he loved, above all break the heart of the woman who was more precious to him than all the rest of the world? He felt he could not do this thing. He must take that bright winged happiness and let justice have her day when she could. Some other hand must inflict the blow, it could not be his hand. He was sorry now that he had taken Mrs. Home's lodgings. But after all what did it signify? He had taken them for a month, he could go there for that short period. His quickly approaching marriage would make it necessary for him to leave very soon after, and he would try amongst his many friends to find her a more permanent tenant, for though he had now quite made up his mind to let matters alone, his heart ached for this woman. Yes, he would, if possible, help her in little ways, though it would be impossible for his hand to be the one to give her her own again. Having come to this determination he went out.

(To be Continued.)

MY COMPANY.

"I have read," said Mr. Spurgeon, "of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven and he saw a glorious host marching up singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they had vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets who have gone to be with God."

"And he heaved a deep sigh as he said. 'Alas, I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there.'"

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "I belong not to that fellowship and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered in the hope that he might yet get in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of goodly ministers and officers of Christian churches, but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross; and the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

"But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! I can go with them."

And so he awoke.

A CHENILLE RUG.

"What is that soft mat?" asked we of a lady who had been showing us her pretty knitted rugs—made in a lonely winter home

where she and her niece kept house and entertained themselves with knitting and reading.

"That is made," she replied, "of some old carpet that I had thrown away in the shop loft. It is ingrain, you see, striped; and we cut it in lengths, crossways, about four inches, fringed out each side, leaving four strands in the middle. We doubled these fringed ends together, stitched each with coarse thread, and then sewed them to coarse towcloth in rows. This we lined, and you see what a bright mat it has made."

"Entirely too good," we replied, "for the door-way. Lay it beside your guest's bed, that they may fancy they are travelling on a Turkish carpet."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- From whence this brilliant cluster
Gleamed by a cherished hand,
As by the brook we minister,
To taste of the promised land?
- Pause—on the way o Ephrath
A life is ebbing fast,
What name in her dying agony,
Gave that mother at the last?
- The little among the thousands,
A city was proclaimed,
Yet thence shall come the Ruler
What was that city named?
- Who is that sad one mourning,
Who sympathy disdains?
To her desolate home returning,
One comfort still remains.
- Where was that smiling vineyard,
With its cany hor clusters bright,
The presence of the Beloved
Making its darkness light?
- Who were the favoured daughters
Who went forth with joy to sing,
In the day of his espousals,
To the crowning of the King?
- When will the day be dawning?
That day, not dark nor bright,
The Lord, He knoweth only—
The time, "it shall be light!"
- A place of death and weeping,
A land of bitter tears,
A heart refusing comfort,
A mother's darkest fears.
Refrain thy voice from weeping,
Refrain thine eyes from tears,
The Lord, thy work rewarding,
Shall chase away thy fears.

In answer to these verses you will find a name
Proclaiming help, and also whence it came.

BIBLE STUDY.

Something that is to the Orientals of priceless value. So common is it to us that we can scarcely understand or appreciate their high estimate of it. The scriptures suggest so many visions that I will keep only to these in this puzzle. I see an exceedingly fertile city whose name means "Activity;" a beautiful damsel engaged in an act of hospitality; a great and wise king and his majestic work; one of the old patriarchs, an ancient capital of Palestine, a citizen of the place, and the Lord of life and glory; one of the best achievements of King Hezekiah; the overthrow of the hosts of two mighty rulers.

My first is associated with the home of our first parents; with the world in which we dwell; and with the place of our future abode, if that shall be in the realms of bliss eternal.

What is the word?
What the various allusions in this Bible Study?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—2 Kings III, 38-39.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

CORRECT ANSWERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM THOMAS SHROCK, DORA FOSBOM, MARY LITTLE, JOHN C. LITTLE, ALBERT JESSE FRENCH, W. S. DENISON, LILLIAN A. GREEN, EDITH MABEL MACDONALD and ANNA SYEEN.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

THE WEEK.

DR. MOSHER, a former Surgeon-General of New York State, was lately found dead in his bed in Albany.

PROFESSORS DYER AND MARTIN, of Cincinnati, are believed to have been lost in the Ischia earthquake.

CIVIL WAR is threatened in the United States of Colombia, Central America, some army officers having become disobedient to the authorities of the republic.

CALIFORNIA has been presented by Mr D. O. Mills, of Sacramento, with a grand piece of statutory representing Columbus at the court of Queen Isabella, which cost thirty-five thousand dollars.

STEAM PUMPING MACHINERY is to be used for the reclamation of sixty thousand acres of marsh west of Chatham, Ontario. From sixty to seventy million gallons of water will, it is calculated, be discharged every twenty-four hours.

THE BRIDGE OVER BOW RIVER on the Canadian Pacific Railway has been completed and the track has been laid to Calgary, eight hundred and forty miles west of Winnipeg. Freight is now being shipped through, and passenger trains will soon be running.

A MONUMENTAL BUILDING, twenty feet square and thirty feet high, is to be erected to the memory of George Washington, at the site of his birth-place, Wakefield, Virginia, by the United States Government, Congress having appropriated thirty-three thousand dollars for this memorial of the "Father of his Country."

CAPTAIN RHODES, of Buffalo, New York, having visited Niagara Falls to take observations with a view to swimming the rapids, the police magistrate at the Falls wrote to him that he would not be permitted to take the water on the Canadian side, saying that the result of Captain Webb's fatal swim having "proved the existence of this new kind of insanity, the Ontario police at this point will see to it that fresh victims of the malady are cared for."

POOR STUDENTS sometimes live out as waiters at summer resorts, thereby securing at once money to help them through college and the benefits of a change of air. Upon leaving the Glen House, in the mountains of New Hampshire, a few days ago, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt gave three thousand dollars to be divided among this class of summer residents there. This was a handsome token of appreciation of the noble spirit of the young men who have not shrunk from even manual labor in order to obtain the means of an education.

ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE DROWNING ACCIDENTS have occurred in the neighborhood of Toronto since the first of April. This class of casualty seems to have been unusually rife everywhere this season, but whether from increasing venturesomeness and carelessness or the lack of ability to swim among people who go on or in the water, it is hard to say. Some people who swim venture too far from shore, as to get beyond one's strength is as dangerous to a swimmer as to get beyond one's depth is to a non-swimmer, and besides over-exertion is a cause of cramps in the water.

THE HON. JUDGE ALLEYN, of Rimouski, Quebec, died very suddenly a few days ago.

A ROPE GIVING WAY in a Cornwall mine caused the death of twelve men and serious injury to others.

FRANCES HOLDROM died a hundred years old at the Methodist Church Home, New York. She was a native of St. John, New Brunswick.

A BOY OF FOURTEEN at Sing Sing, New York, died from the effects of swimming too often in the heat of the day, against his father's warning.

MRS. ASHRUS BOWLE who was a Philadelphia belle, while summering at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, ran a splinter in her foot during a game of nine pins and died of lockjaw.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON, of Maryland, charges the Legislature of that State with improper expenditure of the State funds to the amount of half a million dollars.

THROUGH THE VIGILANCE of revenue officers in San Francisco the duties collected on opium the last fiscal year amounted to more than a million in excess of the previous year's collections.

JOHN REYNOLDS, a brakeman on the Grand Trunk Railway, was killed by falling off his train, in Ontario. His mother is a widow who lost two husbands by accident, one of them on the railway.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, of England, has been accorded the rare privilege of having his baggage and that of his friends passed through the Customs in New York without inspection.

A DISGRACEFUL FIGHT occurred in Washington, recently, between General H. V. Boynton, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, and N. W. Fitzgerald, a pension agent, beginning with an assault by the latter upon the former.

A CIRCUS TRAIN was partially wrecked at Chenango Forks, New York, recently, when the large elephant, "Bolivar," broke out of his car and carried in his trunk to a place of safety his inseparable companion, a small English coach dog.

AN OXFORD GRADUATE, while delirious in the poor house at Newburyport, Massachusetts, gave what is called "a very eloquent and critical lecture on English poetry, making very judicious selections and showing a wonderful knowledge."

DR. FRANK RAE, a Chicago medical professor, lately died from malignant carbuncle, of which he had warning from a pimple appearing on his upper lip about ten days in advance, every effort of friends to rally his hopes proving vain, as he shut up his office and went home to make preparation for his latter end.

A DESPATCH from Titusville, Pennsylvania, reports the striking of oil wells in the Ballston district—one yielding a thousand barrels a day and another seventy barrels an hour. Before speculating in oils upon such fine reports, however, people should visit the wells and judge of their productiveness for themselves. Perhaps the author of the despatch in this case wants to buy as much of the oil in store as he can lay his hands upon. A well yielding forty barrels a day is reported to have been discovered at Canon City, Colorado, and this comparatively moderate return seems to have been prospecting for three years in that district.

JUDGE JEREMIAH BLACK, of York, Pennsylvania, is dead.

JAMES ELLIOT, an aged cripple, lost his life in Philadelphia while saving two boys from being run over by a train.

LARGE IMPORTATIONS of valuable cattle for the American and Canadian grazing grounds are coming by way of the St. Lawrence this season.

OVER ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND IMMIGRANTS arrived in Canada the first seven months of this year, of whom over seventy-two thousand remained in the country.

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE between Ontario and Manitoba has apparently been reduced for the moment to a conflict between two constables, who are arresting each other by turns upon any convenient charge.

LETTER POSTAGE in the United States is to be two cents after October the first, and that sum will carry a letter to Canada, but letters from Canada to the United States must be stamped three cents.

JEAN BAPTISTE DUBOIS was lately given twenty lashes on the bare back with the cat-o'-nine tails, in Montreal gaol, this chastisement being added to a sentence of one year's imprisonment, for indecent assault upon a child.

DR. BOYD'S insane asylum, London, England, was burned lately, and six of the patients, besides the proprietor and his son, perished in the flames—the two latter losing their lives while attempting to save those of their charges.

MEDICAL OPINION has been given that cremation would stamp out yellow fever. Probably a liberal use of fire in other ways would save the necessity of burning human corpses. To burn the refuse material at the home of the disease would kill much of the poisons that feed it, and what could not be readily burned should be dumped into the deep sea. Yellow fever is reported to have reached the Navy Yard at Pensacola, Florida.

A MYSTERY is made of an occurrence on the New Jersey coast. An unknown schooner, so the story goes, sunk off Beach Haven while making for shore under all sail pursued by a steamer. The steamer remained on the spot where the schooner went down for half an hour and then steamed eastward. To give the strange story a more vivid touch it is added that the schooner flew a black flag, the symbol of piracy. Those who have some knowledge of the devices of summer hotel keepers to fill their rooms regard the improbable story as an advertisement of the attractions of Beach Haven for summer visitors, which is possibly the correct opinion of the case.

THE ONTARIO BOARD OF HEALTH has made strong representations to the Toronto Board respecting the unhealthful state of the latter city, through stagnant pools, impure water, dirty lanes, etc., to which is attributed much fatal disease prevalent during the past year. Public opinion in Toronto is in favor of a rigid inspection of the city by sanitary officers at any cost. It is one of the most deplorable reflections of the times, that health and life are being sacrificed in every city, town, and village, by the negligence that permits the sources of disease to remain under the eyes of the people and their rulers from day to day, and from month to month. Even country homes are in many cases as unwholesome, if not more so, than town ones, on account of inattention to the causes of disease which might be easily kept away if once a little trouble were taken to remove them.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY is to construct fifty miles of siding and necessary buildings for a new freight yard at York, a suburb of Toronto, which will relieve the great crowding and danger at the railway works within the city limits.

INSTEAD OF STRIKING AGAIN upon finding non-union men at work with their members, the Building Trades-Unions of New York sent a walking delegation round and secured the outsiders as members—a very prudent as well as clever course.

JOHN WADDELL, B.A. of Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia, has won the Hope chemistry prize, valued at five hundred dollars, at the examinations of the University of Edinburgh. This is the highest honor in chemistry conferred by that institution, and the competitors require to be men of high chemical training.

CHIEF PIE-A-POT AND BAND became stubborn when commanded to go on their reservation in the North-West, and began to commit depredations at the town of Qu'Appelle. The sight of a colonel and twenty-one mounted police approaching to arrest him, however, caused a sudden change in the chief's disposition, and he at once led his band off to the reservation under police escort.

MR. MACKEY, the Pacific coast millionaire, is reported as having a heavy interest in the Postal Telegraph Company, and efforts are being made to bring about a union between that concern and the Rapid Telegraph Company. If the combination be not swallowed up, as similar ones before it, by the all-capacious Western Union Telegraph Company, its entrance as a competitor for the telegraph business of this continent will or should be a boon to the public.

A MAN HAS BEEN FINED five hundred dollars in Toronto and further sentenced to the loss of his stock in the article in question, for counterfeiting Ayer's pills, with their labels and wrappers. The confiscated stock, representing a value of about twelve hundred dollars, was destroyed. It is had enough for people to dose themselves habitually with patent medicines, but it must be worse when they do not know whether they are getting the article they meant to buy or a base imitation.

A TERRIBLE CRUSH occurred in San Francisco on Sunday last at religious services held under the auspices of the Knights Templar. Twice two many tickets had been issued, and eight thousand people were wedged into the pavilion while four thousand pressed forward from the outside, trying to force their way in. Within the heat was so oppressive that before the exercises were half over the people began streaming out, thankful to escape from being crushed to death. It is doubtful whether humanity shows more anxiety to get into a crowd than it does to get out of one, though in either case it shows some of its worst qualities when in crowds.

SCHOONER "ERA," of New London, Connecticut, was lately at St. John's, Newfoundland on the return trip from the whale fishery, having on board three hundred barrels of oil and thirty-eight quintals of bone. She had been locked in pack ice for seventeen months and only escaped a few weeks ago from winter quarters. Her captain thinks the past winter the most severe within living memory and believes the Greeley relief expedition that lately sailed will have great difficulty in reaching a higher latitude than Cape York. In this opinion Captain Clisby agrees with Captain Jackman, of the "Eagle," recently returned from Iceland.

HEAVY LOSS of life, shipping and buildings was lately caused by an earthquake and tidal wave on the Samoan Islands.

TWENTY THOUSAND PERSONS are idle in the Ashton-under-Lyne district, England, on account of a strike of eight hundred weavers for higher wages.

A VERY HANDSOME THING was the giving of a river excursion by Mr. John Starin, of New York, to two thousand newsboys, bootblacks and street arabs the other day. Close and selfish men of means can never know the joy they miss through their neglect to bring happiness in the way of others.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM has already been made a fact in the United States, although it was complained a while ago that Government officials in Washington were doing all they could to delay its good results. A Congressman says that the Civil Service bill has freed members of Congress, in great measure, from the importunities of office-seekers.

AT PRESENT the New Jersey State Prison is largely tenanted by former bank officers, clerks, and the like. Their position ought to be a warning to people who are tempted to take other people's money even if they soothe their consciences by intending to pay it back. Those who yield to such temptation too often find the secret debt growing upon them, and before their good intentions of paying it are exhausted it is discovered and legal means are employed to exact payment and penalties.

BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES is slightly on the dull side. Large stocks of grain at the chief depots and few buying orders keep prices down, and they are not expected to advance much for a while. Some leading business men, however, anticipate a good European demand for American farm produce on account of short crops across the water. England's grain crop is expected to fall off two million quarters, and English hopes of competition for the necessary supply from India and Siberia are not likely to be realized for some years. Failures have not yet begun to show a decrease in comparison with former corresponding periods. California's wheat yield is estimated at fifty-three million bushels, an increase of fourteen million over last year. A shortage of thirty to fifty percent in the cotton crop from drouth is calculated from the reports of forty counties in Georgia and Florida.

THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE has ended in the defeat of the operators. There was a rush of the strikers back to the offices when the order was issued from the executive to cease the struggle, but many of them found their places filled and were turned away to look elsewhere for employment. It would be very difficult now to point to any benefit the strike has been to anybody, unless it has been useful in opening the eyes of the public to the indifference of great monopolies alike to the duty of fair dealing with their dependents and to the service they owe the public, when their own selfish interests are involved. Before the close of the strike sundry outrages were reported, such as cutting of wires and assaulting of operators on their way to or from work, but it is as likely as not that those offences were committed by enemies of the strikers to destroy public sympathy for them. It may be that the authors were some sympathizers in other labor organizations with more zeal than sense, or perhaps some of the "black sheep" that are said to be in every flock. Telegraph operators are, as a class, ladies and gentlemen of law-abiding and refined habits above the conduct of ruffians.

A BAFFLING DISEASE is killing hogs in districts of Pennsylvania.

A LADY in Memphis, Tennessee, is one of the latest to die of chloroform in the dentist's chair.

FOUR CORPSES found in a railway camp near Cumberland Falls, on the Cincinnati Railway, are supposed to be the result of a double duel over cards.

FURTHER ALARMS of EARTHQUAKES have been raised in Ischia, Italy, where several thousand people perished lately; yet it is said the city of Casamicciola is rapidly being built up again.

TWO MILLS AND A STOREHOUSE of the Acadia Powder Company, near Waverley, Nova Scotia, blew up the other day, a man named McEwan being instantly killed and two fellow workmen seriously injured.

W. MOSELY, a Campbellite preacher, Ellenton, South Carolina, has been exposed as an ex-convict from Iowa penitentiary, after having swindled one of his flock in the above town out of nine hundred dollars.

ARTHUR H. BLAINY, late cashier of the Loan and Trust Company, Boston, has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for the embezzlement of forty-four thousand dollars. With so many descents from positions of trust to prisons, it is remarkable how the numbers of this class of criminals seem to increase rather than diminish.

THE MURDERER OF MARONEY in Toronto has had his history traced up to some extent by detectives. He goes by a variety of names—such as Andrews, and Morgan, and Marshall—and he has belonged to a gang of desperate burglars who have been committing depredations for some time past in Ontario towns.

AN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN ran into a freight on the Winchester Crossing, Kentucky Central Railway, and exploded four hundred kegs of giant powder. The station building was wrecked and the engine of the rear train blown to bits, the engineer not having been found when the news was sent. Two other men are known and several supposed to have lost their lives.

ANOTHER WARNING against taking shelter under trees in thunderstorms is reported from Lincoln, Nebraska. Three boys—Robert and William Miller and Ernest Smith—out fishing took shelter under a tree during a storm, and they were killed by the same stroke of lightning as shattered the tree, while a fourth boy a few yards off, hastening to the same shelter, was unhurt.

VERY BITTER FEELING is being exhibited by the Irish Nationalist members in Parliament, and the strictest rules of the House have had to be called into use to keep some of them within proper bounds. Mr. Parnell, their leader, has threatened the Government, in the House of Commons, that, unless the deficiencies of the Land Act were speedily remedied, he would lead a deeper and more desperate agitation than any yet witnessed. He spoke sarcastically of the Land Act having been enforced with less spirit than the Coercion Act. Strong opposition is being shown by the agitators to the emigration policy of the British Government, whereby the people are to be transported wholesale to the agricultural lands of America, Canada, Australia, etc. Mr. Parnell has been assured by the Government that no more than a quarter of a million dollars (£50,000) would be expended in the emigration project. Outrages appear to be on the increase, as if their authors felt they had gained a great advantage over law when Carey the informer was murdered.

GREAT DISTRESS will be produced in European factories if the prohibition of Egyptian cotton on account of the cholera is much longer maintained. The pestilence being on the decrease, it is not likely this result of it will extend far.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW of importance in the intelligence of the French operations either in Annam or in Madagascar. At the same time the situation in both cases is as grave as ever. The French have won further victories over the Annamese, but it is not the difficulties of subjugating these people that makes the case serious, but the danger of a long and costly war with China and her hordes.

BUGABOOS AND BURGLARS.

A lady overheard her nurse girl talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of nursery in which she indulged was this:

"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute a great big, awful black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and eat-y-o-u-a-l-l-up!"

The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes and after a long season of terror fell asleep to dream frightful dreams of bears eating her.

That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and had put the light out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the voice of the mistress called loudly.

"Maggie! Maggie! for mercy's sake get up as quick as you can! There's a fearful burglar under the bed, and as soon as you get asleep he's coming out to rob and murder you."

At the word burglar the girl sprang from the bed with a scream, tore open the door and fell in hysterics into the hall. The lesson was even more instructive than the mistress had designed, but when the girl's fears were calmed she said to her:

"You did not hesitate to tell my delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; and now when I treat you to the same kind of a slumber-story you are nearly frightened to death. To-morrow you can go into the kitchen and work; you are not fit to care for little children."

How many children are there who every night of their lives are frightened to sleep.

WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B, because his doctor ordered him not and he takes quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D, because he's dry.

Mr. E, because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F, because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G, because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H, because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I, because he's so hot.

Mr. K, because he's so cold.

Mr. L, because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M, because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N, because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O, because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P, because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q, because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R, because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S, because he's married.

Mr. T, because he is 'nt.

Mr. V, because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W, because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X, because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y, because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z, because—because—because.

LAUGHING GAS.

JOSH BILLINGS said he had seen some awful bad throat diseases cured in three days by simply joining a temperance society.

A Boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

"WHAT do you ask for that?" asked an old man of a pretty girl. "Five dollars!" "Aint you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, "all young men tell me so."

"HOME, schweed home!" said Hans; "Dot's so; dere was no place like home ven a feller he got him hungry und don't haf no moneys und no place to schleep himself oud."

LOSS OF SLEEP, it is said, is making men small and puny. That is a fact. Just look at the difference in the physique of a delicate scholar and the robust night policeman.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"DID THAT lady take umbrage?" said the proprietor of a Harlem store to his clerk, who had just had a wordy dispute with a customer. "Oh, no. She took ten yards of turkey red calico, and wanted buttons to match."

MADAM B. to young journalist:—"Yes, I know you write for the newspapers, but as the articles are not signed, how can yours be recognized?" "Oh, Madam, nothing could be easier. All the best ones are mine!"

A NEW HAMPSHIRE farmer recently tried to kill himself by eating Paris green. But he didn't die. It is surmised that long practice on doughnuts and lard pastry has fitted his digestion for anything short of dynamite.

AN ENQUIRER at a temperance meeting interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "I say, mister, do you think a gin sling does a fellow any harm;" to which the lecturer replied, "not if the man slings it far enough; but when the gin slings him, ever so little, then it does harm."

AN IRISHMAN, who had been contending that a mule was a nobler animal than a horse, said that a mule had once saved him from drowning. "How was that, Paddy?" asked one of the bystanders. "Faith, he gave me such a lick wid his hine leg that he landed me on the other side of the canal instid of in it."

"INDIA, my boy," said an Irishman to his friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they ate, and they ate and dhrink, and they die; and thin they write home to their frinds a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate that has killed 'em."

AN OLD MINER was shown a bag of samples by a newly-arrived prospector and asked what it would run. He turned the specimen over, held it up to the light, and enunciated. "I should say that if you can save the gold in this and catch the silver and not waste the lead, it might run about—well, about \$2 to the county."

SIR FLETCHER NORTON, whose want of courtesy was notorious, happened, while pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, to say—"My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person. I myself have two little manors." We all know it, Sir Fletcher, the judge interposed, with one of his blandest smiles.

MRS. W.—is a character in a certain country village. She is now an old woman and lives in a small cottage off the main street. A few days ago she met a lad driving a fine load of hay to market. She stopped him, enquired the quality and price of the hay, and after much deliberation, ordered the boy to drive his horse into her yard. The place was rather strait for the wagon to enter, but he finally managed to drive in, and prepared to unload. Looking up the lad who, pitchfork in hand, was about to toss off the hay, she said with great simplicity: "You may give me about enough for a hen's nest; I've been wanting it for some time."

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A TEMPERANCE SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. LEWIS DEXTER.

Several weeks ago we promised to give a description of a temperance school which has now been in successful operation nearly two years. The school was organized, in Blackstone, Mass., with thirty members, in the early part of July, 1881. Previous to this, those interested in the scientific study of alcohol, its nature and effects upon the human system, were invited to meet in the vestry of the Free Baptist church. Special invitations were given to several persons whose influence and help it was especially desirable to secure. The plan and object of the temperance school, which was a new feature of the work to most if not all at that meeting, were explained. It was then ascertained how many of those present would like to become members of the school; also how many were willing, if necessary, to serve as officers or teachers.

The school is organized and conducted like a Sunday-school. Its membership is restricted only by good behavior. "Whoever will may come." No one is required to sign a pledge. Efforts are made to bring in as many as possible who believe in the free or occasional use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. Pledges, both single and triple, are continually before the school, and all are invited to sign as soon as they are satisfied of the wisdom of such an act. Each person upon signing receives an illuminated card, with his name upon it, containing the pledge he has taken. All signatures are also kept in a pledge book belonging to the school, in which are designated the pledge taken, single or triple, date of signature, and age of the signer.

The officers of the school are a superintendent, assistant superintendent, secretary, treasurer, librarian, organist, chorister and janitor. These officers with the teachers constituted a board of managers, which had entire control of the school. The secretary of the school is also secretary of the board, and in the monthly report to the school gives also an account of the proceedings of the board. These officers were not all filled up at the time of the organization; nor is it essential they should be, if suitable help is wanting. Indeed, if it were necessary and there were but a single class, one person, self-appointed at that, might fill all these offices and constitute himself the entire school board. What an important personage that would be!

The school meets in the church vestry each Monday evening and continues in session one hour and a quarter. The last fifteen minutes are spent in review. The entire school, except the primary classes, usually study the same lesson. This makes the review much more interesting than if they studied different lessons. They first studied quite thoroughly the "Catechism on Alcohol," by Julia Colman. This is a simple and excellent little book for beginners. The lessons are full of interest for young and old. They have since studied the "Boys and Girls' Temperance Text Book," by H. L. Reade, "Alcohol and Hygiene," by Julia Colman, and the "Temperance Lesson Book," by B. W. Richardson. They sing from "Ripples of Song," by the National Temperance Publication Society. Discussions, literary exercises and concerts are occasionally given.

The school usually takes the same vacations as the public schools, though sometimes part of their classes are allowed to proceed with their lessons regardless of the vacation. To better accommodate the little ones, the primary classes meet immediately after the day school closes; i. e. in the vestry and the other in a school-room in another part of the village. There are seven classes with nine teachers. Each of the primary classes, being large, requires an assistant teacher. The school register is in all about one hundred and fifty members, of whom one-third are Catholics, and some of them the children of licensed liquor dealers. They are from three to seventy years of age. Much the larger portion here, as in Sunday-school are children. The largest attendance at a single session has been one hundred and seventeen, and the smallest thirteen; this, however, was in vacation when but three classes were represented.

The following named works will be found especially helpful as teachers' aids:—For those in the Catechism, the Juvenile Temperance Manual, by Miss Colman; for those in the Boys and Girls' Temperance Text-Book, Twelve Addresses on the Physiolo-

gical Action of Alcohol, by J. J. Ridge, and O. R. Wasted Resources, by William Hargreaves; for those in Alcohol and Hygiene, the Temperance Lesson-Book, by B. W. Richardson, Alcohol, its Nature and Effects, by C. A. Story, and Reid's Temperance Cyclopedia; for those in Richardson's Lesson Book, Alcohol and Science, by William Hargreaves, and Ten Lectures on Alcohol, by B. W. Richardson; Sowa's Stomach Plates will also be found very helpful in any department of the study or work. Any of these and many other helpful works, as also many among the best Sunday-school books published, may be obtained of J. N. Stearns, Agent for the National Temperance Publication Society, 58 Reade St., New York.

This article is written with the hope that where no other method is in use, that is equally as good for instructing both old and young in this important study, this may be adopted. Nothing could be more simple or more easily worked. One determined person, man or woman, can successfully carry on this work until others seeing its value and importance are ready to help. Of course, it is desirable to get as many as possible of the influential members of both church and society enlisted in the cause. Any one wishing to start a school will do well to carefully study the "Temperance School," by Julia Colman. It can be procured by sending five cents for it to J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., N. Y. Any question upon this subject, addressed to the writer, Blackstone, Mass., will be responded to most cheerfully.—*Morning Star.*

REWARDS, BUT NOT PRIZES.

We have often emphasized the difference between rewards and prizes in the Sunday school. We have said that the recognizing of a specific attainment, possible to all, by the bestowal of an appropriate gift, is not open to the objections which can fairly be urged against the proffer of a prize in a competitive struggle for pre-eminence in the Sunday-school. In the line of legitimate rewards, which are not prizes, are the gifts bestowed in a Reformed Church Sunday-school in New York City, as reported by a pastor, who says:

"Having observed, some time since, a query raised in your columns respecting premiums, I wish to say what is done in a school I am connected with in this city. It is in fact though not in form, a mission-school, and many of its attendants are of German parentage. There is a standing offer of a nice pocket Bible to any one who will learn by heart, and recite correctly, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the names of the books of the Old Testament and the New. Every year from twenty to thirty Bibles are given in this way. Six months afterwards, if the receivers show that they have not forgotten what they had learned, but can still recite from memory, they are authorized to bring their Bibles and have their names inscribed upon them in gilt letters. Nearly all embrace this privilege. In the school no one, teacher or taught, is allowed to bring a lesson paper or any printed help. The Bible is to be in hand, and every reference is to be made direct to its pages. In consequence, the paramount authority of the Word of God is emphatically a Bible-school. I may add that the scholars put an unusual value upon a Bible which they feel they have earned, and not only take care of it but read it."—*S. S. Times.*

THE COOKING OF POTATOES.

There is nothing in the whole range of vegetables which one oftener finds poorly cooked than the commonest of all—potatoes; and yet nothing is simpler, if one only appreciates the fact that a potato requires as careful cooking as any other vegetable. Indeed there is no other that is as easily spoiled in cooking. It matters not how good the potatoes were originally, if the water is not poured off as soon as they are done, and the potatoes set back on the range a moment to dry, they will not be palatable. Some cooks seem to have no idea of proportion when they select potatoes to cook, but will put large and small in a kettle together, and take them up at the same time, or they will set the kettle on one side of the range in a hole that is barely one quarter over the fire, and part of the potatoes will be boiled to pieces before the rest are

done. If potatoes boil very fast they will boil to pieces before they are done in the centre. They should cook suddenly and have plenty of water on them, and if it boils nearly off, even if they are almost done, it should be replenished with boiling water. If it is impossible to select potatoes of the same size, cut the large ones the size of the small ones, or put the large ones to boil ten minutes sooner. Old potatoes should be thinly peeled with a sharp knife, and the spots and eyes taken out, and if for breakfast, should lay over night in cold water; if for dinner, an hour or two. They should be put into fresh cold water when put over the fire, and it will improve them to pour this water off when they have boiled five or ten minutes, and put on fresh hot water, allowing a teaspoon of salt to each quart of water. This will do away with the strong taste old potatoes oftentimes have. When they are done, pour the water off and set the kettle back over the fire a moment, and carefully move the potatoes about with a spoon, so they will dry on all sides, taking care that they do not get hot enough to brown, and you will find all the little pieces that may have boiled off will be dry and mealy; then set the kettle on the back of the range, with a towel over it, if they cannot be served immediately. New potatoes should always be put into boiling water and it is best to prepare them just in time for cooking. They do not require peeling, but can be washed and the skin scraped off, or boiled with the skin on. They are nice steamed if the skin is removed first. If small they can be made inviting by pouring over them, when put into the dish for the table, some milk, thickened like gravy and seasoned with salt and white pepper and a generous piece of butter.

MASHED POTATOES.

Potatoes should be cooked so as to be done just as dinner is ready, and not have to wait for other things. They must not stand longer than to dry enough to be mealy and should be thoroughly mashed with a potato-masher, seasoned with salt, and for a dozen medium-sized potatoes a sufficient butter half the size of an egg will be sufficient; stir thoroughly, add a half-cup of hot milk, stir till light and white; then take up in a hot dish, and smooth the top nicely. A pretty way to finish it is to save out a couple of tablespoonfuls of the mashed potato, and rub it through a colander on the potatoes in the dish, taking care not to press it down. It will be as light as snow, and as it is pressed through the colander see that it is evenly distributed over the top, as it must not be touched in any way after it falls. Mashed potatoes must not be set in a very hot place, nor be tightly covered, if they have to wait before being served, or they will steam and be spoiled.

BAKED POTATOES.

A small brush that can be bought for five cents will be found useful for scrubbing potatoes to bake and to use in preparing other vegetables. If a bit of the skin is cut off on each end of potatoes that are to be baked, they will be drier and it will enable you to see if the potato is good. Large potatoes require an hour to bake, and must be served the moment they are done.—*Floral Cabinet.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR-
RENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

September 2.—Judges 16: 21-31.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Samson has often been compared with the Greek Hercules, both on account of his strength and his exploits. While there have been no others so strong as Samson, yet examples of great strength in lifting heavy weights, and bending bars of iron, etc., take away all improbability from the story.

If the story of Samson's temptations may be illustrated by the Grecian fables of Circe and her palace, given especially well in Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*; and by the sirens who sang upon the shore so sweetly, that the sailors entranced steered their vessels toward them, leaving the way of duty, and were wrecked upon the shore. Orpheus passed by them safely, because he took his own lyre and made sweeter music than that of the sirens. So the consciousness of the greater joys of religion, and the presence of Christ, will give us the victory over the attractions of sinful pleasure.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF SAMSON.

1. Great gifts are oft-n connected with great imperfections.
2. God uses even imperfect instruments for accomplishing his ends.
3. Christians, like Samson, are separated from the world, consecrated to God, to overcome sin the great enemy of God and man.
4. When he broke his Nazirite vow, he lost his strength, and was taken captive. This was to teach the Israelites that all their strength lay in consecration to Jehovah, and that they had lost it by departing from their vows of allegiance. It teaches us the same lesson.—*J. Hudson.*
5. The Israelites were taught that their national strength and hope lay in their obedience to God. He was able to give them the victory over every enemy.
6. We learn the perils of bad company. Whosoever goes willingly into bad company is already more than half fallen.
7. Those who are unfaithful to God will most likely prove unfaithful to us.
8. Sinful pleasures, like a common Delilah, lodge in our bosoms.—*J. Hall.*
9. Ver. 14. The sins of Christians bring dishonor upon God.
10. The triumph of the wicked is short.
11. God remembers the penitent and hears his prayer.
12. Samson was raised up to teach Israel, not only by success, but also by failure; not only by devotion to God, but also by departure from him; not only by his heroic life, but by his sad death.—*Johnson.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We can to-day impress many practical lessons from the life of Samson. (1) His life. What God intended it to be. Teach the chief events of his life and their adaptation to the needs of that age. The source of Samson's strength. (2) His fall. How he was tempted. How we are tempted. The way in which he and we could escape. (3) His punishment and repentance with the practical lessons from his life.

THE LORD IN ALL, AND ALL IN THE LORD.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I had in my parish at one time," said an aged pastor, "a very wealthy man, who was also a godly man, giving liberally of his abundance to every worthy cause, and rejoicing continually in the Lord's goodness.

"Reverses came to him. He lost his property, and was obliged to enter as book-keeper the large mercantile establishment that had once been his own. Still he was as regular as ever at church and at the prayer-meeting, spoke just as cheerfully and hopefully, and, aside from the fact that he was not able to give as largely as heretofore, there was no change whatever to be seen in him.

"How do you keep up so? I said to him one day; 'we all expected you to be melancholy and down-hearted, but of the two you are brighter you are more sunny in your demeanor than you were before your reverses.'

"Let me tell you about it," he said cheerfully. "When I was rich and could have everything that heart could desire, that money could buy, I enjoyed the Lord in all things. Now that I have nothing only what I can earn from day to day, I enjoy all things in the Lord. I feel that I have more reason than ever before to rejoice, for the Lord has kept me and allowed his glorious love to pour into my soul in prosperity through the changes to which I have been subjected and now he is with me in adversity so what have I to do but to praise and glorify his name from day to day?"—*American Messenger.*

SALMON BROILED IN PAPER.—Wash a slice of salmon, about an inch thick, in cold water, dry it on a clean cloth, lightly season it with salt and pepper, and wrap it in a sheet of buttered note-paper, the edges of which must be folded closely over each other several times in order to retain all the juices of the salmon; place the salmon thus prepared between the bars of a double wire gridiron, and broil it for ten minutes on each side over a moderate fire, taking care not to scorch the paper. Serve it on a hot dish in the paper to keep it hot until the last moment. By this method of cooking all the flavor and nutriment of the fish are preserved.

SOMETHING ABOUT DUCKS.

Duck life is not one long dream of bliss, a time to waddle, quack and pipe; no, indeed, sorrows enter into their lowly nests among reeds and rushes as keenly as into more airy, elevated homes among our feathered friends. The red-tailed hawk stops not to admire the varied tints or graceful movement of the Pintail duck, neither is it of any moment in his eyes that *Anas Acuta* indicates a certain aristocracy of family

by carrying as erectly as possible the sharply-defined and delicately-painted tail. All these beauties are as nothing: hunger to be appeased is the great question, and to this the strong-winged brigand of the skies addresses himself with undisguised intent. The ducklings by the brook-side, tenderly sheltered in their sedge-crowned home, must breast the tide of life unhelped by mother-love, must ceaselessly quack on, un-comforted by motherly responses.

The world is full of duck cousins; the family is a well-known and favorite one, and stories of their beauty and faithfulness are not wanting. In a great city of the Celestial Empire once dwelt a happy duck family. One night pater familias was stolen, and in her lonely home Madam Duck refused all comfort; an obsequious caller, offering tender attentions, was indignantly repulsed; most unexpectedly the lost one returned, and was received by his grieving mate with every demonstration of delight. It would seem as if the little duck-mother gave information concerning the intruding suitor, for her partner flew upon him with rage, tore out his eyes, and so wounded him that he soon lay dead.

These were Mandarin ducks, so called on account of their beauty and remarkable conjugal fidelity. They are often carried in wedding processions in China. The Chinese are fond of lauding one of this family, now extinct—having passed away, it is said, in the halcyon days of Confucius; and wonderfully endowed the creature must have been, for the legend tells us that "it would not peck or injure living insects, nor tread on growing herbs; that it had the throat of a "summer-duck" for its chiefest adornment, and "among other gaudy feathers with which our Western tribes ornament the calumet, or pipe of peace, the skin of the head and neck of this beautiful bird is often used to cover the stem;" and so gentle is the pretty creature in its woodland haunts that a few affectionate words can effectually tame it.

Another family of cousins, the *Tadorna Vulpanser* of the Orkney Islands, have fashions of their own touching the courtesies of

This extensive family of water-birds is represented in our country by more than thirty species.

To catch them is often a difficult matter; but in marshes where they congregate at low water, a tight hoghead is sunk, tufts of long, coarse grass, reeds, and sedge are arranged with care over the upper edge so as to appear like a natural growth; then a sportsman takes refuge within the huge barrel, and has a rare chance for collecting the unsuspecting creatures. In China the sportsman covers his head with a sort of grass-made hood, and from "eye-holes" is able to detect and, almost at leisure, to entrap many of these simple-hearted birds.

Decoy ducks, made of wood and painted a re successfully used in our own country. Lead is nailed to the bottom, so that they will float easily; these gliding over the water, attract the living sailers, who, imagining themselves surrounded by attentive relatives, alight, and at once become a prey to cruel strategy!

The "Pintail duck" of our picture, is noted for its delicate, slender neck, is of a social turn, and has richly variegated plumage; it is a bird of rapid flight, and its tones are softer and sweeter than some others of its kin. They are fond of beech-nuts, but in the spring

gladly feast upon tadpoles, while for autumn and winter fare they seek mice and insects.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*



AN EPICURE HUNGRY FOR DUCK.

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L IN THE 'OS. time," said y man, who liberally of cause, and ord's good- He lost his ter as book- tablishment Still he was and at the eefully and fact that he heretofore, o be seen in p I said to l you to be but of the re sunshiny were before e said cheer- could have desire, that he Lord in othing only ay, I enjoy that I have o rejoice, for ved his glori- n prosperity I have been in adversity ; praise and ; day p"— R.—Wash a hick, in cold oth, lightly and wrap it er, the edges ly over each retain all the salmon thus double wire nutes on eac g care not to a hot dish in ntil the last 'cooking all fish are pre-

swallow, the bill of a fowl, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a Mandarin duck, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a tortoise; that the feathers had five colors, named for the five cardinal virtues; that it was five cubits high, having the tail graduated like Pandean pipes; and that its song had five modulations."

Among Indians, royalty itself disdains not the plumage of the

society. They, it seems, wisn never to be "at home" to disagreeable guests, and if by chance steps are heard near its nest where the baby-ducks lie sleeping, Madam makes pretence of suffering from a broken wing, waddling off with most distressing indications of pain, trailing the supposed injured member on the ground. After the intruder has followed for some time, she as suddenly takes to flight, leaving the outwitted follower gaping with wonder.

gladly feast upon tadpoles, while for autumn and winter fare they seek mice and insects.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

"AFTER THE 'toil and trouble, cometh the joy and rest; After the 'weary conflict,' peace on the Saviour's breast; After the 'blight and sorrow,' the glory of life and love; After the 'perilous journey,' the Father's home above."

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, August 12, 1883.

The grain market this week is a trifle quieter than last, at the same prices, both buyers and sellers appear to be quiet, certain that the market will suit them better in a short time and there is not much to sell anyway. We quote: Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.18 to \$1.20; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.15; Corn, 62c per bushel; Peas, 37c; Oats, 35c to 37c; Rye, 69c to 70c.

FLOUR.—The market through the week gradually strengthened. Sales of Superior taking place at \$5.50. To-day, however, the market weakened somewhat, round lots of Superior were offered at \$5.40 to \$5.45 and found no takers. The demand for other grades is small and easily supplied being purely local. We quote Superior Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.35; Extra Superfine, \$5.15 to \$5.20; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra \$4.95 to \$5; Superfine, \$4.30 to \$4.40; Strong Bakers, Can., \$5.25 to \$5.30; do. American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Pollards, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do. Spring Extra, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.20; City Bags, delivered, \$3.05 to \$3.10.

MEALS.—Without change. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated \$5.75 to \$5.80.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—Prices are unchanged but the demand is decidedly unsatisfactory in every way. Quotations are unchanged. Creamery, 15c to 20c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 16c; Western 12c to 14c. Add a couple of cents for jobbing selections. Cheese.—The English market is said to be overstocked, and the business it not at all satisfactory. Fine to choicest Fancy is selling at about 8c to 9c. The cable is?

HOG PRODUCE.—A quiet market with almost nominal quotations as follows:—Western, \$16.75 to \$17.25; Hams, un-cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; do. canvassed, 15c to 16c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, 12c to 12 1/2c; Tallow, 8c to 9c.

ASHES are very much unchanged at \$5.10 to \$5.20 for Pots.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers' market continues to be well supplied with nearly all kinds of seasonable produce, and prices have a pretty general downward tendency. Potatoes are beginning to rot in some sections and this has led to much larger supplies being brought to market than are required, and prices are very low, although the quality of the potatoes is much above the average of other seasons. The supply of eggs and butter is fair, but too many eggs of suspicious quality are among the offerings. Cabbages, cauliflowers and celery are all more plentiful and declining in price. The recent warm weather has brought out an abundant supply of tomatoes, which are now sold at about 60c per bushel. The season for most kinds of berries is nearly over, but apples, pears, peaches, plums and grapes are all getting more plentiful and cheaper. Oats are from 35c to \$1.00 per bag; peas, 90c to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes, 45c to 55c per bag; tub butter, 16c to 20c per lb; prints, 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 17c to 20c per dozen; apples, \$2.50 to \$5.50 per barrel; lemons, \$7.00 per box; black currants, 80c to 90c the pail; blue berries, 80c per box. Hay, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw, \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supplies of beef and mutton critters continue large on this market and prices have a downward tendency all round; even shippers seem careless about purchasing and are waiting for better news from British cattle markets. A few of the best fat cows on this market are sold at from \$50 to \$55 each, or about 5c per lb., but the general run of pretty good stock is from \$30 to \$40 each or 3 1/2 to 4c per lb., while leanish animals sell at about 3c do. The large supplies of sheep and lambs have caused lower prices, and good lambs are being bought in lots at from \$3 to \$3.25 each, while common and inferior lambs sell at from \$2 to \$2.75 each. Butchers are paying from \$3.50 to \$5 for sheep, and shippers are paying from \$6 to \$6.50 for suit-

able animals. Live hogs are very plentiful and prices have declined to about 6 1/2c per lb.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

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

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS!

Inducements for your Co-operation in assisting us to increase our Circulation.

August is a splendid month in which to canvass for a newspaper. You can take subscriptions either for a year or for four months; boys and girls are out of school, and many of them like nothing better than to enter on a competition in the public service; the farmers are in good humor and are willing to invest a few cents in a newspaper.

The Weekly Messenger was commenced in January, 1882, and by the end of that year had found its way to the homes of over five thousand regular subscribers. This year, so far, it has made but little progress. Its present circulation is 7,000. It is now about time to stir if we mean to make during this year a stride equal to that of last. The Messenger is not a children's paper, but it is very much prized by young people because it is so interesting, and they always are the best canvassers. The price of the Messenger is FIFTY CENTS a year, or TWENTY CENTS for four months. Anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for a year may send TWO DOLLARS and keep Fifty Cents, and anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for the remainder of this year may send us FIFTY CENTS and keep Fifty! The commission is the same in both cases, because in both cases we gain a new subscriber, and we want the work to pay the workers.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest list of subscribers TEN DOLLARS, to the second FIVE DOLLARS, to the third THREE DOLLARS, to the fourth TWO DOLLARS, and to the fifth ONE DOLLAR.

In the above competition every full yearly subscription will count for four, as there is four times as much money sent us.

Still further, to every one who sends us more than twenty-five names we shall send a present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times, and in this every full yearly subscription will count for three, as it will be treble the time.

REASONS AND HINTS.

The above offer is made so as to secure for the Messenger a good start, as we are convinced that it only needs to become generally known to be taken everywhere. If our young canvassers are enterprising they can secure this end. The paper will only pay with a very wide circulation, and if that is obtained it can be greatly improved. We do not so much look for very large individual lists as for a great many small ones, and so we have arranged the awards so that all will be rewarded irrespective of prizes. Every good worker, however, will have a chance of being published as a prize winner if he only extends his efforts far enough and writes to his friends at a distance. The real prize, however, is the good work accomplished. The country is full of pernicious literature, which is sowing the seeds of wickedness, and it is the duty of all to take their share in the effort to overcome evil with good. When you send in your money tell us how you go to work and how you get along.

Carefully Observe the Following Directions.

Write names and addresses plainly; head each letter you write "For August Competition"; as soon as you get five or more names send them with the money, by its office order or registered letter (the former preferred), addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

When you get more names to add to your list send them on, and say how many you have sent before. Mail your last letters by the 31st of August. We trust that very many of our young friends will send in good lists, and so materially increase the circulation of the Weekly Messenger, as to, at any rate, make its headway fully equal to that of last year. We know that this little paper is the best, for its price, published anywhere, and we feel convinced that those who, through the solicitation of our young fellow-workers, gain an introduction to the Messenger will not be willing thereafter to be without it, but will become regular subscribers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Montreal, July 28th, 1883.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.

Sept. 2, 1883. (Reg. 16: 21-31.)

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 28-30.

- 21. But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house.
22. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.

23. Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice: for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand.

24. And when the people saw him, they praised their god: for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us.

25. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house: and he made them sport: and they set him between the pillars.

26. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth; that I may lean upon them.

27. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

28. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged on the Philistines for my two eyes.

29. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, the one in his right hand, and of the other with his left.

30. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might, and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

31. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol in the burying place of Manoah his father. And he judged Israel twenty years.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people."—Ps. 68: 35.

TOPIC.—Samson's Greatest Victory. LESSON PLAN.—1. SAMSON'S HUMILIATION, VS. 21-23. 2. HIS VICTORY IN DEATH, VS. 26-31. Time.—1 c. 1120. Place.—Gaza.

INTRODUCTORY.

Gideon held the office of judge for about forty years. After his death, Abimelech, his son, took the name of king, but was not recognized by any of the tribes. He was the leader of a petty faction for three years, when he came to a miserable end. After his death, Tola held the judgeship for twenty-three years. He was succeeded by Jair, who held the office for twenty-two years. During this period of nearly half a century the Israelites were faithful to Jehovah, and therefore free from oppression. But soon after there was a general apostasy, and severe judgments followed. The Philistines in the south-west, and the Ammonites in the north-east, beyond Jordan, continued hostilities, and the Israelites were greatly troubled. Their distress brought them to repentance. A leader was raised up, Jephthah, who subdued the Ammonites. After Jephthah there were other judges—Ibzan for seven years, Elon for ten years, Abdon for eight years. Meanwhile, the Philistines established themselves in the southern country, and began that long hostility which was not ended until the reign of King Hezekiah, 2 Kings 18: 8. Soon after they began to oppress Israel Samson was born. His history is given in chaps. 16-17. It is long as he kept his Nazarite vow he was able singly to harass the Philistines. Finally he fell into their hands.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 21. PUT OUT HIS EYES.—An act of cruelty very frequently done to war prisoners of distinction. GAZA—the capital and stronghold of Philistia, about sixty miles south-west from Jerusalem. FETTERS OF BRASS—not with ropes or leather thongs, like common prisoners. DID GRIND—the avenger of Israel was made the drudge and sport of their enemies. V. 22. HE WENT TO GAZA—leaving the Nazarite vow, part of his Nazarite vow and a symbol of his consecration to God. Suffering it to be cut was a breach of his vow. Now he grew strong again—not because his hair grew, but because he repented and renewed his consecration. V. 23. DAGON—the god of the Philistines. He was represented with the face and hands of a man and the tail of a fish. One of his most famous temples was at Gaza. V. 24. OUR GOD IS HE THAT GIVETH US THE LIVING AND TRUE GOD! V. 25. MAKE US SPORT—that they might make themselves merry at his expense by mocking and insulting their fallen enemy. V. 26. THE PILLARS—they stood in the centre of the court, and were the main supports of the roof. The balconies were hung upon the side walls, and suspended also from the roof. The falling of the pillars would cause the roof to drop, dragging inward the side walls and crushing the balconies under the rubbish. V. 28. CALLED UNTO THE LORD—sincerely and earnestly he prayed for his strength that he might use it just this once. He regarded himself as the champion of Israel against the common enemy. He referred his purpose of vengeance to the will of Jehovah. If his strength should come according to his prayer, he would be assured of his divine sanction. V. 31. HE BOWED HIMSELF WITH ALL HIS MIGHT—his prayer was answered; the pillars gave way, the house tumbled in, and his occupants were buried in the ruins. Samson died with his foes, but his death is no warrant for suicide. He died as if he had fallen in battle.

TEACHINGS:

- 1. A pure heart is more to be desired than a strong body.
2. Great gifts are often connected with great imperfections.
3. If we do not control our passions, they will make slaves of us.
4. God will punish those who sport with the offerings of his people.
5. He will give strength and power to those who trust in him. (Golden Text.)

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