

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1884.

No. 30.

## The Weekly Messenger

### THE GREELY EXPEDITION.

The relief ships "Thetis" "Bear" and "Loch Garry" arrived at St. John's, Nfld. from West Greenland, on July 17th, with the survivors of the Greely party on board. Those rescued alive were Lieut. A. W. Greely, Sergeant Brainard, Sergeant Fredericks, Sergeant Long, Hospital steward Buderback, Private Connell and Sergeant Ellison. The latter, having lost both hands and feet by frost-bite in an attempt to reach a hidden store of provisions during the winter, died, after amputation, three days from the date of the rescue. Seventeen out of twenty-five persons composing the expedition died of starvation before the ships arrived. Twelve of the dead bodies were recovered and brought home. Lieut. Greely abandoned Fort Conger, his observing station, on August 9th, 1883, reaching Baird Inlet, September 29th; having abandoned all his boats he was adrift for thirty days upon an ice floe in Smith's Sound. He arrived safely at Cape Sabine. Provisions running short, the party were forced to live upon boiled seal-skin strips cut from their clothes, eked out with occasional shrimps and lichen-moss. The channel between Cape Sabine and Littleton Island did not close all winter, thus preventing the party from reaching provisions stored for them at the latter place. Six weeks before the rescue, regular provisions ceased. The first death occurred in January last. Ellison's case was one of great hardship and endurance, his hands and feet being frozen to the bone whilst on an expedition. He was dragged back to his hut by his comrade and lingered on until after the rescue. The most northerly point that had been reached by Lieut. Greely and his party was an island, named by them Lockwood Island, in latitude 83. 24, long. 44. 5, W., nearly three thousand miles north of New York. This is a short distance farther north than the place reached by the English explorers in 1876. From a height of 2000 feet they could see no land to the north or north-west, but to the north-east, they saw a cape on the west coast of Greenland, and named it Cape Robert Lincoln. Lieut. Lockwood was turned back from proceeding farther north by open water, his party barely escaping a drift into the Polar Ocean, if such an ocean exists. The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and the retreat to Cape Sabine were accomplished without loss of life, disease, or serious accident. At Washington the news of the arrival created much excitement, the President taking a deep interest in the report and expressing great concern at the death of so many of the party. Valuable records of meteorological, tidal, astronomical, magnetic, pendulum, and other observations were made by Greely and his men while at their station, which they left in accordance with their first instructions, to meet a relief expedition if none arrived within two years.

In view of the sudden change from an

extreme northern to a southern climate, and its possible ill effects, Lieut. Greely and his party have been advised to visit and remain in Maine during the present summer; this suggestion will probably be carried out. Mrs. Greely, who was in California at the time of the arrival of the party, came east at once with her family. The expedition which has rescued the party is the third sent out for that purpose by the United States Government, the "Neptune" having sailed in 1882 and returned after a month of ineffectual struggling with the ice. The "Proteus," sent out in 1883, also came to grief, being crushed in the ice. Her crew were brought back by the "Yautic," which picked them up at Upernavik, in Greenland. The gravest anxiety has been shown by all civilized nations in this last attempt, and universal relief is felt at its partial success.

Queen Victoria has telegraphed her congratulations on the rescue of the survivors; President Arthur has replied, again returning thanks for the gift of the "Alert" one of the vessels which helped in the rescue.

### A "COMMISSION NOT TO ENQUIRE."

FOR SOME WEEKS the five Commissioners appointed by the Provincial Legislature of Quebec have been carrying on their work in Montreal. Their business was to enquire into a charge made by Mr. Mercier, leader of the Opposition, against Judge Mousseau; the charge being that Mr. Mousseau, while Premier of the Province last year, sold a contract for new pavilion buildings to a contractor named Charlebois. As a fact Charlebois got the contract, although his tender was the highest instead of the lowest. Three of the Commissioners were Conservatives, and showed from the first that they were not so anxious to expose an iniquity as to shield their former leader. Mr. Mercier succeeded in proving a good deal; for instance, that Mr. Jean de Beaufort, a government employee who was promised \$10,000 by Charlebois to get him the contract, solemnly declared that one third of that sum was to go to the Premier himself. Mr. Bergeron, a lawyer and member of the Dominion Parliament was shown to have been mixed up in the proceeding. After fighting against many obstacles put in his way by the lawyers and Commissioners opposed to him, Mr. Mercier at last had to yield to the inevitable. The majority of the Commissioners would not even allow him to prove that Mr. Charlebois subscribed to Mr. Mousseau's election about the time that the contract was awarded; though that was one of the most suspicious circumstances of all, as Mr. Charlebois was a Liberal and Mr. Mousseau a Conservative. The two Liberal Commissioners then refused to have anything more to do with this sham "enquiry." Mr. Mercier then argued that the Commission could not act without all its members being present; but the three Conservatives decided that they would go on, and they will probably bring in a verdict of "not guilty."

IN PARIS it is said that 2500 soldiers will go to Tonquin next month; but it seems likely now that war will be avoided.

### MORE FROM BLAINE.

Is he either fish or flesh or good red herring, this Mr. J. G. Blaine! The *Union Signal* has the following:—

"Neal Dow proclaims Mr. Blaine a prohibitionist of the right sort. The *Chicago Tribune* is in despair at the mere intimation of such a thing, and begs the Germans to take account of the fact that Mr. Blaine is in nowise responsible for the Maine law, as he did not reach Maine till after it was passed and has never done anything in anyway to help it along." Whatever Mr. Blaine is or was personally, he has positively declared that he agrees in every particular with the platform laid down by the Republican convention at Chicago; and one plank of that platform is decided hostility to prohibition.

Mr. Blaine has published a long letter, formally accepting the nomination for the Presidency by the Republican National Convention. He comes out strongly, of course, in favor of "protection," making the sweeping declaration that "the tariff has increased the export trade, fostered agriculture, and benefited the mechanic and laborer." For all this, we have the authority of—of Mr. Blaine! The Republican candidate very discreetly says nothing about spreading the eagle's wings all over the continent, though he would like to see the United States have closer relations with its neighbors. He says that the nation is, and is likely to remain, at perfect peace with all other nations. As to the holding of land in large quantities, it should, with proper regard to vested rights be discouraged; this especially applies to foreigners: "it is but fair," he says, "that the public land should be disposed of only to actual settlers and to those who are citizens of the Republic, or willing to become so."

THE CHOLERA is still slaying people by scores in Toulon and Marseilles; in the latter city 874 deaths have already occurred. Famine is being added to disease, in consequence of the stoppage of work and business. The Pope has subscribed \$5,000 and President Grevy \$2,500 toward a fund for the relief of distress. Comparatively few tourists are going East this year, and those already on the continent are returning home. Cities on this side are bestirring themselves to set their drainage in order and clean their streets. We cannot have too much cleanliness at any time, but to allow dirt or bad air now is suicidal.

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION, perhaps the greatest ever held in London, took place on Monday. Over a hundred thousand men walked in procession to Hyde Park and passed resolutions denouncing the House of Lords for refusing to pass the Reform Bill. The whole of the proceedings were most orderly, but the people of England are evidently determined not to be thwarted by the irresponsible Lords. The Prince and Princess of Wales were spectators of the procession.

THE BRITISH IRONCLAD warships, the "Valiant" and the "Defence," came in collision on Monday night, and both were more or less damaged.

THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA shows some wonderful strides forward. In shipping, for instance: in 1882 the number of vessels registered was 3, representing a total of 163 tons. In 1883 the number of vessels was 155, representing a total of 19,972 tons, and exclusive of 102 colonial-built vessels, representing 7,253 tons, forming a total of 257 vessels, with a capacity of 27,225 tons. In connection with these figures, it may be mentioned that at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, the free trade colony, the iron ship-building industry is assuming respectable proportions, although colonial-built wooden screw steamers are still frequently constructed for passenger and other purposes in Sydney harbor. Trade in general has wonderfully developed. In 1833 the total value of articles imported into New South Wales was \$3,569,860. Fifty years later, in 1883, the amount was \$104,800,785. In 1833 the exports amounted in value to \$1,974,005. In 1883 the exports amounted in value to \$99,430,090. The significance of this increase will be better understood when it is remembered that during the earlier years mentioned, Australia was not divided as at present into various colonies, several of which, viz., South Australia, Queensland, and Western Australia, have each a larger area than is possessed by New South Wales.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL in England, the highest Court of Appeal in the British Empire, has decided that the decision of the arbitrators, in the boundary dispute between Ontario and Manitoba, is not legally binding. A decision as to what the boundaries shall actually be, has not yet been given.

A BOX OF GUNPOWDER was exploded at the foot of a statue of Lord Herbert, at Salisbury, England, the other night. The pedestal was injured. As Lord Herbert was one of the statesmen who joined with Sir Robert Peel in giving England the free trade demanded by Cobden and the people, it is difficult to say what the grudge can be against him.

A CROWDED EXCURSION train on the Valley Railway, Ohio, was wrecked near Canton on Saturday night, running off the track and going over an embankment into three or four feet of water. Twenty-five persons were injured. It is thought the accident was caused by the rails spreading.

THE RICHMOND NATIONAL BANK, Indiana, has suspended, Green's Bank, Jackson, Mississippi, has also suspended.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK cotton mills, owned by Mr. J. H. Parks, have suspended work; they are expected to go on again in a few weeks.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEER riflemen in England have won the Kolapore cup, a valuable trophy offered by the Sultan of Kolapore, in India.

GENERAL GORDON'S situation is still doubtful, but the last reports, from a merchant who left Dongola on July 4th, is that Gordon is still safe in Khartoum, having recently defeated a body of rebels. Letters, this merchant says, were passing nearly every day between Gordon and the Mahdi.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")  
CHAPTER V.

MISS PRISCILLA HUNTER.

"Good-morning," said a very pleasant voice. It seemed to be speaking to Reuben Stone, though whose it was, or where it came from, he couldn't decide. He stood with his hands in his pockets to keep them from freezing, looking about him, to settle what to do first. He looked up and down, and across, and at last discovered the owner of the voice,—a trim, kindly-faced woman, with her head reached out from the upper window,—looking down at him.

"Did you think I was a snow-bird?" she asked him. Then, without waiting for his answer, "I suspect you are a neighbor of mine, and I thought I would introduce myself. I've just moved in. Don't you live in this house?"

"Yes'm," said Reuben, "I live in the north-corner room, second floor."

"Just so, and I live in the south-corner room, second floor; we are very near neighbors, you see. I wish you a happy last day of the year."

Reuben laughed, then looked grave. "I'm not likely to have a very happy one, as I can see," he said, and sighed a little in spite of his determination not to.

"Is that so? Now that's a pity. I ain't like to have a year end well, it makes such a good beginning for the new one. Suppose you make it end nice whether it wants to or not?"

This made Reuben laugh again; her voice was so cheery, that he could not help being rather cheered by it.

"The brisk voice went on again; "suppose you come up here, and show me how to unfasten the spring to my window, and tell me what is going to be the matter with your day?"

"I'll tend to the window," Reuben said, going briskly in, and mounting the stairs two at a time, "but as to what is going to be the matter with this day, I wish I knew;" this last, he said to himself.

The window, fastening was turned without any trouble, and the window, when Reuben put his strong arms to it, went up as if by magic.

"See what it is to know how?" said his new friend, admiringly. "I suppose I fussed at that window for maybe ten minutes before I made up my mind to apply for help. Well, now, what is your objection to this day?"

"Why, I haven't any objection to it," Reuben said, laughing; "but it doesn't begin as though it liked me very well."

"What do you want of it?"

"I want it to give me some work to do."

"Work to do! Well, now, I never! Why the world is just as full of work as it can be. I don't know there was anything so easy to find as that."

"It keeps itself snug away from me, then," said Reuben, growing grim; "I've been looking for some these,—well, ever so many days."

"And you haven't found any?"

"No'm; none to speak of."

"Well, that's just astonishing! it must be you are particular; what kind of work do you want?"

"No'm, I'm not the least bit particular; I'd take any kind of work that folks would pay for."

"Oh, you want pay, do you? That's another thing; though to be sure, I never knew anybody to work without pay, though they don't always think of the pay at the time."

"I have to think of it," said Reuben, stoutly; "I need it, you see; it isn't as though I worked for fun, or to get some spending money for myself; I do it to support the family."

"So you have a family on your hands, have you? How many? A father and mother, I suppose; any brothers and sisters?"

Reuben looked out of the window and waited a minute before he staid his voice to say, "There's no father, ma'am; I'm the man of the house, and I have a mother and one sister to support. At least I want to support them, and mean to, sometime; mother has to work hard now, and so does Beth; but I don't mean it to be always so."

"Good for you," said his new acquaintance looking at him approvingly. Mean-

time she had been at work getting a fire started in her bright little cooking-stove, and Reuben had lingered because it was such a bright pleasant room that he hated to go. How cheery it was to be sure. Not so very much larger than their own, but very different. In the first place, there was a carpet on the floor, only spread down, for the new comer had moved in but the day before; but it was a warm-looking carpet, and would cover the entire floor nicely. Then there were already curtains up to the windows, white ones too; Reuben did not know that they were only the coarsest of muslin costing but a few cents a yard, and would not have cared, if he had. Also, there was a lounge, bright-covered, and a chair, which must have been the one that Beth had admired so much. There was a plant or two already seated on a low window-sill, and the morning sun was getting ready to shine on them. South windows in this room, two of them; no wonder it was pleasant.

But the pleasantest feature of the room was that trim figure, filling the small shining tea-kettle with water. Reuben watched her admiringly, and knew now that she was very pretty; he had not discovered it at first; he could not have told now what there was about her that he liked so much; he only knew that he liked her. He sprang forward when the kettle was filled, and lifted it quickly and skillfully to its place on the little stove.

"Thank you," said his hostess, watching him with a satisfied air. "So you mean to support your mother and Beth? I shouldn't wonder if you would do it. I kind of feel it in my bones that you will. I had a glimpse of Beth, I guess, yesterday. She is a nice, pleasant looking little sister; looks as though she ought to be supported. How are you going to do it?"

"That's the rub," said Reuben, his face growing grave; "there seems to be nothing that a boy can find to do. Odd jobs, you see, don't pay. You take half your time standing around looking for them, and may be half the time you don't find them."

"Just so; and then, according to that calculation, the whole of the time is gone. There's one thing though that is more important than to discover what you are going to do: that is to decide what you are not going to do."

"I'm going to do anything," said Reuben stoutly. "I don't care what it is; anything under the sun that folks will pay for, and I can do, I'm ready for. I picked out the kinds of work that I would like, for a good while, and hunted for them, but I gave that all up long ago. Now it is anything."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said gravely shaking her grey head, as she drew out a cunning little round table, and spread a white cloth on it.

"I'm very sorry indeed to hear it; because I know of work that folks will pay for that if you were my boy I'd rather not be supported than to have you do."

"What, for instance?"

"Stealing, and lying, and killing folks, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh! Well of course I didn't mean that; folks don't get paid for doing those things."

"Don't they! There's where you're mistaken; they get paid in more ways than one. If you're talking about money pay, they get lots of that; I'm not sure but it appears to pay almost better in that way than any other business."

"But it's against the laws to do such things."

"Well, anybody with common sense would suppose so of course; but this is a queer world you know, and has queer laws; and I'm ashamed to have to own that you are mistaken; the law winks at the whole thing."

"Winks at stealing and murder?" exclaimed Reuben, beginning to feel that he had made the acquaintance of a lunatic.

"I don't know what the laws are where you came from; but in New York State such things can't be done without folks suffering for them, if they are caught at it."

"Bless your heart, my boy, I wish that were true. I've lived in New York State for seventeen years and seen the business going on all the time. I know men who, have stolen houses, and horses, and cows, and furniture, and books, and I don't know what not, and murdered more wives and children than I can count, and the law hasn't peeped. Oh, yes it has, too; it has given every one of the creatures permission to keep on doing it, year after year."

"Oh," said Reuben, the look of astonishment passing from his face, "I know what you mean now. Yes, liquor-selling is mean enough business, I suppose; in fact I know it is. I should never do it for myself."

"For yourself! Oh no, of course not; but how would it be if you had a chance to do errands for a man who sold it! Carry home beer, or wine, or even stand behind the counter and sell the vile stuff by the glass?"

"Well," said Reuben, thoughtfully, "I've never looked for work in any of those places; but I suppose I'd take work if it were offered me; might as well, you know; lots of boys stand ready to do it, and if I didn't take the place somebody else would. Yes, sir, I'm in for work; I've got to work. You don't catch me refusing it; though I'll risk my having such good luck as to have it offered me."

"I hope not," said his new friend in great gravity. "If those are your principles, I sincerely hope no one will lead you into temptation; you use just exactly the argument that might be used about stealing. Lots of folks stand all ready to steal, and I dare say a good deal of stealing will be done, whether you do it or not. Why shouldn't you have your share?"

"Oh well, now," said Reuben staring at her in great astonishment. "That's entirely different, you know. Maybe the very thing that I'd steal won't get stolen; but I know that every man who wants a clerk to sell his brandy and things can get one; so what difference does it make, whether it's me, or somebody else?"

"Look here," said the gray-eyed woman, laying down her knife and the loaf from which she was cutting beautiful slices of bread, and facing round to Reuben, her eyes looking larger and grayer than they had before; "suppose that sister of yours,—you love her don't you?"

"I should rather think I did!" was Reuben's prompt answer.

"Well, now, suppose she had made up her mind to poison herself to-day, and was sure to do it, whether you helped her or whether you didn't, wouldn't it make a speck of difference to you, when you thought about it afterwards, whether it was you mixed the poison for her and held it out to her, or whether it was somebody else?"

Over this question Reuben paused thoughtfully for a few seconds, then said, the color rising slowly on his brown cheeks, "Yes, ma'am, it would. I'd rather it would have been anybody else?"

"Just so," said the gray-eyed woman with an emphatic nod of her grey head.

"Now I'll tell you something; it's a thing that I don't like to tell very often, nor to think about. I had a father, and a brother, and a friend, and every one, were poisoned to death with rum. Murder, I call it, though a good many people helped in it, and nobody was hung for it; but I'm glad that you wasn't one of the helpers; and I hope, with all my soul, that you will never lift your finger to help any other body's father or brother or friend to take poison."

To this appeal Reuben seemed to have no answer to make. The bread-cutting went on in silence for a few seconds; then his new friend said, in a changed and cheery tone,—

"Well sir; I think it is time you and I introduced ourselves if we are to be neighbors and friends. I'm Miss Priscilla Hunter, a tailoress by trade, and I expect to make a great many vests and coats and pants for folks of about your size, or a trifle younger. Now if you are the head of the family, what is your name and business?"

"I'm Reuben Watson Stone, and my business, you see, is to take care of my mother and sister, but I haven't found how to do it yet."

"You'll do it," with an emphatic nod of her head. "I'll risk you. I shouldn't wonder if you should have a pretty good run of business this very day. Had your breakfast?"

"No'm," said Reuben his cheeks growing hotter. Did she suppose he was going to tell her that they had but half a loaf of bread left, and he had saved it for mother and Beth, and started out intending to earn his own before he ate it? They were in closer quarters than usual just now, but he did not mean to tell anybody if he could help it. So he said, "No'm, I haven't eaten it yet."

"Pretty early, that's a fact" said Miss Hunter; "but seeing I was moving, I thought I'd be on hand early. If you are

not in too great a hurry I wonder if you wouldn't buy some tacks for me, and a few single nails, and a tack-hammer,—I broke mine taking the tacks out with the claw-end,—and a spool of black linen thread while you are about it, and let me pay you with a cup of coffee and a slice or two of my best toast?"

"I'll buy the things in a jiffy," said Reuben, his mouth watering at the thought of the hot coffee and toast. "But you needn't pay me; I'll do it to be neighborly."

"Business is business," said Miss Hunter, briskly. "But, never mind, we'll begin by being neighborly; you sit down and have some breakfast with me, for my part, and then go do my errands for your part, and then we'll both be neighborly and even. Don't you see?"

"No ma'am," said Reuben, laughing. "I have to go right by the stores and can do your errands as well as not; and it isn't worth a cup of coffee and a piece of toast to do them."

"Not! Well then, I'll have you get some buttons, and match a piece of clothing for me at the trimming store on Broadway. Know where that is? All right; I'll be even with you, you see, somehow." All this time she had been dashing around her neat kitchen, putting two plates on the nice round table, putting her coffee to bubble—for the pint of water in the small bright tea kettle boiled with a swiftness that would have astonished Beth,—toasting her beautiful slices of bread, and in a wonderfully short space of time Reuben Watson Stone found himself seated at the nice round table, with its white table-cloth, taking a lovely breakfast with Miss Priscilla Hunter. He laughed while he ate, to think how all this would astonish Beth; and concluded that she couldn't be more astonished about it than he was.

During the breakfast, the talk went on. Reuben found himself telling Miss Hunter the most unexpected and astonishing things,—how the cow was sold, and he wanted to send Beth to school but couldn't; had wanted to go himself, but had given that up long ago. Wanted to buy his mother a house one of these days, wanted, meantime, to pay the next month's rent, and get a whole bushel of coal; but would fail even in these, if he got no work. "I'd like to buy my coal by the bushel, if I could," said this "head of the house," "because, you see, people who buy at wholesale get things cheaper, I have heard."

"Just so," said Miss Hunter, taking grave bites of her toast, and uncovering suddenly a mysterious little tin dish that she had lifted from the stove. "Look here, what a present I had yesterday from one of my old neighbors who lives in the country. She keeps a hen who lays eggs on purpose for me, and as soon as there are six of them, my neighbor brings them along." And she plumped a lovely white morsel just out of its creamy shell on Reuben's plate.

"Oh!" he said, breathless for a minute, then—"this is too much."

"One egg isn't much;" said Miss Hunter, composedly. "I know a boy who used to eat two at every single breakfast;" which fact so astonished Reuben that he said not another word. But if there had been any way of putting that egg into his pocket, or his hat, or somewhere, and slipping away with it nice and warm and white to his mother, how he would have liked it!

"So the cow is sold," said Miss Hunter, meditatively. "That's bad, I suppose, for the people who owned her, but I must say, it makes my way look clearer; you see I have a friend, about a mile away from here, who has milk brought to her from a farm in the country every morning, and I buy two quarts a day of her,—I'm rather fond of milk,—but the thing is, now that I've moved, to get it. She used to have her boy bring it to me on his way to school, but his way won't be down this street; now if I could find a boy or a girl who would like to tramp after it for me, and be paid in milk, a quart a day, don't you see I would be fixed?"

"We could do that," said Reuben, eagerly. "Beth and I. She likes to take walks, and mother likes to have her, only she hasn't any regular place to go, and mother doesn't like to have her wandering about; but whenever it was nice and pleasant, she could get the milk, and when it stormed, or was too cold for a girl, I could go."

"Just so," said Miss Hunter nodding her head, "Then we have so much fixed."

(To be continued.)

ALCOHOL—A VAGABOND.

BY J. JAMES RIDGE, M. D., B. S., B. A., B.S.C., LONDON.

Yes, alcohol is a vagabond! For what is a "vagabond?" If you look in a dictionary you will find that a vagabond is a person who wanders about from place to place, having no business nor visible means of subsistence. The word comes, in fact, from a Latin word which means "to wander." Now, there is no harm in wandering, and when we go into the country for a holiday, nothing is more delightful than to wander about where fancy takes us. But the words "vagabond" and "vagrant," which come from the same root, have acquired a bad meaning, simply because most people who wander about, having no settled home or work, are worthless fellows, and get up to mischief. They like other people to work for them, and policemen have to keep their eyes on them and tell them to "move on."

Alcohol is a "wanderer," and as worthless as one as ever you saw. Let us watch him. Here he is, in the shape of "half-a-pint o' beer," or "a glass of wine," or "half-a-quartern of whiskey," or "a go of gin," or "a tot of rum." In it goes, into the obedient mouth, down the gullet, into the patient and long-suffering stomach. Now it commences its wandering career. On every side of it are an infinite number of pipes in the walls or coats of the stomach, too small to be seen without a magnifying glass, finer than the finest hair, but called "capillaries" (from "capilla," Latin for a hair), because they are more like hairs than anything else. If these pipes or capillaries are small, of course their coat or wall is smaller and thinner still. So alcohol, the vagabond, having mingled with the contents of the stomach, and done what harm he can there, soaks through these thin walls and mixes with the blood which is constantly passing through them.

These pipes turn and twist among all the tubes and substances which make up the thickness of the stomach's walls, and all these come in for a share of the wandering poison. If you break an egg and put the white of it into a glass and then pour some alcohol upon it, it turns white and curdles. If you poured some upon a jelly-fish, it would shrivel and harden in the same way. So the alcohol hardens and shrivels the parts which it touches, and more so the more there is of it. But it is not allowed to stay long doing all this mischief. "Move on" is the stern and useful command. And it moves on. The little particles which float in the blood, shrink and shrivel as the vagabond gets close to them, and they hurry on together in the current of the blood, the little pipes joining to form larger ones, and these larger still, until they form one large tube. This takes all the blood and the alcohol to the liver. Then the big tube or blood-vessel divides again and again, like the branches of a tree, and takes the blood all over and through the liver. Alcohol wanders about among the little particles of the liver, irritating and annoying them, and if this goes on day after day for years, in course of time the vagabond makes the liver itself shrink and shrivel until it looks like a hob-nailed boot. But the liver tries to do all it can to prevent the alcohol from wandering on further in his mischief-making course. It lays hold of some of it, at all events, and so ties and binds it up, that its own mother wouldn't know it. It changes some of it into something else, whether by splitting it up or joining it in respectable marriage with some decent substances. Certain it is that some of the alcohol that goes into the body never comes out again, and it is probable we may thank the liver for converting some of him from his vagabond life.

Some, however, of the alcohol is too quick for the liver to deal with; he hurries on through the heart and into the lungs. There he finds an opportunity of escaping from the body, which is heartily glad if he will avail himself of it. He gets through the walls of the little pipes or blood-vessels in the lungs, mixes with the air, and comes away in the breath. Fugh! how it stinks! Who cannot tell the drinker of alcohol by his breath, which poisons the very air?

But while we have been talking the vagabond has gone further on his travels. Back to the heart, and then, pumped out with every pulse, he wanders forth to create mischief in every part of the body.

The brain has to bear the brunt of his attack, for, in proportion to size, more blood

goes there than to almost any other part. On rushes alcohol and soaks again through the delicate blood-pipes into all the delicate tissues of the brain and nerves. Are they glad to see him? Do they act all the better for his presence? Let us see. Here is a set of little jelly-like particles joined together with little threads, like so many starfishes with two, three, or four long fingers, either touching each other, or stretched out into long strings, called nerves. These particular nerves we are thinking about lead, if you trace them, down to the walls of some blood-pipes, called arteries, along which the blood has to flow to reach all parts of the body. These nerves are able to make the blood-vessels or arteries get smaller if too much blood is passing along them. But now the alcohol has reached the star-fish-like particles from which the power goes which makes the blood vessels smaller. It makes them more sluggish or sleepy, as it were, and the grasp of the blood-vessels loosens or relaxes, just as a baby lets his toy fall when he goes to sleep. More blood rushes along the vessels than went along before, and so the face, the hands, and other parts of the body get redder; there is more blood in them, because the vagabond alcohol has relaxed the walls of the arteries.

But some of the alcohol goes to the skin, and soaks through it in the perspiration or sweat. And some of it goes to the kidneys, and these have a duty to do which they make every effort to perform. They try to get out of the blood everything which ought not to be there. They do not try to remove useful things; food passes through them in the blood and goes on to nourish the body. But what do they do to alcohol? If that is food they will let him pass. But no! they know better than that. "Seize him! the vagabond! He's been creating disturbance wherever he goes, wandering about from place to place, to the injury of all peaceable and useful parts. Out with him! as fast as we can." And so they do, and none of the vagabond that comes their way is allowed to pass if they can help it, and so the blood and the body, by the help of the liver, the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys, is gradually purified of the presence of this archvagabond, alcohol.—*From Onward.*

STUDYING THE BIBLE.

In some recent addresses to Christian workers George Muller made the following statements on the study of the Word of God:—

The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Word in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from the experience of fifty-four years. The first three years after conversion I neglected, comparatively, the Word of God. Since the time I began to search it diligently the blessing has been wonderful. I have read since then the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh it always seems like a new book to me. Since July, 1820, I cannot tell you how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the Word of God.

In reference to the plea of lack of time for this duty, Mr. Muller said:—

Friends often say to me, "Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I cannot find time for Scripture study." Perhaps there are not many beloved brethren present who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known one day when I had not more business than I could get through. For thirty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters to answer, and most of these have passed more or less through my own hand. I have nine assistants always at work, corresponding in German, French, English, sometimes Danish, Italian, Russian, and other languages. Then, as pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, you may suppose how great has been my care; and, besides these things, I have had the charge of five immense orphanages—a vast work; and also at my publishing depot the printing and circulating of millions of tracts, and books, and copies of Scripture. But I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God. Then I throw myself with all my heart into his work for all the remainder of the day, with only a few minutes interval for prayer.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes.*)

Aug. 3.—Psalms. 51: 1-19.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Definiteness in confession and prayer. A company was assembled to see some incense burned; the incense which ascended from the altar morning and evening, like the prayers of God's people, "a sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord." A gentleman placed the incense in a mortar and proceeded to grind it. When it was fine he placed some upon the coals which were ready, and all anxiously awaited the perfume which was to be the result. They sat hushed for some minutes, when a murmur of disappointment arose. It was a failure. The gentleman took up the mortar and ground the remainder of the incense to powder; it was exceedingly fine. Then it was placed upon the coals, when immediately the room was filled with the delightful odor. Thus with our prayers; when we get them fine, when we have ground out all the generalities, and simply go to the Lord with every little thing of joy, or sorrow, as we would tell a friend, never forgetting to thank Him for even the little blessings of life, then our prayers ascend unto heaven, as a sweet-smelling savor to a loving and gracious God.—*Miss Sarah Smiley.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson can be brought to bear upon the hearts and consciences of every scholar. All have sinned, and therefore all need repentance, confession, and their fruits. (1) We have a general prayer for mercy (vers. 1, 2), and the desire to be saved from sin. All repentance grows out of this. (2) We have repentance (vers. 3-5), the sinner blaming no one but himself. And he confesses his sin, as widely as the sin was known. (3) He prays for forgiveness (vers. 7-9). Show the need of forgiveness, and what it does for the sinner. (4) He prays for a new heart (vers. 10-12). (5) He brings forth the fruits meet for repentance. It is well to show David's many good and great qualities, in contrast with his sin, lest we misjudge him. And show the difference between the good and the bad, as to their sins, by contrasting David and Peter with Saul and Judas.

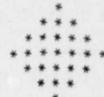
HINTS FOR FURNISHING FARM-HOUSES.

Many farmers' wives and daughters have an instinctive sense of duty in regard to the adornment of their homes, yet feel that their income is too limited to do anything. But if they look around for what nature will freely supply they will be surprised at the transformation which can be easily wrought in rooms that before seemed dull and plain. Ferns gathered in Summer, and leaves in Autumn, pressed, and pinned on the wall in irregular sprays, beginning at the cornice, look very graceful. Let white tarlatan, costing 18 or 20 cents a yard, be cut in strips about half a yard wide and tacked over parlor and sitting-room windows for lamp-requins. On these pin some brilliant Autumn leaves, scattered here and there carelessly, with perhaps a border of ferns, and you will be astonished at the fairy-like appearance presented. I remember gathering great quantities of ferns while staying one summer at a New England rural home, and the satirical remark of the farmer, that "he wished he could turn all the Philadelphia ladies loose into his field and have them pull up all the 'brakes.'" But even this practical man was impressed by the arrangement above described.—*American Agriculturist.*

MOTHERS, keep alcoholic liquors out of your kitchens. Baking may expel the alcohol from the brandy you put in your pie-meat, but alcoholic liquors in cooking are had for the cook who has to taste her preparations; bad for the children, who want to look into the mysteries of cooking; bad for your stomachs, and bad for your morals. A case of wine in your cellar closes your mouth against the vice of drinking, makes you sour and surly when the subject of temperance is broached, and leads you to denounce the advocates of abstinence as fanatics in the presence of your children, and thus prejudice them in favor of dangerous customs to their hurt and your sorrow.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.



1. In great. 2. Part of an intransitive verb, read backwards. 3. A light. 4. A kind of dog. 5. An heir. 6. A fowl. 7. In arc.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

Let  $n$  and  $m$  be preceded by  $g$ ; let twice twenty-five follow; then add five hundred, and you will find a blessing to some, a curse to others, and that for which many have died.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

Take a certain word from each proverb. When the selections have been rightly made, and the words placed one below another in the order here given, the initial will spell the name of a place famous in American history.

1. "As busy as a bee."
2. "As ugly as a hedge fence."
3. "As nimble as a cow in a cage."
4. "As knowing as an owl."
5. "As full as an egg is of meat."
6. "As virtue is its own reward, so vice is its own punishment."
7. "As busy as a hen with one chicken."
8. "As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot."
9. "As lively as a cricket."
10. "As love thinks no evil, so envy speaks no good."

ENIGMATIC TREES (Partly Phonetic.)

1. A poisonous serpent.
2. A fish.
3. The voice of a quadruped.
4. Another fish.
5. An animal and a shrub.
6. An indispensable article in the household.
7. A reminder of Mount Lebanon.
8. A large animal.
9. A garden vegetable.
10. An Indian tribe and a fruit.
11. An insect.
12. A part of many animals.
13. An emblem of power and strength.
14. A shell fish.
15. A favorite English tree.
16. An emblem of sorrow.
17. A delicious drink.
18. A reminder of a traitor.
19. A portion of a constellation.
20. The tree we would choose for a rainy day.
21. Senior.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMATIC TREES. 1. Spruce. 2. Balm of Gilead. 3. Box. 4. Fringe. 5. Hemlock. 6. Georgia bark. 7. Blue Jack. 8. Sea Grape. 9. Iron wood. 10. June berry. 11. Lime. 12. Olive. 13. Sassa wood. 14. Tallow tree. 15. Pine. 16. Plane. 17. Yew. 18. Willow. 19. Osage Orange. 20. Sorrel tree. 21. Mangrove.

CHARADE.—Bandage. (Band-age). ENIGMA.—"Let not ambition mock their useful toil."

FORGOTTEN.

The following extract from a letter sent to the *Indian Witness*, of Calcutta, needs no added comment. It speaks eloquently to every parent's heart, and urges a query of solemn weight, as well as practical importance:—

"Mother, you have forgotten my soul." So said a little girl, three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother," she said, "you have forgotten my soul." "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

We have not said that!" The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. And, oh, from how many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance! You, fond mother, so busy hour after hour, preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself, in faith and love, to his keeping?—*The Christian.*

## The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JULY 23.

A LONDON PHYSICIAN, in the St. James' Gazette, gives some precautions against cholera. He particularly insists on total abstinence from beer. He recommends that drinking water should be boiled, and cooled rapidly by being poured quickly from vessel to vessel. Three or four drops of "Condy's fluid" may be added to the water, but not a drop of alcohol. This only agrees with the evidence of Sir William Gull, given before a select committee of the House of Lords, when he declared his opinion that alcohol would not take away the dangerous properties of impure water.

AT A GREAT FESTIVAL in the Crystal Palace, England, a monster meeting was presided over by Sir Wilfred Lawson, Tawhiao, King of the Maoris, who is just now on a visit to England from New Zealand, and who has recently adopted the blue ribbon, was one of the speakers. He told of the great harm inflicted on his people by drink, saying that many of the young chiefs died from that cause; he had therefore come to the conclusion that they should have nothing more to do with drink. Chief Topia, one of the King's companions, also spoke in favor of the blue ribbon movement.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE CONGRESS at Liverpool had hardly dispersed when a most terrible seal of truth was set upon their declarations against the drink traffic. A young man, coming home from the public house under the influence of the diabolical poison which such places are licensed to sell, quarrelled with his wife and then murdered her. Their little child, whose head the drink-maddened father had just before threatened to cut off, ran out and brought in the police. They came—just in time to see the murderer fall to the ground dead, his throat cut by his own hand.

THE OLDEST TEMPERANCE Organization in the United Kingdom, the "British Temperance League," is just fifty years old, and is celebrating its jubilee with a conference and other meetings in London.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL, lasting for two days, has just been held at New-Castle-on-Tyne, England. More than 100,000 people assembled at the meetings each day on the Town Moor.

AT THE CLOSING COMMUNION Service of Mr. Moody's mission in London, when some 3000 persons were present, non-alcoholic wine was used.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER of Good Templars in Scotland has now 59,063 members,—49,959 adults and 19,004 juveniles.

A DRINK SHOP in London, England, has this very correct title:—"The Mischief."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNIONS in Massachusetts are preparing for a campaign to get a bill passed which will compel all public school teachers in the State to instruct their scholars on the effects of alcohol.

A CORRESPONDENT writes telling us of a temperance society that was organized on June 2nd at Sister Bay, Wisconsin, with Mr. C. J. A. Peterson as President and Mr. C. R. Seagust as Secretary; by the date of the letter, July 10, there were sixty-four members.

## THE WEEK.

THE JUDICIAL COMMISSION, appointed to investigate the charge of trying to bribe members of the Ontario Legislature, has heard some evidence, but has adjourned till the 1st of September, when Messrs. Buntin, Wilkinson, (two of the defendants), Macpherson (an Honorable Senator), and Shields are expected to be present.

ONLY THREE HUNDRED of the three thousand-five hundred saloon keepers at Cincinnati, Ohio, have paid the license tax under the Scott Law. The defaulters will be sued, but think the law will be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER of Mr. Matthew Arnold,—the great English critic and poet who recently visited this country with his family,—is engaged to be married to Mr. Frederick Whitridge, a lawyer in New York.

PROFESSOR SCHWEINFURTH, a German scientist, is going to explore the Egyptian deserts.

THE DUTCH COUNCIL OF STATE has approved of the proposal to make Queen Emma the Regent of Holland, if the King dies, till Princess Wilhelmina comes of age. The Chambers are now meeting, on July 23th, to take this question into consideration.

A MAN IN CHARGE of a farm in Ireland near Tralee—the tenant having been evicted—was shot dead on Friday night last week.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT has agreed to allow railways to be laid down in Annam, for military and commercial purposes. Till now, the Chinese have refused to allow railways; to prevent French workmen being brought in to do the work, however, the Chinese are likely to lay this railway themselves.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT was a little nettled and alarmed by a speech recently made by one of the Spanish ministry, which seemed to imply that Spain would not be sorry to see the Pope's temporal power in Italy restored to him. Explanations were demanded. The Spanish Premier has now declared that "Spain recognizes accomplished facts": that is, Spain would have preferred that Italy should remain under the heel of His Holiness, but as Italy did not do so there was nothing more to be said against it.

A RUSSIAN POLICE INSPECTOR has been fatally wounded by two Nihilists.

MRS. CAROLINE E. BROWN, who has just died at Waterford, Maine, at the age of 76, was the mother of Charles F. Brown, so well-known as "Artemus Ward," the humorist.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND summer fisheries up to date have not been half so successful as last year.

MUCH SICKNESS still exists at Panama; in one hospital there are hundreds down with dysentery, besides more than a dozen yellow fever patients.

A COUNCIL OF BAPTIST MINISTERS at Beverly, Ontario, has refused to recognize the Rev. J. McCole as a Christian minister, in consequence of his unchristian conduct.

A SON OF MR. PLATT, American Consul at Cork, has been drowned while boating.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is going to lend India seventy million dollars to extend railways. This will open up immense wheat growing districts; which is a very significant fact for our farmers.

THE PLAGUE has appeared in Russia, having come from Persia. The Mahommeidians in South-Eastern Russia have been forbidden to go on pilgrimages to holy places, for fear that they might bring disease back with them.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY, the young widow of Prince Leopold, has given birth to a son. This is her second child, the first being a daughter.

THE SMALL BOYS of Washington have been annoying the Chinese Ambassador and his subordinates, by pulling their pigtails and calling them "rat-catchers." The Ambassador was naturally indignant at the insult, and complained to the police; several of the small boys have been accordingly arrested and fined.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY, it is announced, have made a treaty with the object of suppressing Nihilists and Anarchists. No Russians will be allowed to live in Germany without permission from the Russian government. These countries are also said to be trying to get the agreement of other countries to an arrangement something like this.

THE SKIN HUNTERS in Southern Oregon, in spite of all the laws of the State, are doing their best to exterminate the deer in that country. Two men in ten days last month killed one hundred and thirty, selling the skins and leaving the meat to rot and the young fawns to die of starvation. The *Oregonian* calls on the people to combine and hunt the scoundrels out of the country.

UNTIL NOW, foreign residents in Turkey have had post-offices their own. The government has suddenly had a fit of indignant independence, and has sent a circular to foreign governments telling them that in future all letters will have to be sent through Turkish post-offices and with Turkish stamps. It is about as absurd for Turkey to talk of independence as it would be for a man with neither legs nor arms.

IN MOST PLACES where railways come into competition with steamboats, the steamboats have gradually to give way. And yet the Winnipeg Board of Trade the other day sent a deputation to St. Paul and made arrangements to have goods sent up by water instead of by land. The Canadian Pacific Railway, having a monopoly of the carrying trade in the North-West, has been charging high rates; and freight has also been much delayed by the railway refusing to pay the customs authorities the necessary fees for examining by night. The St. Paul and Manitoba railway therefore agreed to start steamers on the Red River, from St. Vincent to Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific has now agreed to pay the extra customs fee. We do not hear that they have reduced their charges.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA is going to visit Warsaw, the capital of ancient Poland, and the railway track is to be lined by thousand of soldiers to prevent the rebellious subjects from damaging their beloved sovereign. A plot has already been discovered to blow up the palace at Warsaw when the Czar should be there, and a hundred Russians and Servians and Bulgarians have been arrested.

"SEVEN DEATHS FROM SUNSTROKE in two days," is the report from Vienna, while we are wondering what the sun looks like.

THE KING OF ROMANIA is going to visit Belgrade, the capital of Servia, and it is thought that the two little countries are going to make an alliance.

EIGHTY FIVE SAILING SHIPS were reported "lost" in the month of May. The total was made up of 38 British vessels, 10 French, 8 Norwegian, 6 Swedish, 5 American, 4 Italian, 3 Chilean, 2 Austrian, 2 German, 2 Greek, 1 Danish, 1 Dutch, 1 Liberian, 1 Russian and 1 Portuguese. Fifteen steamers also were reported lost; 12 British, 1 American, 1 Chinese and 1 Greek.

IN LONDON, England, with its four and a half million of inhabitants, there are many who have never been in the country in their lives. Every summer now an increasing number of these very poor people are taken by their philanthropic citizens for a short holiday. A single day in the country is an immense treat to many; but a still more useful work is that of sending delicate children and old people to board for a week or two at farmhouses. The good country food and air are just the right medicine for bodies accustomed to the heavy town atmosphere and sometimes not enough food of any sort. This movement has been carried on to a greater extent in America. Only the other day, the Free Excursion Society of Baltimore took to their grounds three thousand colored persons, including nursing mothers and infants besides the aged and infirm; 5,500 meals were distributed. There will be another excursion next month.

THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP of Canada and of the world was last Saturday won by the Montreal club from the Toronto.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN, who already controls a monopoly of the telegraph service in Canada, is now building up another monopoly,—that of the ferry service between New York and points over the rivers.

THE AUSTRIAN AUTHORITIES are going to take strong measures to prevent the people being led away to join the Mormons. The police have received orders to arrest all Mormon missionaries who try to secure converts, and a warrant is now out against Paul Hammer, a missionary from Nevada.

FRIGHTFUL CRUELTY is practised on the inmates of an insane asylum at Utica, N.Y.; at least, that is what is said by Michael Uhlman, formerly a policeman, who has just been released after three months' confinement there.

A SCHOOL-GIRL named Lizzie Emmerich\* in Franklin township, Pennsylvania, was so disappointed at not being able to keep up with other girls at school that she committed suicide by shooting. She was twenty years of age.

FIVE BODIES have been stolen from the cemetery at Abingdon, Virginia. The dead belonged to wealthy families, but the thieves are thought to have been after the bodies of two well-known Governors of the State.

ON ONE DAY, about fifteen thousand dozen of eggs were shipped to the United States from Annapolis, Nova Scotia. They were valued at some \$2,000.

MR. H. M. STANLEY, the explorer, has resigned his connection with the expedition on which he was engaged in Africa.

ANOTHER COMET has been discovered by Professor Barnard, of Nashville, Tennessee.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S Hall in Berne, the Swiss capital, has been wrecked by a mob.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC Company's steamer "Gijon" came into collision with the English steamer "Laxham" off Coruna, Spain, on Tuesday. Both vessels sank almost immediately. Fifty-six persons were saved. The number lost is not known, but is believed to be very large.

**THE PEOPLE OF PONDICHERY**, the little French colony in India, were celebrating the 14th of July with great rejoicings, when a rocket accidentally went off in a building full of fireworks. There was a terrible explosion, fifteen persons being killed and many others injured.

**ANOTHER STORY** is now told about the English railway accident at Peniston. Instead of a collision having taken place, it is said that an axle of the engine broke causing the train to leave the track and plunge over a bridge. Twenty-five were killed and forty injured.

**THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT** is going to hurry on the work of cutting a canal from the North Sea to the Baltic Sea. This will turn Denmark into an island.

IT IS REPORTED that the British Government has offered the Falkland Islands to France in exchange for New Caledonia, and that France refuses even to take the matter into consideration. New Caledonia, an island in the Pacific ocean, 720 miles north east of Australia, was annexed by France twenty years ago; in 1871 the Communists, who caused such terrible riots in Paris, were shipped off to this island. Australia naturally objects to having a colony of convicts so close to her; but the story is nevertheless an unlikely one. The Falkland Islands, in the South Atlantic, about 200 miles east of the South American coast, are used by British capitalists for raising cattle. A great many ships take refuge there from the storms that rage in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, and get their injuries repaired.

**THE QUARREL** between King and Parliament in Norway has ended by the King giving way. Mr. Sverdrup, leader of the popular party, has formed a government.

**A GREAT FIRE** on the wharves at Wapping, in the East End of London, destroyed property valued at \$12,500,000.

**A SOCIETY**, itself composed of German noblemen, has been formed to help poor German noblemen to emigrate to Chili.

**THERE IS A BELL** in the Lutheran church of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, which was first rung in 1776; this is older than the Sordel bell.

**THE HORROR OF FREEMASONRY** felt (or in some cases pretended) by the strictest Roman Catholics, has just been shown in a very amusing way. A Liberal newspaper at Quebec published a portrait of Mr. Langelier, the Liberal candidate at an election for Megantic county. On the collar there was a little blemish, caused by the head of a screw in the block from which the picture was printed. Some other newspapers at once began to talk about a "mysterious sign," and hinted that it might be put there to induce Orangemen to give Mr. Langelier their support!

**GENERAL BUTLER**, it is positively stated, will be a candidate for the Presidency.

**A GREAT FORESTRY EXHIBITION** has been opened at Edinburgh, Scotland, with a very large display of foreign and native woods. One of the leading features is a complete model of a Manitoba farm,—house, stable and all,—with the hay, coal, timber &c. to be had in that Province.

**TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX** Austrians have just been convicted of rioting; their sentences ranged from three days to ten years imprisonment.

**THE SHIPMENT OF GRAIN** from the West by the Montreal route has largely increased since the Government has reduced the tolls on Canadian canals.

**"CRY FROM THE GREAT CITY."**

We have received a communication from Mr. Charles M. Sawell, one of the district secretaries of the London (Eng.) City Mission. Mr. Sawell is lecturing in Canada and the United States for the benefit of the good work which he represents. Among his letters of introduction he brings one from that venerable philanthropist the Earl of Shaftesbury, who writes:

**DEAR SAWELL**—I am glad to learn that you are about to visit Canada, and perhaps the United States. You will learn much from the Americans in every way, and I shall be most happy to hear that as an old friend and fellow-laborer of mine you have been received with all the kindness and hospitality that are so prominent and abundant on the other side of the Atlantic. Yours very truly, Shaftesbury

Mr. Sawell sends us a short account of the work being done by his organization, and the facts given are of such great interest that we print them for the benefit of all our readers.

The London City Mission, was founded May 16th, 1835. Its simple object is to take the Gospel to every house, garret, and cellar; and to beseech men to be reconciled to God. It knows nothing of sects or parties, nor does it seek to proselytize in any other way than to make the wicked holy; and the worthless, valuable members of society.

The necessity for the operations of such a Society among the masses of our population is shown by the following facts:—

London is the greatest city the world ever saw. Babylon, Thebes, Rome, were never so populous; while the largest city in India at the present time contains less than a million inhabitants. Within the borders of its Police districts there are now more than four and a-half millions of souls. London has four times as many people as Washington, seven times as many as St. Petersburg, nearly two and a half times as many as Paris, more than four times as many as Berlin, and nearly five times as many as the great city of Pekin. All Scotland does not equal it in the number of its people, and the inhabitants of nine Liverpools, or thirty Montreals, would find accommodation within its boundaries. Every five minutes a soul goes out of London; account before the great Judge; and every nine minutes a new immortal is born there. The extent of its territory is always increasing. Measuring within the fifteen miles radius of this Mission's operations, (nearly 700 square miles), every year there are added some 21,000 new houses, and 90,000 additional inhabitants, that is, London's population increases by 246 persons every day. It is at once the Court, the seat of Government, the centre of fashion, the home of all the charities, and the general gathering place of all the criminal and desperate classes of the kingdom. One hundred thousand winter tramps, forty thousand "costermongers," an almost equal number of paupers in the poor-houses, more Jews than are to be found in all Palestine, as many Roman Catholics as are to be found in Rome itself, with criminals enough to people several parliamentary boroughs, await the zeal of many a new apostle. "The clergy," is the general cry, "are utterly underhanded." They cannot reach the multitude who are nominally committed to them." Even if the people wanted to go to church, they could not find room. Fifteen hundred new churches, it is estimated, are required to bring up the provision for public worship to the present necessities of the population. But to build these, even at the low average cost of \$30,000 for church and land, a sum of forty-five million dollars would be required. And then fifty new churches must be added every year to keep pace with the enormous progress of the population, while the present average addition is not half that number.

The number of London city Missionaries is now 456. Every Missionary visits once a month about 650 families, or 2,900 persons. Their work is to pioneer a path amongst the most wretched and debased of our fellow-creatures, in which the faithful pastor may in due time follow. They read the Scriptures; pray with and exhort the people; give them tracts; see that the children go to school, and that every family is possessed of a copy of the Word of God. They attend the death-beds of some of those who are dying uncaared for, and hold meet-

ings for prayer and exposition for the benefit of the poor whom they can collect in rooms upon their own districts, and who commonly neglect public worship. Thirteen Clergymen of the Established church, and thirteen Dissenting Ministers, are examiners of the qualifications and ability of the Missionaries, and the Committee is composed of an equal number of members of the Established church and of Dissenters; while among the Missionaries are found Churchmen, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists, all harmoniously working together for the one grand object of seeking and saving the lost.

Special Missionaries have been appointed to visit the Thieves, Bakers, Theaters, Coachmen, Grooms, Night and Day Cabmen, Drivers, Omnibus-men, Canal Boatmen, Hay-carters, Soldiers, and Sailors; and also the Germans, French, Italians, Russians, Norwegians, Swedes, Spaniards, Danes, Dutch, Orientals, Jews, Irish and Welsh; the Hotel-servants, Fire Brigade, Police, Chelsea Pensioners, Letter-carriers, and the inmates of Workhouses and Hospitals. Eighteen Missionaries have also been appointed for the exclusive visitation of Public-houses and Coffee-shops. But how much remains to be done! Here are a few summaries of the work of the London City Mission, and its results during the year 1882-83:

Total number of Missionaries.....	452
Visits and calls paid.....	3,099,531
Of which to the sick and dying.....	274,383
Bibles, Testaments and portions distributed.....	29,841
Rights of tracts distributed.....	4,165,273
Books lent.....	49,529
In-door Meetings and stove classes held.....	42,826
Additional in-door Meetings in factories, work-houses, penitentiaries, &c.....	20,691
Persons visited or conversed with in factories, &c.....	229,947
Outdoor services held.....	6,424
Readings of Scripture in visitation.....	77,581
New Communicants.....	1,801
Restored to Church Communion.....	385
Families induced to commence Family Prayer.....	944
Drunkards reformed.....	4,885
Unmarried couples induced to marry.....	148
Fallen women admitted to asylums, re-secured to their homes, or otherwise rescued.....	402
Shops closed on the Lord's Day.....	163
Induced to attend Public Worship.....	6,432
Children sent to schools.....	4,929
Adults visited who died.....	7,788
Of whom visited by the Missionary only.....	1,918

The receipts amounted to \$237,595, and the expenditure to \$255,070. As the jubilee of the society is approaching, a special effort is being made to raise a special fund to extend operations. The office is at 3 Bridewell Place, New Bridge street, London England.

**A SUBSTITUTE FOR BRANDY.**

At the Temperance Mission at Bristol last year the question was asked of Dr. Alfred Carpenter, of Croydon, "What would take the place of brandy in the case of sudden illness or accident?" and this was his reply, "The use of brandy in such cases would be more beneficial in the breach than in the observance. In nine cases out of ten in which it is given, it acts (if it acts at all) by deadening the system to the danger of the position without in any way diminishing that danger. The patient may suffer less for the moment, but it is at the expense of the system; for the brandy, by paralyzing sensibility, too often withdraws the watchful sentinels upon whose watchfulness the portals of life are kept open and energetic measures established for the restoration of health. The mischief which is done by the injudicious and routine use of alcoholic drinks in such cases is but too well known to the physician who has considered the physiological effect of alcohol. I would recommend in the cases referred to that nothing should be given but pure water. It is the liquid which is wanted if anything is immediately wanted, and not the brandy. "The cases to which brandy is now given by the unthinking public and the routine medical practitioner are precisely those which fifty years ago were supposed to require bleeding, and were bled whenever a doctor could be found to do it. If a man bled such cases now, he would be accused of having killed the patient, supposing that the case was fatal. An extended experience of many years has told me in most conclusive terms that those cases which are plied with brandy in a supposed emergency have a more tedious recovery than those in which water alone has been given, and that it has often been the cause of death by postponing that faintness which, in cases of hemorrhage, is the very means which nature establishes for the arrest of the bleeding. If one

person should perchance suffer because brandy or other stimulant has not been given by an unskilled person, nineteen will be saved from other mischief; whilst, if perchance a 'pick-me-up' is wanted, a teaspoonful of sal volatile or a cup of good tea would be far more efficacious."

**THE STORY TELLER.**

**THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO BED.**

You may think him a dunce,  
But he begged that for once  
He might sit up all night or as long as he pleased.  
The nurse was in tears,  
With her murmured "My Dears!"  
But only the louder and faster he teased.  
Overhearing the din,  
His father came in.  
"Wish to sit up all night, John?" he wrathfully cried.  
"You shall have your request  
Till you've learned we know best."  
Nurse can go. I will stay at this naughty boy's side."  
When two hours had passed,  
John grew sleepy at last  
And so tired that he feared he would fall from his chair;  
But, attempting to go,  
Heard his father's stern "No!"  
Keep your seat at the table. Your place," air, is there."

Oh! how slow ticked toe clock,  
With its tickety tock  
(For his father insists that the boy keep awake),  
Till quite humbly he said:  
"May I please go to bed?"  
I've found you were right, and I made a mistake."  
His father said yes;  
And now you can guess  
If ever that boy did the same thing again.  
No sermon could preach,  
No punishment teach,  
A lesson more clearly than he learned it then.  
Now, boys, when you're told  
That it's bed-time, don't scold.  
And say that you feel just like keeping awake.  
Sitting up all the night  
Isn't such a delight.  
Just try it for once, and you'll own your mistake.  
—N. Y. Independent.

**EVERY REQUISITE FURNISHED.**

A good story of Mr. Lawrence Jerome, the great New York stock-broker, and uncle of Lady Randolph Churchill is told by the New York Herald. He was passing the shop of a funeral furnisher during a ramble at the East-end, when he saw displayed this sign: "Every requisite for a funeral!" Soberly entering, Mr. Jerome observed, in a sepulchral tone, "I wish to procure a corpse!" "Whose corpse—what corpse?" stammered the attendant. "Any corpse will answer," retorted "Larry," as he is called by his friends in Wall street. "You see I wish to get up a funeral, and as your sign says, 'Every requisite for a funeral furnished,' and as the first requisite is a corpse, I thought I would inquire."

**SOME GOOD MAXIMS.**

Keep up your spirits by good thoughts; enjoy the pleasant company of your best friends; but in all enjoyments be temperate. Learn the art to be preferred before all others, of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits, in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment. In your converse with the world be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak ill of no one; to treat your known enemy with civility, and to shut your ears against evil reports of all kinds.

**JOHNNY AND THE MINISTER.**—Johnny Bird, a jobbing gardener, was busy at work at Banelo farm-house garden, when the Rev. Mr. —, parish minister, who had been visiting at the house, stopped into the garden beside him, and wishing to improve the occasion, remarked that he never saw weeds growing but he was forcibly reminded of sin. "O, I make 'em wonder," replied Johnny. "But you see, sir, if they were there I would have a precious little to do; and as for you, had it not been for sin you wudna been needed ava."

**THE BEST CASE** of absent-mindedness of which we have heard was that of a Heidelberg professor. While he was crossing the street a watering cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walked two blocks before he discovered the sun was shining brightly.

**THE "BANGA-BASHI,"** a Bengali publication, is fast learning the ways of American newspapers. It has translated Max O'Rell's "John Bull et son Ile" and published it in instalments as "London correspondence."

IN SOME CHURCHES the seats on the right are devoted exclusively to ladies, and those on the left to gentlemen. The latter is called the "aisle of man."

## "MIXED PICKLES."

"I have one nephew, and if I had any more I'm sure I don't know what I should do. He is the dearest, best of good little boys; but he seems to have the largest capacity for getting into mischief, that I ever saw."

"Not naughty mischief, you know, for my little Jack tries to be obedient; but, somehow, if there's a paint-pot in the house, he is sure to fall over it when he has his best suit on. If he has just scrubbed his face till it shines again, he is pretty certain to knock up against a sweep's brush as he hastens round the corner to school. So we have all got into the habit of calling him 'Little Pickle,' and a very dear fellow he is, as I said before. Now Jack had never seen the sea, so when I heard in June last that the Prince and Princess of Wales were going to open a hospital at Eastbourne, I made up my mind to take him there for a couple of days."

I have no doubt we should have got on beautifully if I had not been constrained into taking Charlie Turner with us. He is about the same age as Jack, and as full of life as a kitten; so the two made the liveliest pair of pickles we could wish to see.

Before starting, I bought Jack a complete Jersey suit.

"There," I said, as I turned him round like a joint before the fire, "now it won't matter what you do; the sea-water will not hurt that."

"Then may I get it wet? Oh, how lovely. Charlie says he always takes off his shoes and stockings and walks into the water; sometimes a wave comes and splashes him all over. May I do that?"

"Oh, yes, as much as you like."

Rash words, which I was so soon to repent! The journey down passed quickly enough, and when we arrived at Eastbourne, we walked about to see the decorations. One arch pleased us very much. It was made by the fishermen of all sorts of nets. There were lobster and crab pots, which had live lobsters and crabs in them, there were prawn and shrimp pots with lively little fellows just as they were caught and the large trawling nets were hung all over with mackerel.

The sides of the arch were filled with the prettiest boats; and the whole was crowned by the long galley belonging to the rowing club.

Groups of oars and sculls were fastened with ropes in the shape of true-lovers' knots, and odd corners were filled with life-buoys and anchors.

"I expect the Prince will enjoy that as well as anything he sees in the town," said an old sailor to me. I stood talking to him about the arch and the royal visit which was to take place the next day, and never noticed that my two charges had slipped off. A loud hurrah made me stare upwards. There were the two little pickles mounted in the galley at the very top of the arch, while the young sailor who had helped them up was swinging himself lightly down by some ropes which looked far too thin for his weight.

How the fishermen cheered to be sure! but I can tell you I was thankful to the two boys were safely by my side.

"Now, auntie, let's go and paddle," said Jack; and as the tide was out, and the sand looked inviting, I consented. It was one of those days when the wind seems to rise as the tide comes in, and although the sea looked very calm at first it came tumbling in pretty roughly when the tide turned. However, the boys played on happily, and, as I thought, safely enough. Occasionally, peals of laughter told me when one or the other of them had got soaked by a wave, which broke sooner than they expected.

"Let's sit down," said Charlie, "and see how far the water will come. I'll be canute, and tell it to go back."

This seemed a pretty safe amusement; and as the waves were constantly driving me from my post, I went up a good way higher on the beach. I was deep in my book when I heard a shriek, and, looking up quickly, saw my brave boy Jack running into the waves after Charlie, who had been carried out as he sat on the sand.

As quick as possible I ran down, and was just in time to seize one of Jack's hands as

he caught hold of Charlie with the other, and it required all my strength to pull both boys in.

A gentleman came up just as we stood, three dripping creatures on the shingle, for the skirts of my dress were soaked. "You are a plucky little fellow," he said, patting Jack's head; "if you hadn't been so quick, your brother might have been drowned."

"My cap's gone though," said Jack, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, "and I'm as wet as a fish."

Charlie seemed too frightened to say much just yet; so I took them both home and put them to bed while their clothes were dried; for, alas! I had brought no second suits with me. I never thought of wanting them for two days.

"What made you so brave this morning?" I asked Jack when he was cosily tucked up in bed.

"I don't know, aunt; at first, when I saw

## AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

In his country home Frank Merriam had been regarded as a boy; but in the large town to which he had come to seek his fortune he was recognized as a young man. There he began at the very foot of the ladder determined to work his way up.

"How far up?" asked one who had known him from childhood, and to whom he had expressed this determination.

"So far up that I can look level into the eyes of men who now look down upon me," he replied.

"That is not a bad ambition; but there is a better. Go so far up that by the eye of faith you can look forward confidently to the reward awaiting all those who choose the good and avoid the evil."

It was easy to begin at the foot of the ladder, but as he worked on, day after day,

The very sight of it was a silent plea against wrong-doing; but as he turned the leaves he found one still stronger:

"To every one there comes a moment to decide for the good or evil side. This may be the decisive moment with you who read this, and God grant you may decide wisely."

"I cannot go with you," said Frank Merriam when his name was called.

"Why not?" was asked in a tone of surprise.

"Because it would not be right for me to do so. It would be a new departure for me, and I have decided not to take it. I have never played a game of cards or tasted a drop of liquor in my life, and I should be foolish to begin now. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do, and I wish I knew no more of cards and liquor than you do," responded a young man who now came into Frank Merriam's room. "I didn't mean to, but I gave way a little at a time, until I am in for it; so I may as well keep on."

"Read that," responded his companion, pointing to the words which had arrested his own attention.

When read the reader said sadly: "The trouble with me is I decided wrong, and I suppose it is too late to change."

"And did you decide for the evil against the good?"

"I suppose so, though I didn't think of it in that way. My father and mother would be distracted if they knew how I spend my evenings; I wish I could stay here with you."

"You can. Two are stronger than one, and we can help each other. Let the others go if they will. They cannot compel us to go with them. Don't decide again for the evil side."

"You don't understand about it as well as I do. You are on the outside of the ring, while I am inside."

At this moment a tramping of feet was followed by shouts of "Hurry up! We shall lose half the fun unless we are on hand in good season."

"But we are not going," responded Frank Merriam. "I am sorry I gave you any reason to think I would go. Converse has decided to stay with me, too, and I wish the rest of you would keep us company."

This called forth a storm of ridicule and sharp retorts; yet the two stood firm and presently the street-door closed behind those who were "bound to have some fun, let it cost what it would."

They did not dream what the cost might be. They had no thought of any serious result from their evening's amusement; but the next morning found them under arrest for grave misdemeanors. Each was compelled to pay a heavy fine, in addition to giving bonds for future good conduct.

It was the old story of excessive drinking and its effects. One glass followed another until sense and reason were overpowered, and angry hearts succeeded angry words.

"Bless the old scrap-book for its lesson, and thank God it was heeded!" exclaimed Frank Merriam when he knew what had transpired.

"Amen," responded George Converse heartily. "I have made a new decision and shall not change it. I am a teetotaler now and for evermore."

—Youth's Temperance Banner.

AMONG OUR PULPITS and by the very side of our preachers it is safe to say that the drum shops lead as many downward as the churches lead upward. We are asked then to license an institution which provides nothing useful or beautiful; causes and encourages idleness; teaches tipping and drunkenness; breeds disorder, vice, poverty, and crime; antagonizes our homes, schools, and churches. Can we dare we call such institutions into existence, set them up in our midst, sanction their work and protect them in it? Are the interests of our homes, our society, our children and our neighbors to be sacrificed to such a demand? And for whose interests? That one in five hundred may become a dram seller and make a lazy living at the expense of all we hold dear; that the other four hundred and ninety-nine may bear the burden and suffer the misery.—Professor Foster.



MY NEPHEW JACK.—(From a Photograph by T. C. Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.)

Charlie washed out, I felt inclined to run away, and then, all of a sudden, I thought of Jesus walking on the sea, and telling St. Peter to come to Him. That made me feel brave, because I was sure Jesus would not let me be drowned any more than St. Peter. So I just asked Him to keep me up, and ran after Charlie; but, auntie, I'm sorry I lost my cap—there's twopenny in my pocket you may have towards another."

"Brave little Jack, he was a true hero without knowing it."

The next day we saw the Prince and Princess, and then went for a sail before we started for home, laden with small crabs, seaweed, and pebbles enough to stock an aquarium.—Children's Friend.

IF A BEBSTEAD creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the end of each in old newspaper. This will prove a complete silencer.

a stranger in a strange place, he longed for the familiar faces and the sound of familiar voices.

Anything like comradeship offered strong attractions to him, and, strangely, most of those who sought his acquaintance were the very ones he should have avoided. At last, when especially weary with the monotony of his work, he was urged by some young men boarding in the same house with himself to join them and a party of friends for an evening's amusement.

He was quite sure the amusement was not such as his mother would approve, but he was in too reckless a mood to allow that to influence him. He must have some recreation, and he was old enough to decide for himself.

While waiting for his companions he turned carelessly the leaves of an old scrap-book lying on his table. It had belonged to his sister, now dead, and for that reason he counted it among his choicest treasures.

## THE GOLDEN GATE.

The visitor at Jerusalem who starts at the north-east angle of the Temple area, and proceeds eastward, will have the Temple on his right hand and the Kedron and the Mount of Olives on his left. He will soon come to the Golden Gate pictured in our illustration. It is a remarkable double gateway, the date and purpose of which are unknown. It has been supposed by some to be the Beautiful Gate at which the lame man sat begging. Good authorities, however, judge from its style of architecture that it can hardly be older than the age of Constantine. It is now walled up, in consequence of a Mohammedan tradition that the Christians will again take possession of Jerusalem, and that their King will enter victoriously through this gate. Another tradition is that the last judgment will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of Kedron, just below this position, and that Mohammed will stand upon one of the projecting pillars over the entrance and Issa—their name for Jesus—on the Mount of Olives opposite, and together judge the world.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## FOUR MURDERERS.

In a village in India four heads of families were baptized by Padre Ware, a missionary. Their names were Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala. The missionary left to preach in other villages.

After an absence of six months Padre Ware returned to the village, hoping to find the four Christians firm in the faith, and glorifying by their holy lives the Saviour whom they had promised to serve. Alas! great was the sorrow of Padre Ware to find that Satan had sown the seeds of discord and hatred amongst the little band who should have loved one another, even as Christ had loved them. Nihal had a quarrel with Tara Chund about a bit of land; Chanda Lal's wife had said bitter things against Lala's. None of the four would speak with his neighbor. Even the coming of Padre Ware was a fresh cause of bitterness. Each one of the four men asked the missionary to abide in his house; the Englishman could not go to one without offending the other three. Where Padre Ware had hoped to find love and peace and

joy he found anger, hatred and strife.

Under the shade of a banyan tree sat Padre Ware, with his Bible in his hand; and thither, to meet him, came Nihal, Tara Chund, Chanda Lal, and Lala—but they sat on the ground as far apart as they could from each other. Many of the villagers stood at a little distance to see the missionary, and listen to his words; but none of these villagers wished to become Christians, for they said amongst themselves: "Padre Ware, when he was here before, told us that God is love, and Christ's religion a religion of love; but behold these men who have been baptized, they will not as much as eat to-

gether!" Padre Ware looked sadly upon the four converts who were thus bringing dishonor on the name of Christians. For a few moments he lifted up his heart in prayer for them, and then he spoke aloud: "It is the desire of my heart that all may be peace and love between you. Nihal is the oldest among you; let us all go to his house, and take a meal together, in token that all again are friends."

But Tara Chund shook his head and cried: "Never will I cross the threshold of Nihal! And Chanda Lal and Lala looked fiercely at each other and muttered: "We never will eat together."

Then said Padre Ware to the four: "I have been for twelve

years a missionary. I have gone in and out amongst the people; I have never refused to go to the house of him who invited me, nor to eat with any who was willing to eat with me. Only once was I in great difficulty; I went to one village where several were ready indeed to receive me, but I knew that they were all murderers."

"All murderers!" exclaimed the astonished Christians. "That was an evil place indeed." "What was I to do?" asked Padre Ware. All the four answered with one breath: "Get out of that village as fast as you could."

Then Padre Ware opened his Bible, and slowly read: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no mur-

derer, offered his hookah; and Tara Chund accepted it with a smile. The four Christians embraced one another; and before the evening closed in, those who had been bitter enemies ate together as friends and brethren in Christ.—*A. L. O. E., in The Gospel in All Lands.*

## KINDNESS IS BETTER THAN BLOWS.

Once, as I was walking along the street in a large city, I saw a horse pulling a cart up a rising ground. The cart was filled with a heavy load of barrels and boxes; and, as the day was hot, the poor horse was having rather a hard time.

At last he stood still and refused to move. A crowd of men and boys soon gathered round. The driver whipped the horse hard; but the horse would not move. Some men put their shoulders to the wheels of the cart, and pushed it on a little way; but the horse would not help them, and one of the wheels came near to hitting a plate-glass window of a bookseller's shop.

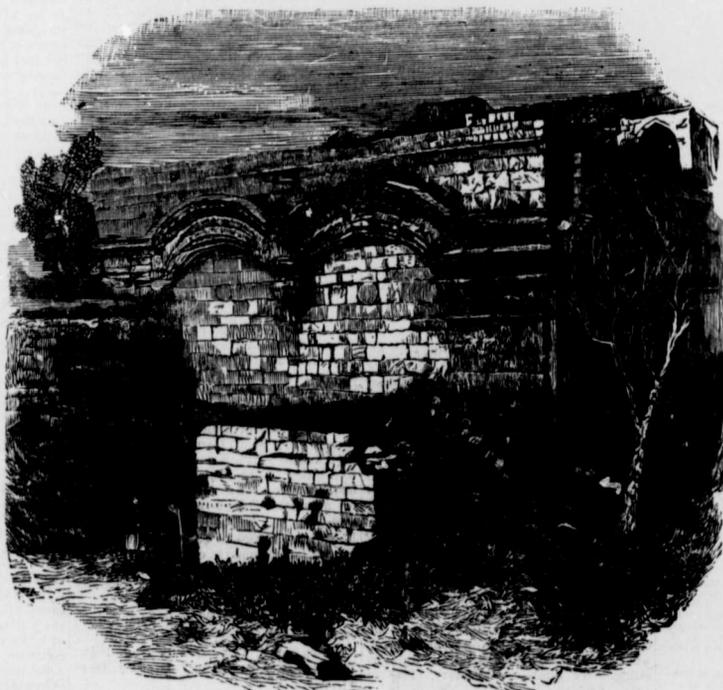
The bookseller looked out, and said to himself, "that horse would do well enough if he were only treated kindly; but he has lost his temper, and the driver has lost his temper too. I will show them what a little kindness can do."

Then the bookseller took from the drawer a fine, large, rosy-cheeked apple; and going out into the street he patted the horse on the head, and spoke kind words to him. Then showing him the apple, he said, "Come, old fellow: be good now, and do your best, and you shall have this apple."

The horse was so pleased that he started on with his load, and went up the hill with it as if it were no weight at all. The bookseller stood at his head, holding out the apple; and when they had got on the level, easy ground, patted him kindly, and gave him the apple. When you have difficulty with man or beast, don't use the whip, but "show the apple."—*Ex.*

SAMSON got his honey out of the very lion that roared against him. The Christian often gets his best blessing out of his greatest seeming calamities.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—*Carlyle.*



THE GOLDEN GATE AT JERUSALEM.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON V.

Aug. 3, 1884. [2 Ps. 51: 1-19] DAVID'S REPENTANCE. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-12

- 1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
3. For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me.
4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
5. Behold, I was shaped in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
7. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
8. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
9. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
10. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
11. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
12. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.
13. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.
14. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
15. O Lord open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
16. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt-offering.
17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.
18. In goodness in thy great pleasure unto Zion; build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
19. Then shall thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt-offering and with whole offering; then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

GOLDEN TEXT

"My sin is ever before me."—Ps. 51:3.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ps. 51: 1-19. The Prayer of the Penitent.
L. Luke 15: 1-21. The Return of the Penitent.
W. Luke 15: 1-14. The Parable of the Penitent.
Th. Ps. 116: 1-19. The Gratitude of the Penitent.
F. Ps. 6: 1-10. Mercy Sought.
Sa. Ps. 28: 1-22. Supplication in Distress.
S. Ps. 52: 1-11. The Joy of Forgiveness.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. A Cry for Forgiveness. 2. A Prayer for Inward Cleansing. 3. A New Consecration.
Time—H.C. 1904. Place—Written in Jerusalem. (For the historical account, see 2 Sam. 11, 12.)

LESSON NOTES.

- I.—V. 1. BLOT OUT—sin is here regarded as an account written against the sinner. Jer. 17: 1. To blot out is to root up or pare off. V. 2. WASH ME THOROUGHLY—multiply to wash me. "He repeated washings make thorough cleansings."
3. EVER BEFORE ME—great guilt is no rest.
4. AGAINST THEE—The great sin of sin is that it is against God.
5.—V. 5. TRUTH—sincerity. INWARD PARTS—the heart, the soul. V. 7. An allusion to the purifier oil from leprosy (Lev. 14: 52) or from the touch of a dead body (Lev. 14: 29) by the sprinkling of water with a hyssop branch. See also Num. 19: 18. So our souls must be sprinkled with Christ's atoning blood. V. 12. RESTORE—cause to return. WITH THY FREE SPIRIT—rather, with a willing, strong reliable spirit.
11.—V. 11. BLOOD-GUILTINESS—murder. David had in effect murdered Uriah. THY RIGHTEOUSNESS—thy grace and goodness is in pardon. V. 16. NOT SACRIFICE—sacrifices, a themselves, without penitence and faith, have no value. V. 17. A BROKEN SPIRIT—heartfelt repentance. Isa. 66: 2; 57: 15. V. 18. D. GOOD—David feared lest his sin should bring calamity upon Zion.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That we should confess our sins and cry to God for pardon.
2. That we should pray for inward purity as well as for pardon.
3. That the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from the darkest sin.
4. That the joy of pardon should make us earnest to bring others to the Saviour.

THE FRENCH now claim a "protectorate" over nearly all the northern half of Madagascar; and they also demand \$750,000 from the rulers of the island for the pleasure of having been bombarded and invaded.

A BRITISH BARK, the "Vicksburg," on her way from Quebec to Leith, has been wrecked on the North coast of Scotland; nine lives were lost.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 23, 1884.

Although prices of grain on this side continue to decline, the British markets remain fairly steady for wheat and almost all coarse grains with the exception of corn which has been somewhat easier as to value. The quantity of wheat in sight continues to decrease, but this is more than offset in the sight of speculators, apparently, by the continued improvement in the crop prospects of the world over. The determination of the Imperial Government to expend large amounts in enlarging the railway system of India, and the consequent development of the wheat trade from that country which is expected, makes the future for prices seem very uncertain. The opinion that lower prices are now going to prevail permanently is gaining ground in all quarters, and, of course, there is not the same inclination to speculate on the prospect of an advance even in view of the unusually low prices that rule at present.

The Chicago wheat market is somewhat stronger than last week, but the advance is altogether a speculative character. No. 2 wheat is about 1/4 of a cent higher than last week being quoted at 82c July, 82 1/2c August, 84c September and 85c October. The receipts were 31,000 bushels, and the shipments, 89,000 bushels. Corn is about 2 1/2c per bushel dearer at 54 1/2c August, 55c September, 54 1/2c October and 44 1/2c year. The receipts were 290,000 bushels and the shipments 56,000 bushels.

GRAIN.—The local grain market is very quiet, the only spot business being the sale of a few carloads of spring and winter wheat at from \$1.12 to \$1.14. Peas, though somewhat dearer in England, are only just steady in this market with little or no demand. Other coarse grains unchanged. White Winter Wheat \$1.12 to \$1.14; Red do., \$1.16 to \$1.17; Canada Spring, \$1.12 to \$1.15; Peas, 91c to 92c per 66 lbs.; Oats, 35c to 40c per 33 lbs.; Barley, nominal at 55c to 65c per bushel, and Rye nominal at 55c to 65c. Corn on spot about 67 1/2c.

FLOUR.—The demand for flour, both for local and for export uses, has been very limited during the week. Inferiors are plentiful but the demand is so small that there cannot be said to be any scarcity. Other grades are plentiful and low grades are inclined to lower prices. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.40; Extra Superfine, \$4.90; to \$5.00; Fancy, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Spring Extra \$4.20 to \$4.35; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.45; Strong Bakers' (Can.) \$4.75 to \$5.00; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Middlings, \$2.75 to \$2.95; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (included) Medium, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.25; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.80.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter—There is no change to note in the state of this market, which remains exceedingly dull and uninteresting. We quote as follows:—Creamery, 18 1/2c to 19c; Eastern Township, 15c to 16 1/2c; Western, 12c to 14c. Last week's exports were very 713 pkgs, against 1,022 pkgs the week previous. Cheese, also, shows but little change this week, 9c being the top quotation and prices ranging from 8 1/2c to 9c, as to quality. The public cable which, since our last report, has been down to 48c is now at 49c. The exports for last week were 59,870 boxes, an increase of 22,658 boxes over those of the preceding week.

Eggs continue steady at 15 1/2c to 16c per dozen for good stock.

HOG PRODUCTS are in fair demand in a jobbing way at the following prices:—Western Mess Pork \$18.75 to \$19.25; Canada Short Cut, \$21.00 to \$21.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, western, 10 1/2c to 11c; do., Canadian, 10c to 10 1/2c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES.—The market is weak at \$3.95 to \$4.10, as to tars, for Pots, and \$5.15 to \$5.20 for Pearls.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

The supply of common and inferior beef and mutton cutters is in excess of the demand; prices are lower all round, except for choice stall-fed cattle, very few of which are now brought to market. The offerings of the thirty steers, in moderate condition, is larger than on former seasons, although the prices are very low for such stock, rang-

ing from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb, according to condition, while some of the leaner ones sell at less than 3c per lb. A good many hard looking bulls are being marketed at present and prices range from \$8 to \$40 each according to size and quality, or from 2c to 3 1/2c per lb. Sheep and lambs are plentiful and bring lower prices, but comparatively few are of good quality. Sheep sell at from \$3 to \$6 each, and lambs at from \$1.75 to \$3.75 each. Fat hogs are more plentiful and sell at about 6c per lb. There is scarcely any demand for milk cows, as the milkmen have more milk than they require at present. Not over one-third of the cows offered on Viger market last Friday were sold.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Only those farmers' living near the city find leisure to come to market, the rest being busy at haying, making, and the markets are well supplied by the market gardeners and dealers, the only kinds of produce which are rather scarce being hay and oats, and the prices of these are advancing. The supply of roots and vegetables, especially potatoes, onions and cabbages, is unusually large, and the quality very fine for so early in the season, while prices are very low. Good large potatoes are sold at from 80c to 90c per bag, and the smaller ones at from 50c to 70c do. The supply of butter and eggs is about equal to the demand, and prices are unchanged. Poultry, especially fowls and spring chickens, are plentiful and sell at moderate rates. A few dressed hogs are being brought by farmers and sell at about 8c per lb. The fruit market is abundantly supplied with raspberries, blueberries, gooseberries, currants and cherries of home growth, and there is a fair supply of American peaches, plums, and tomatoes, but good apples are scarce and higher in price. The supply of hay is rather small and prices have an upward tendency. There are no changes in the retail prices of flour, meal and feed, except that barn and grue are somewhat higher in price. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.20 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes 45c to 65c do; tub butter 15c to 19c per lb; eggs 16c to 25c per dozen; apples \$6 to \$8 per barrel; raspberries 60c to 90c per pail; currants 35c to 75c do; blueberries 35c to 40c per gallon, hay \$6 to \$9 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, July 25, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat quiet, 96c July; 96 1/2c August; 97 1/2c Sept; Corn, dull; 62c July; 62 1/2c August; 62c September and 63c Oct. Rye, quiet, 70c to 71 1/2c. Oats in fair demand, 36c July; 34c August and Oct. Barley nominal. Pease nominal.

FLLOUR dull but steady. We quote:—Low Extras, \$3.20 to \$3.70; Spring wheat extra, low shipping to choice clear \$3.20 to \$3.70; Winter wheat extra, inferior shipping to choice Family, \$5.45 to \$5.60. Family Extras, \$3.20 to \$3.55.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.35 to \$3.45 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS, dull. Clover 10c to 10 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.50 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.60 to \$1.70.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Cheese is in fair demand, 8c to 9c; Butter in small demand at 18c to 22c.

Eggs, steady, 18c to 19c per dozen. PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.50 to \$17.50; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$12.00; Lard \$7.70 to \$8.00.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

A telegram to the London Standard, from Madrid, dated July 10, says: "None of the great public questions affecting Spain has caused so much excitement as a bull fight which took place in the capital on Sunday. There was such an extraordinary competition for tickets that a riot was nearly caused, and the presence of several hundred horse and foot police was required to preserve order. About 19,000 persons of all ranks besieged the doors, some of them remaining all night at the approaches to the bull-ring where tickets realized fabulous prices. The eagerness to gain admission was occasioned by the appearance of a new bull-fighter, who is said to surpass all the most famous heroes of the bull ring since the days of El Tato and Cuacheros. Several arrests had to be made during the rush at the doors. The majority of the Madrid papers deplore the continuance of the popular taste for these national customs, leading as they do to such scenes as have just been witnessed.

EATING AT NIGHT.

Popularly eating at night is thought injurious, but unless dinner or supper have been late, or the stomach disordered, it is harmless and beneficial—i.e., if one be hungry. Four or five hours having elapsed since the last meal, invalids and the delicate should always eat at bedtime. This seems heretical, but it is not. Food of simple kind will induce sleep. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited toward the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers become dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger. Gratify the desire and you fall asleep.

The writer was recently called at 2 a.m. to a lady who assured him that she was dying. "My body was warm, the heart doing honest work. To her indignation he ordered buttered bread (hot milk or tea were better) to be eaten at once. Obeying, the moribund lady was soon surprised by a return of life and desire to sleep. The feeble will be stronger at dawn if they eat on going to bed. Fourteen hours lie between supper and breakfast. By that time the fuel of the body has become expended. Consequently the morning toilet fatigues many. Let such eat at bedtime and take a glass of warm milk or beef tea before rising. Increased vigor will result. "But the stomach must rest." True. Yet when hungry we should eat. Does the infant stomach rest as long as the adult's? The latter eats less often merely because his food requires more time for digestion. Seldom can one remain awake until half-past 10 or 11 in the evening without hunger. Satisfy it and sleep will be sound. During the night give wakeful children food. Sleep will follow. The sick should invariably eat during the night. This is imperative. All night the delicate and children may take warm milk, beef tea or oatmeal gruel. Vigorous adults may also eat bread and milk, cold beef, mutton, chicken and bread, raw oysters, all of course in moderation. Do not eat if not hungry. Eat if you are, —Boston Physician.

A CHINESE TREASURE POND.

The Emperor of Annam has a large piece of water in his palace, in which he keeps his reserve treasure, to be touched only in case of absolute necessity. The money not intended for use is placed in the hollowed-out trunk of trees, which are thrown into the water. To keep away thieves and prevent the king himself from being tempted to draw upon this reserve fund without sufficient cause, a number of crocodiles are kept in the water, their presence and the certainty of being eaten alive acting as a wholesome restrainer and insuring the security of the royal treasure in a most effectual manner. When it becomes indispensable to draw upon this novel style of bank the crocodiles have to be killed; but this can be done only with the emperor's permission and after the matter has been duly approved by the minister of finance.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (4 lb. and 1 lb.) by grocers, labelled —"James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 38, 35 and 37 St. James street West, Montreal, by JOHN DONALD & SON, composed of John Donald, and J. D. Donald, of New York, and John Redpath Donald, of Montreal.