

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884.

No. 3.

WORDS TO OUR FRIENDS.

Subscriptions to this paper may begin at any date. It is readers not publishers whose advantage lies in having terms begin and end with the year.

It is our aim to make the *Weekly Messenger* more bright and breezy than ever this year.

One cent a week—just think—is a little more than this paper costs! How many squander upon useless or hurtful selfish pleasure far more than would bring this weekly visitor into their homes!

We believe no household can read this paper regularly without lasting benefit morally and intellectually, and we have therefore no hesitation in asking its present patrons to assist in extending its influence for the sake of the good work they would thereby be doing.

The *Weekly Messenger* is fifty cents a year and five copies will be sent for two dollars.

Address orders and enquiries to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

A large quantity of war material being stored in the Soudan, it is found cheaper to destroy it to keep it out of the enemy's hands than to remove it. All the civil inhabitants of Khartoum have had notice from the new Government of Egypt to leave the town. Merchants in Soudan districts are getting up petitions against the withdrawal of Egypt. Activity at Woolwich Arsenal, England, is interpreted to indicate decisive action in Egypt. The False Prophet and his hosts are having their sweet way in the meantime, and will continue to have until they come to the bond at which John Bull says, "Thus far and no farther." Abyssinia, which threatened to make common cause with the marauders against their old-time enemies, is now reported tranquil. She was notified by the British Government that assistance to El Mahdi amounted to war against Great Britain and the terror experience has given her of the English proved sufficient to keep her quiet.

BE PATIENT.

Patience is eminently a virtue to be coveted by temperance workers. In very few countries is there a probability of their living to see the end of their labors, and they are therefore in like unselfish position with the old man planting orchards to yield fruit to his posterity. There is ample ground of hope, however, in the most backward portions of the temperance field, for vast improvement within the lifetimes of even grown men of to-day. The patience herein recommended is that which will not be destroyed by the numerous array of difficulties and discouragements which will inevitably be met in forming and bringing into effect of public opinion in favor of the cause. Every man saved from the bondage of drink, every reduction made in the traffic by the use of existing laws, every youth brought

up as an enemy to the evil, is so much accomplished in the grand triumph at last, come it a score or a hundred years hence. Yet in every one of these lines of effort the worker will often experience disappointment—frequently have to view in bitterness the results of much anxious and prayerful toil apparently dissolve into thin air. Yet let him not faint or fail in his endeavors, nor heed any of the noxious insects buzzing "no use" in his ear. "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not" is a promise that should afford perennial stimulus to the diligent doer of the word endeavoring to perform his or her part in dispensing good-will toward men. We hope all the readers of the *Weekly Messenger* will become powers for good in their respective spheres, proving by work accomplished the value of patience and perseverance joined to good purpose and active endeavor.

NEW ORLEANS is described as being in a most filthy condition—an inviting field for the propagation of yellow fever whenever its season comes round.

FIFTEEN POST OFFICIALS have been arrested in Berlin, Germany, for robbing the mails.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Germany, a nephew of the Emperor, is in disgrace. His wife has left him and insists upon a divorce on account of his rakish and drunken habits and brutal treatment of her.

QUEEN VICTORIA is going to Bordighera Italy, for two months.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, President of the British Board of Trade, is bound to effect a radical reform in marine insurance, although ship-owners have shown themselves, in response to a circular from him, to be satisfied with the present system, complex though it is. The evils that Mr. Chamberlain aims at removing are the intervention of middlemen between insured and the insurers, and the chances for dishonest speculation, at present existing.

BRIDGET CHONIN, of Brooklyn, sued the Rev. Florence McCarthy for \$30,000 for alleged assault, and the jury gave her a verdict for six cents.

THE VATICAN DEMANDING and the Prussian Government refusing the abolition of the ecclesiastical court in Prussia, a hitch has occurred in the negotiations for reconciliation between that country and the Roman Church.

OWING TO THREATS of American Fenians, Judge Denman, of England, against his will is guarded by police.

IN A DUEL IN PARIS between an editor and one he had offended in his paper, the editor wounded his antagonist in the side, leaving a portion of the sword blade broken off in his body.

LIBERAL STUDENTS of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, have expressed much regret at the retirement of Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, from the Lord Rectorship of that institution.

AT A BANQUET in Winnipeg the Hon. John Norquay, Provincial Premier, strongly voiced the claim of Manitoba to be placed upon an equality with other Provinces in respect to land and other matters that the Manitobans are dissatisfied about.

A YOUNG MAN named Gatez went to a junk store in Toronto with a revolver that he 'didn't know was loaded,' and while Harris, the dealer, was examining the weapon it went off, sending a bullet through his hand and close by Gatez's head.

LORD AND LADY LANSDOWNE have paid a visit to Niagara Falls, to see the glories of that natural wonder in winter. On their return they sojourned in Toronto a few days, during which the Governor-General won much favor by his conduct and speeches at sundry receptions.

A RESOLUTION has been unanimously passed by the New York Board of Trade in favor of immediate improvements being effected in the Erie Canal.

MR. THOMAS HOLLOWAY, who made an enormous fortune by the sale of his pills and ointment, died on December 26th, aged 84, at his residence, near Sonnydale, Berkshire, England. In his later years he was very liberal with his wealth, having devoted a million and a quarter of dollars to the erection of an insane asylum for the middle classes, and half a million to the endowment of a college for the higher education of women.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, Premier of Canada, arrived at the age of sixty-nine years last week.

ITALIAN STUDENTS in Trieste, Austria, make so much disturbance by the expression of their irredentist sentiments that it is believed the Austrian Government will have to expel them. Irredentism, in brief, is the doctrine that Trieste and environs should be restored to Italy, where they anciently belonged.

TWO CORN DEALERS—John Herd and N. J. Mullens—in Liverpool, England, are in charge for defrauding a bank of eighty thousand dollars by hypothecating grain bills twice over.

THE SPANISH COUNCIL OF STATE has decided—14 to 13—that a treaty of commerce between England and Spain is inexpedient.

A CROWD OF RUSTLERS at Seven Rivers, New Mexico, wantonly fired into a party of nine Mexican laborers, killing four, and then escaped.

HUGO SCHENCKE is charged in Vienna with the monstrous villainy of murdering four girls after having obtained their money under promises of marriage.

NEARLY A HUNDRED PUPILS, varying in age from 17 to 46, have joined the Provincial Government's free school of art and design in Quebec city this term.

A NEW LINE of steamers, to run direct between New York and Trieste, Austria, will, it is expected, about double Austrian emigration to the United States.

THE UPPER HOUSE of the Hungarian Diet has rejected the bill legalizing marriages between Christians and Jews. As this time the bill was introduced as a Government measure with a determination to put it through, the question is what is going to be done about it.

A FRENCH COMMISSIONER is coming to the United States, to prevent, if possible, the adoption of retaliatory measures against the prohibition of American salted meats in France.

VIOLENT SPEECHES were delivered at a meeting of four thousand unemployed persons in Paris on Sunday last. An armed revolution was prescribed as the only means of ending dull times. Delegates from workmen's associations were more moderate, advocating an appeal to the Legislature to mitigate the crisis.

JOSEPH HUBBARD, aged eleven, has been sentenced at Hartford, Connecticut, to the Reform School until he is of age, for theft. He stole daily for the past year from one to five dollars, entering his father's bedroom for the purpose while his father was at breakfast. A firm of millers for which Mr. Hubbard is agent estimate their loss by the thefts at \$1,500. Several wagon loads of playthings and trashy literature were found at the child's house. The young culprit received his sentence with indifference. He is described as a bright and intelligent boy. We cannot believe that any boy whose early taste is partially moulded and supplied by the *Messenger* can ever become so silly and wicked as to sacrifice home, parents and liberty for ill-gotten pleasure of any kind.

GENERAL HALLINQUEST, a graduate of West Point and the first United States officer to enter the Confederate army in the Rebellion, committed suicide with poison at Terrell, Texas, the other day.

A BAD FIRE occurred in an orphan asylum in Toledo, Ohio, a few evenings ago. The 120 children in the institution had been put to bed, but all were saved.

TROY, NEW YORK, has a sensation in the form of a juvenile marriage. Frank Condel, of West Troy, aged 18, and Belle Furguson, of Amsterdam, aged 15, left Mechanicville school, where they were pupils, quietly one evening and were married. Their parents were summoned by telegraph.

A DEMONSTRATION OF ROYALISTS was made at the railway station in Paris on the occasion of the departure of the Count of Paris for Madrid to visit the King of Spain. He was handed an address from the Royalist League and hailed as king in party cries. Many persons were arrested by the police.

THE SAILORS' STRIKE at Marseilles, France, continued with renewed vigor at the end of last week.

AFTER A YEAR'S WORK and an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a shaft was sunk through a quicksand on the banks of the Susquehanna River a few days ago—the first performance of such a feat in the history of coal mining in the Wilkesbarre district.

THE SLIGHTED STRANGER.

A STORY FROM PLUTARCH.

By Lillie E. Barr.

Athens was keeping holiday; with song and rose
Her fair youths lounged beneath her porticoes
Discussing Sophocles, or Cæsar, or the place
Sparta and Corinth took in the last race.
The circus held a crowd of idlers bright and gay
With expectation eager, as to-day
Each had his favorite horse or wrestler, each was wise,
And knew exactly who would win the prize.

The proud Athenians, with insolent disdain,
Sat by themselves; the Spartans, poor and plain,
Took lower places; they but came to see
The races run, or hear some tragedy.

Each waited for the moment, some with jest and gibe,
And some, like the Athenians, with still pride,
As sure of nothing wonderful, but quite content
To pass all blunders with a calm contempt.

Just then into the crowded circus slowly came
An aged Lydian, with long wandering lame.
He bowed to the Athenian youths; they surely knew
He was their guest, and what to him was due.

But no one said, "Be seated," and all coolly saw
The slighted stranger to the Spartans go;
They rose with one assent the aged man to meet,
And every youth cried, "Stranger, take my seat!"

Then with the dignity that years and wisdom give,
The old man answered, "Long may Sparta live
To teach Athenian youths 'tis not enough to say,
'Give place to age, honor the head that's gray'—

"'Tis not enough to know what it is right to do,
Unless the action make the precept true;
Old Athens to young Athens, nobly preaches,
But Sparta practices what Athens teaches."
—*Harpur's Young People.*

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates)

CHAPTER IV.

QUINCE STARTS OUT IN THE WORLD.

Day after day went by. It was well for Quince that his hands were not left to hang listless. He met Hugh frequently. The latter, with less intensity of thought, had more lines leading outward. Hugh was resolute to bend circumstances and make them stepping-stones for himself. Quince also was resolute, but he did not think so much of going over the road as he did of clearing it up as he went along. He was one to suffer and grow strong, but he must know that he was on the right track.

At length, reflecting on Hugh's words, he determined that when night came he would ask grandmamma what it all meant. With this consideration he set about his duties with a light heart. Doubtless she would know; and, with his heart at rest about that matter, he could go on, feeling that God would help him to do right. A light heart makes light duties; Quince could not remember when he was better satisfied.

The sun went down in a flood of golden light, and Betty's soft lowing sounded musical, inasmuch as the milking was the only thing now between him and the solution of his doubts. The supper-table was scarcely put aside, however, before a neighbor and his wife came in to solicit Rachel's name and a contribution for a certain benevolent object, the agent for which would be with them on the following Sunday. Then followed a discussion with reference to missions, the neighbor running over the islands in the sea and dotting them off, with the

countries and peoples yet to be brought under the influence of the gospel; while Rachel, with a tongue quite as eloquent, spoke of the home-work and the necessity of first caring for one's own household. After this, reference was made to a new movement in Scarborough with regard to temperance.

"About time, I should think," remarked Rachel, "I am with you there heartily; anything that I can do I will do. It is scandalous, the way Ashley is going on. His place is a perfect trap for boys and men."

"A combination not particularly fortunate," rejoined the neighbor, "this grocery and saloon business all under the same roof."

"I cannot imagine what our people mean," flashed up Rachel. "If liquor was not sold, there would not be any one to drink it. And this morning I learned that still another license has been taken out."

"That is so; and I did all I could to prevent it. But here, as elsewhere, the majority rule."

"There is temptation enough already for those who may have appetites and inclinations that way," was the next remark.

"Yes, but—"

Rachel did not finish the sentence; that was something in Quince's face that averted her. With a quick thought she turned upon him:

"If you don't mind, Quince, run down and get a few apples; Captain Leathers hasn't tasted our pippins. You will find a candle on the shelf; and mind you don't set anything on fire."

Grandmamma raised her eyes with an expression of gratitude.

"That boy studies too hard; he doesn't take any time to himself; never wants to go into the village like other boys," she said to the visitors.

"I have noticed him sometimes coming in for groceries; he has such a serious, old look in his face! I wonder if he remembers anything about his father!" remarked the captain.

"Of course he does; and anything his mother said or did is just gospel to him," rejoined Rachel.

"Peter Brockton was a smart man; none smarter in Scarborough, had he let liquor alone. And his wife was just the best kind of a woman. I should judge the boy to be uncommon smart. No telling which way he'll go, though."

The captain was still talking when Quince appeared with the apples. Grandmamma was not sure that he had heard the last remark, but she hoped he had not.

When the visitors had gone, it was too late to ask questions; and Quince crept up stairs with a strange, new thought to ponder over.

A week after the visit, as Quince was on an errand for Rachel that would take him beyond the village, some lady of his own age stumbled out of Maxon's saloon and invited him to come in and get a drink. As he showed no disposition to comply, they pressed him, when one of them, who was already under the influence of drink, suggested not only that he should come in, but that he should treat. With this, they surrounded him, and notwithstanding his struggles to free himself, brought him by main force up the steps to the very door. Here ensued a conflict. Determined to keep the promise made to his mother, and fearful that if once inside they would compel him to drink, the boy fought like a tiger, finally throwing them off, but with a bruised face and a coat literally torn from his shoulders.

Humiliated by such treatment, and smarting under the taunts that had been heaped upon him, Quince sought his home, making such explanation as he could, and ending by saying that he did not go into the saloon, neither did he drink with them.

"But why did you not run away? You surely were not obliged to stand and take their abuse. And your coat torn to pieces, and it the only one you've got!" said Rachel, in that peculiarly sharp tone that she employed when irritated.

"Five against one!" exclaimed Quince. "If they hadn't been drinking, they would never have done it. And, again, if they hadn't taken too much, I could never have pitched them over and gotten away."

Rumor of the affair circulated through the village, and various opinions were given, not a few admiring the pluck of the lad in

standing up in his own defence against odds, and others denouncing him ready to fight—a regular chip of the old block. Only Hugh Mercer gave him sympathy and promised to stand by him if anything of the kind should again be attempted.

"But they won't try it again. It's the only way to treat such a crew. Show the white feather, and you are gone," he said.

"I thought of my promise, and it helped me," returned Quince.

"They know you now; and they'll know me too, if they try it again. I hate that saloon, and I hate drink; and I'm not particularly careful about showing it," continued Hugh.

The Indian-summer days followed, and grandmamma was out with Quince almost every evening. Once she went with him to the church-yard, and, kneeling beside his mother's grave, he told her of his desire to go away somewhere—any place—where his father's fault would not be thrown at him from every corner. He could not bear it—indeed he could not, breaking into painful sobbing.

The heart of the generous woman was touched. She felt that he had suffered; she had known it for weeks; but now it was plain to her. Yet what would Rachel say? Rachel was expecting him to stay and go to school during the winter.

On the way home the old lady made him promise to say nothing more of it for the present; perhaps something would be done to bring about a different state of things. Besides, school would soon open, and that was a pleasant consideration in itself.

The voice was restful; the lad's tender yearning for his mother found solace in the kindness of the woman, to whom he had spoken freely of what he was now anxious to do. Taught by his mother to reverence God and to look to him in confidence, he hesitated to speak of his doubts, however.

The more Quince considered the matter, the more dreadful it became to him; and at length, sleeping or waking, the words "Unto the third and fourth generation" burned into his heart like living fire.

Hugh Mercer continued to drop in frequently; and when Quince had errands that took him into the village, he showed himself with him, not at all unwilling to have it plainly understood that he was a friend of Quince Brockton.

"Hugh has ambition, and I like him," Rachel said to Quince as he came in one night from bidding Hugh "Good-by" at the gate.

"I am glad you like him," said Quince, simply.

He endeavored to say more, but there was a choking sensation in his throat. He liked Hugh, and he was grateful to Rachel; but it would be easier for him elsewhere. With change of place there would naturally follow a change of thought. He had promised his mother, and he determined to keep his promise. But to do this he must go away. It mattered little where he should go, so that the past would not rise up to make him feel that "Impossible" was written over against his effort to do right.

Once deciding, it was easier for him; but how was he to bring it about? To go away was only to follow Hugh's example. Yet he felt that Hugh would not approve of his going; neither would Rachel. He could not endure to have his motive misunderstood; he did not want either of them to judge him harshly. Still, he could not but feel that if he stayed it would only be in the end to disappoint them both. He would not say "Good-bye;" he could not; but he would leave a note to explain his reasons, as well as he could explain them, and to show them that he was not ungrateful.

It was a bitter struggle; in his endeavor to write, tears blinded him. He had not thought it would be such a difficult matter. Once he was on the point of giving up; then the remembrance of what he had suffered served him. He must attempt it. At first he had a half-sheet written closely and blotted with tears; then he rewrote it, making it less than half of the original, and the third time still less, only saying that he felt it was right for him to go and begging them not to censure him.

Then he made up his small bundle and dropped it down by the window, while he leaned his head on the casement and wept. The one dear spot consecrated to him because it was his mother's grave, he was about to leave. He realized that he would want to see it again, and he resolved that if God

spared his life he would some day return. Then he went to sleep, and wakened fully an hour before the dawn. As he went noiselessly down the narrow stairs and stepped out into the cool, crisp air a feeling of awe impressed him. Why was he stealing away like a guilty thing? Would it not be better to go back and say "Good-bye"? Could he do it without breaking down, and so remain and have it all to live over again?

Just then there was a crowing of cocks in the stable, together with a whirr of wings in the branches over his head. Picking up his bundle, he walked down the path and through the gate. There was a sound as of some one opening a window. Could it be grandmamma? He turned to look. No; all was silent. He had said "Good-bye" in his heart the previous night; now there was nothing but to go forward.

Once outside the town, Quince's courage gave way. He threw down his bundle and seated himself on a log by the wayside. The purple hush of dawn was soft and beautiful; from the distance there came to his ear noises not unlike the tinkle of sheep-bells and the lowing of cattle waking for the day. The old life was all behind him; henceforth it would be a new experience. A moment he sat with his face buried in his hands, low sobs shaking his slight frame. Even then, but for his promise to his dead mother, he would have given it all up. He felt so weak and worn, so unfit to cope with difficulties! No, no! The remembrance of that buried love gave him courage. He must not fail, and God, his mother's God, must be honored.

There was strength and hope and courage in the thought. He raised his head; a strange protective influence enfolded him. The gray dawn was breaking; golden lances shot through the tree-tops; then a rim of gold appeared, and an instant later the orb itself. It was the beginning of a new day and a new life. The lad started up, grasped his bundle firmly, and walked rapidly along the deserted road.

CHAPTER V.

FINDING A NEW HOME.

At the close of the third day Quince found himself too thoroughly exhausted to go farther. With the exception of a lift in a farmer's wagon, he had walked from early morning until night, sleeping in a hay loft and breakfasting on a bowl of bread and milk, for which the good farmer's wife would not accept money.

"I have a boy of my own somewhere. What I have done for you God grant that some other mother may do for him," she said, with a sad, weary look on her face.

The next woman he saw was disposed to shut the door against him.

"No, indeed!" in answer to his question for work. "As a general thing a boy to work and go to school at the same time is a nuisance—a regular nuisance." Then softening a little as she saw his eyes fill with tears, she added, "there's Farmer Daxhill lives straight along this road. He's 'most always wanting somebody. You might see him as you go along. He's every way forward; and if he wants anybody, it'll be a good place for you."

Bidding the woman good bye, Quince trudged forward. The air was healthful, the trees were flaming with color. Grandmamma Evans enjoyed such a day. She would miss him; and she would shed tears as she read his note. Rachel would be angry one minute, and the next she would forgive him; at least, he hoped she would. More than this, he hoped she would find some one who would be in every respect as faithful as he had endeavored to be.

The little village of Barnston was in sight. It had been in sight for half an hour, but Quince was thoroughly tired; he could hardly drag himself along. The last red rays touched the slant spires and made the windows glitter beneath. It was a pretty picture, but the night was coming. Slowly winding down the hill, he dropped into a narrow valley, through which ran a shallow stream spanned by a rustic bridge. The leafless twigs were barren of beauty, and the appearance of the whole landscape was zero and dun colored.

Beyond, on elevated ground, he came to a white cottage with an orchard of fruit trees and a garden, from which, apparently, the vegetables had just been taken. A few bright-colored blossoms defied the frost, standing erect where others less hardy had succumbed weeks ago.

The gate was partially open, and a man

with sil
ly again
woman
"It i
find suc
nowads
most of
when I

Quin
road.
lodging
led him
unnotic
young.
face cat
could s
his boo
He pul
epite of
was stil

"Wh
wide c
"You r
The t
would
tears.
"No
wearily
"Th
a good
questio
throw
face.

"Fr
"Occ
"An
added t
"Ye
not bu
down.

"We
night, I
man."
"Fat
Johnny
She c
ing the
gat
house.
ed clo
brought
on the
ful to l
feet be
tears be
mother
comfor
one to

The
but his
pained
trouble
"Yo
young,
called
harshly
"I a
want t
I thou
Barnst
more
Quince

"My
one to
the wir
time.
pleas
array.
"I
keep fr
sobbing
"Th
about i
home.
good c
light a
called
name, I

"I a
Brockt
little p
"I a
almost
smile.
"A lo
woman
leaving
and co
that in
wished
questio
to writ
to Eth
turned
drew u
the lou
them.

with silvery-white hair stood leaning lightly against it. A young and stately-looking woman was cropping the few flowers.

"It is easy to talk, but the trouble is to find such a one; boys are not much for work nowadays. There's a deal of nonsense about most of 'em—more than there used to be when I was young."

Quince was dragging himself along the road. He had intended to ask for a night's lodging, but the words, sounding out to him, led him to think that a boy's need would be unnoticed by a man who was no longer young. Passing the gate, his thin white face caught the eye of the woman. How could she know how tired he was, and that his boots had worn great sores in his feet? He pulled his cap lower over his eyes. In spite of himself, he was reeling. The woman was still looking after him.

"What is it?" she asked, pushing the gate wide open and coming out to the lad. "You are ill. Come in and rest a little."

The tenderness, so like what his mother would have used toward him, brought tears.

"Not sick; just tired," said the lad, wearily.

"That tired! Then you must have come a good way, lad," said the man, in a half-questioning tone, and at the same time throwing a sharp glance into the pale face.

"From Scarborough," was the reply.

"Walk all the way?"

"Occasionally a farmer gave me a ride."

"And not anything to eat, most likely?"

added the woman.

"Yes; I have a little money. But I'm not hungry," doing his best not to break down.

"Well, you can't get any farther to-night, I don't think. Come in," said the man.

"Father, there's a look in his face like Johnny. I cannot but think—"

She did not finish the sentence, but, taking the lad by the hand, led him through the gate and up the gravelled path to the house. The white-haired man was followed closely. With motherly kindness she brought the lad food and pillowed him up on the chintz covered lounge. It was restful to lie there with his painfully swollen feet lashed and bound up. To keep back tears he shut his eyes and thought of his mother and wished grandmother knew how comfortable he was; and had Rachel any one to milk Betty?

The next morning Quince awoke early, but his feet were inflamed and swollen and pained him to stand upon them. He was troubled, and his voice was unsteady.

"You cannot travel to-day," said the young woman, whom the silver haired man called "Esther." "Will you consider it a hardship to stay with us and rest a little?"

"I am in search of something to do. I want to work and go to school this winter. I thought perhaps I could find a place in Barnston, and we cannot hope for many more such days this season," returned Quince, in a faltering voice.

"My father has been looking for some one to do the little there is to do here in the winter, and to go to school at the same time. If you consider that it will be pleasant for you to remain, I think we can arrange it."

"I would be so glad!" trying hard to keep from breaking down, and ending by sobbing outright.

"There, there! Don't think any more about it," said Esther; "only try and feel at home. I used to have a boy; you have a good deal of his look; and his hair was light and inclined, like yours, to curl. We called him 'Johnny.' That is not your name, is it?"

"I am called 'Quince'; John Quincy Brockton is my name," was answered, a little proudly.

"I am glad there is a 'John' in it. I almost knew there was," said Esther, with a smile.

A long silence ensued, during which the woman busied herself in many little ways, leaving Quince to look around the room and compare each piece of furniture with that in Rachel's parlor. Most of all he wished that grandmother could know, and questioned in his heart if it would be well to write to her.

Esther left the room, and when she returned her hands were full of books. She drew up a small table and placed them so near the lounge that Quince could readily reach them.

"These books belonged to Johnny," she said; "he kept them in a little swinging library, in his room. He was fond of books."

Esther was greatly moved. Quince put up his hand to brush away tears. He knew from the first mention of Johnny that he was dead.

"I am so glad that you let me look at them. I will be careful of them," stammered Quince.

Once more Esther left the room, and before she returned the white-haired man entered.

"Love books, eh?" he said, coming to the table and slowly turning the leaves of a volume, then going back to his chair by the hearth.

"I have studied a little, and I like to study; but I must work in order to study," was the answer.

"Do you like to work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Boys don't usually like to work; you are an exception," was said smilingly.

"Most boys have homes; and to work is not so necessary as it is for me."

"You have had a home, I judge?"

"My parents are no longer living," answered Quince.

"No relation?"

"Not in this part of the country."

"We want a boy to do chores and go to school this winter. We want a good boy," said the man, looking steadily into the fire as he spoke.

Quince did not at once reply. He could not recommend himself.

"School will begin Monday. They say Mr. Ashburton is an uncommonly fine teacher," continued the man.

Still no reply.

"From Scarborough, you said?" after a pause. "Should have 'most thought you'd found a place there. A bigger town than Barnston, if I remember rightly."

"About the same number of people," returned Quince, who was beginning to feel that, after all, Mr. Petties might have known his father.

Esther came in, and there was no more questioning.

Before the day was ended it was settled. Quince was to stay with Mr. Petties and Esther; he was to have Johnny's room and the use of Johnny's library, and when school opened he would enter it.

"When I dragged up the hill last night, I thought only to find a night's lodging; I determined to ask for it. But when I heard your father say that boys were not so faithful as they used to be, I resolved to go on," Quince said to Esther after Mr. Petties went out.

"You can show him that his opinion is not well founded," was answered with a smile.

"I will try. But will you please tell me what I have to do?"

"I will tell you. Every day will bring its own duties, however."

It surprised Quince to find how really at home he felt with Esther. When she talked, it seemed to him that he had heard her voice before. There was that quality of tenderness in it that made him free to tell her all his plans. And still not all that touched upon others. Possibly he would in time tell her about Grandmamma Evan and Rachel and Hugh Mercer, and then he would ask about God and if there were special sins that were visited upon the children 'unto the third and fourth generation."

There were saloons in Barnston. Quince overheard Mr. Petties speaking wit' Esther of a new one opened that day. Were saloons everywhere, and did everyone patronize them? In any event, these people could never know how he had suffered through his father's love for strong drink.

The third day Quince was able to walk in the yard, and to become acquainted with certain duties that would be his to perform.

"Father feels the cold intensely, and you will have the entire charge," Esther said.

"When the snow comes, there will be paths to make, and the cows to feed, and errands to do. I would not have you undertake more than you can well perform. The cold will be severe. You must take everything into consideration."

"I see no reason why I cannot do it. I have been doing quite as much, and I fully expected to do as much wherever I might be," was the reply.

"And school?" questioned Esther.

"I do not intend to fail," was the quick reply.

Esther was pleased with the lad's readiness. His energy was capable of carrying him through, and his faithfulness she did not doubt.

When Quince went to his room at night, his one desire was to write to Grandmamma Evans and tell her that he had found a home for the winter. Then he longed to tell Hugh.

After all, there were possibilities that led him to waver. He had come away, in order to snap the threads that bound him to the old life. There was no danger of his forgetting; the grave that was made in Scarborough would always be the Mecca of his thoughts, and the trio of friends he left there would live in his memory without corresponding lines of drawn-out friendliness.

(To be Continued.)

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. REARD.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

What good comes to persons from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

There is no good that comes to persons from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks.

What happiness comes to persons from this source?

There is no happiness that comes to persons from this source.

Do persons receive pleasure from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

At the first they do—an animal pleasure that comes of undue nervous excitement which lasts but a little and is always followed by corresponding nervous depression, which is well-nigh unbearable always, and horrible as the indulgence goes on.

What harm comes to a person through the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

All harm that can come from—

A diseased body,

A shattered mind,

A paralyzed will,

A troubled conscience,

The loss of personal estate,

The loss of good name,

The loss of self-respect,

The loss of hope,

and at length,

LOSS

entire and eternal.

Where is the only safety?

The only safety is, in never beginning the drinking habit.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE CABIN-BOYS.

Two youths, Henry and Charles, engaged as cabin-boy on board the *Isaac*, were bound for Calcutta. They soon became favorites with the captain—Henry, because he was willing and obliging; Charles on account of his sprightliness and wit. Henry, being the only son of a widow, had chosen a sailor's life from a love of the sea and a desire to assist in supporting his mother and younger sister; Charles the son of a rich man, simply from love of adventure and a desire to free himself from the restraints of home. One day, when both had performed their respective duties unusually well, the captain offered them as a reward a glass of wine. Henry politely declined touching his, while Charles thankfully accepted the cup handed him and quaffed its contents. The captain sternly and angrily commanded Henry to drink; but he assured him he could not. The captain then demanded how he dared disobey him. The frank, manly reply of the noble boy was: "I promised my mother never to touch a drop."

These boys grew up to be young men—Henry, honest, temperate, and respectable; Charles, vicious, blasphemous, and intemperate. The captain finally expostulated with Charles upon his habits and wicked course, entreating him to leave off drinking. With a contemptuous sneer he replied: "Do you know who gave me my first glass?"

"No, sir."

"Captain Saunders, it was you."

Soon after the captain sought Henry, and said to him: "You were right in refusing that glass of wine I offered you years ago. How thankful I am you had sufficient courage to do so! I might have had two ruined souls to answer for, instead of one."

—Ea.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

(Three words.)

My first is a business carried on—
The world, no doubt, could spare it,
For grief it brings to many a one,
And guiltless ones must share it.

My second is he who the business tends,
And of him it may be said,
'Tis pity he cannot make amends
For the ruin his work doth spread.

Third is the place where the work is done
In heat and steam and fume;
Far better it ne'er had begun,
Or drenched men's brains in spume.

COUNTRESS DUFFERIN'S CONUNDRUM.

My first, I hope you are; my second, I see you are; my whole, I know you are.

DOUBLE CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lass, though not in boy;
My second is in Talcott, but not in Roy;
My third is in inn, though not in hotel;
My fourth is in hit, though not in fall;
My fifth is in cat, but not in dog;
My sixth is in chicken, but not in hog;
My seventh is in old but not in young;
My eighth is in lauded and not in sung;
My ninth is in Paul and not in Roy;
My tenth is in lass and not in boy;
And now proceed right merrily;
Work out the answer cheerily;
Two names you'll find, I'm sure my friend,
Of him who certain gifts doth send.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sat him down and sought it;
Because he could not find it,
Home with him he brought it.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL.

1, 2, 3.
'Tis neither young nor fresh nor new;
In this word you have the clue
4, 5, 6.
This is a sea fish, a kind of whale;
Now look sharp or here you'll fail.
7, 8, 9, 10.
This is solid, obdurate, firm;
To some true hearts apply the term.
11, 12, 13, 14, 15.
On this strand we sometimes walk;
Ride or bathe or lounge and talk.

WHOLE.

A summer resort, but we'll tell no more;
Just take your map and follow the shore.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

LOED MACAULAY'S ENIGMA. Cod.

CHARADES.—1 A pair of bellows. 2 Fore and hind wheels of a coach. ENIGMATIC AUTHORS. 1 Shakespeare. 2 Homer (see myrtle). 3 Virgil (orge-ll) 4 De-foe (Joc-ice) 5 Hawthorne.

GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.—A thrifty lady in a dress of Parmatita, and carrying a scandal-wood fan, went out to buy a new set of China. She had a desire to shine in Society, and sent for her three sisters, Florence, Augusta, and Aurora, to aid in her selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from Paris, plates from Berlin, and carved platters from the Alps, she proceeded to order a supper. She bought wheat, figs, grapes, sardines, and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the Wick of the candles troublesome. She called her servant, Ben Nevis, and ordered him to bring her oil from the sea of Jenkotsk. Her carpets were Brussels, her perfumes came from Cologne, her coal from Newcastle, and her knives and forks from Sheffield and Birmingham.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—In the first horizontal row, 2, 9, 4; in the second, 7, 5, 2; in the third, 6, 1, 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Jane Kennedy.

THE NURSE should never seat herself nor allow a visitor to be seated, nor any object to attract attention to be placed in such a position as to strain the patient's eyes to look at them; a chair should be placed half way down from the head toward the foot of the bed. In this position neither patient nor visitor receives each other's breath, and neither eyes nor ears need be strained for sight or sound; over-sensitive ears may require a greater distance, but of this the nurse should have knowledge, and quietly call the attention of the visitor to the fact, and remove the seat to the requisite distance. The nurse should also not fail to gently notify the visitor when the call has been prolonged as far as is for the patient's good.—*Laws of Life.*

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

THE WEEK

SINCE THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER 3,845,000 hogs have been packed in the Western States, a deficiency compared with last year of 180,000 hogs.

A QUESTION having been proposed in Congress in the regular way, as to whether a British spy had been allowed to tamper with the mails in the New York Post-office, investigation has proved that no such thing ever took place.

A PILGRIMAGE, in which sixty thousand persons from all parts of Italy participated, was made to the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel in Rome last week.

AN OFFICER of the United States navy is endeavoring to charter a whaling steamer in Dundee, Scotland, to go in search of the Greely Arctic Expedition.

THE QUEBEC GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY are going to ask the Provincial Government to aid in exploring the great North-East of the Province of Quebec.

THE CATTLE COMMISSION recommends to Congress that the shipment of cattle northward from districts infected with Texas fever shall be confined to the term between the first of November and the first of March; that the Secretary of the Treasury be empowered to order the slaughter and safe disposal of imported herds found infected, and that an appropriation of a million and a half be made to prevent the further spread of lung plague among cattle in the United States. A bill has been prepared to provide for the formation of a bureau of cattle industry in the Department of Agriculture, to attend to preventive measures against cattle diseases.

ALL THE SALOONS in Wichita, Kansas, numbering over thirty, closed on Monday of last week by concerted action, their keepers going permanently out of the business.

THOMAS WELCH, a farmer, of Amaranth township, Ontario, started, under the influence of liquor, to walk from Shelburne to Orangeville, a few evenings ago, and was found dead in the snow by the roadside with a bottle of whiskey beside him.

A GANG OF MEN shovelling snow on the railway track near Brinton, Pennsylvania, were run into by a train and several were killed and fatally injured and others hurt more or less. The accident was caused by the men neglecting to have a lookout to warn them of the approach of a train.

IN AN EXAMINATION in Toronto of about fifty masters and mates, applying for new certificates under a new law, many of the applicants showed great difficulty in distinguishing colors.

NEW YORK STATE PRISONS made the best showing last year ever made in finances. The earnings for the year ending September were \$407,061 and the expenses \$397,955. Steady improvement in the condition of the prisoners is reported by the Superintendent, and the number of prisoners is gradually diminishing notwithstanding an increasing population. A more thorough and more easily maintained discipline is noted, with less frequent resort to punishments or severe penalties.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT is going to assist in the replanting of vineyards with cuttings from American vines.

A CLEVER JOURNALIST in London rigged himself up as a beggar in order to ascertain how beggars thrived. He was arrested as a vagrant and one of his fellow-workers had difficulty in identifying him when before the magistrate. When at length recognized and his business made known, there was great fun in the court-room. Of course the zealous scribe was set free without punishment. He fared much better than another reporter, who took small-pox in investigating the condition of the London poor.

PROFESSOR BINDING, of the Leipsig University, Germany, in a lecture denounced the English, American and Swiss Governments for their leniency toward the Nihilistic propaganda. Several Swiss students took offence at the remarks of the Professor, and protested to the Swiss Legation at Berlin. They were informed, in reply, by the Swiss Minister who had first consulted the Swiss Federal Council, that the Government could take no action in reference to the personal opinion of even a prominent professor. Next time those students will allow their discretion to have equal play with their patriotism.

FRANK COLLINS, an alderman of Abilene, Texas, who had been active in suppressing gambling, was set upon in a saloon by one Hemphyle, a notorious gambler. Walter Collins, a deputy marshal rushed into the melee that followed. At the end of the pistol firing all three lay dead or dying. Hemphyle had six bullet holes in his body.

A GERMAN SPY has been arrested at Poitiers, France, with complete plans of the military depot there in his pocket.

A STRIKE OF CARTMEN in Havana, Cuba, against an increase of taxes, has caused a suspension of business.

IN A SPEECH in Liverpool, England, Mr. Samuel Smith, a member of Parliament, said ninety-five percent of the destitute children sent to America had done well. Many of them became the heirs of Canadian farmers, obtained a good competence in life and rose to good places in society. The financial results of the work had also been successful.

CARDINAL McCABE, head of the Irish Catholic clergy, declined to accept the Presidency of the International Peace Society, saying that he deeply deplored war and the causes which lead to it, but until the Christian world retraced its steps and once more accepted His Holiness the Pope as the Supreme Arbiter in vexed international questions, wars would be waged and human blood be spilt. That is equal to saying that His Grace does not want peace so long as the lust of his spiritual head for universal temporal sovereignty is unsatisfied.

A FIRE STARTED in the basement of a large school in Toronto the other day while four hundred children were at their lessons, but the head master sounded the fire drill alarm, and the children filed out in safety. They thought it was part of the drill, and when the truth became known some of them tried to get back for their books, but sentinels stationed at the doors of the rooms drove them away.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO TELEGRAPH COMPANY purposes extending its lines from New York to leading centres in New England, and also into the North-West and South-West.

TWO THOUSAND STEEL WORKERS in England stand out against a reduction in wages.

FIVE HUNDRED NAVVIES employed on the Canadian Pacific Railway near Sudbury Junction, north of Lake Huron, have been discharged owing to the road being almost completed to Algoma. Freight trains are now running west to the junction and passenger trains to a point not far from it.

BISHOP RYAN, of St. Louis, Missouri, lately preached in Dublin on his return from Italy and France. He said religion and patriotism had been pitted against each other in Ireland, and the Church had triumphed, as it always had in such cases. This triumph would be for the Irish people's ultimate good, as the clergy loved them too well to deceive them by flattery or to inculcate such false and dangerous principles as would lead them to sure destruction. The people should strictly follow the advice given them by their pastors. Their first duty was to the Church, which would always remove perilous doubts and point out the true and loyal course. Bishop Ryan's remarks are the first utterances since the recent hierarchical conference in Rome which show the attitude of the Church upon the Irish question, and are therefore regarded as significant.

A DISEASE OF THE EYE, producing total blindness, has struck a large and valuable flock of sheep belonging to Mr. William Graham, Richmond Road, Ontario.

THREE WARRIORS of the Salvation Army were fined two dollars each, or ten days in gaol, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, a few days ago, for violation of the city ordinance in parading the streets.

A MEMORIAL of Capt. Chas. G. Lundborg has been presented to Congress, describing a new design for a fast ocean steamship. Eminent shipowners and naval architects have expressed the opinion that large ships built after this design would have greater speed, safety and carrying capacity than any ships built before. Twenty-four knots an hour are the calculated speed of the proposed novel craft.

THE POPE HAS PROMISED the first stone for the church proposed as a memorial of the late Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, at Caherciveen, Ireland.

DURING A DEMONSTRATION of workmen in Vienna, Austria, recently, detachments of military and police were held in readiness for any emergency. Rumors were afloat of designs of the Socialists to wreck certain newspaper offices.

A MOST IMPORTANT CASE has been decided in San Francisco by the granting of a perpetual injunction against hydraulic mining. It was a question between farming and mining for the whole Sacramento Valley. Hydraulic mining consists in washing out the soil with forcible streams of water in order to obtain the gold deposited in it. The defendants in the case decided are permitted to apply to have the injunction dissolved or modified, if a plan be devised for abating the nuisance.

GENERAL BORTHWICK PASHA, a Scotchman, has been appointed to succeed General Strecknor as commander of the Bulgarian army.

AMONG THE REFORMS whereby monarchy designs to conciliate democracy in Spain is a scheme for the decentralization of government. It is proposed to gradually bring about this change by the division of the country into a hundred provinces, each to have local governing powers.

PRINCE BISMARCK has undertaken the suppressing of the circulation in Germany of Socialist papers issued in other countries. The publication of such literature in Germany has been pretty effectually stamped out by the severe laws enforced against it during the past five years.

A CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN was murdered in New York lately, and it is believed possible that he was a victim of a secret society said to exist among the Chinese in America, which exacts the death penalty from those who disobey its laws.

ACHIN, the only State of Sumatra independent of the Dutch, has given that nationality cause to threaten its autonomy. The Rajah has been holding in captivity the crew of the steamship "Nisero," numbering twenty-five and including an American. Troops have been sent by the Dutch Government to compel the surrender of the prisoners, but there is danger of the latter being massacred if the troops make an attack.

AN INSURANCE SCHEME for the benefit of workmen, which Prince Bismarck is pushing in Germany, is regarded by some as a bid for the support of that class. If it is a good measure, however, it need not be condemned on that account.

A STATE OF UNREST is still reported of the Indians at Metlakahla and Fort Simpson, British Columbia. They have refused to receive McKay, the Indian Agent, or to recognize his authority, and he has therefore returned to Victoria.

SOME TIME AGO the Toronto *Globe* charged a contractor on the Canadian Pacific Railway with having spent a large sum of money in the Ontario elections, with the understanding that it was to be recouped to him by the Dominion Government. The contractor, Mr. Shields, responded by entering an action for libel against that paper, but prosecution has been delayed so long that the Court of Chancery has thrown out the suit. This leaves the contractor and the Government resting under a very grave charge.

A NUISANCE that Parliament must remove, if no other authority can, is the selling of intoxicating drink, of course of the most atrocious sort, on the ice bridge at Ottawa between and outside the jurisdictions of Ontario and Quebec.

NAIL WORKERS in the Eastern States threaten to strike against a reduction of fifteen percent, which is the fourth reduction they are asked to submit to and they claim it to be unjust.

ROSES WERE BLOOMING out of doors in London, England, a week ago.

THE FEMALE COLLEGE at Columbus, Georgia, was burned early on the morning of the ninth, the 130 inmates being all aroused in time to escape.

A TERRIFIC GALE swept the whole north Atlantic coast about a week ago. Shore resort property at different points suffered heavily.

HERR LASKER, the eminent Liberal statesman of Germany, who died in New York lately, left much valuable literary material, some of which is likely to shed light upon certain obscure points in German parliamentary history.

GENERAL LONGSTREET, United States Marshal in the Northern District of Georgia is in a financial scrape, his bondsmen repudiating responsibility for him. His troubles are ascribed to his want of capacity for details of business.

Mr
licito
to Pa
positi
On
have
only

Ro
affair
educa
deal
There
comp
which
the ne
cillors
are R
Roma
a Rom
cl.

REP
gistrat
predict
through

A P
for an
iris
from
in the
crazy o

The
be seri
Americ

Capt
the jett
the Mi
aid of
of his
Isthmu
that in
vor the
Panama

EXTE
wheat a
York.
been dr
delphia
Half a
were po
two da

It is
twice
lumber.
lumber
whose
farmers
forests
lumber
object, a
on the
House.
favor of
foreign-
and of a
has been
and sam
placed i
certificat
serious i
ment of
Dawes h
to create
tem.

BRITIS
compare
year, by
lars, and
of four r
At a l
General
ham urg
the heal
be hel' i

MR. WALKER, Queen's Counsel, and Solicitor-General for Ireland, has been elected to Parliament for Londonderry without opposition.

CHIPPAWA AND POTTAWATOMY INDIANS have quarrelled in Wisconsin, and in the only battle reported five were killed.

ROMAN CATHOLIC AGGRESSIVENESS in the affairs of Ontario, particularly in respect to educational privileges, has awakened a good deal of Protestant spirit in the Province. There has been a noticeable change in the composition of the City Council of Ottawa, which may be largely due to that cause. In the new Council the Mayor and ten Councillors are Protestants and five Councillors are Roman Catholics. There were seven Roman Catholics and eight Protestants, with a Roman Catholic Mayor in the old Council.

REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS from the magistrates of Berlin, the Emperor William predicts that the maintenance of peace throughout Europe is assured.

A PAPER IS TO BE PROSECUTED in France for an article written by Michael Murry, an Irish Anarchist, who has been expelled from France. Dynamite is recommended in the article to be used against the aristocracy of France.

THE FOOD SUPPLY of France is found to be seriously reduced by the prohibition of American pork.

CAPTAIN EADS, famous in connection with the jetties for improving the navigation of the Mississippi, is in London soliciting the aid of English capitalists in the promotion of his plan to build a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. It is said that in England this scheme is in more favor than M. De Lesseps' canal across Panama.

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS in the grading of wheat are charged against Toledo and New York. Some foreign trade is said to have been driven from the latter city to Philadelphia and Baltimore in consequence. Half a million bushels graded as No. 2 Red were posted as unsound in New York in two days last week.

IT IS LIKELY the House of Representatives, Washington, will abolish the duty on lumber. There is a strong demand for free lumber in all the States except one or two whose chief industry is the lumbering. The farmers of the Central States want their forests protected by admitting Canadian lumber free of duty. A bill with the above object, and one to place coal, salt and wood on the free list, have been introduced in the House. A resolution has been moved in favor of allowing American citizens to buy foreign-built ships for use in foreign trade and of admitting ship material free. A bill has been introduced requiring a formula and sample of every patent medicine to be placed in the Patent Office, together with a certificate that it does not contain any injurious ingredients, before any advertisement of it can be placed in the mails. Mr. Dawes has introduced a bill in the Senate to create a Government postal telegraph system.

BRITISH IMPORTS decreased in December, compared with the same month the previous year, by about seven and a half million dollars, and exports increased by a trifle short of four million dollars.

AT A MEETING of British Colonial Agents-General in London, the Duke of Buckingham urged the Colonies to participate in the health, food and education exhibition to be held in May.

A BELGIAN PAPER authoritatively denies that Mr. Stanley's post on the Congo River has been offered by the King of the Belgians to Capt. Gordon, famous in Chinese and Egyptian exploits. Capt. Gordon has been asked to accept a position of joint responsibility with Mr. Stanley, who finds that the region he has developed is growing larger than he can well manage. The British military authorities having refused permission to Capt. Gordon to go to the Congo, he has had to make the great sacrifice of his position in the British army, and will go to the Congo, chiefly to suppress the slave trade in the district where Soudanese traders mainly procure their supplies.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, the popular story writer, is dangerously ill with nervous debility from overwork.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST was brutally beaten in a public square of Paris, France, a few days ago. He was left in a dangerous condition, and one of his assailants was captured.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, elder son of the Prince of Wales, reached his twentieth birthday on Wednesday of last week. He is now going through his university course at Cambridge.

A WEALTHY LADY of London has bequeathed two and a half million dollars to Pope Leo XIII.

A REPORT ON GLUCOSE made by the National Academy of Scientists, to the United States Commission of Internal Revenue, finds that this article is in no way inferior to cane sugar in healthfulness, and that maize starch sugar, either in its normal condition or fermented, has no bad effect upon the system even when taken liberally.

A DIAMOND SUPPOSED to be the largest ever cut in America was finished in Boston after a month's labor recently. It was found in South Africa and weighed in the rough nearly 125 karats. When cut it weighed 77 karats. The gem is defective in color, a yellowish tinge permeating it.

AT A TRIAL of torpedoes on the Bosphorus lately, a Turk produced one invented by himself which experts declared to be ahead of any yet invented. It attains a speed of 200 yards in twenty seconds.

WHEN THE INVINCIBLE SOCIETY, for the murder of British officials and Irish landlords, was discovered there was an interesting search all over the world for the head of the organization, who was called "Number One." None of those indicated at the time as the person sought was proved to be he. Remembrance of the familiar title is revived just now by the news from London that Captain McCafferty, who is said to be the true "Number One," is in that city, and the police are making strenuous efforts to capture him.

NEGOTIATIONS ARE IN PROGRESS between England and France for a settlement of the dispute regarding Newfoundland fisheries. England offers to buy out the treaty rights France holds to engage in fishery operations on a certain portion of the Newfoundland coast. There have been sundry collisions between British subjects and the French fishermen which threatened international concord.

A MACHINE FOR MAKING HOBNAILS has been invented, which with three men to operate it will do the work of a hundred men. A factory is to be equipped with the machine in Pittsburg, the immediate result of which will be to throw out of employment the thousands now making hobnails by hand.

MR. WHYMPER, the Alpine climber, is going to try to ascend Mount Kilmandjaro in equatorial Africa, the estimated height of which is 20,000 feet.

MR. DELMONICO, keeper of the fashionable eating house founded by his father in New York, lately went missing, and after various unfounded reports of his whereabouts had been circulated, his dead body was found in the Orange Mountain woods, New Jersey. There were no marks of violence on his body and no property was missing, and it is surmised he died of exposure.

COLONEL PORTUONDO, a Republican member of the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, said in his place the other day that although Republicans approved of military reform, they would not support the monarchy. Great tumult followed, and the Premier observed that an officer who had taken the oath of allegiance to the King could not as a deputy attack the monarchy in the Cortes. Senor Serrano, a Republican, having attacked the foreign policy of the late Government, and condemned the King's journey to and from Germany as showing unfriendliness to France and a willingness to play into the hands of Prince Bismarck, Senor Preudergast, Minister of the Interior, said the present Ministry had accepted the responsibility of the late one for the King's journey.

THE STEAMSHIP "CELTIC," which was disabled shortly after sailing from New York and was spoken several times at sea, has been towed into Queenstown by the steamship "Britannic," all on board in good health.

NEWS FROM THE WEST says the recent severe weather played havoc among the cattle on the plains, entire herds in some cases being frozen to death.

JACK FROST has destroyed the sugar cane in Southern Georgia, and done nearly two million dollars' damage to orange groves in Alabama.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT is to be made this winter to abolish newspaper postage in the United States.

IN INVESTIGATING THE AFFAIRS of the Philadelphia Gas Trust, it was ascertained that it costs the city \$10,000 a year to feed a doctor and nurse.

THE LIQUOR LICENSE ACT for all Canada has been proclaimed in force, which looks as if the Government believed in its constitutionality. In some parts of the Dominion it will be viewed as a step in advance, in others as a less potent restriction than local laws hitherto in force. Where, however, temperance sentiment is in advance of the Act, it is strong enough to secure local prohibition under the Canada Temperance Act of 1878. Some provision is, indeed, made in the new license law for enforcing the Act just named where it is adopted.

A DEEPLY-LAID PLOT of nihilists to murder the Czar and Czarewitsch of Russia has been discovered.

A SHARP STUDENT was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes?" "Pray, sir, how can you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth. And the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

LAUGHING GAS.

"WHO was the straightest man in the Bible?" "Joseph." "Why?" "Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him."

"YOUR LITTLE BOY appears to be particularly lively, madam." "Oh, yes," responded the lady, sweetly, "he thinks he is in church."

"WILL YOU TAKE something?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well then, let us take a walk."

THERE is an old proverb which says: "You cannot get more out of a bottle than was put into it." This is a mistake. A man can get all that was put into the bottle, and thirty days as well.

MAKER of musical instruments, cheerfully rubbing his hands—"There, thank goodness, the bass fiddle is finished at last." After a pause—"Ach Himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue pot inside."—*Rome Sentinel.*

SO GENEROUS—Smith (opening letter)—"Eh—what's this? Bill from the Jeweller for watch chain? I've had no watch chain." Wife—"Oh, yes, dear. It's the one I gave you for a Christmas present!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

"WHERE would we be without women?" asks a writer. "It's hard to determine which way the majority would drift, but some men would be out of debt and out of trouble, and a good many others would be out at their elbows."

"YES," said the doctor, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever." "What shall I do?" she moaned in great distress. "Oh, doctor! couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying to my complexion."

A LITTLE BIRD sat on a bough
Beneath the trees there stood a cough,
And close at hand there was a cough,
They said, "How happy we are now—
We'll all pitch in and have a cough."
—*Oil City Derrick.*

A MAN returned to his home after an absence of two weeks. His eight-year-old son loudly welcomed him. "Is everybody well, Jimmie?" the father asked. "The welllest kind," the boy replied. "And nothing has happened?" "Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's all right, and I never saw ma behave as well as she has this time."

THERE is a vast quantity of affection which is aptly characterized by the following very tender lines by Mr. Reece:—

I love you! Ay, it seems absurd,
Although to prove it I was sedulous;
The ink is black that writes the word,
Yet you will read it all in-red-ubous.

A MICHIGAN GIRL told her young man that she would never marry him until he was worth \$100,000. So he started off with a brave heart to make it. "How are you getting on, George?" she asked, at the expiration of a couple of months. "Well," George said, hopefully, "I have saved up \$22." The girl dropped her eyelashes, and blushing remarked, "I reckon on that's near enough, George."

WHAT DOES PROHIBITION MEAN?

BY MRS. EMMA OBENAUER.

IT means bread to hungry children, it means happiness to sad and overworked women, it means the help of the community for men who are struggling with a fearful appetite.

It means the practical application of our prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," for our sons and our friends when they step across the threshold of their home.

It means that the government of the State or of the city will not, for dollars and cents, allow men to destroy the happiness of your daughter (or some other man's daughter), whose husband, when not tempted to the uttermost, will prove faithful to his family and useful to the community.

Prohibition means that when drunken men kill their wives and daughters there will be no blood-guiltiness on your hands who voted to remove the opportunity of intoxication from the inebriate.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

DR. MORROW'S SCHOLAR.

"You may leave this Sunday-school now, and you needn't be slow about getting out of the room either, and you need never come back again either, never: do you hear?"

It was young Dr. Morrow talking to one of his Sunday-school boys, a rude, ungoverned and seemingly irrevocable boy, who thoroughly enjoyed disturbing the whole class, not only with his inattention, but also with his actions.

Dr. Morrow's patience had been worn threadbare during the past few weeks, and now that Jim Dunbar had succeeded in getting the whole class, with one exception, laughing, and that one exception crying (because a bee which Jim had held imprisoned in a coiled handkerchief had been let but cautiously into his car and it had stung him), the last thread of that much suffering virtue gave out, and Dr. Morrow in his anger, wished that Jim Dunbar, would never cross his path again.

The fun all died out of Jim's face as he heard the stern command. One quick, reproachful but mortified glance into Dr. Morrow's angry, reproving face, and then the boy slowly arose and started to leave the room. Just before reaching the door he looked up at a beautiful motto over the arch. It had never looked so lovely before—at least that was what Jim thought: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." That was the motto.

Jim thought of many things as he crossed the threshold and wandered down toward the river. Dr. Morrow had explained that beautiful motto to him, and now some of his thoughts ran after this fashion:

"He said I was one of the little fellows the Saviour wanted, but I guess he's mistaken. I'm too big, most eleven, 'sides that Dr. Morrow said I should never come back again—so I'm forbid you see—any way I guess I don't belong to the kingdom, else I wouldn't be so mean, that's a fact. I wanted to be good though, real good, but somehow I don't just know how, an' the lad keeps a comin' out all the time. I guess I won't even try to be good any more. What's the use? I ain't got anybody to tell me how, and 'sides Dr. Morrow says folks can't be good 'less they get near the Saviour, an' I can't get near Him 'cause I da-seint go back to the school, an' the Saviour never comes to our house, never."

However, as the moments flew by, Jim thought no more about the Saviour, but amused himself by throwing sticks and stones into the river, digging holes in the bank and frightening a timid child who came in search of wild figs. He did not go home until he became so hungry that he could not do otherwise. Your heart will go out in pity toward Jim as you enter his home. It is the abode of squalor and wretchedness. His father lies on a rickety bed asleep in drunkenness. His mother sits leaning back in an old wooden rocker, her eyes fixed mechanically on the blank wall. She starts a little as Jim enters and draws forth:

"You're late, Jim."

"Don't seem to make any difference whether I'm late or early—things always look the same, mutters Jim, throwing down his old cap, and drawing near a grimy table pushed against the wall, upon whose one raised leaf, guileless of table-cloth, the remains of a miserable meal lay scattered.

"Don't be sassy, Jim," drawled his mother.

"I ain't sassy, but I'm hungry—what ye got to eat, mother?"

"Ye can see for yourself. What you botherin' yer tired mother for?"

Yes, Jim could see for himself; could see some dry crusts and half of a sour pickled cucumber and a glass of beer. He looked at them in disgust.

"We've got potatoes, mother—a whole peck of 'em—why didn't you bake some?" he asked.

"'Cause I didn't feel like it—Sunday's a day of rest."

Jim crunched the dry bread and drank the beer; as for the remains of the pickle he threw it across the room.

Dr. Morrow lived in the suburbs. The walk home was usually pleasant; now in his perturbed state he did not enjoy it. He even left the usual path and crossed a belt of woods he felt so out of sorts, but here, too, God seemed to be speaking to him. Mosses and ferns peeped out at him from shady nooks, and lovely pink azaleas and little pure white flowers nodded to him

cheerfully. His thoughts were troubling him. He had done right, of course, in sharply reprimanding that tiresome Jim Dunbar, but had he done right in forbidding him ever to set foot in God's house again? Supposing God should treat his children so?

Then Dr. Morrow, without knowing why he did it, reached down and picked a bunch of wilk violets which he held in his hands passively until he emerged from the woods and saw his beautiful home before him. A bountiful dinner awaited him. He was hungry and enjoyed it; and yet as he lingered over the last refreshing course, Jimmy Dunbar still held his place in his thoughts. His anger had all vanished now; his conscience reproved him for not looking into Jim's home for some months. He wondered what poor, thin little Jim had for dinner; he almost wished he would cross his path just now, he would like to give him a little of his abundance.

After dinner Dr. Morrow dropped asleep in his comfortable library chair. He had scarcely entered the land of dreams when he saw a face of surpassing beauty watching him, then a voice said lovingly, yet beseechingly: "Feed my lambs." Then he walked on, his pathway strewn with roses, and pretty soon he saw the lovely face again and heard the gentle voice repeat, yearningly, "Feed my lambs." Then, from over a blossoming hedge he soon heard the voice again, saying, oh, so lovingly: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not." He looked and saw the Saviour pointing to another pathway, one strewn with thorns and stones. It was far in the distance, and yet he distinctly saw a little traveller forcing his way along wearily and painfully. For a moment the small, pinched face turned to him beseechingly, the arms were held out pleadingly, and then the boy turned his face away. But that moment had been enough for Dr. Morrow to recognize the face as Jimmy Dunbar's. He groaned aloud and then awoke. The afternoon sun was streaming into the library windows; all aglow were the pictured faces of the "Madonna and Child" upon the wall. He looked at the child's face.

"He came into the world to seek and save the lost—how dare I judge a child so harshly?" he thought, sorrowfully.

The Sabbath was not yet over when there came a rap at Jimmy Dunbar's door. It was Jimmy who opened it, and over his white, discouraged face, a scared look crept as he recognized Dr. Morrow. What was he going to do? Put him in the "lock up" perhaps for letting that hateful beg stung little Dan Phelps. No, that was not Dr. Morrow's intention. He took his hand kindly and said, huskily: "You did not do right this morning, my boy, neither did I. I have forgiven you, Jimmy, you forgive me; and we'll both do better in the future. Come to Sunday-school as usual, Jimmy, I'm a little stronger than you and I want to help you climb up to your Heavenly Father." Then Dr. Morrow went into the wretched little room, and went out again with tears in his eyes. But there were no tears in Jim's eyes as he unpacked a great basket of fruit and untied a package of picture papers from Dr. Morrow. There was a deep joy in his heart, and he said, feelingly: "Oh, how good Dr. Morrow is, how he pities a fellow that is down. After all, I don't wish I was dead, I'd rather try to get into the kingdom."

Years have passed since then: Jimmy is in the kingdom, one of the faithful ones, too. His mother followed after him, and now even his poor father is taking his first feeble steps in the narrow path that leads to "life everlasting."—*W'estminster Teacher.*

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

Harry Wilson had just got a new arithmetic, and was delighted with its figures and study. He had been in mental arithmetic for some time, but now that he had a book and a slate of his own, everything for him seemed to turn into sums and calculations.

He was sitting by the table working at a sum in division, when he heard his father, speaking to his mother, say, "Johnson got beastly drunk at the club last night, and disgraced himself abominably. He drank ten glasses of wine, and it went to his head; and he acted so we were all disgusted with him; and finally he was so drunk that he had to be taken home in a carriage."

Harry, full of his arithmetic, caught sound of the word "ten," and looking up,

said, "Ten? And how many did you drink, father?"

"Only one, my son," said the father, looking down with a smile to his little boy, of whom he was very fond.

"Then, father, were you one-tenth drunk?" said Harry reflectively—thinking, perhaps, more of his figures, just then, than of anything else.

"Harry!" said his mother sternly, "what do you mean?" But Harry, who was thoroughly absorbed in his calculations, went on talking to himself: "Why, yes; if ten glasses make a man all-drunk, then one glass will make him one-tenth drunk; and if one is heavily-drunk, then the other must be one tenth heavily-drunk, and—"

"There, there," said his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come; "I guess that is enough arithmetic for tonight."

But as Harry went on with his sums, his remarks started a train of thoughtfulness in the mind of the father; and he said to himself, "If Johnson had not taken the first glass, he could not have gone on to the ten; and on the whole, it is safe for myself, and best as an example to my sons, that I never again take the first glass, lest I, or they, should go on to the ten." And from that day the father became a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks.—*Child's Paper.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes)

January 27.—JAMES 4: 7-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. A painful surrender. When you give yourself to Christ, you make the best bargain you ever made. You will receive yourself back, ennobled, exalted, purified, made free. You will be more your own than ever. Many a liege has assisted his lord to reconquer his own castle and estates, which had been taken away from both by some freebooter. When he sees his lord's banner float over the keep, he knows that it is his own again. So when you labor to subdue yourself to Christ, you are laboring to drive out the tyrants and robbers who have usurped possession of you; and when heart and will are recovered to Christ they are restored to you, and you shall rule over that mysterious citadel of the vast domain of the affections and faculties, lord of yourself and loyal servant to him.—*Congregationalist.*

II. Ye are a vapor.—Ver. 14. Paulinus preached the Gospel in Northumbria, Eng., in the early ages to King Edwin and his warriors. Edwin was silent, but one of his aged warrior sages arose and said, "Around us lies the black land of night." Then,

"Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door;
Within the happy heart-light
One red flash and no more!
We see it come from darkness,
And into darkness go;
So is our life, King Edwin!
Alas that it is so!"

"But if this pale Paulinus
Have somewhat more to tell;
Some news of Whence and Whither,
And where the soul will dwell;
If on that outer darkness
The sun of hope may shine;
He makes me worth the living,
I like his 'god for mine.'—*Annae.*

III. The loom of life.—Ver. 13-15. I stood for the first time before the famous Jacquard loom, weaving Brussels and velvet carpets, and saw that while low before our eyes lay the bright and shining threads of the warp, and the shuttle plying to and fro between them as if it alone made all those beautiful forms, yet in reality the pattern of the weaving was decided above by means of perforated cards which controlled the movements of the warp below. Thus two elements together controlled and formed the designs of beauty which were wrought out by the loom; (1) they depended on the true movements of the shuttle, and (2) on the changes in the threads of the warp, which were decided above. There, said I, is the symbol of our lives. Free will and God's control united in our lives, are set forth by these wonderful looms. Every life is made by both these forces.—*P.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have to-day another lesson full of practical thoughts, which may be clustered around the one great central thought,—living near to God. I. What it is to live near God (ver. 7, 8). We find two parts—

(1) submitting to God as our King and Saviour, and so becoming a part of his kingdom, and (2) drawing near to God. Lay emphasis especially on three things: (a) what is nearness to God, (b) how we may be near to God, (c) this is the only place of blessedness,—the highest, purest, happiest life. (See John 14: 16, 17, 23; 15: 1-10; Rev. 3: 20.) II. The condition on which we may draw near to God (vers. 8-10). (1) Putting away evil, (2) repentance, (3) humility. These are necessary because God is good, and hates all iniquity (Isa 6: 3; 1 John 4: 7, 8; Pa. 5: 4, 5). Certain fruits of living near to God (vers. 11-17.) (1) Right feelings and words toward our neighbor, (2) committing all our ways to God.

LOOKING OUT THE BACK DOOR.

A friend of ours wished to hire a farmer for a wealthy neighbor, and we mentioned one who was wanting an engagement. Knowing that our friend had been to see this farmer, we asked the result. His reply was, in substance: "Yes, I went there: I went around to the back door and came away, knowing that he would not suit." The front doors of many farmhouses are rarely opened. The back door is in constant use. One need not go far in any locality, to find the outlet of the kitchen sink ending in a sort of ditch which is supposed to carry off the water, but which only allows it to soak away and saturate the ground near the back of the house. The seldom used front door is opened when a small coffin is to be taken out. The minister speaks of "the mysterious dispensations of Providence." They are not at all mysterious. Bad sink drains at the back of the house are sure to bring typhoid fever and other sickness. Let the back door surroundings be looked to. If nothing better can be done, carry the kitchen wastes to a cesspool a distance from the house, where they can soak away far below the surface. Prohibit all throwing out of slops at the back door. The ground soon becomes charged with matters that ferment and breed disease. Where pigs are kept, and that includes every farm, there should be a pail to receive all animal and vegetable matters and daily emptied. Nothing of the kind should be thrown out at the back of the house. Where there is such a disease-breeding sink-spout as we have mentioned, let provisions be at once made to carry off the water to a cesspool, and cover up the saturated ground with dry earth. Let the back yard to the house always be kept scrupulously neat.—*American Agriculturist.*

STOP HIM!

Stop whom? Why that boy with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, a cigar between his teeth, a profane word upon his lips, a careless nothingness in his manner. Stop him! He is going too fast; he does not know his speed. Stop him before tobacco shatters his nerves; before pride ruins his character; before the lustre masters the man; before ambition and youthful strength give way to low pursuits and brutish aims. Stop all such boys! They are not to be classed among "Our Boys." They are the disgrace of their towns, the sad and solemn reproaches of themselves, and the worst trials here on earth to their parents. Stop them! But if that is impossible then shun them. They are bad boys. A good boy is one of the very best things on earth; but a real bad boy is one of the worst. The only hope is, that as he is a boy yet, it is possible he can be stopped, and right-about faced, and may yet be a good man. But if so, he must stop at once. No half-way work here! If he does not he is gone, and there is no hope for him. Stop swearing! Stop drinking! Stop chewing tobacco, and be somebody. And do so at once. Why not?—*Intelligencer.*

A MIXTURE which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether; cut the soap fine, dissolve in one pint of water over the fire; add two quarts of water. This should be mixed with water in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary-sized pail of water. Mix thoroughly, and wash soiled garments in it. For removing spots use a sponge or clean flannel cloth, and with a dry cloth rub dry as possible. Woolen goods may be made to look bright and fresh by being sponged with this.

Son man v corner selling were flower upon curious cal fact In 1 at the there chal upon nounce minati fact ca in the Portu near c The medic ously ly the ci bore e tradict Portu did no but th lie to a one on majori days a all the ma was p doing It co egg sh stimply amcar, di etching where not pro of the dissolv writing relief. and i pr precau order t experin In th that a usually

our King and part of his kingdom to God. Lay no things; (2) how we may only place of rest, happiest 23; 15: 1-10; tion on which 1 (vers. 8-10). repentance, (3) try because God (Isa 6: 3: 1 Certain fruits s. 11-17.) (1) ward our neighbors to God.

CK DOOR. hire a farmer we mentioned engagement. I had been to see ult. His reply went there: I door and came uld not suit." armhouses are or is in constant any locality, en sink ending posed to carry ch only allows o the ground. The seldom when a small The minister ipensations of at all myste- the back of the oid fever and door surround- g better can be s to a cesspool here they caa ace. Prohibit the back door. charged with breed disease. includes every to receive all ters and daily ind should be on. Where g sink-spout ovisions be a water to a cess- rated ground & yard to the lously neat.—

oy with a quid ar between his is lips, a care- r. Stop him I not know his bacco shatters ins his char- masters the nd youthful pursuits and boys! They "Our Boys" towns, the sad selves, and earth to their f that impos- are bad boys. ry best things is one of the t as he is a boy stopped, and et be a good pat once. No does not he is or him. Stop Stop chewing And do so at er.

nt for remov- on carpets and s of ammonia, ap, one ounce ther: cut the of water over water. This n the propor- ordinary-sized bly, and wash emoving spots cloth, and with bla. Woollen right and fresh



ENGRAVED EGGS.

Some time ago there was a man who stood upon the street corners and in the public squares selling egg shells upon which were engraved names, devices, or flowers. The art of engraving upon eggs is connected with a curious and little known historical fact.

In the month of August, 1808, at the time of the Spanish war, there was found in the patriarchal church of Lisbon an egg upon the shell of which was announced the approaching extermination of the French. This fact caused a lively fermentation in the minds of the superstitious Portuguese population, and came near causing an uprising.

The French commander remedied the matter very ingeniously by distributing throughout the city thousands of eggs that bore engraved upon them a contradiction of the prediction. The Portuguese, deeply astonished, did not know what to think of it, but thousands of eggs giving the lie to a prediction engraved upon one only, had the power of the majority. In addition, a few days afterward, posters put up on all the street corners pointed out the manner in which the miracle was performed. The mode of doing it is very simple.

It consists in writing upon the egg shell with wax or varnish or simply with tallow, and then immersing the egg in some weak acid, such, for example, as vinegar, dilute hydrochloric acid, or etching liquor. Everywhere where the varnish or wax has not protected the shell, the lime of the latter is decomposed and dissolved in the acid, and the writing or drawing remains in relief. Although the *modus operandi* presents no difficulty, a few precautions must be taken in order to be successful on a first experiment.

In the first place, as the eggs that are to be engraved are usually previously blown, so that

they may be preserved without alteration, it is necessary before immersing them in the acid to plug up the apertures in the extremities with a bit of beeswax; and, moreover, as the eggs are very light, they must be held at the bottom of the vessel full of acid by means of a thread fixed to a weight or wound round the extremity of a glass rod.

If the acid is very dilute, the operation, though it takes a little longer, gives better results. Two or three minutes usually suffice to give characters that have sufficient relief.—*L. Nature.*

DROWNING THE SQUIRREL.

When I was about six years old, one morning going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me. They like to dig holes in some place where they can put out their heads to see if danger is near. I thought, now I shall have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it should be full, and force the little animal to come out, so that I might kill it. I was soon pouring water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggle, and said:

"Ah, my fine fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me: "Well my boy, what have you got there?" I turned and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man, with long, white locks, that had seen sixty winters.

"Well," said I, "there is a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he: "When I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day, just as you are, drowning a squirrel; and an old man, such as I am, came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy. Now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you. Why torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' He added: 'I have never forgotten that, and never shall. Now, my dear boy,

I want you to remember this as long as you live; and when tempted to destroy any little animal or bird, to think of what I have said. God does not allow us to kill his creatures for our pleasure."

More than forty years have since passed, and I have never forgotten what the good old man said, nor have I ever wantonly killed the least animal for amusement since.—*Selected.*

THE CAPE BUFFALO.

The Cape buffalo is a formidable animal, a little larger than an ordinary ox, but possessed of much greater strength. It is morose, lowering, and ill-tempered; terrible in outward aspect and a dangerous neighbor. It has an unpleasant habit of remaining quietly in its lair until the unsuspecting traveller passes close to its place of concealment, when it leaps suddenly upon him filled with rage.

When it has succeeded in its attack it first tosses the unhappy victim in the air, then kneels upon his body in order to crush the life out of him, then butts at the corpse until it has given vent to its insane fury, and ends by licking the mangled limbs until it strips off the flesh with its rough tongue. Sometimes the animal is so recklessly furious in its unreasoning anger that it actually blinds itself by its heedless rush through formidable thorn bushes, which are so common in Southern Africa.

Although frequently found in large herds on the plains, the buffalo is principally a resident of the bush; here he follows the

paths of the elephant or rhinoceros, or makes a road for himself. During the evening, night, and early morning he roams about the open country and gorges, but when the sun has risen high, or if he has cause for alarm, the glens and coverts are sought, and amidst their shady branches he enjoys repose.

The flesh of the Cape buffalo is not in great request even among the Kaffirs, who are in no wise particular as to their diet. The hide, however, is exceedingly valuable, being used for the manufacture of sundry leathern implements where great strength is required without much flexibility.—*Scientific American.*

AMONG the many beautiful things seen at Rome is a bit of glass like the solid rim of a tumbler, a transparent glass, a solid thing, which, when exhibited, is lifted up so as to show that there is nothing concealed; but in the centre of the glass is a drop of colored glass, perhaps as large as a pea, mottled like a duck, finely mottled with the shifting colored hues of the neck, and which even a miniature pencil could not do more perfectly.

I FEEL convinced that every man has given him of God much more than he has any idea of, and that he can help on the world's work more than he knows of. What we want is, the single eye that we may see what our work is, the humility to accept it; however lowly, the faith to do it for God, the perseverance to go on till death.—*Norman McLeod.*



CAPE BUFFALO.—(*Bubalus Caffer.*)

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.

Jan. 27, 1884. [James 1:7-17.]

LIVING IN GOD'S SIGHT.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 13-15.

7. Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.

8. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded.

9. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness.

10. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up.

11. Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, saith he speaketh evil of the law, and judgeth the law: but if thou art not a doer of the law, thou art not a doer of the law, but a judge.

12. There is one lawgiver who is able to save and to destroy: who art thou that judgest another?

13. Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain:

14. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

15. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.

16. But now ye rejoice in your boastings; all such rejoicing is evil and unprofitable.

17. Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up.—James 4: 10.

HOME READINGS.

36. James 4: 7-17. Living in God's Sight.

T. Eph. 6: 10-20. The Wiles of the Devil.

W. Ps. 51: 1-19. A Prayer for Pardon.

Th. Matt. 5: 1-16. Blessedness of the Pure.

F. Col. 3: 1-15. Living in Holiness.

E. Eph. 4: 17-22. Living in Love.

S. 2 Cor. 9: 1-10. Living in Faith.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Living in Holiness. 2. Living in Love. 3. Living in Faith.

Time.—A. D. 62. Place.—Written from Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the chapter containing this lesson the apostle first illustrates the spirit of this world by showing the effects it produces. He then gives counsel and admonitions against the indulgence of this spirit, and rebukes the self-confidence of those who rely upon the future without regard to the uncertainty of life and their dependence on God for their success, and even for the continuance of their lives.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 7. **SUBMIT YOURSELVES**—be subject unto God. **RESIST THE DEVIL**—non est safe who yield to him. **HE WILL FLEE**—baffled and worsted, as he did from Christ. The devil can not harm us without our own consent. V. 8. **DRAW NIGH TO GOD**—(Heb. 36: 25) by resisting Satan and living as to God's sight. If we would have his mercy, we must go to him and ask for it. **HE WILL DRAW NIGH UNTO YOU**—will give you the strength and the blessings you give him. (Compare 2 Chron. 15: 2.) **CLEANSE YOUR HANDS**—put away your sins; cease to do evil. (Compare Isa. 1: 15, 16, 18.) **PURIFY YOUR HEARTS**—outward reformation is not enough; the heart, the fountain of impurity, must be cleansed. Ps. 51: 6, 10. **DOUBLE-MINDED**—divided between God and the world. The double-minded is at fault in heart; the sinner in his hands also. V. 9. **BE AFFLICTED**—mourn over your sins with deep sorrow. A blessed mourning. Matt. 5: 4; Luke 8: 21. **CONTRAST** Isa. 22: 15, 16; Luke 25: 10. **IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD**—against whom you have sinned. **LIFT YOU UP**—from the condition of a broken-hearted penitent to that of a forgiven child. Luke 15: 22.

II.—V. 11. **OF HIS BROTHER**—his fellow-Christian. **JUDGETH HIS BROTHER**—his conduct or his motives. (See Matt. 7: 1.) **JUDGETH THE LAW**—sets up his own interpretations of the law and then judges and condemns others for not observing them. V. 12. **THERE IS ONE LAWGIVER**—The Revised Version adds, "who judges;" the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone has a right to give law and to pronounce judgment, since he alone is able to save and to execute his judgments. **WHO ART THOU**—a weak, frail, erring mortal, thyself accountable to that Judge, that thou shouldst pronounce judgment on another—Revised Version, "thy neighbor?"

III.—V. 13. **TO-DAY OR TO-MORROW**—as if you had the free choice of either day as a certainty, and power to settle your plans for years to come. V. 14. **IS IT**—Revised Version, "ye are." **A VAPOR**—a mist, such as we see rising from a stream or lying on the mountain-side in the morning, but is scattered by the rising sun. V. 15. **IF THE LORD WILL**—who alone can keep us, and make our plans prosper. V. 16. **IN YOUR BOASTINGS**—in your vain, confident fancies that the future is certain to you. **EVIL**—founded on a wrong view of what may occur, forgetful of God, of the uncertainty of life and of all plans of life. V. 17. **TO HIM IT IS SIN**—we may sin by the omission of good deeds, as well as by the commission of evil deeds.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should be subject to God, and resist every temptation to evil.

2. That we should live lives of prayer and penitence, of holiness and humility.

3. That we should so watch our words as to do no injustice to others.

4. That we should form all our plans in dependence on God and faith in him.

5. That we should faithfully do what we know to be right.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 16, 1884.

Chicago is three cents a bushel, weaker all around being quoted at 90c Feb., 92c March and 97c May. Liverpool is dull and values about the same. Spring wheat is quoted by public cable at 8s to 8s 5d; Red Winter 8s 2d to 8s 10d. Standard California and Club White wheat 8s 3d. The local market is quiet, no business being done. We quote:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.20 to \$1.23; Canada White, \$1.16 to \$1.18; Canada Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Corn, 75c; per bushel; Oats, 36c to 37c; Peas, 85c to 90c; Rye 60c to 62c; Barley, Quebec, 55c to 65c; Ontario, 65c to 75c per 48 lbs.

FLOUR.—The dullness of the market is now chronic. Even the local trade is dull. The following are quotations:—Superior Extra, \$5.55 to \$5.60; Extra Superior, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Fancy, nom.; Spring Extra, \$5.00 to \$5.15; Superfine, \$4.50 to \$4.70. Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.25 to \$5.50; do., American, \$5.45 to \$5.85; Fine, \$3.75 to \$3.85; Middlings, \$3.55 to \$3.65; Pollards, \$3.30 to \$3.40; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do., Spring Extra, \$2.25 to \$2.25; do., Superfine, \$3.15 to \$3.25; City Bags, delivered, \$2.95 to \$3.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.20 to \$3.40; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$5.00 to \$5.25; granulated, \$5.20 to \$5.50.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—A slightly better feeling in the market, with very quiet high grades. We quote:—Eastern Townships, 10c to 2 1/2c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 15c to 2 1/2c; Western, summer makes, 15c to 15c. Autumn makes, 17c to 18c. Cheese—A quiet strong market. We quote:—10c to 12c, fall makes, 12c to 13c.

Eggs.—Fresh are very scarce and the demand is not supplied. Fresh, 30c; ordinary stock, 26c to 27c; lined, 23c to 25c.

HOOD PRODUCTS.—We quote:—Western Mess Pork, \$17.50 to \$18.; Canada Short Cut, \$18.50 to \$19.; Hams, city cured, 13c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in packs, Western, 12c to 12 1/2c; do., Canadian, 14c to 11 1/2c; Tallow refined 7c to 9c; as to quality. Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$8 to \$8.50.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There is some enquiry at about the following prices:—Turkeys, 11c to 12c; ducks, 10c to 12c; geese, 8c to 9c; chickens, 8c to 10c; venison, carcass, 4c to 6c and 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quiet at \$1.65 to \$4.75 for Pots, as to tars.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.—The supplies of butchers' cattle are much larger this week than they have been since Christmas market and prices are easier. Very few sheep are being brought to market and these not of very good quality. Although the butchers have ample supplies of frozen mutton in store, yet they want a little fresh-killed for some of their customers, and there is a better demand for good mutton cutters. The prices of live hogs are still looking upward and now sell at about 6c per lb. Dressed hogs bring \$8.25 to \$8.40 per 100 lbs. Choice butchers' cattle sell at from 5c to 5 1/2c per lb., and pretty good animals at 4 1/2c to 5c do., while the leaner stock and hard bulks bring from 3 1/2c to 4c per lb.

FARMERS' MARKET.—The drifted condition of the roads in the country are still a great hindrance to farmers bringing their produce to market, consequently the attendance is not at all as large as is desirable, for the dealers have things too much in their own hand and prices are kept pretty high. There is almost a dearth of dressed hogs, and dead poultry are also scarce. Beef quarters have been plentiful of late, but owing to the active demand prices are well maintained. Oats are \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes 70c to 90c per bag; Swedish turnips 50c to 60c do.; dressed hogs are \$8.25 to \$8.75 per 100 lbs; turkeys, 11c to 15c per lb; geese, 10c to 12c do; fowls, 10c to 14c do; ducks, 12c to 16c do. Tub butter 18c to 24c per lb; eggs, 25c to 40c per dozen. Apples, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per barrel; hay 6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

NEW YORK, Jan 15, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, No. 2 Red, \$1.14 Jan., \$1.06c Feb.;

\$1.08c March; \$1.13c May. Corn, 62c Jan., 62c Feb.; 63c May. Oats, 40c Jan.; 41c Feb.; 41c May. Peas, Canada field, 90c to 95c; green peas; \$1.38 to \$1.40. Rye, Western, 71c; State 76c. Barley not quoted.

FLOUR.—Quotations are: Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Clears \$4.50 to \$5.00; Straight, (full stock), \$5.15 to \$6.20; Patent, \$6.00 to \$7.00. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.60 to \$3.25; Low Extra, \$3.30 to \$3.60; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$6.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$5.00 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.40 to \$6.75; Straight (White Wheat) \$4.40 to \$5.75; Low Extra (City Mill), \$4.20 to \$4.30; West India, sacks, \$4.20 to \$5.15; barrels, West India, \$5.30 to \$5.35; Patent, \$5.35 to \$6.20; South America, \$5.35 to \$5.85; Patent, \$5.40 to \$6.40. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.65 to \$5.00; Family, \$5.50 to \$6.50; Rye Flour,—Fine to superfine \$2.65 to \$3.55. Buckwheat Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.40.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.50; Coarse, \$5.50 to \$6.50 per brl. Cornmeal, Brandywine, \$3.40 to \$3.45; Western Yellow, \$3.05 to \$3.30; Bag meal, Coarse City \$1.24 to \$1.26; Fine white, \$1.45; Fine yellow, \$1.40 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.25 to \$4.30; Hominy, \$3.50 to \$3.90 per barrel.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, at \$21 to \$22; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$17 to \$18.50; No. 2 middlings, at \$16.00 to \$16.50; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, at \$12; 50 lbs. or medium feed, \$12; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$12, Rye feed, at \$17.00 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, prime, nominal at 10c; choice, 10c; fancy, 10c; timothy, \$1.42 to \$1.45; domestic flaxseed, \$1.40 to \$1.45; Calcutta linseed, \$1.90 to \$1.95.

BUTTER.—The market is slowly growing stiffer in tone, and although valuations are the same as last week some sales have been made above quotations. We quote:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 19c to 22c. State dairies, fair to fine, 20c to 26c; State dairies, fair to best, 18c to 30c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 15c to 26c; Western imitation creamery, 18c to 26c; Western dairy, ordinary to best, 18c to 26c; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 9c to 19c. Rolls, 12c to 21c.

CHEESE.—The market is slow in tone but with no weakness. We quote: as follows.—State factory skims to select, 5c to 13c; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 4c to 7c; Ohio flats ordinary, 5c to 12c.

BEEF.—Prices are quite firm, with a moderate movement. We quote:—Extra mess, \$12 to \$12.50; Extra India mess \$24.00 to \$26.00; Plate, \$13.00 to \$13.50 in brls.

DRESSED HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$23.75 to \$24.00 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—The market is firm and retail. We quote:—\$14.50 to \$15.00 for ordinary brands, mess \$13.75 to \$14.00 for extra prime, \$15.15.00 for prime mess, \$17.50 to \$18.60 for clear lard and \$15.00 to \$15.50 for family.

BACON.—Fair export demand this week, some lots being offered at prices below quotations, who want 7c for short clear half and half.

CUTMEATS.—Pickled bellies, 12c lb. average, 7c to 7 1/2c; pickled hams, 7c; pickled hams, 10c to 11c; smoked shoulders, 6c; smoked hams, 12c to 12 1/2c.

LARD.—Prices are about the same. City lard bringing 8.90c to 9c. Western 9.25c.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine is firm at 9c to 9 1/2c for choice city. Oleomargarine, weak at 8 1/2c.

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 7 1/2c for prime city.

POP-OVERS.—Take one pint of milk, a much flour as will make a thick batter, then beat the yolks of three eggs, stir them in, with a little salt, and a table-spoonful of butter melted. Then beat the whites till they are like snow, stir them gently into the batter, last of all add a tea-spoonful of sugar, a salt-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and two salt-spoonfuls of cream of tartar (unless you mixed the batter with sour or butter-milk in which case omit the acid.) Bake in patty-pans, or small tins or cups, in a very hot oven. As their name indicates, they should be very light, literally "pop-overs." They are eaten with butter or meat, and are exceedingly good.

INFLUENCE AND EXAMPLE.

At a large and well-known boarding-house a guest was asked at dinner if she would have some plum-pudding with brandy sauce. "I will have some of the plum-pudding, please, but none of the brandy sauce," was her reply. Her friends laughed at her, and insisted that she should take some; but she replied: "I decline upon principle; I take no alcohol in any form."

The conversation turned to other topics, but after dinner a young man whom she had noticed sitting opposite her at dinner approached her and, requesting a word with her, said: "I want to tell you how much good you did me to-day by your prompt and decided rejection of the pudding sauce. I had been deliberating what I would do, being strongly tempted by the smell of it, which reached me. I think I should have yielded to my desire and the solicitations of my friends, who called my resolution a whim, if I had not heard your refusal. That gave me courage to resist the temptation. I have an inherited appetite for liquor, and by the grace of God I have been enabled to control it; but if I had got a taste of the spirit to-day I feel confident I should have fallen again."

What this lady did you can all do. Let your example be bright.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

POWER OF SILENCE.

What a strange power is silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected—during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot, indignant blood to face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them; and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them—those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their passage.—*Emerson.*

NOTHING WASTED.—There is a beef packing company at Rockport, Arkansas County, Texas, owned and run by Boston men, who find market for the products in New England States, Europe, and the English navy. The factory kills an average of 31,500 grass-fed heaves a year, and finds a ready market for their products. Every part of the beast is utilized, even to the tufts of the tails, which are preserved and sold, it is thought, for the purpose of making ladies' frizzles. The blood flows into tanks and is dressed and sold at two cents per pound for the manufacture of artificial fertilizers. The lean beef is boiled and canned in two pound cans. The hides are salted and sold green. The fatty matter is extracted and goes to make tallow. The bones are all boiled to a pulp to extract their fatty matter, which goes to tallow, and the dry bone, mainly phosphate of lime, is sold for fertilizing at one cent per pound. The water in which the meat is boiled, is boiled down and evaporated to thick paste, which is canned and sold as extract of beef in five pound cans. The feet are cut off at the knee, and from the hoof meat foot oil is extracted. The horny parts of the hoof of the shin bone and knuckle bones of the foot are sold in the east for the manufacture of Yankee ivory. The horns are piled up until the pith becomes loose and then this adds to the fertilizers, and the horns are for manufacture. Every atom of the animal is used.—*Alliance Journal.*

TO COMPLETE "Witness" Files.

Wanted, two copies of "Weekly Messenger" of the 17th and 31st March, 1883, respectively. Any person having them to send will favor the proprietor of the "Witness" by sending same to Miss MACKAY, "Witness" Office, Montreal.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published

at Nos. 33, 35 and 37 St. James street West Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL, and J. D. DOUGALL, composed of John Douglas, of New York, and John Douglas, Douglas and J. D. Douglas, of Montreal.