

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

This paper is published weekly at the low price of fifty cents a year, or forty cents when ten copies are ordered at once, sent singly or in parcels. Readers who see it for the first time are invited to examine its contents and ask themselves if it is not worth double what is charged for it. Besides giving a full budget of the week's news with editorial comment, it contains stories, puzzles, pictures, household information, Sunday-school matter, markets, etc. In the page or two devoted to temperance will be found a record of the progress being made in behalf of that cause by the leading organizations, and articles upon live topics connected with temperance work throughout the Dominion. Present subscribers would confer a favor upon the publishers, as well as promote a good enterprise, by endeavoring to extend our circulation according to their opportunities. Address orders to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

### THE PROPOSED LIQUOR LAW.

The select committee of seventeen, appointed by the House of Commons to devise a measure for the prevention of the unrestrained sale of intoxicating liquors throughout the Dominion, chose a sub-committee from among its members to draw up a scheme. This sub-committee has, it is understood, made a draught of a bill containing provisions pretty much in accord, so far as it goes, with the memorials of the Dominion Alliance, the Roman Catholic bishops of Quebec and other clergymen. Almost everything that had been demanded already existed in Provincial legislation, and the work of the committee was chiefly the gathering into one measure of various provisions scattered throughout the statutes of the different Provinces. A Board of License Commissioners for each city and county is one of the first recommendations of the sub-committee, which, it is suggested, should be formed of the mayor of a city or warden of a county, a County Court judge (Superior Court in the case of Quebec), and a person appointed by the Dominion Government. This is an improvement upon the Ontario system, removing as it does the licensing function above the domain of petty local politics and prejudices. The number of licenses is to be limited according to the population, as has been done in Ontario under the Crooks Act. A very important proposal, adopted from the New Brunswick law, is to separate the liquor traffic from the grocery business. Not only is this one of the greatest necessities as a temperance provision, but a simple act of justice to ward grocers who will have nothing to do with liquor. Next there is a proposition to require an application for license to be signed by one-fourth of the voters in a polling district. This may be regarded as a loss of advantage in Nova Scotia and British Columbia—where no license can be granted except upon requisition of two-thirds of the ratepayers in a licensing district; but it is a

great stride in advance for this Province, particularly for the city of Montreal, where the dealer now has only to obtain the signatures of twenty-five voters to his application for license. Another clause supplies the temperance party with a portion of the strength wanting in the provision just noticed, by giving a majority of the electors in a district power to prevent the granting of a license therein. Perhaps it is too much to hope that before the measure becomes law these latter two provisions may be merged into one, simply ordering that all applications for license must be signed by a majority of voters in the district. Why more trumping after signatures should be prescribed for those opposed to the liquor traffic than those who are essaying to live by it is something not readily understood. Of course the measure contains a Sunday closing clause, the Ontario law being followed, which forbids the traffic from seven o'clock Saturday night to six o'clock Monday morning. It is doubtful whether there will be time this session to pass the measure with that amount of deliberation which its importance demands, but if the committee does its duty well it may be able to present a bill that could be only improved materially in the direction of increased stringency, and that being scarcely practicable at present we hope to see the projected legislation in force at the expiry of all current licenses. Sections of the Dominion where public opinion is in advance of the measure really do not need it, as the Canada Temperance Act is available to them and its adoption raises a constituency above the domain of licenses altogether.

### W. C. T. UNION.

Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, had engagements in California up to the 13th of May, after which, accompanied by her private secretary, Miss A. Gordon, she would begin an organization tour in all the leading cities and towns of Nevada, Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska and Manitoba. This is the tenth year since the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and its officers purpose to introduce the Society in every county seat town of ten thousand inhabitants and over, as the best manner of signaling this epoch in Temperance work. The Society is now organized in three thousand towns and cities of the United States, and has seventy-five thousand members as its estimated constituency in 1883. Mrs. Lucas, the sister of John Bright, is President of the British W. C. T. U., and Mrs. D. B. Chisholm, of Hamilton, Canada, is President of the Canadian W.C.T.U. Miss Willard and these ladies are in correspondence relative to a simultaneous movement for such an increase in the number of local auxiliaries as will make this the most notable year's organizing ever known in temperance annals. In view of the arduous nature of Miss Willard's public duties, Mrs. Congdon, Secretary California W. C. T. U., asks, in the circular from which the above is taken, that the President may be allowed entire rest in the intervals between her public efforts.

The Ottawa Branch of the W.C.T.U., of which Mrs. Tilton is the indefatigable President, continues the noble work in which it has now been engaged for two years past. If possible, the ladies are now doing greater things than before, and are an example of energy and zeal in the reformation work worthy of closer imitation by the sterner sex. Besides the large Bands of Hope under the control of the Union, the Sunday afternoon Temperance meeting is also managed by the ladies, and is adding many to the ranks of total abstainers, some three hundred having signed the pledge book within a very short time. In addition to the above a committee of the Union is now canvassing the city for subscriptions for the establishment of a Coffee House, and there is no doubt that should the encouragement be accorded which the object deserves, the Capital will very soon have this much needed boon. BROOKE.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

Victoria Lodge, I.O.G.T., Stellarton, N.S., is in splendid working order. On Tuesday the first May, Lodge Deputy Reid installed the officers for this term. There are at present 126 members in good standing; fifteen new members were initiated during last quarter. Dr. Livingstone Lodge, Westville, is also doing a good work. The Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., meets in Halifax on Friday, 8th June, and the R.W.G.L. of the world meets in the same place on Tuesday, 12th June, 1883, when representatives from many parts of the world will be present. This is the first time that the Right Worthy Grand Lodge will ever have met in Nova Scotia. The Scott Act is now just beginning to do its work in Pictou County and we look forward to a peaceable summer here with a scarcity of rum. R.

We may add to our esteemed correspondent's interesting notes that Stellarton and Westville are leading mining towns, and it is gratifying to hear that temperance work is going on encouragingly there.

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

A convention will meet in Dartmouth, N.S., on the 24th May, to consider the advisability of submitting the Canada Temperance Act to the electors of Halifax county.

Last year the Legislature of New Brunswick passed a law to reward constables securing conviction of offenders against the Canada Temperance Act. A strong effort was made this year to have the law repealed, but a bill for that purpose was given the three months hoist by a vote of eighteen to seventeen.

How and by whom the Canada Temperance Act should be enforced is a serious question in some constituencies of New Brunswick. The Local Legislature passed a law last year to facilitate the carrying out of the Act wherever adopted, but it does not seem to be all that is required in towns. In Moncton and other towns there is a division of opinion as to whether the ratepayers should be taxed for means to prosecute offenders.

The Charlottetown, P. E. I., *Daily Examiner* makes out that the Scott Act, in force all over the Island, is not being enforced and that more drinking is going on at the present time than ever before. Cannot some of our readers in Prince Edward Island tell us what they know about the matter and point out the causes for the Act not fulfilling its objects? Temperance workers in that Province have grave responsibility to shoulder. The spectacle of the Act lying a dead letter in a whole Province cannot but have a discouraging effect upon movements to have it adopted elsewhere. People are apt to jump at the conclusion, when restrictive legislation does not have its intended effect, that the fault is in the law. Laws against the various forms of felony would be inoperative if society in general were indifferent as to whether they were enforced or not. Under local option or absolute prohibition of liquor all who are opposed to the traffic, whether they call themselves temperance people or not, stand in the same relation to the outlawed business as general society does to crime.

The banner of the Canada Temperance Act has been unfurled in Oxford county, Ontario, and lively skirmishing in the newspapers betokens a struggle fairly begun. Some strong opponents of the Act disclaim antagonism to temperance, but say the "temperance people" have no right to ask for the Dominion local option law until they have shown their sincerity by enforcing the Provincial license law (the Crooks Act). Strange it is how readily these great friends of temperance, yet confessedly not temperance people, assume the task of instructing the latter class as to where its duties lie. They are, however, behind the age if they imagine temperance people will work contentedly under a license system, that gives the traffic a certain legal status, when they have a law within reach whereby the evil business may be utterly divested of all legal sanction, and those engaging in it placed in the category of other criminals. Temperance people as a class have never, in our knowledge, acquiesced in the principle of regulating the trade by licenses, but have accepted the system and had its stringency increased when they could, while endeavoring to educate the general public up to the point of demanding something better in principle and more sweeping in action. License restrictions, local option and state prohibition are the three great stages in the upward movement of society, throughout Christendom, toward freedom from the curse of the age. The second one is only being entered upon in most countries, although the third has been reached in a few. Still, wholesome rebuke is in some cases conveyed in the sneers of the enemy and of pretended friends, and we believe it will be proved that those communities which have faithfully used the license laws, to reduce the traffic, will better use and more appreciate the engine of local prohibition than communities which neglected the powers that license laws gave them.

GERMANY AND ITALY have effected a treaty of commerce.

## DON'T FORGET TO PRAY.

BY J. WARD CHILDS.

"It's hard to have you leave us, John,  
They all are gone but you;  
We're getting old and feeble, and  
Our journey'll soon be through,  
But since it is God's pleasure, John,  
To guide you on your way  
Accept, my boy, this precious book,  
And don't forget to pray.

"This book has been a treasure, John,  
To father and to me;  
As it has been to millions, and  
To millions more will be.  
In sickness, pain, and sorrow, John,  
"Twill shed a cheering ray;  
Then let it be your constant guide,  
And don't forget to pray.

"This world is full of wickedness,  
Of luring snares, and sin;  
And thousands, madly pressing on,  
Are daily falling in.  
But if you would escape them, John,  
And keep the narrow way,  
Oh, make God's Word your counsellor,  
And don't forget to pray.

"With yearning hearts we'll pray, dear  
John,  
For your eternal weal,  
As round the family altar we  
At morn and evening kneel.  
In spirit you may join us, John,  
Though many miles away,  
If in your heart this Word you hide,  
And don't forget to pray.

"Good-by! God bless and keep you, John,  
Shall be our daily prayer;  
And if we meet no more below,  
God grant we may up there.  
And we have this assurance, John,  
To cheer us, that we may,  
If we the Bible make our guide,  
And don't forget to pray."  
—N. Y. Oberver.

## A DASH FOR LIFE.

THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE RIDE.

By F. M. Holmes, author of "Faith's Father,"  
"Saeed" and "By Fire," etc.

At the time of which I speak, Arton, was the terminus of a long branch of the main line of one of our principal railways. It was a dear, old-fashioned country town, with many irregular streets branching off from the long and unevenly built main thoroughfare.

Through those hot, summer holiday afternoons, nothing was so delightful to my brother and myself as to wander down to the terminus, and watch the luggage vans being loaded and unloaded with the goods which had come to the station for and from the numerous villages around.

And more delicate still, were we, when in course of time, we began to make friends with the engine drivers and their mates, and from them learned details about their mighty machines. One of them was kind enough to beckon us to come to him when he saw us on the platform, and then, helter-skelter, we would run across the rails and climb on to his engine, to remain there and watch his doings, and ask questions, until his hour of rest was over, and he had to take the return train back to London.

And often it was necessary that the engine should perform certain duties, such as shunting, or pumping water for its own consumption, and one little trip it always took was a short journey to the "turn-table," where its head was slewed round again Londonwards, or rather towards Bingham, which was the place where the branch line, of which Arton was the terminus, joined the main road of rails. We usually were invited by our friendly driver to accompany him on these trips, and so often did we go, and so keen was the interest we took in his doings that we became perfectly familiar with the ordinary method of working that glorious machine—a locomotive engine.

Well, things went on in this way for some time, until one memorable day, when on being beckoned by John Freeth (our most friendly passenger-engine driver), and gaily climbing upon his machine, we found to our dismay that he was the worse for liquor, so far gone, indeed, that it was his stoker who was entirely managing the locomotive, and at the same time preventing him from committing acts of drunken folly which

would have been disastrous indeed in their results.

As soon as we saw the state he was in, we drew back and were about to jump off, but at that moment Freeth pulled the lever which opened the valve to the cylinders, and the engine steamed off. Moreover, he saw our intention, and being anxious (like most people when in his lamentable state) to act as though he was not intoxicated, he began to question us why we wanted to run away, and to threaten us if we should attempt to do so. He had to go to Medlar's siding he said, which was a good five miles off, and that would be a fine run for us, so stop we must unless we could give a good reason for going.

And the fireman found the opportunity to whisper to my brother—"Take no notice of his queerness, if you do, he'll be mad. I'll take care of you; I can manage him." So with hearts full of vague fear, off we went.

At any other time we should have been delighted beyond measure. The ride to Medlar's siding was a glorious one, and I cannot describe the sense of exhilaration which thrills your nerves as you rush through the air on an unattached engine—going so easily and so lightly, and yet so rapidly, that you are obliged to hold on to the sides to preserve your balance, whilst the air whistles past, and you "tingle" with delight to the very finger-tips.

We had to go first to the "turn-table." This was only a run of a few minutes back on the main line, then a "shunt" off to a siding which led to the engine-house. We remained on the engine whilst Freeth and his mate descended and worked the wheels which screwed the table round, on which the "Jupiter" (this was the engine's name) was standing. We noticed as we waited that Freeth was too far gone to work properly, and that the burden of the labor was borne by Hinton, his stoker. Thereupon we jumped off and helped him to turn the handle, and I remember to this day how hard it turned, and that we made the remark, "it wanted oil."

Well, the engine was turned, and then Freeth, telling Hinton to "take her to the pumps," walked, or rather reeled off by himself towards the town, and as he did so we could see he took a black bottle from his pocket and applied it to his lips. A frown settled on Hinton's face as he noticed this—a frown and a look of apprehension, but he said nothing.

Two or three strokes of the piston brought us to the engine house, and another stroke placed us on the wheels of the pump. Then the valve to the cylinders was again slightly opened, and the engine left to its work, whilst Hinton cleaned and oiled the various joints and bearings.

But perhaps I had better just explain that the "wheels" referred to were let into the floor of the engine room, that their tops formed part of the rails on which the engine stood; if, therefore, those wheels were unlocked so that they could revolve, and the driving wheels of the engine were so accurately placed as to rest solely upon them, it will easily be seen that although the valve to the cylinders was opened to its fullest extent the engine would not travel an inch, the driving wheels not "gripping" the line, would only sent the wheels on which they rested flying round in an opposite direction. This was what was done, and the lower wheels worked a force-pump which filled the immense tank at the top of the engine house. The wants of the various engines, which visited the terminus were large, and nearly every day the large tank was emptied.

I have described this rather minutely, as it will then be seen that this operation was rather a delicate one, everything depended on the two wheels exactly meeting; and it was a great dereliction of duty on Freeth's part to have left Hinton to manage it alone, although he was quite capable of doing so. However, we were able to help him.

We noticed that a new engine was standing in the shed getting up steam. She was an immense and very powerful engine, fitly named the "Giant" and had not been in Arton before—that is, we had not seen her, and we spent some time in examining her—she had two pairs of driving wheels, and so could not "pump" as we were doing, or our engine would not have had to perform this duty on this occasion.

Hinton was annoyed at this, for time was short, and he had much to do. But the

tank had been quite empty, and we could not get off to Medlar's siding for the trucks waiting there until it was filled. Twice he quickened the rate of speed, until the wheels seemed to fly round, and it would be dangerous to go faster, but it appeared of little use. The din was now deafening—it seemed almost to split one's head. In this way, five and thirty minutes of precious time was spent, and yet we had to go to the siding five miles off, and mess about, as Hinton phrased it, with shunting a lot of trucks, and he would never be able to clean and oil all the machinery properly.

At last, however, the joyful news came that the tank was full. I brought that information myself, for I had climbed the iron ladder to look in several times. At the words Hinton uttered an exclamation of joy, threw his oil cans into their box, and jumping on the engine shut off steam and stopped the driving wheel; my brother and I locked the pump-wheels and quickly climbed up beside the stoker. Hinton opened the valve, and we were off for Medlar's siding.

It was a splendid run! Hinton dashed along to make up for lost time, and the wind whistled gaily past us, whilst our spirits rose higher and our pulses beat excitedly.

But it was soon over. The siding was reached, and in quick time Hinton jumped off and hooked on the trucks; the engine was reversed and back we went to Arton dragging after us a long line of empty wagons.

Of course we did not return as rapidly as we had come, still we went along pretty quickly until we arrived near the engine-house, and came to the point at which the trucks were to be shunted off from the main line. Hinton looked out, but there was no porter to see to the points at the engine-house; we heard loud voices in the engine-house, and judged from the sounds that Freeth had returned and was engaged in a hot altercation with the man who should have attended to the points for us.

Muttering angrily to himself, Hinton jumped up and pulled the lever whilst we opened the valve (naturally proud of being allowed to do so) and slowly steamed along, dragging the trucks to their proper siding. When they had all cleared the points, Hinton shouted; we shut off steam and screwed the brake down hard. We then uncoupled the engine and slowly moved off, whilst he shunted us to another siding, whence we could reach the main line again.

This we did, and then waited for him to climb up. As he was running towards us we heard a loud cry, and the porter who should have helped us ran from the engine house, and entreated Hinton to assist him in restraining Freeth.

Hinton stopped, undecided what to do. At that moment my brother screamed, "Look out, Harry! here's that old 'Giant' coming!"

I looked, and never shall I forget the wild throbs of terror which thrilled me as I saw, scarce any distance off, that immense engine, blowing off full steam and rushing towards us, with Freeth, mad drunk, at the lever, and pulling it open wider still.

"Dash for it!" cried my brother; "open the throttle" (valve), and whilst he sent the brake handle spinning round, leaving the wheels free, I gradually opened the valve so as to give the drivers "grip" and we were off!

I shouted loudly to Hinton to open the points of another siding, so that we could get off the main line, and my brother screamed to Giles, the porter, to switch off the "Giant," but to no purpose. She came on so fast that neither of the men could cross the line; before we knew it, we had passed the last "points," and were traveling at a tremendous pace on the main line to Bingham, with that steaming, snorting terrible "Giant" following us faster and still faster.

To stop was instant destruction. All our hope was to dash ahead so fast that if the "Giant" overtook us the shock (especially as our buffers were remarkably strong) would be much reduced.

We saw this at once, and without pausing to think, banked up the fires, opened the valve to its widest, and sped along at a frightful speed! Excitement! I never knew what it was before, and I don't wish to experience it again. Look when we would behind us, there was that terrible "Giant," worked by that insane man, still following us closely.

Why did we not jump off when first we saw it coming. There was no time. Our only chance seemed to be to keep moving and to be switched off. Hinton and others said afterwards we could not have done otherwise than what we did. Moreover, we expected that Freeth would stop at the first station, as he was accustomed to, and discovering his mistake would go back. But no such thing. We dashed through the station at a frightful pace, and then our hearts began to fail us indeed. What was to be done. There seemed to be no help for us. We must still dash for life, before that steaming snorting "Giant," driven by that madman Freeth. "The road is open to Bingham," said my brother, thoughtfully, "because they expect the train this engine ought to have behind it; so far we are safe, if we can but keep ahead. What's the pressure now, Harry? Can we keep up this rate much longer?"

We read off the figures on the gauge, and I will remember the pressure of steam in the boiler was 150 pounds, and rising. We piled on more coal, and again looked behind us. The "Giant" was coming on as fast as ever, but the distance between us, though small, had not lessened.

Happily it was a luggage engine; so far, we had the advantage, for ours, being built for passenger traffic, was lighter, and capable of going at a higher rate of speed. The "Giant" was more powerful, and intended for dragging heavy weights rather than for rapidity of motion.

So we swept on! It was a terrible ride, the memory of which will never pass from me. Danger before us, terrible danger, certain destruction if we stopped; no hope but to dash on—on—on—whither we dare not ask ourselves.

Again we heaped coal on the fire, and again we anxiously consulted the gauge. At present we were all right—we had a good head of steam, quite sufficient to keep up our present pace. This done, we opened the steam-whistle, and tied it down; and now, with shrieking whistle, we plunged on through the darkening twilight! Our hope was that the officials at Arton had telegraphed the news along the line, and that some help might be coming. But we shuddered as we asked ourselves what help could be rendered us! To be switched off to a siding would be but to court the terrible death from which we are now flying, for how could they switch us off, and not that terrible thing behind! Still vaguely hoping that something might be done, we kept the whistle open and waited. "It will at least serve to warn them we are coming, and tell them to clear the road," said my brother, grimly.

But now a new danger presented itself! We were rapidly approaching Bingham, and consulting our watches, to our dismay we found that an express train would be due at that station at the time that we, unlesstopped, would dash through it! Could nothing be done to make that madman stop! We looked behind for the hundredth time. No! rapidly and pertinaciously as ever the engine was steaming on.

"We must get to Bingham before that express," said my brother decidedly. "We're going quicker than she will. Then we shall have a hundred miles or more of clear line, for it'll be open—expecting her. If we are behind it and get there while it's waiting, there'll be a terrible smash. What's the time Harry?"

I told him. Then came a look on his features I had never seen before. No more was he a boy. He had suddenly become a man, in spirit at least; his brows were knit and his lips were firm, as though he contemplated a mighty purpose.

"We'll clear the junction before the express, and then with an open hundred miles of line before us I'll stop this madman somehow, if I die for it!"

He threw off his coat, piled more coal on the furnace, and took his watch in his hand. His face grew more anxious. We were perilously near the junction—and if we were not through in five minutes a frightful collision must ensue.

I eagerly looked to the next turn in the road. When I saw that turning we could see the other line on which the express would run. Both lines joined at the junction.

It was a sharp curve, and terribly dangerous to round it at the frightful pace we were then going, but my brother would not slacken speed. Indeed, how could he, with

When first we no time. Our to keep moving on and others not have done did. Moreover, could stop at the utmost to, and did go back. But through the and then our eed. What was to be no help for life, before ant," driven by e road is open other, thought- the train this and it; so far we ahead. What's Can we keep up

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that terrible engine still snorting close behind us.

With a perilous jerk, a rush, and a roar, we were round the point and almost abreast of the express on the other line.

My brother clutched the safety valve and jammed it down hard, and the pressure was increased. No engine could bear such a strain long. But if we could warn the express it might be saved. We still kept our whistle open. My heart seemed to stand in my mouth as I watched her. Could she stop in time! She might for the "Giant," but not for us. *We must get through first.*

And, thank God, we did! With a scream we swept through the station like a whirlwind of fire, and in a moment were on the main line with a hundred and fifty clear miles before us! The express, warned by us, strained every nerve to stop, and was enabled to do so within a yard of the "Giant." And still that frightful madman was running behind us! But we breathed more freely now. The express was safe, and we had time now to work. The first thing was to join the engine! Pressing his teeth tightly together and bending his brows, my brother began, almost imperceptibly, to slacken speed; whilst I climbed over the tender and took up my position on the beam at the back, to which the coupling chains were attached. I found them hooked up in readiness.

It was a perilous adventure! Fast through the gathering gloom I saw the "Giant" approaching nearer and still more near.

"Let her go!" I cried to my brother, "quicker, quicker, if you are too slow it'll be too much of a shock!"—and my brother slightly increased the speed again, but not so much as to gain on the "Giant." Nearer she came, nearer and still nearer; I clung tight to the chains; nearer yet, until at last she struck us.

It was a terrible blow, but did not damage us much, for the buffers were strong, and I instantly threw the chains over the hook of the "Giant," and commenced to screw them tight!

My brother had managed beautifully. Thank God! the first part of our perilous enterprise was successfully accomplished!

Then we shut off steam and screwed the brakes down hard, until they were all aflame. So far we were able to retard the speed of the "Giant," and our engine could be left. The whistle was still tied down, and screaming as a warning. The safety valve was open.

Cautiously we began to make our way by means of the buffers to the other engine, one on each side, until we could peep over and see what Freeth was doing.

Greatly to our relief, we found that he was lying full length before the furnace, overcome by the heat of the fire, and in a profound drunken slumber. We jumped down, and quickly tied his hands and feet with cord from the stoker's box; then fastened him securely with a rope to the side of the engine. But he never woke; his drunken stupor was too profound.

The rest was comparatively child's play, and is soon told. We ran rapidly on to the next station, where we were quickly shunted and the line cleared for the express. We told our tale to the station master, who kept us in a sort of polite durance until next day, when a stern-faced and spruce uniformed inspector came and cross-examined us severely.

Then we were allowed to return home; but of our rapturous though subdued and thankful feeling whilst journeying back over that terrible road, and the joy and tenderness awaiting us at home, I will say nothing here. Sufficient to tell, that shortly afterwards we received an official reprimand for playing with the company's engines, accompanied by a notification that the directors could punish Freeth severely, but would take no further steps in the matter as regards ourselves in consequence of our bravery. Still they wished to point out that the risks had been great, and but for a merciful and over-ruling Providence there might have been a grave disaster. They would make us a present of our fares back. That was all. We thought we knew more about the risks and consequences and so forth than the directors, but we did not say so; and as for any reward for saving the engines and preventing the accident—well, perhaps we did not deserve one—who knows! At all events we did not do it for a reward, and the knowledge that we had prevented

a grave disaster was reward enough in any case. I would not give much for that man's pluck or right-doing who only and solely exercises it for a reward—would you!—*Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

ROBERT MOFFAT AND HIS MOTHER.

Several years ago, when the Nestor of African missions was in his seventy-sixth year, I had the great pleasure of spending a long evening with him. He then told us about his mother. The veteran had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting that evening, but his work, instead of exhausting seemed only to have put him in good spirits. Story after story, illustrating racyly the power of the gospel, delighted his hearers, and among others these:—

"When I was home the first time, that is, in 1840, I preached in Newcastle, and was going home from church with the minister's wife. We met an old man dressed like a minister, to whom she spoke and introduced me; but I did not catch his name. He seemed anxious to talk, but the lady said, 'Come to tea, and you'll have more time to talk to Mr. Moffat?' and he said with a strong Scotch accent, 'Weel, I'll see.' Sure enough when tea-time came, there was the old man, very frail and worn out looking. He was sitting at one end of a long sofa, and I at the other; and he began to say, 'Your name, Mr. Moffat, minds me of a worthy woman that used to come to my church long ago when I was minister at Carron-bridge. She was a very godly woman, and she always brought her son with her, a boy with a curly black head. They came into my house sometimes for books and tracts. It's long since I left, nearly thirty years; but her name was Moffat, and hearing your name has put me in mind of her. I wonder what has become of her curly-headed boy by this time.'

"My heart was too full to let me speak a single word, so the old man said it all over again, thinking I was deaf. By that time I had got back my tongue, and said, 'You cannot be Mr. Caldwell?'

"I think I never saw anybody more astonished than the old man was when he found that I was the curly-headed boy. I had to tell him the shape of his house and of his garden, and where the potatoes grew, before he seemed quite sure; and then we talked of my mother."

Some one suggested that probably the man who had done so much for Christ in Africa, and was then handling the proof sheets of a corrected revision of the Scotchman Bible, owed his conversion to his mother.

"It was this way," said Dr. Moffat. "When I was leaving home for Warrington, to work as a gardener, my mother asked me to give her a promise. I wanted to know what I was to promise; but she would not tell me and still insisted that I would promise. I was very loth to give my word to do a thing I did not know; but I loved and trusted my mother, and so at length I promised."

"Well," said she, 'you'll read a portion of the New Testament, and pray for a blessing on it every day, and wherever you may be.' I kept my word to my mother; and it was some time after that I was brought to the saving knowledge of Christ."

"And did you then devote yourself to the mission work?" was some of us asked. — "No, that was later, I had gone in from the place I was working at to the town of Warrington to buy a book on a Saturday night, when I saw a placard about a missionary meeting. It was an old placard the meeting was past; but it fired my thoughts. I went to the minister whose name was on the placard, and after I had knocked I would like to have run away. He introduced me to the London Missionary Society, and two years later (1822) I was sent out. Eighteen twenty-two and eighteen eighty! How much between!"

When I recall this story I think of our Lord's words, "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John iv. 36). Who will rejoice the most over the harvests gathered from the deserts of Africa—Moffat or his great son-in-law, Livingstone, or old Mr. Caldwell, or "the very godly woman" at Carron-bridge who trained and prayed for her curly-headed boy! They will rejoice together.—*Sunday at Home.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes) May 27.—Acts 13: 1-12.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "The hunger for souls." Anna Shipton tells us, in one of her beautiful volumes, of an hour when, weary in her work and longing for rest and Christ, she fell asleep and dreamed that through a sea of glass she was being drawn by a strong cable to a city of gold, while heavenly watchers waved their welcome from the battlements, and echoes of heavenly melody made her long to be there. But, looking back for a moment at the sound of a bitter cry, she saw multitudes of men and women drowning around her, and throwing up their arms in wild and despairing cries for help. The sight so moved her that she turned her face upward again, and cried: "Father, not yet; a little longer let the glory wait, and send me back again to rescue and to save those perishing ones!" Instantly the prayer was answered. She did not cease still to be borne heavenward, but now it was no longer alone, but scores were following behind her, and they were all drawn by her own heart-strings. "The cords of her very heart seemed to have loosed, and to have become cables of love, which these sinking ones grasped as they followed on, while at every new burden her bosom quivered with pain, and the water was red with her own warm blood.—*The Ward, the Work, the World, March, 1882.*

II. "God overruling opposition." We are apt to say, what a pity that Elymas was on the spot to interfere with the good work. As Christ said when Lazarus died, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there," so he might say in the case of Sergius Paulus, "I am glad for his sake that Elymas was there with his sorceries." For the efforts of the sorcerer to turn him away were overruled as the means of bringing him near. If there had not been a fierce wind blowing against his kite, it would not have been able to rise.—*Arnot.*

III. "Leading others." The poet says:—  
"For sadder sight than eye can know,  
To see a man look on a seaman's woe,  
Or battle fire, or tempest cloud,  
Or preybird's shriek, or ocean shroud,  
The shipwreck of a soul."

But there is one thing sadder than this,—the shipwrecking of the souls of others; the climbing to our own gains over the ruined souls and bodies of our fellow-men.

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 1. *Manaan Herod.* Circumstances do not control men; for, from the same evil life, one becomes a saint, the other a destroyer of saints.

2. Ver. 2. In earnest worshiping and seeking, we learn what our duty is.

3. True Christians, seeking God's will, are led by the Holy Ghost.

4. Each one should seek to find the work to which God has called him.

5. The missionary work demands the best men in the Church. No work is higher, nobler, or can make better use of talent and piety.

6. Ver. 5. If we cannot serve Christ in the first rank, let us assist other workers; if we cannot be a light-house we can be a match, if not the captain, at least a sailor.

7. Ver. 7. True intelligence leads us to accept of Christ.

8. Vers. 8-11. Good and evil powers are contending for the souls of men. We are all being drawn both toward sin and toward good.

9. It is right to be indignant at those who lead others astray.

10. False religions seek men's money; true religion seeks their souls.

11. Ver. 11. The punishment of sin is often of the nature of the sin,—blindness comes to the spiritually blind.

12. This punishment is to lead them to repentance, to make them realize their blindness, and seek some one to guide them to the Light of the World.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

With this lesson begins a new era in the work of the Church,—that of foreign missions. The subject may be stated as Winning the World to Christ. (1) The Gospel sent to the heathen; the first missionary journey of Paul (ver. 1-5). Here our duty to foreign missions may be impressed. (2) A contest for the soul (ver. 6-12). The good and evil influences exerted upon the governor. The same are exerted upon us. Which will have the victory!

GOD'S WORD TO CHILDREN.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRACTS.—A Japanese evangelist, Joseph Neshima by name, who is now doing a noble work among his countrymen, found when a boy two tracts—one about America, the other on Christianity. On reading these he was filled with the desire to go to America and become a Christian. This was at a period when any native caught leaving Japan was put to death. The Japanese boy, undeterred by the danger, secreted himself on a vessel and escaped to China, and from thence to Boston. He was educated at Amherst College, and on his return to his native land was offered a lucrative position as interpreter. This he declined, in order to preach the Gospel. He has now fifty preaching places, three churches, and eighty-four students in college, half of whom are studying for the ministry.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A sad story comes from Bengal, India, of the rapid increase of intemperance among the lower classes. A change in the manufacturing system has brought the price of intoxicants so low, that even women and children are becoming intemperate. The poor children in the ragged schools are often too drunk to read, or they make teaching impossible by their noisy disturbances. The parents say that drink is cheaper than rice, why should they not give it to their children. And all this comes from the government arrangement of the distillery system.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

Question Corner.—No. 9.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What king of Judah was smitten with leprosy?
2. What prophet of God caused to be put to death eight hundred and fifty false prophets.
3. Where was Elijah going when he met Elisha, and from what place was he coming?
4. What woman did Peter raise to life?
5. What reward was promised to Jehu for his zeal in destroying the worship of Baal, in Israel?

BIBLICAL CHARADE.

1. The feast was spread, the guests have poured  
Upon their hands the cleansing stream,  
Then take their places at the board,  
Where wedding-joy becomes their theme;  
The empty water-jars remain,  
Which Jesus bids them fill again;  
They fill, they draw, they drink with zest,  
For now 'tis wine—the very best!
2. The day was warm, the journey long.  
The sun was sinking in the west;  
The traveller sang his evening song,  
Then laid him on the ground to rest;  
With pleasing dreams he passed the night  
Then rising in the morning light,  
He reared his pillow for a sign  
To mark that resting-place divine.

3. How high they filled the jars will show  
Exactly what our first must be;  
And you shall soon our second know,  
When you that traveller's pillow see;  
And thus our total is described,  
And Biddal's saying verified,  
To punish those who practise guile,  
And burn the dwellings of the vile.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 7.

BIBLE STUDY.

1. Ver. 11. The punishment of sin is often of the nature of the sin,—blindness comes to the spiritually blind.
  2. This punishment is to lead them to repentance, to make them realize their blindness, and seek some one to guide them to the Light of the World.
- Ps. xci. 12. St. Matt. xxi. 42. Rev. ii. 17. Daniel ii. 34. Acts vii. 5; xiv. 19. Rev. xxi. ii. 19. St. John ii. 6. St. Mark xv. 46. St. John vii. 7; xi. 35-39. St. Luke xx. 17.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Ye, Ezra, Moses, Uriah, Samaria, Tyre, Bethesda, Esther, Babel, Oadiah, Rome, Nain, Anna, Gilbay, Anron, Issachar, Nicodemus. Ye must be born again.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers to No. 6 have been received from Clara Gammon, Jessie Kerr, Sara Bell McKinnon, William Kirk, and Emily E. McNeill.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

### THE SCOTT ACT IN HALTON.

The *Halton News*, published at Milton, Halton County, has been collecting the opinions of prominent residents as to the results of the first year's working of the Scott Act in that county. Very diverse are the views expressed, and sometimes inconsistent, as when acknowledgment of good done by the law is coupled with denunciations of the law itself. A large majority regard the Act a success, giving good reasons for their opinion, and believe it should be maintained and that hotel-keepers have no just claim for indemnity for the loss of the liquor branch of their business—these apparently being the points upon which the editor asked for an expression. Among the objections urged against the Act these are alleged, viz., that young people club together and send out of the county for liquor, and drink more excessively while their supply lasts than if they had regular access to liquor; that the Act tended to drive other business than the forbidden one away from the county; that it induced boys to go to secret places for drink, where they fell into worse company than they would under open selling; that a stringent license law would be better, and that total prohibition would be better. It is not necessary to remark that the latter two objections exhibit unacquaintance with the tendency of temperance progress combined with unfriendliness to the movement against the traffic. License is in the rear of local option, while prohibition is in advance of it, and those who are sincere in desiring total prohibition are not likely, certainly not with intelligence, to oppose local option. Among the replies received by the Milton paper are one from the Rev. R. Dolbe and one from the Rev. M. C. Cameron, as opposite to each other as the poles. The former knew of none that the Scott Act had saved from drinking, but was confident there was more secret drinking on the part of many, on the ground that 'stolen waters are sweet.' He thought the hotel-keepers had observed the Act fairly, and had heard that other places sold. The feeling of the people generally, he believed, was against the Act, there was little doubt it would be repealed and the people would be thankful when delivered from it. He was not satisfied with the Act himself and could not exactly support a total prohibitory measure, but thought that the traffic should be regulated in some way. It was not unreasonable, he thought, that hotel-keepers should be compensated. On the other hand the Rev. Mr. Cameron gives the following concise summing up of the case in his way of looking at it:—"The Canada Temperance Act has done, and is doing good. 1st—Because it has created no drunkards, but assisted many to keep sober. 2nd—It has removed lazers from hotels. 3rd—It is a great benefit to employers. There is a reliability now in their men, which is to them gold in the finest quality. 4th—It has broken up the treating system. There is a great protection, especially for the young. 5th—Hotel-keepers are giving up their business and going into other honest occupations in life. They will rejoice in future days that there was a Prohibitory law in Halton." The editor of the *News* regards his efforts to obtain a representative expression of opinion as a failure, inasmuch as scores of deliverances against the Act could have been obtained from men who

refused to put their names to their opinions, and whose testimony was on that account properly refused by the editor. So long as the opponents of the Act are ashamed to be publicly ranged against it, its friends in Halton may regard predictions of its repeal with calmness. It will be necessary, however, for those who carried the Act to give it their very best organized support, as its slack administration will have worse effect than all its opponents can do against it, when the question of continuing it in force comes up. It will be no easy matter, either, even with the best organization and resources, to make Halton County a temperance stronghold, between liquor counties and the lake shore. Let the friends of prohibition there, however, only hold the fort and they may soon have but their water frontier to defend against the illicit importation of liquor, for the results of the law well-worked, we are confident, would form an irresistible argument to induce the adjoining counties to place the temperance line of defence at their own outer bounds.

### IRISH AFFAIRS.

Joseph Brady was hanged in Dublin on Monday, the first to suffer for the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke on the sixth of May last year. He made no confession before his execution, and the executioner said he went to his fate with more coolness and firmness than he had ever before seen in a man under similar circumstances. Timothy Kelly has been convicted of the same crime and sentenced to be hanged on the ninth of June. Joseph Mullet has been convicted of the attempt to murder Juror Field, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Over two thousand dollars just received from America was acknowledged at a late meeting of the Irish National League in Dublin, and a communication was read from Redmond, now in Australia, saying he hoped to send five thousand dollars monthly. Mr. Parnell is opposing the Government scheme of helping the Irish to emigrate, and on this side of the water complaint is raised by Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, for one, of destitute Irishmen being set down in swarms on the American shore. All the dynamite conspirators arraigned in London have been committed for trial. The greatest cause of excitement for some time is the firm opposition being made by the Pope to the Irish land agitation and its corollaries of outrage and murder. An agent of the British Government in Rome is blamed by the Irish for having procured the Pope's intervention against the Nationalists. The Pope forbids the priesthood of Ireland from encouraging the agitation in any way.

### CRIME.

Burglars, giving evidence of being old hands at the business, are operating in country towns of Quebec.

Nine prisoners, two of them white, convicted of theft, were whipped by the sheriff at Newcastle, Delaware, the other day.

J. W. Bickwell and Henry Harman have been arrested in Maine with bogus bonds and counterfeit money in their possession.

George Robertson, while under arrest on suspicion, confessed he set the fire that destroyed a large amount of property in Digby, Nova Scotia, a few weeks ago.

Unoccupied street car stables in Toronto were burned down on Saturday by a fire set wantonly, causing a loss of seventeen thousand dollars. An unsuccessful attempt had been made the previous day to fire the buildings.

A gang of over two hundred railway navvies a few days ago, after several attempts foiled by the firemen, burned down the immigrant sheds at Collingwood, Ontario. Extra policemen afterward kept the scamps in order until they left for the Algoma district.

Two Germans fought a duel about a girl at Bowmanville, Illinois, with broadswords. Six carriages conveyed the party, including surgeons, to the grounds. The challenger cut the other severely about the head and then cried quits. All efforts to transplant anew this Old World barbarism in America ought to be crushed with a heavy hand.

Five pickpockets going through a car on the Chicago and Alton road came into open conflict with the passengers, and detectives in another car coming to the rescue had a fight with the thieves, in which revolvers and knives were used. Panic fell upon the passengers, several women fainting. Two thieves alone were arrested. No one was seriously hurt.

Ottawa people have been getting circulars from a confidence operator in New York who has bogus money to sell. A clipping from a newspaper, telling of certain treasury plates stolen in Washington, accompanies the circular, evidently to convey the idea that the money offered is printed from the Government plates. It is believed the newspaper is in collusion with the swindler.

Nine convicts out of ninety-five working on the Georgetown Railway, South Carolina, tried to escape, and the guards killed one, another was shot and drowned, a third was shot and it is thought drowned, and four finally escaped. Among the killed was a white man who instigated the attempt, and a negro who had been pardoned but the notice of his pardon had not reached his keepers.

A large amount of circumstantial evidence points to Amirault, arrested at Digby, Nova Scotia, as the murderer of Mrs. Carlton at Watertown, Massachusetts, in March last. Extradition papers have been obtained, and the prisoner will likely be surrendered by the Canadian authorities at the lapse of one month, during which, according to the Dominion law, the prisoner may appeal to the Supreme Court for a trial.

An Italian railway navvy was killed by being stabbed with a sharp stick by another one, at Norwood, Ontario. After the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of murder against the slayer, the latter was found lying in an unconscious condition in a field. He was brought to the condition noted through loss of blood from wounds inflicted by his victim, and mortification having set in his recovery was not expected.

One of the most heroic incidents in the annals of crime is related from Clay County, Kentucky. James Sizemore made no defence against a charge of killing a man, and was sent to penitentiary for six years. He has just been pardoned, his brother confessing upon his deathbed that he was the guilty man. The convict had submitted to judgment in silence for the sake of his brother, who had a large family.

Herbert Eaton, the merchant who shot and killed Samuel Kelly and severely injured his brother, Joseph Eaton, at Calais, Maine, and then fled to Nova Scotia, shooting himself in the head several times on the cars going there, having recovered sufficiently has been taken back to Calais, and has been bailed in ten thousand dollars. An explanation of his conduct is offered to the effect that, being a crack shot, it is supposed that when drunk he tried to shoot a button from Kelly's coat.

### BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

Enormous yields of fruit are anticipated by growers along the Hudson river.

Sugar beets are granted a bounty of a dollar a ton by a bill passed by the Massachusetts Senate.

A destructive insect called the aphid is doing mischief among the apple buds in Niagara county, New York.

Thirty-thousand of other building trades will be thrown out of employment within a week in Chicago unless the bricklayers' strike comes to an end.

Refusing to finish work begun by non-union men, the union men in a Cincinnati shoe factory have been given the alternative of being locked out.

The miners in eleven pits along the Pan Handle route, Pennsylvania, have so far submitted to the reduction, but the strikers are working hard to get all the miners of the district to join them.

California expects to have the largest wheat harvest the ensuing season that she ever had, possibly leading all the States, the brilliant anticipation being based upon increased acreage and favorable weather.

Fourteen hundred shoe operatives, of four factories, are on strike at Marblehead, Massachusetts. The union printers at the well-known University Press, Cambridge, in the same State, have struck against a new price list.

Rows took place between strikers and men taking their places at West Belleville, Missouri, and the strikers set fire to the mines, that are the largest in the section and owned by a corporation of miners, and it is feared the fire cannot be put out.

At the annual general meeting of the National Association of Lumber Dealers, just held in Chicago, it was resolved to cut off all dealings with wholesale dealers who sell directly to consumers in towns where retail dealers belonging to the association do business.

No marked change in the trade situation of the country for the past week is disclosed by the usual reports. One hundred and forty-nine failures in the United States exceeded those of the previous week by seventeen, and of the like week last year by thirty-one. Twenty failures occurred in Canada, five less than the previous week.

AMONG THE WIDESPREAD practical results of the revival of interest in forestry matters, created in Canada by the meeting last fall in Montreal of the American Forestry Association, is the institution of Arbor Day, upon which the population are invited by proclamation to engage in the work of planting trees in suitable places. Monday last week was the day for the western part of the Province of Quebec, and it was observed to a very creditable degree. Hundreds of trees were planted in and about the city of Montreal by officials and public institutions, many of them by way of memorials to various persons and objects. In other towns and in rural settlements, also, the day was well observed, and the enthusiasm born of the occasion, together with the discovery that tree-planting is a most wholesome recreation, cannot fail to bear most beneficial fruit for all time to come. It is time the animosity to trees, descended to us from our fathers who had to clear the forests to make them fields, were changed to friendship, for trees are sources of wealth, health and enjoyment to be cultivated, and for all that of necessity have to be destroyed substitutes must be forthcoming or else permanent loss will be sustained.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE

The recent session of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia was noteworthy in many ways. A more successful meeting, judging by the report in the *Halifax Watchman*, could not have been desired. While the presence of Mr. Jewell, the Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division of America, gave peculiar interest to the occasion, the proceedings were of a most gratifying nature in what they revealed of the progress of the order in the jurisdiction. New Caledonia Division, Stony Beach, Annapolis county, whose hospitality the Grand body enjoyed, has completed thirty-five years of active service in the good cause, but is still in its prime and gave its distinguished guests a right royal reception and treatment throughout. One hundred and fifteen representatives and visitors were present, and five sittings of the body were held. Thirty-one Divisions were reported to have been added to the roll during the quarter, and ten more after the closing of the quarter's records, making a total of two hundred and thirteen Divisions in effective working in the Province when the Grand Division met. Nearly three thousand members had been initiated within the quarter, and after deducting all losses a net increase of two thousand and thirty-nine members is shown. At the time of meeting eleven thousand three hundred members were enrolled in the Province. These immense gains had been largely due to the labors of two agents kept constantly in the field, Messrs. T. Hutchings and T. M. Lewis. Over thirteen hundred dollars had been received in the quarter for the general and agency funds. In reply to an address presented to the Most Worthy Patriarch at a reception by the Sons in Halifax city, that gentleman highly complimented the Grand Division, saying that in none of eight Grand Divisions that he had visited had he witnessed more loyalty to the Order, a more careful consideration of the business of the session, or more practical methods of work. Afterward, in acknowledging verbally the receipt of a bouquet from Mayflower Division at the same reception, Mr. Jewell, reports the *Watchman*, "felicitously referred to his English origin, stating that his maternal great ancestor was the daughter of an Earl, who afterward became Lord North. They came to America and settled in Amesbury, Mass., and he now held the original title of the old homestead. He congratulated the members of the Order in the city on its healthy condition, and wished the Grand Division of Nova Scotia—which is the banner Grand Division in the jurisdiction—continued prosperity."

THE CONVENTION OF ROYAL BURGHS recently held in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously resolved to petition Parliament to have the franchise that women now possess in municipal elections extended to parliamentary elections. The Senate of the University of St. Andrew's have memorialized Parliament, praying that the Scottish Universities may be empowered to provide education for women.

ACCORDING to the Civil Service rules submitted to the President no member of the service shall use official authority or influence in politics, and none shall be obliged to contribute to a political fund, or to do any party work, nor be removed or otherwise harmed for refusing to do either.

A FAMILY in London, England, is having records searched in New York, to establish its claim by right of inheritance to half of New Jersey.

## THE WEEK.

A NUMBER of the members of the Dakota Legislature have been indicted for bribery.

THERE IS AN UNCOMMON AMOUNT of distress among people in many parishes in Skye, Ross-shire and Sutherlandshire, Scotland.

A NEW TRIAL has been refused in the case of Dr. McLean, who obtained a verdict of forty thousand dollars against the *Detroit News* for libel.

AN EPIDEMIC of black measles that caused a panic in Wheatfield, New York, is under control, there being reported one hundred cases, less than half of which are malignant.

SMALL-POX HAS SPREAD from Mercer into Wyoming County, West Virginia, and the inhabitants are in a panic. Over a hundred cases and twenty-five deaths were reported up to the ninth of this month.

MR. WASSON, the railway paymaster, who lately stated a report that he had been robbed of twenty-four thousand dollars on a train in Kansas, has confessed that the story was a fraud to cover up a shortage in his accounts.

A FENIAN ALARM having been raised in Halifax, Nova Scotia, by letters of warning from the United States of a dynamite expedition, every strange vessel seen near the mouth of a harbor in that quarter which does not enter port is proclaimed a "mysterious craft."

COL. DYDE, one of the oldest residents of Montreal and an enthusiastic patron of the Scottish game of curling, wrote to his friend Lord Dufferin, giving an account of the winter carnival in Montreal. That illustrious diplomatist replied in a very cordial letter, dated from Cairo, Egypt, thanking Canadian curlers for their remembrances of him.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY last year received three hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars and expended three hundred and eighty-six thousand, and issued one hundred and fifty-three thousand volumes and seven million seven hundred and four thousand tracts. The receipts of the American Bible Society were five hundred and ninety-nine thousand dollars, and over a million and a half copies of the Bible were issued by it.

GAMBLING IS BEING STAMPED OUT in Tennessee under very strict legislation recently obtained. A Nashville judge a few days ago directed a grand jury to use all legal means in finding out who kept gambling houses or games of chance. He would, he said, crush gambling if he had to fill the goals and penitentiaries so full that arms and legs would stick out of the windows. A few days later five thousand dollars' worth of gambling apparatus was burned in the public squares in Nashville, and five hundred gamblers had left the city on account of the act making their craft a felony.

THE LAKE FRONT PROPERTY in Chicago has been in litigation many years, being claimed by the Government scrip holders, the State and the city. A temporary injunction has been granted to prevent the Socialists from erecting a building on the disputed territory under a license from the City Council, which is said to be the first legal decision given in the last ten years. A suit having been brought to compel the removal of the exposition and military armory, it is thought the title to lands valued at millions of dollars is in a fair way to be settled.

THE MANITOBA COURTS are glugged with business, occasioning an aggravating amount of law's delay and its consequences.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, the evangelists, have returned to America after a prolonged mission in the British Islands.

GREAT NUMBERS of human skeletons, some of huge size, are being unearthed from mounds in North Carolina, together with large quantities of pottery.

THE HON. R. M. CUTLER, a legislator of Nova Scotia for sixty-two years, including an interim of seventeen years in which he was without a seat, died recently at the great age of ninety-nine years.

EUGENIE, ex-EMPRESS of FRANCE, has renounced her legally-established claims to the palace presented her late husband by the Marseilles corporation, the latter to pay the costs of the trial won by her for the possession of the property.

THE FORCES OF THE FALSE PROPHET have been defeated with great slaughter upon the Egyptian plains, five hundred of them falling, among the number being the Lieutenant-General in command. English officers managed the Egyptian troops against the rebels.

PRIVATE POST-OFFICES, that have been in existence and doing a lively business in New York city for some time, have been pounced upon by the Government, and actions have been begun against the managers for the recovery of the legal penalties provided for their offence. It is estimated that the concerns caused a loss of two hundred thousand dollars yearly to the post-office.

TWO PICKED TEAMS of Canadian Lacrosse Players, whites and Indians, have gone to perform a playing tour throughout the United Kingdom. A number of professional gentlemen accompanied the party, and the benefits of Canada as an objective point for emigrants are to be proclaimed in lectures and through pamphlets wherever exhibitions of the lively game are given.

STATISTICS WERE PRESENTED at a recent meeting of the Catholic Poor School Committee in Aberdeen, Scotland, held under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk, to show that in accommodation, in the number of the children registered, in the number at examinations, and in the average attendance, the Roman Catholic schools of England, but more particularly of Scotland, had made far more progress than any others.

A VAST CONSPIRACY, well-planned, is reported as having been discovered among military men in Russia to overthrow the reigning house of the Romanoffs. All ranks in the army, from the highest to the lowest, contain the plotters, and tremendous excitement has been caused by the arrest of large numbers. Treasonable documents and dynamite bombs were found in quarters and in amounts which attest the conspiracy to be a truly gigantic one. The presence within the Empire of many active Nihilists, who hold secret meetings and maintain communication with the military traitors, is known to the police. Many naval officers have been arrested charged with connection with an explosives factory at Cronstadt. It is believed by the St. Petersburg authorities that disturbances are planned by the Nihilists to occur simultaneously at many points during the coronation ceremonies. Intimation is made that upon the occasion of the coronation the Czar will reduce the poll tax materially throughout the Empire, and exercise the Imperial clemency in remitting various fines, sentences and penalties.

JOHN AND LINA BOGENSCHUTZ, Brooklyn, have been mulcted in a thousand dollars' damages for saying a girl had flirted with a horse car conductor—a lesson to those who give too much scope to their unruly member.

THREE HUNDRED INDIANS of Chief Pie-a-Pot's band were being taken by rail to the reserve at Qu'Appelle, in the Canadian North West, when the train ran off the track, dumping the Indians into the ditch. Most of them when they got up started to walk to the end of the track, and they declared that the Department must find carts to take them to their destination, as they had had enough of railways.

THE AFFIRMATION BILL in the British House of Commons was defeated by the narrow majority of two. Fifty Irish members voted against it. Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to speak at the bar of the House, to advocate his being permitted to take the oath, seeing he could not affirm, but a motion to let him take the oath was rejected by two hundred and seventy-one to one hundred and sixty-five.

ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND IMMIGRANTS chiefly destined for Ontario and the North West of Canada, have arrived in the St. Lawrence already this season. A delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association, of Manchester, England, has arrived in New York on a mission of enquiry as to the feasibility of establishing young men on farms in the Western States and Canada, and placing friendless girls of good characters in situations.

NEWS FROM HAYTI is conflicting, but it seems as if Miragone, the capital, was still in the hands of the rebels at last accounts, seven hundred of them holding out against six thousand Government troops, the rebels having secured an advantage by blowing up the bridge leading to the town with dynamite. Six hundred residents of the capital escaped in a Norwegian bark. A letter conveyed out by blockade runners says the rebels can stand a siege of four months.

THE AMERICAN LABOR REFORM LEAGUE—fair name for a foul institution—in convention a few days ago in New York, adopted resolutions declaring that accumulation of money by interest or otherwise is robbery, that rent should not be paid in Ireland or anywhere, and that sovereigns—monarchical and republican—and land, railway and bank capitalists are the exponents of organized confederacies of robbers, who might all expect "to be taken off by dynamite, daggers or whatever other means retributive justice demands to establish common right." True freedom would not suffer a bit if such murderous scoundrels were removed from society to break stones for a living the rest of their lives.

CONTESTS UPON QUESTIONS related to the liquor traffic are reported from several cities and towns in the States. Ward organizations are to be formed in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of promoting temperance and enforcing the Sunday law. Saloon licenses have been refused by the Excise Board of Lockport, New York, and no less than forty-seven applications are in for hotel licenses. At its next meeting the Board will endeavor to ascertain how many hotels there are in town, and it is doubtful if licenses of any kind will be granted. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the Mayor ordered all saloons to close at midnight, and the order was obeyed, but it is said it will be violated whenever the keepers secure a renewal of their licenses, a majority of which had run out when the order was given.



PAUL BARTLETT.

## A BOY SCULPTOR.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

Paul Bartlett, only fifteen, had made a bust of his grandmother, and when the time came round for the annual exhibition in Paris, known as the *Salon*, to which such a multitude of artists look forward with mingled hope and uncertainty, he presented his work with the rest. To be represented there is something worth one's best efforts.

To be personally complimented by the judges, who include the best sculptors in France, is a distinction which few could expect; and which a lad of Paul's years could hardly have dreamed of. Yet the bust was accepted, and he received the congratulations of those officials. There were about seventy American artists represented at the *Salon* of 1880. He was the youngest artist student from this country in France.

Paul has his rare gifts by inheritance. His grandparents on both sides are people of fine qualities. His mother is a woman of artistic tastes and beliefs, and strong sympathies in that direction; and by that subtle something which inspires such mothers, she has had an intuitive feeling from the first about the boy, who is her only child. His father is the sculptor, Truman Howe Bartlett.

The boy was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in January, 1865; but most of his life has been spent in France. He first went over when he was about four years old; and the family were all together in Paris until Mr. Bartlett was obliged to return to this country, leaving his wife and child there, expecting soon to rejoin them. While he staved, he and Paul went everywhere together; to the Louvre, and to see all the pictures, "and he was the sincerest-hearted little fellow that ever was, and it was gospel to him all the way through." They went to the menageries, and saw everything there was to be seen in Paris.

Then the war broke out after the father had gone; and he and his mother were there at the very crisis. They had for a friend a Russian lady of rank, whom they had become acquainted with through the wife of Pere Hyacinth, and now she and Mrs. Bartlett cast in their fortunes together. They made up their minds to remain in Paris, but the authorities came round and warned all foreigners to "clear out." But there was no public conveyance to be had. "All creation was rushing to get out. It was tremendous; a great scare."

So they hired a horse and carriage, hurried in their luggage and told the driver to take them outside of Paris as far as he would go; to no place in particular, but to keep on going. And he did, until at last he stopped and declared he would not go a step farther. He tumbled their things out just where they were, and drove off; and to this day none of the party know how far they went, or where they were.

The three slept there on the ground all night and when morning came they got into a peasant's cart, and he carried them to a railway which took them into the north of France. From there they went to Le Mans, a charming old historic city more than a hundred miles to the west of Paris; a place full of antique buildings, and rich in associations with the Roman founders, William the Conqueror, and the Plantagenets.

That was Paul's first experience of France; and that was the mode of his first departure from Paris; eventful episodes in a child's life.

At Le Mans they lived until late in the autumn, then crossed over to England where they parted company, the Russian lady leaving them. By this time Mr. Bartlett had arrived in London, and there the reunited family spent a short time, when he went to Rome, and the mother and boy came home to America, remaining here until 1874, when they went back to France, and have stayed there till now.

Their home was charming, right on the Seine, and they all went boating and fishing when they liked. He had his goats and kids, his rabbits and chickens; and his pets were always around him. There was a garden with a high wall that shut it in, very beautiful; and the family used to take their meals out there, and while they were eating, Paul's doves would come down in flocks and hover about them. It was such a busy, sunny, healthful, happy, pastoral way of living!

Here at Port Marley, with these pleasant, human, in-door experiences, and these healthful out-of-door ways, Paul's art-life began suddenly, like a new chapter in a story. Not a hint of it until one day in the summer of 1877. His father and a young man employed by him were at that time very busy, doing a good deal, making statues and casting, doing all the work themselves. To their great surprise Paul came into the studio and said, "Papa, I should like to go to work."

"All right, my chicken! You shall go to modelling something. What will you attack first?"

"That!" answered Paul, pointing to a mask of the Venus di Milo.

He took hold of it at once in such an innocent, courageous way as was cheering to see.

He kept on studying and modelling until the spring of 1877, when his father came over to America, and Paul was put into school again; this time at St. Germain. And now, to the great delight of his parents, he showed a wonderful talent for languages. He took all the prizes; and the master begged to have him stay on and become a scholar. But the boy had a strong desire to be modelling all the time.

At about fourteen and a half he began to make the bust of his grandmother, an old lady of eighty. It was his own idea, and he went quietly to work all by himself (during the absence of his father) and kept steadily at it.

Mr. Fremiet, the great animal sculptor, lived so near a neighbor that the Bartlett family used to see him often. Paul told him one day what he was doing, and asked him to come round and see the bust. Mr. Fremiet said yes; but he was very busy and did not go. By and by the boy had got it so far along that he was anxious to have somebody look at it who knew something; and early one morning, before that gentleman was up he went again with a more urgent request. Mr. Fremiet answered as before, and this time added that he would go as soon as he had been to breakfast. He went, and was so surprised and pleased that he said, "I will come every day if you wish;" criticised it, and gave some hints. Paul tried his best to correct it, and worked away till it was done. And then Mr. Fremiet said, "Now you cast it in plaster and take it up to the *Salon*."

Paul knew all about the processes of plaster work, and so he followed Mr. Fremiet's advice; and when it was done, took the bust under his arm, and carried it up. It was accepted and placed with the works of his elders. He was the youngest person who had ever exhibited there. The judges were so pleased that they sent him by a friend this telegram: "Accepted, with the felicitations of the jury."

It was, as one of the artists said, "a tremendous compliment."

He next went to modelling some of his pet animals, and made a cat's head, a rabbit, a kid's head, and a goat's which forms a handsome inkstand.

Mr. Fremiet was immensely pleased with the boy, and saw what was in him, and advised him to enter the Government School of Fine Arts, in Paris. He did even more, going with Paul to one of the professors in the Department of sculpture, and introducing him. This was Professor Cavalier; and he was the one selected because he had the reputation of taking special personal interest in his pupils.

After a little while Professor Cavalier, who is a very kindly man, said to Paul, "I think you ought to have better opportunities" (than the general ones of the school), and he brought him into his own studio, for preparatory work under his own eye.

He will remain in the school, and if he fulfills the expectation of his master, of Mr. Fremiet, and many artists, he has a "great future."

He exhibited at the *Salon* of 1881, his dog's head, and has since completed a crow, and a fine group of rabbits about a cabbage which they are nibbling.

Of his own countrymen he is the first to begin under good auspices the study of his art, with every prospect of continuing. And it is believed by those situated to judge, that he has qualities which will make him, if he lives, eminent among the best.

His first competition, just completed in the school, resulted in his being third best in the object competed for, for everything. And in anatomy he stood first with fifty competitors.—*Wide Awake*.

A FULL purse and a brandy-bottle rarely occupy opposite pockets in the same coat.



HEAD OF DOG.

ONLY A PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in the mills found a pin which cost the company about three hundred dollars."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost three hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it's a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true; and this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface.

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound; and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web.

Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

Now it seems to me when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a sabbath breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new prints; but had company as ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember "one sinner destroyeth much good"; therefore avoid evil companions.—*Herald of Mercy*.



RABBITS AND CABBAGE.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.—Whatever other lesson a scholar may slight, he is sure to study closely the character and spirit of his own teacher. A teacher teaches less by what he says, than by what he is. As a preacher recently expressed truth concerning the power of life rather than of the letter: "The lives of good men, and not the libraries of theologians, are the convincing power of this world."—*The Sunday School Times*.

ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR Cake. The genuine old-fashioned cake, which our grandmothers made on state occasions, and which still serves as an excellent foundation for jelly cake: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs.

CARNARVON CASTLE.

BY NETTIE B. WILCOX.

When England became a settled kingdom, with a number of divisions whose princes were under the English king, and whose people paid dues to him, Wales was one of these divisions, and at times the Welsh were very troublesome, refusing to pay dues, or submit to the will of the king. Castles were built and given to English nobles, to whom was allowed all the land they could seize from the Welsh, and the people were oppressed in various ways, till Llewellyn became Prince of North Wales. When Henry III., a boy only nine years old, was crowned, Llewellyn acknowledged him as king, and for fifty-six years rendered obedience to him as superior sovereign; but when Edward I. became king, Llewellyn at last threw off the yoke, and resisted sturdily. He was finally forced to submit; but falling in an encounter with an English knight, his brother David, claiming to be legal sovereign of North Wales, summoned a council of Welsh chieftains at Denbigh, a little town in the north of Wales. They determined to commence hostilities against the English, but were not successful. David was imprisoned, and this was the end of Welsh independence.

Wales was united to England, and Edward I. determined to secure the submission and willing obedience of its people. It is said he promised them a prince who could not speak a word of English. Now, he had a baby-boy who was afterward Edward II.; he presented him as the promised prince, and, ever since, the oldest son of the English king is called the Prince of Wales.

This little prince lived in Carnarvon, the largest of the one hundred and forty-three castles in North Wales, and it is of the beautiful ruin of this castle that I will first tell you.

It is on a high hill in the western part of Wales; climbing the hill you come upon a huge mass of gray stone, with immense towers; on two sides surrounded by a river, while a moat or ditch protects the other two. Originally there were thirteen towers; five have fallen, and the stones have been carried away by the inhabitants of the town to build their quaint little houses.

The castle has only narrow openings for windows on the outside; these are not more than four inches wide, but the walls are ten feet thick and the windows are five or six feet wide on the inside, the sides slanting close together through the thickness of the wall as they get near the outside, thus forming a kind of room in each window.

In those days, battles were

fought and castles defended principally with cross-bows and arrows, and these window-niches furnished standing room for six or eight men, who in turn discharged their arrows at the enemy.

It was very easy for them, close to the narrow openings, to aim carefully at the enemy, but almost impossible for the outsiders to send their arrows where they would take effect.

The towers are full of crooked passages and narrow, stone staircases, with rooms of all sizes and shapes. Entering the door at the end of the path and passing up the worn and broken stone steps, I almost lost my way in dark galleries, where the chattering of the birds which have appropriated the deep windows for their nests, and the sound of my own footsteps re-echoed till I had hardly courage to complete the ascent. At last it grew lighter, and I found myself in the open space

room. The old histories say he was born in the tower, but there are always people who like to spoil a good story, and these say he was three years old when brought there, I like the old story, so I asked a guide to show me where the prince was born. Entering the same door, we climbed the steps till we reached the room in the second story, lighted by the narrow window to the left of the door. The little square window just above it lighted the "confessional," a little niche in the wall still holding the receptacle for holy water. This room passed, we went clear around the tower, till we came through the narrowest of all passages to a room only ten feet by twelve. This was certainly the room of Queen Eleanor and the first Prince of Wales, whether he was born there, or brought when a very small boy. Back of the window is a narrow door

the Eagle and Royal towers, indicated now only by a line of stones left for the purpose. The kitchens were directly opposite, and the places which years ago held the boilers are still to be seen, as is also the end of the leaden water pipe away back in the walls; trophy hunters have carried away as much of it as their arms could reach. The castle was entered by two gates; the king's gate, or general entrance, and one smaller, but more beautiful, through which Queen Eleanor first entered Carnarvon. This gate is the most picturesque part of the castle, being partially in ruins and covered with ivy and wall-flowers.

Around the whole were high walls with towers at intervals, a part of the town of Carnarvon being now built within them.

But I think boys care less for the history of these old ruins than for the pleasure of climbing around them. It is possible that the account of Carnarvon at least may lead some of you to study enough of English history so that, when you cross the Atlantic and have the opportunity to see what now you read of, you will not have to depend upon poor guides, or spend half your time in hunting up why and by whom the grand old castles were built,—*St. Nicholas*.

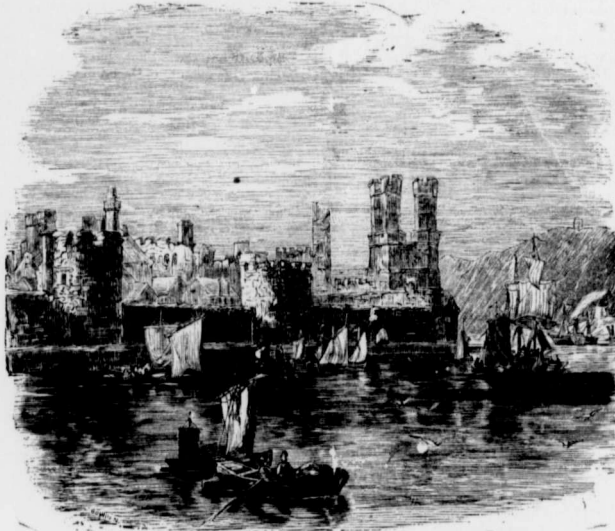
TRUE POLITENESS.

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a present to the caliph. So he fill the leathern bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his gift at his sovereign's feet.

The monarch with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup and drank freely, and then with a smile thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the caliph forbade them touch a drop. Then after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition.

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man would be wounded."



CARNARVON CASTLE.

between the two smaller towers.

In the centre of the main tower, in the good old times, there were five rooms, one above another. The floors have fallen, and, looking over the inner wall, I could see only the holes where floor-beams had rested, and a heap of ruins at the bottom. Around these central halls, which must have been lighted by artificial means, were smaller rooms, and staircases only wide enough for one person to pass. At the end of each staircase is a door, so that, granting the enemy succeeded in forcing passage to the court,—a large oblong square in the centre of the castle,—a single soldier could defend such a narrow staircase and yet be safe himself.

I suppose boys would climb to the top of the small tower where flag-staff stands. I did not care to do so, so I went down and began a search for Prince Edward's

which opens upon a walk upon the walls, called Queen Eleanor's walk. She could go outside the castle walls, and it would not be pleasant for her in the court with soldiers passing to and fro, and her only exercise out-of-doors had to be taken on this narrow path. When the walls were in repair she could walk from this tower to the next, through that to another wall, and so on around the castle, entering back of the confessional. I followed the walk a little way, and was glad enough that I was not compelled, like the poor queen, to take all my fresh air on a path two feet wide on castle walls. This tower, called Eagle Tower, was the strongest of the thirteen, and for this reason the queen was placed in it; the next, to the left, was the Royal Tower, and the enemy would naturally go there to look for the baby prince. The banqueting hall occupied the space between

## COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 16th, 1883.

The only great change in the grain market this week was an unusual movement in peas, a great many thousand bushels having sold at 97c. Wheat is still very quiet but receipts are growing large, (73,000 bushels to-day) and the season's business may be said to be fairly commenced. We quote Canada Red Winter \$1.18 to \$1.19; Canada White \$1.13 to \$1.14; Canada Spring \$1.15 to \$1.16 as to quality. Peas are active at 97c to 98c. Rye 73c to 74c. Oats, 40c for May delivery. Barley 55c to 60c.

FLOUR.—The quiet market still continues, but it has increased in firmness perceptibly. Bags in particular, are looking up, being about 5c higher all round, due to the opening of navigation, and the demand for shipment. Quotations as follows: Superior Extra, \$5.02 to \$5.05; Extra Superior, \$4.90; Family nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.80 to \$4.90; Superior, \$4.60 to \$4.70; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.15 to \$5.25; do, American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.10 to \$4.20; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.95; Pollards, 3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do, Spring Extra, \$2.35 to \$2.45; do, Superior, \$2.20 to \$2.30; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Unchanged, Oatmeal, \$5.20 to \$5.50 for ordinary, and \$5.50 to \$6.00 for granulated. Cornmeal \$3.90 to \$4.10 per barrel.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter. The market continues quiet with fair local demand, values being 2c lower than last week. We quote new, 22c to 24c; common, and inferior grades, nominal. Cheese slightly easier. We quote. Colored 12c to 12½c; white, 11c to 12c.

ASHES.—Receipts appear to be growing, being larger than this time last year. Sales have been made at \$5.25 to \$5.35, but things look easier.

HOG PRODUCE.—Steady, and at slightly higher prices. We quote:—Canada, short cut, \$23.50 to \$24.00; Western, \$23.00 to 23.25; Hams city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard in barrels, 14½c to 15c.

## FARMERS' MARKET.

The market has not been well patronized of late and traders have the business largely to themselves. Prices are generally firm at former rates with a tendency to advance in some kinds, especially is this the case with grain. Very few dressed hogs are being brought to market by farmers and the same holds true of dead poultry, but there seems to be very little demand for them. Eggs and butter are more plentiful with a tendency to lower rates. Good apples are pretty high priced, but inferior stock is hard to sell at any price. The fish market is well supplied with fresh fish which sells at pretty high rates. Oats are \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bag; potatoes 60c to 80c per bag; onions \$2.50 to \$4.50 per barrel; turnips, beets and carrots 50c per bushel; tub butter 18c to 25c per lb; prints 25c to 35c do.; eggs, 17c to 22c per dozen; Apples \$3 to \$6 per barrel; hay \$9.50 to \$12 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw \$1 to \$2 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs. Pike 10c per lb.; sturgeon 8c do.; doree and bass 15c do.; cod and haddock 6c do.; fresh herrings 40c per dozen.

## LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There was a very active demand for beef cattle here during the latter part of last week and prices advanced about a quarter of a cent per lb. live weight. This week there is a slight reaction and although the best cattle are unchanged in price yet there is a slight decline in all other kinds. Choice butchers' stock sells at 6c to 6½c per lb, and fair to good steers at 5½c to 5c; rough steers, oxen and large fat cows bring from 5 to 5½c do., and leanish stock, including milkmen's strippers, 4½c to 5c do. Veal calves have been a drag on the market of late and several lots were sold here last week at \$1 per head, but the general prices are from \$2 to \$3.50 for common calves and from \$5 to \$8 each for good ones. Sheep continue scarce and sell at from \$6 to \$10 each for unshorn sheep, or about 6½c per lb. live weight; sheep that have been shorn bring from 1c to 1½c per lb. less. Lambs are plentiful and sell at from \$2.50 to \$4.50 each. Fat hogs have an upward tendency in prices, which are from 7½c to 8c per lb.

## HOW A KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMISTRY SAVED A MISSION.

When Radama I, the King of Madagascar, died, in 1828, his widow seized his throne and murdered the rightful heir, and her husband's relatives reversed Radama's enlightened policy and sought to restore the old state of things. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to get rid of the missionaries. The directors of the London Missionary Society, under whom the mission was begun, had sent out not only spiritual teachers but also artisans to instruct the Malagasy in weaving, tanning, carpentry, and smith work; and the obvious benefits derived from their instructions naturally won for the commission more toleration than it would otherwise have received.

In 1829 a meeting took place at the house of one of the missionaries, which was destined to exercise much influence upon the future history of Madagascar. When they met, a messenger arrived from the Queen thanking them in her name for the instruction they had given her people, and inquiring if she had any more to teach them. The good men thought they were only at the beginning of their great work of instruction, and they sent back a message enumerating many subjects which they were preparing to teach. Among these they happened to put down Greek and Hebrew, for they had already begun to instruct some of their advanced pupils in the original tongues of Scripture. When the message was carried to the Queen, she replied that she did not want her people taught languages which no one spoke. Could the missionaries not teach them some useful thing? Could they not teach her people to make soap? The missionaries were perplexed at the request, but Mr. Griffith, one of the older missionaries, turned to a young Scotchman of the name of Cameron, who had come out two years before to take the place of a carpenter, who had died of fever, and said, "Mr. Cameron, can you help us here? Do you know how to make soap?" Young Cameron answered, "Give me a week, and I will try."

This young Cameron when he had attended an evening class started by an old minister in the Perthshire Highlands, in Scotland, to help on a number of lads who were behind with their education. He came in some five or six miles from the country, and was intelligent and studious. The clergyman finding that he was reading books on chemistry asked him his object. He replied that he wished to get as much knowledge as he could—as it might be of use some day. When his apprenticeship as a carpenter was out, he went to Edinburgh to get work. Not succeeding he went from place to place, till happening to take up a copy of the "Evangelical Magazine" he found an advertisement for a missionary mechanic to go out to Madagascar. The thought came, "That is how I should like to spend my life." He offered himself to the London Missionary Society and was accepted.

Mr. Cameron arrived in the island about two years before the meeting. His chemical reading came back to him. He found abundance of materials for the manufacture and by the end of the week he had made two bars of soap, which were accepted at the palace. But the Malagasy Government found that he could do more things than make soap. They discovered that he could make gunpowder, and they sought to induce him to undertake the task. He answered that he did not think such work would be in harmony with his duties as a servant of the Prince of Peace, but that whatever he could do for the Queen and the people of Madagascar, consistently with the object of his mission, he was ready to do. In a short time young Cameron had five or six hundred men under him, employed in different works in the service of the Government, and for the time, the departure of the missionaries was delayed. They saw, however, that there was a strong desire, if not a settled purpose on the part of the Queen to get rid of them, and they set to work with renewed earnestness and with special zeal for the translation of the Scriptures. The first Malagasy Christians were baptized in 1831; some of the missionaries were ordered to leave the country in 1832; in 1835 Christian worship and instruction were forbidden, and all the missionaries left excepting two, Mr. Baker and Mr. Johns, who remained to the following year to complete the translation of the Scriptures. When they left, in 1836, they had the satisfac-

tion of having completed their great task, and of having printed, bound, and put into the hands of the converts some seventy copies of the Bible.

It seems highly probable that the service Mr. Cameron and the other artisans were able to render largely contributed to the continuance of the mission from 1829 to 1836. But for such incidental service it is not improbable that the mission would have been driven out in 1829; and, if so, the Bible would not have been translated, and the history of the gospel in Madagascar, one of the most wonderful things in modern times, would not have been. We have thus a remarkable providence in the way in which the Bible was given to the Malagasy, as well as the remarkable illustration of the power of God's Word in its influence in Madagascar. —Illustrated Christian Weekly.

## A "BACCA" FED BABY.

A visitor among some of the English poor during one of the lockouts, when mills were stopped and labor suspended, gave the following account of how one baby lived and grew fat through the hard times.

The wife of a laborer while looking on at a game of "hop-scotch" in which her husband was engaged with other idlers, was describing their way of living. While she was speaking there came toddling in at the door a splendid specimen of Suffolk infant, ten and a half pence, aged about four years and with limbs like a lady giantess.

"There, sir!" remarked the old lady, "she don't look much the worse for the lockout, do she?"

I replied that she did not, but rather as though a large amount of the fat of the land fell to her share.

"What do you feed her on?" I asked.

"'Bacca, sir," replied the old lady with a grin.

"Tobacco!"

"Well, that's what they say about here. You see, sir, it's this way. She's my gran' young son, and her poor mother has seven of 'em, and the father is locked out like the rest; and so a month ago my old man—him as you see making such a donkey of himself a minute ago—he says, says he, 'Old woman, ten and a half pence a week, half an ounce of three-penny a day; a cruel hard-smoker he's a-lers been—' I can't enjoy my pipe,' says the old man, 'and see our Joe's young uns wanting a meal; so I'll make over my 'bacca-money to help 'em, and put my pipe out till things mend a bit.' And this is the young un that get's the benefit of it in milk night and morning."

A good many other babies, and their mothers too, might be well fed and well clad if they had the "bacca-money" and the whiskey-money which husbands and fathers squander.—Selected.

## CHURCH MOORINGS.

An old sea-captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said:

"Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you letters of introduction?"

"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"Oh yes," replied the young man; "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world; and it is my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship over as I get to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide."—Presbyterian.

A HELP.—A slate hung in the kitchen with a pencil attached to a string is very convenient. If the cook or housewife finds a lack of anything, she can write it on the slate, and thus save her the trouble of trying to remember the different articles which may be wanting through the day.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY declares that the mouse is a harmless creature. Ladies can cut this out and paste it on their mirrors.

AUSTRIA IS MAKING large increases in her standing army, which does not say much for the security of peace obtained by the triple alliance between herself, Germany and Italy.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

## LESSON IX.

May 27, 1883. [Acts 13:1-12]

PAUL AND BARNABAS IN CYPRUS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 2-4.

(Revised Version.)

Now there were at Antioch, in the church 1 that was there, prophets and teachers, Barnabas, and Symeon that was called Niger, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Mamen the foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch, and Saul. And as they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate us Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. Then, when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away.

So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, went down to Seleucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus. And when they were at Salamis, they proclaimed the word of God in the synagogues of the Jews; and they had also John as their attendant. And when they had come through the whole island unto Paphos, they found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-Jesus, which was with the proconsul, Sergius Paulus, a man of understanding. The same called unto him Barnabas and Saul, and desired that they would teach him the word of God. But Elymas the sorcerer for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn aside the proconsul from the faith. But Saul, who is also called Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, fastened his eyes on him, and said, Full of all guile and all villainy, thou son of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing for a season. And immediately he fell out of his chariot, and came creeping, and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand. Then the proconsul, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the teaching of the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them."—ACTS 13:2.

TOPIC.—Christian Missions the Work of God. LESSON PLAN.—1. THE FIRST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES. 2. 3. THE SOVEREIGN'S OPPOSITION. VS. 4-8. 3. THE SOVEREIGN'S PUNISHMENT. VS. 9-12.

TIME.—A. D. 45. Places.—Antioch in Syria, and Salamis in Cyprus, and the island of Cyprus.

## INTRODUCTORY.

We now come to the history of the great movement to carry the gospel to the Gentiles. Heretofore to-day is a grand missionary lesson, showing us what is our duty in regard to that work.

## LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. PROPHETS—teachers having special inspiration. TEACHERS—those who prophesy; under the influence of the Holy Ghost, NIGER—black, to distinguish him from others of the same name. CYRENE—a province of Northern Africa. WHICH HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP—Revised Version, "foster-brother." What difference in the character of the two men? HEROD—Herod Antipas, who beheaded John the Baptist, at that time an exile in Gaul. SAUL, last mentioned, was the first of the 2 MEN MINISTERED—engaged in religious services. THE HOLY GHOST SAID—to the church through one of the prophets named. THE HOLY GHOST SAID, BARNABAS AND SAUL, SEPARATE ME—set apart into me for special service. V. 3. LAID THEIR HANDS ON THEM—as a sign of their consecration. V. 4. SELEUCIA—the subject of Barnabas. V. 5. SALAMIS—on the eastern end of the island. JOHN—John Mark, dearly loved of Barnabas (vs. 4:10), and author of the second gospel. MINISTER—assistant. V. 6. PAPHOS—a city on the western end of the island, the residence of the ruler—the high-priest of Paphos, ortho-teller, magician. FALSE PROPHET—also pretending to be inspired of God. V. 7. DEPRIVED—the proconsul, acting for the consul is governor of the Roman province. PRUDENT—thoughtful, sensible. V. 8. ELYMAS—An Arabic name meaning "the wise one." V. 8. WHO IS ALSO CALLED PAVL—from this time onward as I to mark the divine approval of his special mission to the Gentiles here begun. V. 10. CHILD OF THE DEVIL—like him a liar, and so a child of the father of liars, John 8:44. PERFECT—make the straight seem crooked, the truth a lie. V. 11. THE HAND—THE POWER OF THE LORD—not of man. UPON THEM—for punishment. FOR A SEASON—not permanently; mercy in the midst of judgment. MIST... DARKNESS—first partial, then perfect blindness. V. 12. WHEN HE SAW THESE THINGS HE RECOVERED become helps to faith. BELIEVED—whether savingly or not, we cannot say. He was struck with wonder at the things which he saw, and it may be that he received Christ as his personal Saviour.

## TEACHINGS:

1. God has laid upon us the work of sending the gospel to the heathen.
2. No need in our own country can excuse the neglect of this duty.
3. Men of the choicest gifts and graces should be chosen for this work.
4. We should help it by our sympathy, our prayers and our money.
5. Mission work may meet with opposition, but the gospel will finally triumph overall.

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