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The Weekly Messenger.

THE FRUITS OF UNCLEANLINESS.

Marseilles, in France, is suffering terribly from neglect on the part of the municipal authorities to clean up the city and from neglect on the part of its citizens to keep it clean. The warning last year apparently was not sufficient for them and so another lesson is being given to the people of Marseilles, where it is estimated that fifty persons have died of cholera in one day. The cholera is of a peculiarly severe type, as death follows soon after the victim is attacked. Many sailors fall victims to the plague which is raging in China. Indeed, it is said that Admiral Courbet died of cholera. The French Government are going to give \$30,000 for the cleansing of Marseilles, which could, a few months ago, have been accomplished at a comparatively small cost. Spanish refugees crossing the Pyrenees are sent back to Spain. Travellers on the borders are generally maltreated. Two cases of cholera are reported at Lyons. The epidemic began this year in the houses which were infected last, and is due to uncleanness. Many towns in France refuse to allow Dr. Ferran to experiment upon their inhabitants with his anti-cholera vaccination system. The Paris Academy of Medicine has refused to allow a letter from Dr. Ferran to be read before the Academy, thus virtually stamping him as an impostor.

In Spain the deaths average about 1,500 a day, and the panic caused by the rapid spread of the disease is daily increasing. Entire villages have been deserted by their inhabitants, who have fled for safety. In many cases doctors and municipal authorities have been attacked by the scourge, and the sick have been abandoned, and the dead left unburied. Reports from other places state that it is impossible to obtain provisions or medicines. The misery throughout the country is great. The mortality is especially great among young girls, and the largest number of deaths occur among those who are either intemperate or very poor. Lately the populace in Granada brutally assaulted several doctors who had declined to give more attention to patients. The hostility to the doctors has resulted in an alarming spread of the disease. Among the lower classes doctors are always compelled to taste the medicines they administer. The commander of the province and many officers, priests, and nuns have succumbed to the disease, attacks of which are most fatal at nightfall and during storms. During a thunderstorm at Gerona, the church was struck by lightning; two worshippers were killed and fifteen badly wounded.

A seaman arrived in Bristol from Marseilles. He was suddenly taken ill, and after vomiting for some time died. The medical officer of the Board of Health declared the man was suffering from cholera. An inquest was held. The jury rendered a verdict to the effect that the symptoms were very much like those of Asiatic cholera. Precautionary measures are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The English Government has prohibited the im-

portation of rags from Spain, and is contemplating a similar measure in regard to France.

The Italian Government has ordered that all frontier trains be provided with hospital carriages. Reports have been received from every point in Italy regarding cholera. Many of the Italians live on very little besides fish, rotten fruit and water, and are consequently easily attacked by cholera.

TRYING REBELS.

Despite the rebellion the crop reports from all parts of Manitoba are very favorable and farmers along the Manitoba North-Western railway line are well pleased that the construction of that road is being pushed forward rapidly. Last week twenty six prisoners, including some of Riel's council, were arraigned before Judge Richardson and Col. McLeod on a charge of treason-felony. The gray-haired stood side by side with those who in point of age might have been their sons. There were in the motley group whites, half-breeds and one or two Indians. They all appeared indifferent to the fate that might be in store for them and two or three looked upon the entire proceeding as a joke, or were ignorant of the gravity of the result involved in their trial and tittered when called upon to plead. The charge, which was first read in English, was afterwards translated into French and then into Cree. The indictment goes on to say that not regarding the duty of allegiance, but wholly withdrawing the love, obedience, fidelity and allegiance which every true and faithful subject of Our Lady the Queen, does and of right ought to bear toward Our Lady the Queen, on the twenty-sixth day of March and on divers times did feloniously and wickedly compass, imagine, invent, devise and intend to levy war against our said Lady the Queen within Canada with the object to compel her to change her measures and counsels, also with inciting rebellion at Batoche and other places. All but four of the prisoners were remanded for sentence after pleading guilty. The prisoners remaining to be tried are:—Quillet, who was one of Riel's council; Poundmaker, Big Bear, and two of his band; one Arrow, half-breed of Battleford, and the Indian murderers.

Father Andre waited on Riel in his cell and asked him to renounce his profession of "Protestantism," but he stolidly refused. He has written to Consul Taylor stating his plan for the people of the North-West and urges that an international commission be appointed to determine whether he is insane or not. He refuses to be interviewed, as he purposes publishing the story of his life and the troubles, for the benefit of his family. He still remains calm and composed, and either does not believe that the sentence passed upon him will be carried out, or else he exhibits a wonderful control over his feelings.

All the priests in the late rebel district have signed an appeal to the country for aid to the half-breeds. They declare Riel an impostor and unworthy of the sympathy of the Roman Catholic Church or its people, as he usurped their places as priests. They

also say General Middleton did all that he could to make the losses and sufferings of the flocks as light as possible.

HELP FOR RIEL.

A large meeting of Riel's sympathizers was held in Montreal last Monday when speeches were made by several of the leading lawyers of the city. About six thousand persons were present on the Champ de Mars, some of whom interested themselves in Riel and others who were merely curious. A resolution was passed "that a subscription list be opened immediately to afford Louis Riel the means to carry his case before a higher court and one more worthy of confidence, and that in the meantime all constitutional means be employed to prevent the execution of his sentence." The reasons given for this resolution were that the English and French half-breeds of the North-West had been trying for years to get their wrongs, which the Government had acknowledged, redressed, and that for this purpose they had called Riel to be their instrument rather than their leader. Other reasons given were that the trial had not been properly conducted, that Riel was not sane and that the crime with which he was accused being of a political nature the execution of the death sentence would be considered as the result of prejudice and fanaticism and would be fatal to the harmony of our "mixed community." Committees were appointed to carry out the arrangements.

A DARING EXCOMMUNICATION.

A curious circumstance has come to light in Norfolk county, England, which has raised afresh the cry "Divorce the Church and State." The newspapers continue to bring charges against members of the clergy for drunkenness, and in some cases loose morals on the one hand and bigotry and clerical oppression on the other. A case of oppression has occurred just lately which has created great excitement in Norwich. The rector of a parish in Norfolk county has ruled his congregation with the intolerant spirit of the Stuarts. Among his parishioners was an old farmer, well-to-do, named Payne, now eighty-two years old, of patriarchal appearance and beloved by his neighbors, who suffered somewhat from the infirmities of age. Lately he did not go to church, though for half a century he was a regular communicant, nor would he see the rector, to whom, it is said, he had taken a valentianian dislike. The rector, last week, wrote to Patriarch Payne a letter, telling him: "I feel it my painful duty to pronounce you cut off from church communion," and concluding, much after the fashion of an assize judge, who has donned the black cap and is sentencing a murderer, "and I pray God to save your soul."

The Patriarch, being a practical man, conceived the idea that this was done because some part of his tithes remained unpaid, and he asked with some *maivoie* if this was not the reason of the Rector's conduct. The Rev. Coker Adams then wrote another letter, repeating his black-cap prayer, and then on Sunday, to the surprise and indignation of the congregation, used the

same words of the excommunication in the prayer-book, which is quite obsolete in the Church of England. The farmer thus treated meditates obtaining legal redress, believing the attack to be one made upon his personal character. Meanwhile the people of the whole diocese of Norwich appear to be intensely excited, and undoubtedly the whole Radical press of the realm will adopt the aggressive incident as a pivot for renewed attacks upon a union of Church and State that invites bigotry and ecclesiastical autocracy. Parliament will also be asked to inquire into the affair.

WAR FEELING IN RUSSIA.

A despatch from the Afghan frontier says a collision between bodies of Afghan and Russian troops would not be surprising. The majority of the Russian newspapers profess to have no confidence in the apparently pacific declarations of Lord Salisbury. They base their distrust on the perceptible and constant increase of England's military preparations. The Imperial Council of War has ordered the formation of a separate artillery department of the army for the trans-Caspian provinces. British officers in Herat are well treated by the inhabitants and their health is excellent, despite torrid weather. The work of fortifying Herat against a possible Russian advance is making rapid progress. The Ameer is preparing another large force of Afghan troops for the protection of Herat, of which his son will be placed in nominal command. The Turcomans of Merv are greatly excited against the Russian soldiery because of their alleged brutal conduct toward native women.

In France it is stated that an alliance has been concluded between Great Britain and China for mutual action in the event of war between England and Russia. A letter received at Teheran, Persia, from Herat, dated July 30th, states that the Heratese are buying and storing large quantities of grain. It also says that 2,000 men are engaged constantly in the work of repairing the forts and erecting great bastions. The writer asserts that there is great enthusiasm among the citizens and a determined resolution to defend the city from Russian attack. The Afghan Boundary Commission are nine miles west of Herat buying mules and camels. A letter from Askalsad has the following: "The Russian railway to this place will be completed by October 1st. The officials are busily engaged in buying grain." A despatch from London states that the Porte is to be offered facilities for occupying and governing the Soudan, and, temporarily, some points in Egypt, but no share in governing Egypt, in return for an alliance against Russia.

ASSAB, a very small town on a bay at the southern extremity of the Red Sea, is said to be the hottest place in the world. Aden, a hundred miles further east, has a terrible reputation for heat, but Assab is said to be hotter by some three degrees. For four consecutive months thermometer readings at 9 a.m. have averaged over 90 degrees and during the whole time rarely fell below 88 degrees.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

Without haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let not thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed!
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might!
Haste not! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by,
Do and dare, before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Lies behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not, rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

—Johann W. Von Goethe.

THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

(Author of "Mistook of Dore," "A Daughter of Hebe," "Meadow Violets," etc.)

CHAPTER V.

THE HIGH-ROAD.

That was not a very good year for the herring-fishing on this part of the coast; but, at all events, Rob MacNicol learned all the lore of the fishermen, and grew as skilled as any of them in guessing at the whereabouts of the herring, while at the end of the season he had more than replaced the twelve pounds he had used of the common fund.

Then he returned to the tailor's boat, and worked with his brothers and cousin. He was proud to know that he had a share in a fishing-skiff, but he was not too proud to turn his hand to anything else that might help.

These MacNicol boys had grown to be greatly respected in Erisaig. The audacity of four "wastrel laddies" setting up to be fishing on their own account had at first amused the neighbors; but their success and their conduct generally soon raised them above ridicule, and the women especially were warm in their commendation.

They saw how Rob gradually improved the appearance of his brothers and cousin. All of them had boots and stockings now. Not only that, but they had white shirts and jackets of blue cloth to go to church with on Sunday; and each of them put twopenny in the collection-plate, just as if they had all been sons of a rich tradesman.

Moreover, they were setting an example to the other boys about. Four of these, indeed, combined to start a caddy-fishing business similar to that of Rob's. Neil was rather angry, but Rob was not afraid of any competition. He asked the new boys to come and see how he had rigged up the gyp-poles. He said there were plenty of fish in the sea, and the market was large enough.

But when the new boys asked him to lend them some money to buy new ropes, he distinctly declined. He had got on without borrowing himself.

It was a long and dreary winter, but Nicol had nearly finished with his schooling, and the seine-net had been largely added to, and every inch of it overhauled. Then the caddy-fishing began again; and soon Rob—who was now nearly eighteen, and remarkably firm-set for his age—would be away after the herring.

One day as Rob was going along the main thoroughfare of Erisaig, the banker called him into his office.

"Rob," said he, "have ye seen the skiff at the building-yard?"

"Ay," said Rob, rather wistfully, for many a time he had stood and looked at the beautiful lines of the new craft; "she's splendid boat."

"Though the herring-skiffs are so called, they are comparatively large and powerful boats, and will stand a heavy sea."

"And ye've seen the new drift-net in the shed?"

"Ay, I have that."
"Well, ye see, Rob," continued Mr. Baillie regarding him with a good-natured look, "I had the boat built, and the net bought as a kind of speculation, and I was thinking of getting a crew through from Tarbert. They say the herring are beginning to come about some of the western lochs. Now, I have been hearing a good deal about you, Rob, from the neighbors. They say that you and your brothers and cousin are sober and diligent lads, and that you are good-seamen and careful. Then you have been a while at the herring-fishing yourself. Now, do you think you could manage that new boat?"

"Me!" said Rob, with his eyes staring at his face aflame.

"I go by what the neighbors say, Rob. They say ye are a prudent lad, not over-venturesome; and I think I could trust my property to ye. What say ye?"

In his excitement at the notion of being made master of such a beautiful craft, Rob forgot the respect he ought to have shown in addressing so great a person as the banker. He blurted out:

"Man, I would just like to try!"

"I will pay ye a certain sum per week while the fishing lasts," continued Mr. Baillie, "and ye will hire what crew ye think fit. Likewise, I will give ye a percentage on the takes. Will that do?"

Rob was quite bewildered. All he could say was,

"I am obliged to ye, sir. Will ye wait for a minute till I see Neil?"

And very soon the wild rumor ran through Erisaig that no other than Rob MacNicol had been appointed master of the new skiff, the *Mary of Argyll*; and that he had taken his brothers and cousin as his crew.

Some of the women shook their heads, and said it was a shame to let such mere lads go to the herring-fishing, for some day or other they would be drowned; but the men, who knew something of Rob's seamanship, had no fear at all; and their only doubt was about the younger lads being up to the heavy work of hauling in the nets in the morning.

But their youth was a fault that would mend week by week. In the mean time, Rob, having sold out his share in MacDougall's boat, bought jerseys and black boots and yellow oil-skins for his companions; so that the new crew, if they were rather slightly built, looked smart enough as they went down to the slip to overhaul the *Mary of Argyll*.

With what a pride they regarded the long and shapely lines of her—the yellow beams shining with varnish; the tall mast at the bow, with its stout cordage; the brand-new stove, that was to boil their tea for them in the long watches of the night; the magnificent oars; the new sheets and sails—everything spark and span!

And this great mass of ruddy netting lying in the shed, with its perfect floats and accurate sinkers—this was not like the makeshift that had captured the cuddies.

Then on the morning that the *Mary of Argyll* put to sea on her trial trip, her owner was on board, but he merely sat on a thwart—was Rob who was at the tiller. Rob wanted to try the boat, the owner wanted to observe the crew.

And, first of all, she sailed lightly out of the harbor, with the wind on her beam; then outside, the breeze being fresher, they let her away down Loch Scrone, with the brilliant new lug-sail bellied out; then they brought her round, and fought her up against the stiff wind—Rob's brief words of command being obeyed with the rapidity of lightning.

"Well, what do ye think of her?" said Mr. Baillie to his young skipper.

Rob's face was aglow with pride.
"I think she's like a race-horse!" he said, "I think she would lick any boat in Erisaig Bay."

"But it is not to run races I have handed her over to ye. You must be careful, Rob, and run back if there's any squally weather about. I'll no be vexed if ye're over-cautions. For ye know if anything was to happen to one of the lads, the people would say I had done wrong in hippening a boat to such a young crew."

"Well, sir," said Rob, boldly, "ye have seen them work the boat. Do they look like lads who do not know what sailing a boat is."

Mr. Baillie laughed and said no more.

Appening—trusting.

Then came the afternoon on which they were to set out for the first time after the herring. All Erisaig came out to see; and Rob was a proud lad as he stepped on board (with the lazy indifference of the trained fisherman very well imitated) and took his seat as stroke-oar.

The afternoon was lovely; there was not a breath of wind; the setting sun shone over the bay; and the *Mary of Argyll* went away across the shining waters with the long, white oars dipping with the precision of clockwork. It was not until they were at the mouth of the harbor that something occurred which seemed likely to turn this brave setting out into ridicule.

This was Daft Sandy, who rowed his punt right across the path of the *Mary of Argyll*, and as she came up, called to Rob.

"What is it ye want?" Rob called to him.
"I want to come on board, Rob," the old man said, as he now rowed his punt up to the stern of the skiff.

"I have no tobacco, and I have no whiskey," Rob said, impatiently. "There'll be no tobacco nor whiskey on board this boat so long as I have anything to do with her; so ye needna come for that, Sandy."

"It's no for that," said Daft Sandy, as, with the painter of his boat in one hand, he gripped the stern of the skiff with the other.

Now Rob was angry. Many of the Erisaig people would still be watching their setting-out; and was it to be supposed that he had taken this doited old body as one of the crew? But then Daft Sandy was at this moment clambering into the boat; and Rob could not get up and fight with an old man, who would probably tumble into the water.

"Rob," said he, in a whisper, as he fastened the painter of his punt, "I promised I would tell ye something. I'll show ye how to find the herring."

"You!" said Rob, derisively.

"Ay, me, Rob; I'll make a rich man of you. I will tell you something about the herring that not any one in Erisaig knows—that not any one in all Scotland knows."

"Why haven't you made a rich man of yourself, Sandy?" said Rob, with more good nature.

The half-witted creature did not seem to see the point of this remark.

"Ay, ay," he said, "many is the time I was thinking of telling this one or telling that one; but when I would go near it was always 'Daft Sandy!' and 'Daft Sandy!' and there was always the pelting wi' the broken herring—except from you, Rob. And I was saying to myself that when Rob MacNicol has a boat of his own, then I will show him how to find the herring, and no one will know but himself."

By this time the MacNicol had taken to their oars again, and they had pulled outside the harbor, the old punt still astern. Then Rob had to speak plainly,

"Look here, Sandy; I will not put ye ashore by force. But I canna have your punt at there. It'll be in the way of the nets."

But the old man was more eager than ever. If they would only pull into the bay hard by, he would anchor the punt and leave it beached, and he would be back in the fishing. He had discovered a sure sign of the presence of herring—unknown to any of the fishermen.

What was the phosphorence in the sea?—the nights were too clear for that. What was the mere breaking of the water—a moving shoal that might escape. But this sign that the old man had discovered went to show the presence of large masses of fish, stationary and deep; it was the appearance on the surface of the water of small air-bubbles.

He was sure of it. He had watched it. It was a secret worth a bankful of money. And again he besought Rob to let him accompany him. Rob had stopped the lads when they were throwing herring at him; Rob alone should have the benefit of this valuable discovery of his.

Rob MacNicol was doubtful, for he had never heard of this thing before; but he could not resist the importunities of the old half-witted creature.

They pulled in and anchored the punt; then they set forth again, rowing slowly as the light faded out of the sky, and keeping a watch all around on the almost glassy seas.

There was no sign of any herring; no solar geese sweeping down; no breaking of the water; and none of the other boats, so far as they could make out, had as yet shot their nets.

The night was coming on, and they were far away from Erisaig; but still old Sandy kept up his watch, studying the surface of the water as if he expected to find pearls floating there. And at last, in great excitement, he grasped Rob's arm. Leaning over the side of the boat, they could just make out in the dusk a great quantity of minute air-bubbles rising to the surface of the sea.

"Put some stones along with the sinkers, Rob," the old man said, in a whisper, as if he were afraid of the herring; "go deep, deep, deep."

Well, they quietly let out the seemingly interminable drift-net as they pulled gently along, and when that was accomplished they took in the long oars again. Nicol lit up the little stove, and proceeded to boil the tea. The bundle containing their supper was opened, and Sandy had his share and his can of tea like the others.

They had a long time of waiting to get over through the still summer night; but still Rob was strangely excited, wondering whether Sandy had really, in pottering about, discovered a new indication of the whereabouts of the herring, or whether he was to go back to Erisaig in the morning with empty nets.

There was another thing, too. Had he shown himself too credulous before his companions? Had he done right in listening to what might be only a foolish tale? The others began to doze off; Rob not. He did not sleep a wink all night.

Well, to let out a long drift-net, which sometimes goes as deep as fifteen fathoms, is an easy affair; but to haul it in again is a sore task; and when it happens to be laden, and heavily laden, with silver-gleaming fish, that is a break-back business for four young lads. But there is such a thing as the nervous, eager, joyous strength of success; and if you are hauling in yard after yard of a dripping net, only to find the brown meshes starred at every point with the shining silver of the herring, then even young lads can work like men. Daft Sandy was laughing all the while.

"Rob, my man, what think ye o' the air-bubbles now? Maybe Daft Sandy is no sae daft. And do you think I would be going and telling anyone but yourself, Rob? Do you think I would be going and telling any one that was throwing the broken herring at me, and always a curse for me when I went near the skiffs, and not once a glass of whiskey for an old man? Well, Rob, I will not ask you for a glass of whiskey. If you say it is a teetotal boat, it is a teetotal boat; but you will not forget to give me whole herring for bait when you are going out of the bay?"

Rob could not speak; he was breathless. Nor was their work nearly done when they had got in the net, with all its splendid silver treasure. There was not a single breath of wind; they had to set to work to pull the heavy boat back to Erisaig. The gray of the dawn gave way to a glowing sunrise; when they at length reached the quay, dead-beat with fatigue and want of sleep, the people were all about.

They were dead-beat, but there were ten crans of herring in that boat. And you should have seen Rob's air when he counselled Neil and Duncan and Nicol to go away home and have a sleep, and when he joyfully called on two or three of the boys on the quay to come in and strip the nets.

But the three McNicols were far too excited to go away. They wanted to see the great heap of fish laddled out in baskets on to the quay. Mr. Baillie came along not long after that, and shook hands with Rob, and congratulated him; for it turned out that, while not another Erisaig boat had that night got more than from two to three crans, the *Mary of Argyll* had turned out ten crans—as good herring as ever were got out of Loch Scrone.

Well, the MacNicol lads were now in a fair way of earning an independent and honorable living; and this sketch of how they had struggled into that position from being mere wastrels, living about the shore like so many curlews, may fly cease here. Sometimes they had good luck, and sometimes bad luck; but always they had the advantage of that additional means of discovering the whereabouts of the herring that had been imparted to them by Daft Sandy.

And the last that the present writer heard of them was this—that they had bought outright the *Mary of Argyll* and her nets from the banker; and that they were building for themselves a small stone cottage on the slope of the hill above Erisaig; and that

Left Sandy had been taken away from the persecution of the harbor boys to become a sort of general major-domo—cook, gardener and mender of nets.

Moreover, each of the MacNicol's has his separate bank-account now; each had got a silver watch; and Rob was saying the other day that he thought that he and his brothers and his cousin ought to take a trip to London (as soon as the herring-fishing was over), for perhaps they might see the Queen there; and, at any rate, they could go and have a look at Smithfield, where the English beheaded Sir William Wallace.

THE END.

NELLY'S NEW DRESS.

"And I may go, mayn't I, mamma?"
"Of course, darling, you shall go," I assented; and my little Nelly flung her arms around me with an ecstatic "I'm so glad!" and then bounded out of the room to discuss the coming pleasure with a waiting schoolmate.

She was eight years old, my Nelly; and on our recent removal to Carlton she had been placed at Miss Wayland's small and very select school. To be sure Miss Wayland's terms were high, but her pupils were from the very first families in Carlton; which was reason enough, I urged, for sending Nelly there, at an expense.

The invitation which had so delighted my little girl was given by Miss Wayland to her scholars, to celebrate her birthday by a gathering at her father's house, and, as the older children affirmed, "They were sure to have the very nicest time!"

"Nelly is very happy over the prospect," observed my aunt Patty, watching the little dancing figure from the window.

"Yes," I sighed; "but alas for me! The child must have a new dress made before Thursday!"

"My dear! and this is Tuesday, and almost night, and you have so much on your hands already! What is the matter with the pretty frock the child wore on Sunday? Has she torn it? Perhaps my old eyes are equal to a little nice darning even yet."

"Oh no, auntie, the frock is whole; but it was made from an old one of mine, and it will never do for this occasion. You have no idea how prettily those children will be dressed. If Nelly only had not outgrown her white dress;—but never mind! You see if I make her a nice one now it will be ready for summer; that's a comfort!"

"My dear, you are worn out, now. The child's pretty cashmere will be suitable and nice enough; what matter if the others are dressed differently? Nelly will not mind; she seems a sensible, contented little thing."

"Oh yes! Nelly would not mind if I were to send her dressed in gingham. But, dear aunt Patty, you do not understand. Edward is just starting in his practice here, and it is really very necessary that we should keep up appearances. It will not do for us to seem poverty-stricken, you see."

Aunt Patty looked at me quietly for a moment or two, but said no more. Only, as she crossed the room to go upstairs, she laid her hand gently on my shoulder with the words, "My dear, 'one thing is needful!'"

"One thing! 'at ves!' I groaned; "but oh, so many more things seem to be!" The tears came to my eyes in spite of all my determination; for I was truly, as aunt Patty said, "worn-out," and the dainty little garment which I had resolved to make, seemed for the moment an added burden too heavy for me to lift.

My husband was a young physician, a noble fellow, who had already made proof of his skill in the small country village where we had previously lived.

An opening of unusual promise had induced him to establish himself in Carlton, greatly to my satisfaction; for I was full of eager ambition for him, as indeed I have already shown. The expenses of our removal and the fall in my husband's practice consequent upon entering a new field, strained me very much in finances; and how I had struggled and toiled; straining every nerve to appear well among our new neighbors to "the doctor's" advantage!

This restless anxiety was my own burden; Edward would not worry, and it was his constant effort to soothe me and hold my eager aspirations in check.

"Trust in the Lord and he will do for you, and verily thou shalt be fed," was his favorite text.

"Be patient, little wife!" he would say, "We judged it right and best to come here

and I believe I shall succeed in due time. Meanwhile, a physician need never lack opportunity 'for doing good'; and I have already found out some of the Lord's own poor to minister to. Trust Him; we shall not want for daily bread!"

Ah, if I could have been satisfied with this! With my three young children, and only a very inexperienced and clumsy helper, and with my self-imposed cares and needs, my hands were full at all times.

This week my dear old aunt Patty had come on a long-deferred visit, which I had earnestly desired to make as pleasant as possible; but my baby was cutting teeth and unusually fretful night and day; and my excellent Rosanna had chosen to feel herself aggrieved by the addition of a guest to the household, and was more trying than ever in consequence; so that it had been a constant strain to make things go on at all smoothly, and my worries had not escaped the old lady's observation, much as I had tried to keep them in the background.

And now this dress for Nelly. I was feverishly anxious to get the material and the pattern, and begin my task; knowing how very few uninterrupted moments I could have to devote to it. To my great relief Edward's cheery voice sounded in the hall soon after:

"Come, aunt Patty, wrap up well and take a drive with me before tea. I have to go out on the mountain road."

I hastened to provide the wraps, and sent dear old aunt off, pleased and smiling, all unsuspecting how glad I was to have her go.

Then I called Rosanna from the kitchen to watch Ned and the baby, regardless of her mutterings; and donning my own outer apparel I sallied forth to make my purchase.

A little hoard in my purse, which I had reserved for some much needed flannel, but just sufficed to buy the delicate material on which my heart was set.

"The old flannels must bear some further patching," I said to myself, as I hurried home, and gave my whole mind to cutting and planning the dress before aunt Patty should return.

I am no dressmaker, and it usually takes me some time to comprehend the intricacies even of a child's dress pattern; but, giving my whole mind to the task, as I said, the parts fell into line this time with wonderful facility; and not until Master Baby cried lustily, obliging me to thrust my work into a drawer and take him, did I realize how tired I was.

Edward looked anxiously at me across the tea table. "Marion," said he, "you surely are not well; you must rest this evening, and submit to a little nursing."

I was frightened, for I had intended to make a good beginning on the little dress after the rest were asleep.

"Don't try to make a patient of me, Doctor," I began playfully, but a sharp pain in my temples caused my looks to belie my words; and, the pain increasing, I was thankful enough to lie down and try to forget my cares.

I was better in the morning, and was planning at breakfast how to secure a little time for my sewing, when aunt Patty asked: "Are you going to church this morning, my dear?"

"Yes, I'm going to a service appointed, I believe."

I generally made a special effort to attend such services; but now, thinking of my work I replied:

"I believe I cannot go, auntie. But perhaps Edward can make time to accompany you, if you wish to go."

"I was expecting to attend the service," said my husband quietly. And a pang of self-reproach went through me at the words. I might have gone also, but for this extra task.

I sat down eagerly as soon as they left the house, shutting my eyes to some other work which might have claimed precedence. Baby, for a wonder, was asleep; but my little Ned seemed determined to take his place in demanding my attention.

"Ned, my darling, let my basket alone; you distract me! Go and see Rosy; there's a good child!"

"Wasy's cwoos; I don't like her one bit," said the little fellow stoutly.

"Then ride your hobby horse, and let mamma sew."

"May I go down to Tommy's house, and play with him?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Tommy" was not a very desirable associate, and I had more than once refused to let Ned go to play with him. But now I assented readily, and hurried on the child's

cap and coat, quite forgetting that the ground was wet, and that the little feet needed careful protection, most of all.

Nor did I remember this until his father, on his way home, found the boy playing in a pool of water, and brought him in to me; his shoes and stockings soaked through and through.

"We must do our best to ward off the consequences of this," Edward said gravely, meeting my anxious glance. "I am sorry you let him go out to-day, dear; he was hardly well enough."

With an aching heart I undressed my precious boy, wrapped him in flannels, and laid him in his crib; where he soon sank into a feverish slumber, growing evidently worse as night drew on.

Oh, the wretchedness of that anxious night! Let any mother imagine my feelings as I sat holding my suffering child, not expecting that he could live to see the morning light! But he was mercifully spared to us.

It is needless to say that Nelly's new dress was not finished.

Little Ned being very much better by afternoon, I was quite ready to array the little maiden for the birthday party.

A very sweet picture she made, too, in her simple blue frock, her eyes sparkling with happiness; and I smiled a satisfied smile in response to aunt Patty's meaning nod.

I did not inquire how the other children were dressed, nor did I care; feeling that the Doctor's little daughter did him no discredit.

I folded away the unfinished white dress until such time as I should have leisure to complete it for summer wear. And, as I did so, I looked back wondering at my own folly in attempting the work, overtasked as I was, for such an unworthy cause.

I trembled as I thought how entirely my sinful ambition had controlled me of late, and felt humbly thankful that by any means my eyes had been opened.

I told Edward about the dress, and why I was so anxious about it. And I told him that I had concluded his way was the best.

"I will not try to help you on in such ways any more," I said; "I'm afraid I have hindered your success more than I have helped. I will try to 'do the duty which lies nearest me'; and trust the Lord for the rest."

For all answer my husband put his arm around me, saying reverently: "Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!"—*E. B. Sanford, in Church Press.*

LIVE WELL.

The farmer can be the very best liver in the land just as easily as not, and he should be. He has his choice of the world's produce. He holds a first mortgage on the herds and crops. The crops and fruits of the earth are his to begin with, and he should "fare sumptuously every day."

Why not? He will be all the better man and better farmer for it, and it is his duty as well as his privilege. The only reason that he does not is that he has permitted himself and his family to get into a rut of beef and cabbage, pork and potatoes, that he finds it difficult to get out of. This is all wrong from every point of view. He should get out, he must get out, if he would make the most of himself and his family, and now is the time to make a beginning. Enlarge the boundaries of the garden, and enlarge your ideas of gardening at the same time. Plant with liberal hands, and plant with a liberal hand. Is the old garden cramped? Turn it over to the women for the herbs and a "posy-bed," and go out to the nearest side of the corn-field, and make a garden big enough in which to spread yourself. Make the rows as long as the field is wide and as far apart as will admit your cultivator or horse-hoe, and some to spare, and in them plant something besides onions and cabbage. Take the catalogue of the best seedsman you know, and let the whole list of vegetables, from artichokes to turnips, be represented by one or two of the very best sorts. Plant every third row with some one of the "small-fruits," giving it an extra liberal share of space. Now give this side of the corn-field a little extra attention during the season. Let it be the first when you begin to "cultivate," the last when you finish up. You will never miss the time, and you will live better than you have ever lived before.—*Our Country Home.*

PUZZLES.



In the above diagram trace all the letters of the alphabet.

ENIGMA.

(By Frances Ridley Havergal.)

An army of Cyclops, fair reader, are we,
Yet your servants especially ought we to be,
But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

From Parry, and Cook, and Columbus too,
A vote of thanks to ourselves is due;
But to Solomon's ships, when to Ophir sent,
Our aid, not asked, was of course not lent.

To Matilda of Flanders' assistance we came
When she toiled to emblazon the Conqueror's fame
And the lasting memorials we are seen
In a room's shrine, of a swartier queen.

The records of ancient days we bear
And time to erase us doth not dare,
Yet the poorest girl in our native land
Hath held us fast in her weary hand.

ENIGMA.

PECULIAR ZIGZAGS.

Across.

- ** 1 10 * * 1. A bird.
- * 2 * * 11 * 2. A loose slipper.
- 3 * * * 12 3. A helmet.
- * 4 * * 13 * 4. Water nymphs.
- ** 5 14 * * 5. Thrown with violence.
- * 6 * * 15 * 6. Passed secretly.
- 7 * * * 16 7. To acquaint with.
- * 8 * * 17 * 8. To catch in a snare.
- ** 9 18 * * 9. Plumes of feathers.

Zigzags.

- 1 to 9. A French poet, who died February 28, 1869.
- 10 to 18. A church festival occurring on Feb. 2.

MISPLACED WORDS.

Read and punctuate the following verse and give the name of the author:
Road through a dusty acorns lea traveller
on the a strewed;
Tree sprouted one and a root grew took and
up and into.
Evening sought time shade love its at vows
breathe early his to
Bask boughs beneath its to age noon heats
pleased was in and of
Dangling dormouse twigs loved its the birds
bore the music sweet.
Glory stowed place in its a evermore a blessing
ing it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Robin Hood.
JUMBLE.—Be sure you're right, then go ahead
HALF SQUARE.—PARDON
A MOUR
ROME
DUE
ORE
N

PUZZLE.—M.D.
PECULIAR CROSS.—Attractability.
Demonstration.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Stew the oysters, well salted, in their own liquor, until the edges are crimped, then pour in the new milk and let it come just to the boiling point, put in a large piece of butter and serve at once. The fire should be hot, as oysters toughen from long cooking and lose their fine flavor.

THE WEEK.

LAID IN THE TOMB.

In all the principal cities throughout the United States, last Saturday was observed as a day of mourning for the loss the nation had sustained in the death of Gen. Grant. In many places there were processions of civil and military organizations, and several cities were draped in mourning. In St. Louis the horse the General rode through numerous battles of the late war was one of the features of the local pageant. The old charger, saddled and bridled ready for the field, was led behind the catafalque. The funeral pageant in New York was the grandest ever witnessed in America.

All Friday night carpenters with saw and hammer were busy in Broadway, and when day dawned it revealed the presence of hundreds of hastily erected grand stands. On the front of many houses were displayed emblems of mourning which were not there the night before. At nine o'clock Broadway presented an animated spectacle. As far as the eye could reach the sidewalks were thronged with people. Business was practically suspended. A Sabbath day stillness also reigned in Brooklyn, Jersey City and surrounding towns. At 8:50 a. m. General Hancock and staff, trooped into the plaza from Broadway. At this time hundreds of members of the Leidekrantz society filed up the steps of the City Hall and sang with impressive effect the "Chorus of the spirits from over the water," Schubert, and the "Chorus of the pilgrims," Tannhauser. At 9:35 the imposing funeral car drawn by twenty-four jet black horses in black trappings halted in the plaza. Commander Johnson then gave the order "Lift the remains," which was obeyed by twelve men who bore them out upon the portico down the steps to the funeral car.

The clergy and physicians first entered their carriages and the procession started at a quarter to ten o'clock. Shortly after Mayor Grace and the members of the common council entered their carriages and came into line. A company of regulars marched on each side of the hearse and colored men were at the whiffles of the twenty-four horses. After the pall-bearers had been summoned to their places the President's carriage drawn by six horses was called up to the door but had fully an hour to wait. In anticipation of the President's coming out an enormous crowd, which the police found difficult to manage, gathered opposite the hotel entrance on Twenty-third street. The Grant family were quietly gathered in their parlors overlooking the square. It was announced that Mrs. Grant would not attend the funeral but, had concluded to stay at Mount McGregor, and was reported by Dr. Newman to be still weak and ill though not confined to bed. The party gathered at the hotel, ready to take carriages for their position in the parade. There was Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, jr., Mrs. Jesse Grant and others of the Grant family. Following these were Mrs. Rawlins Holman, a daughter of Gen. Grant's friend, the General's old staff, his ex-Cabinet officers, J. W. Drexel and members of the Aztec club, survivors of the Mexican war, the President's carriage, the Vice-President's and Cabinet members, the Supreme court of the United States, senators, Congressional committee, Governor Hill and suite, Committee of State Legislature, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes and members of their Cabinets, foreign ministers, diplomatic and consular officers under Grant's administration, Governors of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts,

New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Indianapolis, Illinois, Maine, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, West Virginia, Colorado and Dakota, with their staffs. Then came the heads of the Bureaus of War and the Navy departments, Generals Sheridan, Schofield and Merritt, Admiral Stevens and Commodore Chandler with their staffs, then followed prominent government officials, the mayors of Brooklyn, Boston, St. Louis, Jersey City, New Haven, Hartford, Montreal, Elizabeth, Hudson, N. Y., Litchfield, Conn., and a committee of one hundred.

The catafalque passed Twenty-Third street at one o'clock. All heads uncovered as it moved along. The Congressional committees and other officials from Washington were distinguished by broad white sashes. Governor Hill was the only governor who was attended by a mounted staff. The procession seemed stretching southward as far as the eye could reach. The sidewalks were next to impassable. The day, however, was pleasant and the people were all good natured. Even the long halts of the troops did nothing toward exasperating the crowd. A few of the soldiers became faint and were obliged to drop out of the line, but their places were immediately filled up. People who had stood for five or eight hours without anything to eat went home or betook themselves to a neighboring restaurant. When the cortege entered the boulevard the majority of the spectators gazed in astonishment at the irregular lines and apparently awkward positions of the troops, for in obedience to orders on entering upon what might be called the second stage of the funeral route the troops moved along freely with but a semblance of order. As the right of the column approached the tomb the dull reverberations of guns from the men-of-war in the harbor could be heard and the troops broke columns from the left marching to the right and east of the roads. After forming in line arms were presented and the catafalque slowly passed. After the cortege reached the tomb and the military and veteran organizations had gathered round, Commander-in-chief Burdette, of the G. A. R., conducted the burial services, peculiar to the order. The Sangerbund then sang a hymn. Dr. Newman recited the burial ritual of the Methodist church, the benediction was pronounced and the body of the illustrious hero was consigned to the tomb. The regular troops beat a tattoo and a volley of musketry was fired and a salute of twenty-one guns ended the ceremonies. There were a few cases of heat prostration, but so far as known none were dangerous. At the corner of 57th street the crowds swelled from the sides to the open way and blocked the thoroughfare on twenty occasions. When a halt of the column occurred people would surge in and fill the roadway. There was some trouble, however, when the catafalque reached this point. It was watched for blocks away, its conspicuous height making it plainly visible at 50th street. As it neared the corner people were standing eight and ten deep and some in front had raised their umbrellas to keep off the sun. Women stood with babes-in-arms and fathers hoisted their little ones on their shoulders. Obstructions were numerous and those at the rear were becoming indignant, but as the coffin came up annoyance was forgotten and only respect was felt. With a spontaneity that told of great reverence, every man raised his hat as the first horse came abreast of him, and remained uncovered until the body had passed. After the President, Vice-President, Cabinet, judges of the Supreme Court, senators and members of the House

of Representatives, the governors and their staffs, the foreign ministers, diplomatic officers and representatives of the army and navy had passed the procession began to break up.

THE SCENE AT THE TOMB.

was a very impressive one. The vicinity was thronged with weary waiting people, the workmen that were to seal the leaden lining of the cedar case into which the casket and the remains of General Grant were to be placed occupied a position near by, the men that were to rivet fast the steel casket within which both casket and box should be put. Soon after one o'clock Gen. Hancock arrived, accompanied by the members of his staff. Meantime helmets were glittering, and plumes waving over the slope to the southward, orderlies galloped to and fro, mounted men with plumed helmets, solid walls of people upon the curling lines of bobbing umbrellas, while the guns of the war vessels shook the bluff. At 2:30 o'clock there came a bugle call from the eastward, and soon the sound of muffled drum was heard. Carriages came into view and rolled into the park to the tomb. The car-stopped abreast of the tomb. The family carriages drew near, Col. Grant, his wife and two children alighted and passed to the foot of the steps of the funeral car. During the ceremonies the family stood at the foot of the casket. President Cleveland and the Vice President and the members of the Cabinet stood right near the head of the casket, and Sherman and Sheridan, ex-presidents Hayes and Arthur stood close to the casket. The guard of honor bore the remains within the tomb after the prayers were concluded, and at 3 o'clock placed them within the steel case, where they were sealed. The family entered the tomb, remaining only a few moments, and then sought their carriages. Volleys were fired by the different regiments and the men-of-war, and the family drawing away, everybody slowly dispersed. Everybody expresses the opinion that the demonstration was the grandest the country has ever seen. The Grant family will return to Mount McGregor in a few days and remain during the summer.

GRANT'S PECULIARITIES.

Of the General's personal characteristics the Philadelphia Press says:—"In battle or in command he wore a blue blouse and no sword, a plain slouch hat, dark trousers and top boots. Even his horse equipments did not indicate his rank. When he went to Europe in 1878, he was compelled to buy a new uniform, as his old one was worn out. He bought but three while general of the army. At table he ate but little, and that of the plainest, and in the latter years of his life used no wine. As an escort for ladies, the assurance of one of the brightest and most lovely women who has graced Washington social life, that "General Grant was the most acceptable of all the escorts she had ever had at dinner," is warrant enough for the statement that he was a gentleman in social life and at the table. He was entirely a moral man, never using profane language, and had a contempt for vice and immoral men. He was fond of children and they of him—because of positive evidences of benevolence of both head and heart. He stood fatigued readily, and could go without food or sleep for a long time. On horseback he sat easily and rode with grace—as West Point men usually do. He had a keen memory for those who abused him, either by speech or in the press, and never forgot them. He hated and liked with manly vigor. He had one old-time virtue, fast becoming obsolete, developed in the highest—he liked his friends and would stand by them."

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

Destructive wind and rain storms prevailed in many places during the early part of last week and considerable damage was done to standing grain as well as to grain in the stook. In some fields the corn was flattened out as if a roller had been driven across it and the stooks were so broken as to prevent the further maturing of the grain. For the past few days the weather has been much more propitious, being warm but not too hot, and dry enough for successful harvest work with an occasional refreshing shower to help fill the late grain and push forward the root crops to maturity. Pasturage is much better than usual at this time of the year, but the prices of dairy produce continue very low and there is a rather rapid decline in the value of fat stock. The crops on the continent of Europe are a fair average, except in some parts of Germany and in the south of Russia where the damage to the cereal crops through the effects of drought is reported to be irreparable.

THE FAMOUS ZULFIKAR PASS, which is at present giving rise to so much discussion in connection with the Afghan question, is thus described by a correspondent: "The Pass of Zulfiakar is a long, narrow defile, which at the northern end divides into two roads, one turning to the Garmab Pass on the West, and the one on the right trends toward Kungreulli and the salt lakes, which have been much talked of in relation to the frontier. The road comes out at the south and very little above the level of Heri Rud, and the ground, although with some elevations upon it, is somewhat level. About ten or twelve miles to the south are the Chahar Dowli, four prominent peaks; these are on the banks of the Heri Rud, where the Stoi range comes down from the Persian side, and among them is the Tengri Daria or gorge of the river, at which place the roads on both sides leave the stream. On the east of the Chahar Dowli the elevations are not so high, and the usual road runs south to the Nialsheni Pass, and the great plain leading to Herat is reached. From Zulfiakar the branch of the Paropamisian range trends to the south-east. It ought to be remembered that the ground between Pul-i-Khatum and the south entrance of the Zulfiakar Pass contains within its space the most important strategical position between Sarakhs and Herat. This fact will explain the desire of the Russians for its possession."

SOME BAD FEELING exists at present between France and Germany. This was recently shown at the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of Berlin University. The Rector of the University in his speech made several anti-French allusions which were received with cheers. In toasting the health of the Emperor William the rector said, "Long live peace. Should, however, the arrogance of our neighbors pass from daring words to daring deeds they will learn that the old spirit still lives." The German papers are severely attacking the French, and all dwell upon the fact that the approach of France and Russia towards each other is coincident with increasing good will between England and Germany.

PACIFIC COAST PEOPLE are delighted to learn that mackerel have been discovered in the Pacific Ocean. The captain of a bark at Portland, Oregon, reports that on his last voyage from Honolulu, he sailed through an enormous school of mackerel. Not having any suitable fishing gear he was unable to procure any specimens, but says the fish acted precisely like a school of mackerel in the North Atlantic.

THERE are indications that Lord Salisbury is preparing for the permanent occupation of Egypt. The War Office has been ordered to strengthen the Egyptian Army. An increasing number of English officers in Egypt from the Indian service are receiving permanent appointments, and classes have been formed for non-commissioned officers and privates for the study of the Arabic language. Arrangements have been made to send out the families of privates when desired, and all furloughs of officers will cease on October 1st.

LORD SALISBURY has written the Queen's speech proroguing Parliament. The speech praises up the Conservative Government for bringing about peaceful relations and friendly alliances with foreign powers, for the quietude of Ireland without the Coercion Bill and for the activity of legislation since the Tories came into power. It is not easy to conceive how Lord Salisbury can have the impudence to put the peaceful relations between England and Russia down to his ministry, when his party tried so hard to bring about war when Mr. Gladstone was in power. That Ireland has behaved well lately, is principally due to the Prince of Wales' visit, so Lord Salisbury need not take any great credit to his party for that good behavior.

AN INTOLERANT ATTACK was recently made upon the Salvation Army in Paris, and the police had all they could do to rescue the Salvationists. The leaders of the mob urged on their followers with the cry, "Down with the English," and succeeded in so thoroughly enraging the Frenchmen against the Britons that the latter had to be locked up in the police station for protection against the fury of their assailants.

IT IS STATED that considerable excitement exists in Zanzibar owing to a conflict between the German colonists and the natives. The Germans are determined on punishing the natives for alleged aggressions, and have enrolled themselves into military companies preparatory to giving battle to the latter. The colonists have also advised the Home Government of the state of affairs and asked for reinforcements. Several German men-of-war which are in the vicinity will aid the colonists.

THE BRITISH political parties do not know exactly where they stand, and are anxiously awaiting the coming general elections. Some of the discontented Tories are making overtures for a coalition with the Whig section of the late cabinet. By a coalition it is intended to obtain in the new Parliament a majority sufficient to control Radicals and Parnellites. At present it seems as if the Liberal leaders of the late Cabinet would be unable to agree on a common platform.

THIRTY-FIVE MERCHANTS of Montreal have signed a petition to the chief of police asking that the Salvation Army, which has its headquarter not far from their stores, be made to stop the "shouting, brawling and yelling" with which they are accused of making night hideous and keeping the children and invalids awake.

WORD HAS COME from the Manitoulin Island that the farmers are suffering from protracted drought.

IT IS NATURAL that the anxiety of the moderate Liberals for the return of Mr. Gladstone to active political leadership becomes more intense. The ex-Premier sailed for Norway last Saturday. The opinion prevails that, notwithstanding the efforts he is making to add to his strength, Mr. Gladstone will be unable to take a prominent part in the electoral campaign.

EVERY NOW AND THEN some genius discovers "a principle" by which excessively abnormal quantities of butter can be made from any given quantity of milk. Since 84 to 90 percent of milk is water, about 16 percent only can be converted into solid form. From 3 to 5 percent of fat exists in milk, and with the small quantity of water contained in the butter, this is all the butter that can be got. Hence the sensible man will not be gulled by anyone who claims to get all the way from 15 to 50 percent of butter from milk, the secret of which he will impart confidentially for a consideration.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MORO PHILLIPS, a well known merchant, died at Monmouth House, Spring Lake, last Sunday. He was well known in every part of Texas and throughout the States and Canada. He came to Philadelphia thirty years ago and established the business of manufacturing chemicals that he subsequently developed to so large an extent. Among his most valuable possessions were a copper mine in Michigan and a phosphate mine in Canada. He was regarded as one of the richest men in Philadelphia, his fortune being estimated at \$10,000,000.

A SERIOUS RIOT took place this week between the police and the coal and iron miners in Derbyshire. In one of their battles against the police the rioters were driven back. During the engagement a great number of the miners were disabled and injured and some of them were dangerously wounded.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria met this week at Gastein. The Emperor of Austria and the Empress Elizabeth, on arriving, were received by the Emperor William who greeted the Austrian monarch with great affection, kissing him three times. The town was illuminated and thronged with people. The two Emperors made a tour of the town to view the illuminations and received a perfect ovation.

THE EXECUTORS OF VICTOR HUGO proposed to erect a statue of the poet, at Besancon his birthplace, and in the Pantheon a tomb worthy of the illustrious author.

AT A RECENT BANQUET in London, Admirals Hewitt, Hoskins and Hopkins said that the British navy, despite its failings, was equal to those of any two other nations combined.

A NUMBER OF PUPILS of a German school have been detected in a conspiracy to murder an unpopular usher. The daggers and revolvers were prepared for the crime but at the last moment the youngest of the pupils became frightened and revealed the plot. All the murderous pupils have been expelled from the school.

AT A CIRCUS EXHIBITION near New York, recently, Eddie Belmont, the leading athlete, who lives at Manchester, N. H., attempted to turn a double somersault over elephants, horses and camels. The spring board was wet, Belmont slipped and was thrown sideways into the air. He would have accomplished the feat even then but that the bed on which actors alight was not properly placed and he fell on the ground with terrible force injuring his spine and head and receiving internal injuries so that he cannot live.

MR. GLADSTONE recently meditated a visit to America but he found he would not be able to cross the Atlantic.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE's will was executed in 1882. He bequeathed large sums to charitable institutions, and left numerous legacies to faithful servants.

THE CANVAS DECKED BOAT "The Neptune" which sailed from Penzance some time ago for New York, with a Norwegian, named Johnson, as the only occupant, has been found by a passing vessel unoccupied off Cape Clear. The dory contained a gun, a compass, a set of cooking utensils and some money. The man Johnson is supposed to have been drowned in his mad venture.

THE IRISH PEOPLE seem to be again playing into the hands of their enemies by starting a new outbreak of agrarian crimes just when the new Viceroy and the Government seem disposed to trust them to keep the peace. The number of cases of shooting of caretakers is increasing alarmingly, and they now average two per week. There was great rejoicing in Limerick last week over Lord Carnarvon's withdrawal of the proclamation against Limerick because of the city's refusal to pay the extra tax assessed against it on account of extra police put on duty during the political excitement under Earl Spencer's government." This cablegram from England seems rather strange, as we have lately heard very little about shooting escapades. There is now every prospect that the dispute will be amicably settled. The proclamation which was withdrawn decreed the forcible collection of the tax.

THERE was a plague of flies not long since at the village of Ensworth, Eng. At some places it was impossible to move without closing the eyes and mouth. Thick swarms abounded around every lamp, and their buzz resembled that of a hive of bees. At the Post-office, where the upper portion of the door is open for ventilation, and where necessarily the light is kept burning till the early morning, the insects covered the sorting boards, letters and bags, and had to be continually swept off with brushes. At one lamp they simply hung down in clusters. Bicyclists were in several instances compelled to alight, so thick was the swarm.

A CALL for a meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America, consisting of one delegate from each state and territory, has been issued by President Egan, the meeting to convene at McCoy's hotel, Chicago, on the morning of August 15th. The Executive expects to be able to place before the meeting a communication from Mr. Parnell stating his views on important Irish matters.

SEVERAL INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPERS on this side of the Atlantic are urging, now that cholera has made one victim in Bristol, England, that the greatest precautions be immediately taken in America to have every city and town clean. There is no doubt that cholera would spread fast in Bristol if it once got a hold for many of the streets are quite narrow and very poorly kept. If the plague began in England it would be almost impossible to keep it from spreading to this side of the water and therefore there is great need to do away with any matter favoring the spread of disease. The *Lancet* has an article calling attention to the increasing number of fatal cases of diarrhoea as a precursor of cholera. Taking London and one hundred and twenty-eight large English towns, with an aggregate population of 9,000,000, there were 547 deaths from diarrhoeal disease in the last week of July, against 31 in the last week in May; also a total of 469 cases from then up to the end of the third week in July. Nevertheless, by comparison with similar periods of preceding years, the *Lancet* concludes this diarrhoeal mortality, considering the drought and high temperature, is satisfactorily low.

A YOUNG LADY of North Dorchester Ontario, has been stricken with some terrible disease that the doctors do not seem to understand. She has lain for two weeks entirely helpless, and without power to speak or open her eyes, yet she seems to be conscious. She lies as though she were dead, but when a stranger bends over her to see if she is alive or not, the slightest whisper excites her terribly, but as soon as her mother puts her hand on her and speaks to her, she becomes passive at once. The doctor thinks she may come out of this strange death-like sickness, but her friends are without hope.

SEVERAL DAYS AGO, as the western train from Brockville was reaching Montreal in the evening, it struck an express wagon killing two men and seriously injuring a boy, who were the occupants. The horse was ripped open, the wagon smashed to pieces, and the bodies of the men carried fifty yards up the track. The little boy was insensible when found by the residents, who conveyed him to the flagman's lodge. The flagman at the crossing stated that he had made every effort to prevent the men from crossing the track, but without avail. The driver, Hart, and conductor Lefebvre stopped the train as soon as possible, but the gradient was very steep and the train heavily loaded.

THE STEAMER "Zealand" arrived from Australia last Monday, bringing Maxwell, the alleged murderer of Preller. Maxwell positively refused to make any statement respecting the crime he is charged with, saying he had been strenuously advised by his counsel before leaving Auckland not to open his mouth except to put food in. He looks cheerful, and says he never felt better in his life. The officers are equally reticent. Maxwell will be taken East to-morrow.

THE INDIANS on the Mohawk reservation, in Hastings County, Ontario, forcibly and violently ejected their pastor, the Rev. Rural Dean Baker, from his church on Sunday. The congregation adopted these means to make a vacancy for the Rev. Mr. Anderson, who is a favorite in the parish. Mr. Baker's year expires on October 1st when he would have retired. Legal action is to be taken against Wm. Green, Isaac Green, David Brank, Geo. McRanckle and others who were principals in the assault.

THE HOUSING of the poor is a question which is now under the consideration of the English Parliament. The object of the measure is to prevent the overcrowding of people in dwellings and also to prevent the overcrowding of houses within particular areas. The Government intend to place the great prisons of the metropolis outside London, and utilize the present sites for the construction thereon of artisans' dwellings.

THINGS are coming to a head in Zanzibar and the admiral commanding the German squadron there has declared that he would begin war if the Sultan did not withdraw his forces levying tribute in regions which Germany claims. The Sultan has appealed to England, and Lord Salisbury has asked Prince Bismarck to wait till England has had time to weigh the Sultan's claims before making war. The chiefs of the various districts of Zanzibar remain steadfast in their loyalty to the Sultan.

THE PORTER has given contracts to the Krupp company for \$3,500,000 worth of guns. The wonder is where the money to pay for them will be obtained.

A HORRIBLE BULL FIGHT took place at Nimes, Spain, on Sunday, resulting in the butchery of horses and bulls, and the serious injury of Frascula, the famous torreador or bull-fighter.



War Notice.

A REVIEW OF THE WORK.

There are at present no further fixtures for voting on the Scott Act. A review of the work already done shows that out of a total of 83 contests there were 67 won for the Scott Act, and 16 in which the Act was defeated. Omitting Victoria county for which full returns are not yet in, there has been a total vote of \$154,350 polled for the Act and 101,732 against the Act, leaving a net majority for the Act of 52,618. There has been a total of 60 cities in which the Act has been adopted and 14 in which it has been rejected. In no county or city has the Scott Act ever been repealed and all indications are that public sentiment is growing every where in favor of the law.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—A great temperance demonstration and picnic were held at Freetown, Prince County, on the 17th inst. Hon. J. B. Finch, of Nebraska, was the principal speaker.

SIMCOE.—Enforcement work is being rapidly prosecuted in this county. There have now been seven convictions of as many hotel keepers within the limits of Tecumseh township. The rest of the county is pushing a vigorous enforcement of the campaign.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a great prohibition camp meeting to be held at Milton, commencing August 27th. Among the prominent speakers already engaged are Ex-Gov. St. John, Col. Sobreski, Mrs. C. H. St. John, Hon. J. Beauchamp, Rev. W. B. Pickard. Hon. J. B. Finch is also expected to attend.

GREY.—A largely attended convention of leading citizens of the county of Grey, favorable to the submission of the Canada Temperance Act to a vote of the people, was held in Owen Sound, on Wednesday of last week. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and it was unanimously resolved that the necessary steps should be taken to vote on the Act, and bring its provisions into force on the 1st of May next.

ST. CATHARINES.—Strong efforts are being made by the Scott Act supporters of this city to have the date of the election fixed for the middle of August, and defeat the attempted postponement to December 15th. A petition praying for the earliest possible date has been forwarded to the Secretary of State. Examination shows that the number of electors absent as suitors to be very small.

VICTORIA.—Last Sunday evening the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists gave up their ordinary services and united in the Methodist Church in a union service of thanksgiving for the triumphant success of the Scott Act in Victoria. The large church was filled to its utmost capacity. Rev. W. A. McKay, of Woodstock, addressed the meeting for over an hour, speaking with great earnestness and power, reviewing the progress of temperance sentiment and legislation in Canada, and showing many reasons for thankfulness. The meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in Victoria, and a fitting termination to the splendid campaign.

HALDIMAND.—The friends of temperance in this county are not discouraged by the recent defeat of the Scott Act, and are determined to keep up their organization until they win. A circular recently issued by the Central Committee states that among the lessons to be learned from the recent campaign there is most prominent this one, that the reaping is in proportion to the sowing. There has not been to any extent organized efficient effort to influence the minds of the people of Haldimand towards prohibition during the years since the attempt failed to adopt the Dunkin Act. People are generally slow to move in a body in any new direction. There must be a faithful repeated pre-empting of the subject for their consideration. This is the kind of work now demanding our attention.

WATERLOO.—The Anti-press has been amusing itself for two weeks by publishing and re-publishing the sweet crumb of comfort contained in the "rumor" that the Scott Act petitions in Waterloo county are withdrawn. Another yarn equally comforting and equally true, has been in constant circulation about the hotels to the effect that the petitions lack 700 names of the required number. There is no truth in either story; but the liquor party likes to hear both so well, that they will keep on repeating them quite a while yet.

IT IS THE OVER CONSUMPTION of whiskey that makes the under consumption of food and clothing in this land of liberty and liquor. The annual bill for bread, meat, cotton, and woollen goods of this great American people foots up to a total of about \$1,250,000,000. But its annual bill for whiskey, beer, and the taxes thereon is \$1,300,000,000. In other words, it necessarily drinks \$150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats and wears. And the people who commit this folly every year are amazed that once in a few years they are hard up, and some of them want to hoist the communistic white flag, and destroy everybody else's property, because they have wasted their own share of the national substance in rye juice and other riotous fluids.—*Boston Traveller.*

OXFORD.—Mr. James Naxon, Mayor of Ingersoll, who is a large manufacturer, speaking of the effective working of the Scott Act in the county, says: "Since the introduction of the Scott Act all visible signs of drinking have almost entirely disappeared in the town of Ingersoll. Before, drunken men were to be seen on our streets every day of the week, Sundays not excepted; since, (the Act came into force) cases of drunkenness have been rarely known. * * * I am sure the facts will bear me out in saying that there is not one glass of liquor sold in the town of Ingersoll where there were fifty sold before the Act went into effect. Business has not been injured by the operation of the Act, except the liquor business. The difficulty in enforcing the Act has not been great."

THURSO.—The temperance people in this place have a very hard fight against the liquor dealers and their supporters, and to show the difficulties under which they labor a recent incident may be mentioned. In June proceedings were taken against one Raceot, a liquor dealer who had applied for his license. Numerous signed petitions were lodged against the granting of licenses in his case and two other liquor dealers, Raceot and Galipeau, and the County Council refused them. The liquor men then applied to the Dominion Commissioners but on the representations of Mr. Gordon of Aylmer, and the Rev. Magee Pratt, two earnest temperance advocates, the applications were again refused. Notwithstanding this repeated refusal the liquor men did not stop their traffic and a test action was accordingly commenced against Desparter under the Quebec Act. The sale was admitted, but, strange to say, despite the clear nature of the case, the Stipendiary Magistrate on the representations of the liquor men adjourned the case and has since stoutly refused to give a decision. The consequence is that for the present the temperance supporters find themselves blocked. They are determined now to seize the first opportunity of remedying the lamentable state of affairs that exists.

TELL THE BOYS.

In a sermon recently delivered by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage he gave the following account of Sabbath desecration, which ended in a tragedy:

"In the front door of this church Sunday before last, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering here for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said: 'Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday.' 'No,' replied Joe; 'I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here.' 'Oh Joe,' his friend said, 'you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island and we'll have a splendid time.' The temptation was too great, and the twin went to the beach and spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton.

The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed tried to pass around from one seat to another, and fell and was crushed. Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: 'John, I want you to tell the boys to-morrow when you see them that run and Sabbath-breaking did this for me. And, John, while you are telling them, I will be in hell and it will be your fault.'

"Is it not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's Word, with many banks of keys, the *tempest* stop? 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'—*Temperance Banner.*

WORK FOR YOU.

Boys and girls, you must not fancy that neither you nor your actions are of any particular consequence until you become men and women. Shall I tell you who are making the men and women of by-and-by? Who else but the little boys and girls of today? The little thoughts, and words, and acts which you imagine are of no consequence because you are young and small are just the very materials that are daily forming, bit by bit, both your bodies and your minds. In all that you think and do you are laying the foundation of your own future. Your words and deeds of every day are so many bricks added to the growing edifice, which will one day become either a man or a woman.

I am so glad that so many boys and girls all over this broad land have joined the temperance army, for temperance boys and girls are apt to make temperance men and women. The work has great need of you, of each and every one. Your little lips can utter sounds far more effective than those proceeding from the lips of grown persons, and you can plead often to better purpose than the most learned grown person.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

COOLING THE CELLARS.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air being in motion appears cool; but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthy—it is pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded during the day. If the air of a cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather. A bushel of lime absorbs twenty-seven pounds of water, and still appears as a dry powder. In this condition it will be very useful to spread over the garden or lawn, or around fruit-trees, or it may be used for white-wash. This precaution is often necessary in the dairy, because of the prevalence, where air is damp, of mildews, and the various forms of mould. The orange and red kinds of mould especially, which sometimes form upon the cream, have a most injurious effect; or on the butter.

—*American Agriculturist.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes.*)

Aug. 23.—1 Kings 19: 1-18.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In this lesson we study the cause and cure of discouragement.

We saw the prophet flushed with victory, and full of high hopes of a whole people turning to the Lord, come to the gates of Jezreel like a conqueror. In a few hours he is fleeing to the desert, the most discouraged of mortals. Mark the cause of this discouragement as given in the "Notes."

Biblical Illustrations. Peter sinking in the waves and denying his Lord. John the Baptist in prison sending to Christ. Moses when the people murmured. All typified in Bunyan's "Slough of Despond."

First Remedy.—Refreshment and rest of body.

Illustrations of this long fasting. Such fasting is not impossible. The *Tidley News* April, 1881, relates the case of Harriet Duell of Iowa, who died after a fast of 47 days. The same paper for July gives the case of Mr. Griesom of Chicago, who fasted 45 days. Dr. Tanner's fast of 40 days is well known. Elijah's case was different. He was learning divine lessons.

Applications. There are many times, when in certain states of health we cannot judge ourselves or others rightly. Let us be just to ourselves in these moods, and take God's way of helping others who are in this state.

Second Remedy.—A view of God's way of working. By secret and silent forces he does most of his work. The lightning is but a small part of God's working by electricity. The earthquake a small portion of God's chemical action. The tornado a meagre part only of what the air does in the world. God taught Elijah that his work on Carmel was not the greatest proof of success; nor the power of Jezebel a proof of failure.

Illustrations. How frail are the crystals of snow, and yet so much of this snow as a child can carry in its arms enough, according to Tyndall, to force enough to take a whole village, soil and all, and toss it to the clouds. What more gentle and delicate than the rays of the sun! And yet the water of all the rivers and lakes of the world are lifted up by these rays, and carried on the cloud-chariots to their sources. So in the moral world. Thoughts, ideas, feelings, are the real powers, far more than thrones, and wars, and revolutions.

Third Remedy.—More work.

Illustration. There is a quaint legend which tells how, some years after the event, St. Thomas was again troubled with agonizing doubts as to our Lord's resurrection.

He sought the apostles, and began to pour his soul's troubles into their ears. But first one, then the other, looked at him in astonishment, and told the unhappy doubter that he was sorry for him, but really he had so much to do he had no time to listen to his tale. Then he was fain to impart his woes to some devout women. But they, as busy as Dorcas, and in like employment, soon made him understand that they had no leisure for such thoughts as these. At last it dawned upon him that perhaps it was because they were so busy that they were free from the doubts by which he was tortured. He took the hint; he went to Parthia, occupied himself in preaching Christ's Gospel, and was never troubled with doubts any more.

Fourth reason.—A truer view of the facts. The bright side of the picture of which he had seen only the dark.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Take four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, one pint of boiling water; let it simmer for a few minutes, then take the yolk of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir this mixture together and boil until thick, like boiled custard (and, by the way, cook it in the same way, by setting the dish in boiling water, and so avoid all danger of burning.) Make a crust as for lemon pie, bake it and then put in the cooked chocolate. Beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar; put this on the top of the pie and set it in the oven to brown. Serve cold. It is not at all difficult to make and ought to be a perfect success.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM HAMMER.

When a man has invented a hammer moved by steam, so completely under control that it will crack an egg-shell in a wine-glass without breaking the glass, or deal a ponderous blow with the force of descending tons that will forge the great mainshaft of a steamer—his name must be permanently linked with that invention.

James Nasmyth had the good fortune to be born in a family in comfortable though moderate circumstances, and to have advantages of education both in schools and at home. And though he began his own active career at the bottom of the ladder, he was spared the struggle with poverty which however much some have conquered in it, can scarcely be looked upon as a blessing. He came of a line quite noted for excellence in mechanics and the fine arts. His grandfather and great-grandfather were architects and builders. His father was an artist of repute, and inherited a mechanical spirit. He invented the "how-and-spring bridge," which has been largely used on railways, and the principle of which is applied to the roofing of large structures. He also invented the method of riveting by compression instead of by hammering. In the workshop in his house he learned the use of tools and materials, while the father's artistic taste and instruction gave him the ability to think in graphic representation.

James Nasmyth was born in Edinburgh, August 19, 1808, the next to the last in a family of eleven children. They were a happy and industrious family, helping themselves and each other. Part of the education of the boy was carried on at home by his eldest sister. Then, having outgrown her teaching, he was sent to school. He had no taste for the classics, and derived little benefit, he tells us, from his High School teaching, except, he adds, "one lesson which is of great use in after life: I mean as regards the performance of duty. I did my tasks punctually and cheerfully, though they were far from agreeable." Leaving the High School in 1820, he continued his studies in private classes. Arithmetic and geometry were his favorite branches. "The first three books of Euclid were to me a new intellectual life." His father at the same time was giving him every opportunity for practising the art of drawing, and he was learning the "graphic language" which served him so well all through his life. "I was constantly busy," he says; "mind, hands, and body were kept in a state of delightful and instructive activity. When not drawing I occupied myself in my father's workshop, at the lathe, the furnace, or the bench. I gradually became initiated into every variety of mechanical and chemical manipulation. I made my own tools and constructed my chemical apparatus as far as lay in my power."

His life was thus passing without special incident. At the age of seventeen he began to construct working models of steam engines and other apparatus required for the illustration of mechanical subjects. "The price charged for my models was £10; and with the pecuniary results I made over one-third to my father, as a sort of help to remunerate him for my 'keep,' and with the rest I purchased tickets of admission to certain classes in the university." How steadily the young man worked may be seen from this record: "I got up early in the mornings to work at my father's lathe, and I sat up late at night to do the brass castings in my bedroom." When he was nineteen years of age, at the request and expense of the Scottish Society of Arts, this budding engineer constructed a road steam-carriage, which worked successfully. In this, without being aware that it was George Stevenson's method, he used the waste steam to create a blast for the furnace.

The next stage in the life of this industrious young mechanic was spent in the engineering works of Henry Maudsley, in London, considered at the time the best of his kind in Great Britain. He owed his entrance here to the skill he showed in the construction of his models and in his mechanical drawings. Mr. Maudsley took him as his own assistant workman, and the young

Scotchman, not yet of age, became intimately associated with him in carrying on his experimental work. Nasmyth's wages at first, in part owing to his own modest estimate of himself, were small. To live on them, therefore, and not to trench on the little capital he had gathered by the sale of his models, he did his own cooking in an apparatus which he himself invented, and which worked to his great satisfaction. His service with Mr. Maudsley covered a period of about two years, when that worthy man died, and in August 1831, our engineer returned to Edinburgh to begin business for himself.

After some time spent in his native city, where he employed himself in part in the construction of machine-tools to facilitate further work, young Nasmyth, then twenty-six years of age, moved to Manchester and set to work at the manufacture of machinery of various kinds. His business grew. In order to keep pace with the influx of work he had to take on fresh hands. He put the best workmanship of which he was capable into all the machines he made. He was successful in all his engagements. His business proved safe and profitable. It was a time of great activity in mechanical products. Railways were being constructed, and there was a largely increased demand for machine-making tools. So greatly, indeed, did Nasmyth's business increase that it outgrew the flat in Manchester where he had established it, and he was forced to provide himself with new quarters. These he found at Patrioort, on the Bridgewater Canal, and also on the line of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Here he erected the



James Nasmyth

forging, guiding it in its descent by such simple means as should give the required precision in the percussive action of the falling mass. . . . In a little more than half an hour I had the whole contrivance, in all its executive details, before me in a page of my scheme book."

spirit of zeal in those in his employ; and how he married happily and settled down in a home of his own. We turn to the invention of the steam hammer. The immediate occasion of its device was the call for a paddle-shaft of greater dimensions than had ever before been made, to be used in the steamer "Great Britain." There was no shop in the country that could undertake so large a forging. The engineer of the company inquired of Mr. Nasmyth whether it would be safe

to use cast-iron. This inquiry set Mr. Nasmyth thinking. The existing hammers—of the kind known as "tilt-hammers"—were inadequate because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as of their want of power of blow. Let the autobiography tell the rest of the story: "The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was desired to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the object."

The steam hammer, as will be seen in the illustration, consists of a massive anvil, a heavy block of iron with which the blow is given, and an inverted steam cylinder, to whose piston-rod the hammer block is attached. The steam in the cylinder raises the hammer-block, and then by a valve under the control of an attendant, the steam

hammer was afterwards constructed to use steam above the piston, thus adding to the force of the blow. A method of self-action was also devised, and is sometimes used. "The steam hammer," says its inventor, "has advanced the mechanical arts, especially with relation to machinery of the larger class, to an extent that is of incalculable importance."

In 1856 Mr. Nasmyth, having acquired a fortune ample for all his requirements, retired from business. But he has not yet retired from active pursuits. Even while engaged in the pressing cares of his large foundry, he had been interested in astronomical studies, and had constructed a number of reflecting telescopes in order to prosecute his investigations. The further study of astronomy has been a source of pleasure to him in the years that have intervened, and in a book on the moon he has added to astronomical science.

The steam hammer was not Mr. Nasmyth's only invention. We have not space here to give even a list of his many contrivances. They are all remarkable for the simplicity that characterizes them, and are illustrations of his definition of engineering—"the application of common sense to the use of materials."

The reader of the volume cannot fail to be charmed with the simplicity of the narrative, a reflex of the simple character of the man himself. There will be many to wish for the great mechanic a long continuance of his serene old age.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

REST IN ACTION.

Absolute perpetual rest and absolute perpetual activity are equally incompatible with life. Each, duly balanced, is the complement of the other. Sleep is simply rest in its completest form—rest of brain, and rest of all the organs, save those necessary to existence. The tough heart rests between the beats, nor can it be much accelerated by stimulants without immediate or remote injury. The harder-working lungs rest between inspiration and expiration.

The brain must have rest, or fail. Such a case of unresting activity as that of Henry Kirke White—and there have been thousands like it—should show scholars that nature holds it an unpardonable sin to rob the brain of its rightful rest. Others, who toiled like White, instead of paying the penalty in early death, have exchanged genius for madness or imbecility.

But a large part of our needed rest may be secured in connection with a high degree of activity. The clerk threatened with "writer's cramp" may escape, not so well by lying for a month in a reclining-chair as by engaging in athletic games, chopping wood, or rambling in the forest.

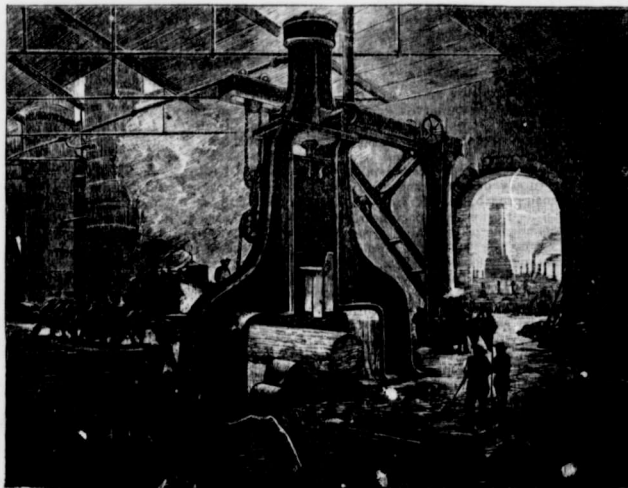
Generally only a small part of the brain is unduly used, and that may be recuperated by calling into action some other part; that is, by change of mental application. Gladstone doubtless rests his brain from the cares of State as much by such studies as Homer as by the sturdy blows of his axe. The pastor's calls at the homes of his flock not only double the good of his preaching, but most effectually rests his brain by the change.

The mere money-getter tends to become a monomaniac. The miser, dying in filth and rags beside his hoarded gold, is the end of avarice. The power and the disposition to accumulate need to be balanced by the disposition and the power to use acquisitions properly and wisely.

If one has overworked both stomach and brain, let him beware how he yields to the temptation to stimulate them artificially to their wonted activity. On the contrary, let him give each a long rest, while he bestirs himself to a general invigoration of his physical system.

So whatever organ has been over-used, rest that. And this can commonly best be done in connection with a special activity of other parts.—Youth's Companion.

HAVE A PURPOSE in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—Carlyle.



THE STEAM HAMMER AT WORK.

Bridgewater Foundry, in the conduct of which the remainder of his active life was spent. In August, 1836, the foundry was in complete and efficient action.

We have little space remaining for details. Our readers will find those in the volume. We there learn how he associated a business partner with himself; how he managed his workmen so as to avoid the difficulties of strikes; how he infused a

being allowed to escape, the hammer descends upon the forging, and these blows may be given in any required number or intensity—as we said in our opening sentence, cracking an eggshell or forging a ponderous mainshaft for an ocean steamer. As Mr. Nasmyth says: "The attendant could, by means of the steam slide-valve lever in his hand, transmit his will to the action of the hammer, and thus think in blows." The

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