

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The week's news with note and comment, articles on current topics, market reports and all the elements of a family newspaper, together with a department devoted to temperance workers in Canada, Sunday-school and puzzle departments, and fine pictures are given in this paper for the sum of fifty cents a year, less than a cent a week, and for forty cents when ten copies are ordered at once. Those intimate with the qualities of the paper would confer a favor, and, we believe, do good, by endeavoring to extend its circulation. All orders should be addressed to JOHN DODGALL & SONS, Montreal.

Temperance news is respectfully solicited from all our friends in a position to give such in fresh order. Intelligence regarding Scott Act campaigning and operating would be especially welcome at any time.

A POWER TO BE USED.

It is universally accepted a fact as indisputable as the rotundity of the globe, that the press in this age is one of the very foremost means for moulding the minds of men and effecting results for either good or evil in human character. This fact is one that temperance workers ought to practically recognize by making use of that powerful engine to the fullest extent possible in their assaults upon one of the most gigantic evils that beset our race. There are various ways by which the press may be availed of in the cause of temperance, each one suited to particular classes. For those who have the capacity of writing effectively the periodical temperance press always affords a medium through which to reach temperance workers in particular, and the free general newspaper a channel of influence upon the public at large. Those who have money to devote to temperance propagandism can make a little go a long way in disseminating temperance principles contained in papers, tracts and books, all of which are cheap and abundant. This is a matter in which, we believe, systematically philanthropic persons have as a rule been rather forgetful in dividing up the amounts devoted by them to high and unselfish purposes. Every temperance organization ought to have a standing literature committee, both to devise means for procuring temperance literature and for distributing it where and how it will do most good. Give young members of divisions, lodges, temples, clubs, and so on, good, solid, manly work such as that herein advocated, and we are confident they would at once become more firmly established in the cause and be given an influence for good of incalculable efficacy.

THE OHIO SCOTT ACT.

For many years the liquor sellers in the State of Ohio, have not been obliged to pay any special tax on their business, but at the last session of the State Legislature an act called "The Scott Act" was passed levying a tax of \$200 per annum on every place

where strong liquors are retailed and \$100 on places where only malt or vinous liquors are dealt in. The liquor dealers contested the constitutionality of the new act, but the Supreme Court has just given its decision in favor of it, and the liquor sellers are in the dumps. Section 2nd, of the act enacts that the tax shall be a lien upon the real property on and in which the business is conducted; and that whoever shall engage or continue in the business aforesaid of selling intoxicating liquors in or upon land or premises, not owned by him and without the written consent of the owner thereof, shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to be indicted and punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars nor less than twenty-five dollars, or by imprisonment in the county gaol not exceeding ten days, or both, at the discretion of the court; and each day's continuance upon such premises shall be an additional offence.

Section 7, directs that the revenues and fines resulting under the provisions of this act shall be divided between the general fund, the police fund and the poor fund of the county in which the liquor is sold.

Section 9, prohibits the sale of all intoxicating liquors on Sunday, except by druggists on the prescription of a physician, and orders the closing up during that day of all places where it is sold. It also gives any municipal corporation full power to regulate, restrain, and prohibit ale, beer, and porter houses, and places of habitual resort for tipping and intemperance.

Section 10 says:—Whoever sells intoxicating liquors to a minor, except on the written order of his parents, guardian, or family physician, or to a person intoxicated or in the habit of getting intoxicated, shall be fined not more than one hundred nor less than twenty-five dollars, and imprisonment not more than thirty nor less than five days.

The act is said to be favorably received by the general public in Ohio, especially as it will greatly lighten their tax bills.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Grand Lodge of Ontario met in its thirtieth annual session at Woodstock on the 26th of June, the G.W.C.T., Bro. J. H. Flagg, presiding. After preliminary business, reports of officers were presented, that of the Grand Secretary being of a more encouraging character, as regards finances and membership, than for a number of years past. During the year 22 lodges were instituted and 14 re-organized. The total membership was 10,807, of which 3,579 had been initiated during the year. The Treasurer reported the receipts of the past year \$4,544.21, and expenditures \$4,447.16, leaving a balance of \$97.05. A recommendation of the committee on constitution in favor of an amendment providing for suspension of members three months in arrears, after thirty days' notice, was not adopted. A recommendation was adopted in favor of giving subordinate lodges power to make the third degree a qualification for the offices of the W.C.T. and W.V.T. It was resolved to petition Parliament for a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages in the Dominion of Canada.

To encourage the growth of the juvenile branch of the Order, a resolution was passed offering full outfits for juvenile lodges to subordinate lodges undertaking to start such. Toronto was selected as the place for holding the next session of Grand Lodge. Following is a list of the officers elected for the ensuing year:—G.W.C.T., Bro. Flagg; G.W.C., Bro. E. Storr; G.W.V., Sister L. A. Newman; G.W.S., T.W. Casey; G.W.T., Bro. J. B. Nixon; G.W.M., Bro. J. Mason; G. D. M., Sister Bella Henderson; G.S., Bro. H. W. Gribble; Representatives to R.W.G. Lodge, Bros. J. H. Flagg, E. S. Cummer, W. S. Williams and Daniel Rose; with Bros. Rev. M. L. Pearson and W. H. Rodden as alternates. Installation was performed by Bro. Oronhyatekha, P.R.W.G.C., assisted by Bros. W.S. Williams and W.H. Rodden. At one of the evening sessions a very interesting discussion took place upon juvenile lodges, and subordinate lodges were recommended to institute these lodges in connection with themselves. Bro. E. Botterill, P.G.W.C.T., was condoled with in a feeling resolution upon the recent death of his wife. Bro. W. H. Rodden, of Toronto, was selected as provincial organizer of lodges. Lodge deputies were ordered to be hereafter appointed at the second meeting of the new quarter prior to the Grand Lodge meeting. A motion was passed instructing the Executive to invite the R.W.G. Lodge to hold its 31st annual session in Toronto. After the usual acknowledgments of favors shown it, the Grand Lodge adjourned to meet in Toronto on the fourth Tuesday in June, 1884.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Acton *Free Press* contradicts a report ardently circulated at a recent municipal election, to the effect that the County Council of Halton last year voted \$2,200 to assist in the carrying out of the provisions of the Scott Act. It shows that, instead of that being the case, the fines collected under the Act were sufficient to pay expenses of its operation and leave a balance of \$231 in the treasury to its credit.

As illustrative of the recent rapid growth of temperance principles among the working classes of England, an incident is related in connection with the International Fisheries Exhibition. Four hundred of the fishermen in attendance on the Exhibition were entertained at luncheon by the Prince of Wales on the lawn at Marlborough House. On serving out drinks to the gathering it was ascertained that one-half of the company were abstainers. The stock of temperance drinks in the royal cellar soon gave out, and the butler had to procure a fresh supply. Fishermen, from the prevalence among them, as among many other classes, of the notion that strong drink is necessary to enable men to endure severe weather, might be expected to be late in changing their habits in this respect, but it seems from the above that the hardy fisher folk are abreast with the times.

Belgium is one of the hardest drinking countries in the world and rapidly growing

worse, and if she keeps on that course the results of the celebrated thirteenth and domestic economy of her people will be drowned in drink. Since 1830 she has multiplied her consumption of spirituous liquors five-fold, and the annual average used by the adult male population is computed at forty litres per head, a litre being nearly a quart. There are 102,000 drinking shops for 1,250,000 of male adults, or one to every twelve persons. Eighty out of a hundred of the deaths occurring in the Brussels Hospital are attributed by the physicians to the effects of liquors. Suicides in Belgium have increased from 352 in 1875 to 581 in 1880. Thrice as many lunatics in the country now as there were thirty years ago is a fact impossible to be accounted for by the increase of population.

A retired wine merchant when arraigned for drunkenness at Southport, England, protested that the police had made a terrible mistake. He was not under the influence of liquor in the slightest degree when taken into custody, but "for thirty six years he had been in one of the most excitable businesses, and all the doctors on earth could not cure his excitability." An English paper, commenting upon this original plea, says it is a very serious thing that the mere selling of stimulants should produce such shocking effects in after life on their vendor, and, as apparently showing that the malady was infectious, tells of a man in court at the trial who laughed so obstreperously that he was ordered to withdraw. "Being still under the evil influence of alcoholic infection, he positively refused to do anything of the sort, and he finally retired in a somewhat undignified manner in the arms of four or five policemen, shouting and kicking like a maniac." Really, if this sort of thing goes on, retired wine merchants will have to be kept apart from the rest of mankind.

Commenting upon the remarks of a doctor of divinity in the Presbyterian General Assembly at London, Ontario, which contained some disparagement of the Scott Act on the ground that a druggist had told him that "when the Scott Act was in operation he could sell any amount from a pint to ten gallons on a doctor's certificate, and that he had sold ten gallons," the *Hamilton Tribune* (a new daily which we welcome to the advocacy of prohibition, the second in Canada to take that stand) says the clergyman in question "has a brother-in-law a druggist in Halton, who was licensed under the Scott Act, during its first year of operation, to sell liquor according to the law's restrictions; but the License Commissioners, no doubt for good and sufficient cause, refused him a second lease of the privilege. If the doctor obtained his information from this source, and is so grieved at the violation of the law, he will be glad to know that for so grave an abuse of the privilege as selling 'ten gallons,' one druggist at least has been relieved of his license." The *Tribune* concludes that, instead of the doctor making a point against the efficiency of the law's administration, he only succeeds in showing that an effort to enforce it is being made.

THE LITTLE MELODEON.

It was a scene of confusion in the formerly orderly hospitable old mansion. Furniture brought into bare parlors and ranged for marking, carpets rolled up at the sides, men and servants running hither and thither.

Amidst it all was a woman, not young, delicate-looking and careworn, busily engaged in washing the windows and cleaning the elegant woodwork of the best parlor, which alone was left empty.

In spite of her humble occupation, there was an air of refinement about her at variance with it, and her eyes, bright and keen, took in all that was passing.

Just now a look of tender sympathy came into them, as a gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, entered the adjoining room and sank listlessly, with a deep sigh upon one of the lounges.

"Poor young man!" she said softly to herself, and then returned with renewed energy to her work.

At this moment a man came down the big stairway carrying in his arms a little table, it seemed at first, but which proved to be a small musical instrument of a make now out of date.

He set it down near his master, saying, "What price shall be put upon this, sir? It seems to be a queer, old-fashioned sort of a thing!"

The gentleman started as if struck; "What price? No price at all John. That was the first instrument your poor lady ever touched. I cannot sell it; I will give it to some one who would care for it as a memento of Clara, or—"

Here his words were arrested by the appearance of Mrs. Burt at the door, herscrubbing-brush and towels still in her hands. "Oh, if you please, sir, would you let me have it for my poor lame little lad? He is that crazy for music! and he would care for it and pet it, sir, and keep it safe till you might want it again yourself, sir, some time to come."

"And you are sure he would prefer this to anything else, Mrs. Burt, are you?" said Mr. Charlton. "He might get tired of an old worn-out organ. Perhaps some tools, something he could work with, as boys love to, would amuse him better. He would be quite welcome."

"Oh, indeed, sir, it may seem foolish, but ever since he was so high he has been singing and drumming and trying to makesome sort of a thing to play on. The child would be wild with joy to have a real, nice music-box like that to use."

"But you are, sir," stepping modestly back into her own place of work, "you are wanting to take it so some one who would care for it for your dear lady's sake."

"No, Mrs. Burt," said the young man, sighing again. "After all, I don't believe there is any one who would value it as you and your little boy would. It would be put away and never opened. You shall have it," he added cordially. "John shall take it over to-morrow."

"If I could be allowed to work and pay for the use of it, sir," said Mrs. Burt, joyfully.

"No Mrs. Burt; as I said, I do not want to sell it. Your Jamie shall keep it for me, and perhaps, as you suggested, some day when my Lily is grown, I may claim it for her. She might love it for the mother's sake."

Mrs. Burt went home with a glad heart that night, and she and Jamie had a jubilee over the coming joy. Never was a "Chickering Grand" looked forward to with more eager anticipation, as the mother told her sick child of the little bit of an organ, so small one man could bring it down the stairs easy, yet so sweet and dear to the master, the tears came to his eyes to think of parting with it.

"O mother dear, thank God, I am so glad," said the excited boy clasping his thin hands in ecstasy. "When will it come?"

His mother had to go to her work again the next day, getting the big house in order for the auction, for the master was too sick in heart to live there longer now that his sweet young wife had left it for her heavenly home, and was going abroad for some years. She told Jamie not to fret if the organ did not come till night, and he promised to mind; but how could he help sitting by the window and watching every wagon that passed, till tired out at last, he dropped asleep in his chair, and was awakened by the noise of wheels and—oh, it had

come! Such a little thing, though. In spite of his mother's description, Jamie had widened and lengthened it considerably, and I'm afraid he was just a little disappointed when the man set it down in the corner of the window. But when he opened it and saw the keys, real black and white, and touched the bellows and made it go, Handel himself could not have been happier.

By-and-by his mother came in and brought a pile of music-books, most instructive, with some choice selections from the old masters, which had been left out when the music was sold with the piano, and Mr. Charlton put them together and sent them over. "Who knows," he said, with a smile, "but our little lad may turn out a genius yet?"

He little dreamed of the delight the mere sight of the notes caused to the boy's sensitive soul. Jamie's desire to be able to read them took complete possession of him, and accomplished for him what years of training does in some cases for the more fortunate.

Faithfully and patiently did Jamie try to secure a musical education. He could easily have caught and played the popular airs, but he had other business to attend to, and he had no time or strength to waste in mere play; not at least till he could read that hard music. If his mother had spoken her mind, she would have acknowledged that it was just a little tedious, after her hard day's work was done, to hear that continual thump-drum; but if the word came to her lips, one look at the boy's absorbed face would silence it; for she knew full well that all his comfort would be spoiled if he thought he was spoiling hers.

So she bore it patiently and tried to admire it, and by-and-by, ere long indeed, she was rewarded. Somehow the sounds became sweeter and sweeter, and even the never-ending exercises seemed nice to hear.

Then when Sunday came, Jamie began to pick out and play the psalm-tunes she loved, so sweetly that she said there was no need for the words to be sung; she could hear them just as well from the notes.

Years passed on. Jamie had become strong enough to attend school, and his teachers remarked him as having more than ordinary ability. He seemed instinctively to grasp and retain what was presented to him. His fellow-students said Jamie knew his lessons without studying them.

But this was far from the truth. The secret was, he gave his whole soul to them, and so readily mastered them; perhaps he had more ability to do so than they, but that would have been worth little without the hard work, too.

One day, a lady came to his mother's cottage, wishing to engage her services in doing up fine linen and muslins. The door was open, and as she came up the path, through the little front yard, she was surprised to hear music, and such music! She stepped softly in, and was more surprised still to see the instrument and the player from which it came. Jamie stopped in embarrassment, for he recognized her as the organist of the village church, a large reed-organ, towards which he had often turned longing eyes. She begged him to go on, and praised him so much that he hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. She made him promise to come to her house the next evening and try her organ, offering him music to take home as a motive. With much trembling, Jamie went and played to her and her parents all the evening. The consequence was, a great step in his life was taken.

This lady was about being married and she wished to keep it a profound secret from her friends of the church, and had been troubled about her organ. How could she get off for some weeks without telling the committee, and their getting a supply? She was sure the grand secret would leak out, for the one who would naturally take her place was the young man who was to be her companion. So she was in a fine dilemma. Jamie's proficiency seemed to solve the problem. He should play the organ in church, and nothing be said until the birds had flown!

We may be sure that Jamie and his mother felt greatly excited over this unexpected responsibility. I am pretty sure there was more than one prayer breathed that there might be no mistakes to disturb the worship of God's house!

Certain it is that all went off well, and to

the intense surprise of the choir and congregation, who could hardly believe their senses when they went into their seats and found, instead of Miss Joy, a small pale-faced little cripple they had known only as Mrs. Burt's, the workwoman's boy, presiding at the organ and giving it no uncertain sound.

The committee, after consultation, invited him to retain the place until the organist's return, which he did to their entire satisfaction and that of the people, some of whom ventured to declare that little Jamie played better than she ever did or could. However, the best things come to an end, and so did the honeymoon, and the three blissful Sabbaths of his playing, and then he returned to his seat near the door with his mother, and drummed on the seat while he tried to listen to the sermon. Not long after this Mrs. Burt, who had never been strong, took a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, and prevented her going out as usual to work. Jamie had a little garden and raised some vegetables, and picked up a little here and there by going errands, but the prospect began to look very dark to the poor woman.

"If Jamie was only strong like other boys, she said to herself one day, while waiting for him to come home with a basket of clothes he had gone for, in his home-made cart, for she was going to try and do something at home, "he could be earning a good bit by this time; but oh, what will he ever do when I'm not here to mind him?"

Just now the door flew open, and Jamie, tumbling in the basket with such haste, the clothes fell on to the floor, cried out,—

"O, mother! there has been a big, grand pipe-organ put up in the church in C—, and there is to be a trial this afternoon for organists; can't I go over and hear them?"

Mrs. Burt sadly needed Jamie's help that day, but like the unselfish mother she was, she said, brightly,—

"Certainly, dear; but isn't the walk too much for you?"

"It's only three miles, and I'll be sure to catch a ride, and be back in time to"—but here his eye fell on the soiled clothes and recalled him to his duty.

The light faded out of his face, but he spoke bravely, "I think I better not go, after all, mother; it is quite a ways, and perhaps it isn't worth while. I'll put on the water and get the clothes to soak right away."

"No, darling, not that; we'll fix it another way this time; for I know nothing would keep you home but the fear of my getting tired and maybe sick again. I'll keep still and lie down by-and-by, and when you get home, we'll set to work in the morning. Will that do? Now, take this lunch, and be off, or you will be late."

Jamie limped joyfully off, thinking how good his mother was, and wishing, oh so much, that he could help her more. He enjoyed the lovely autumn tint of leaf and shrub, and the balmy air, but all the while fearing his strength would give out before he got a ride. But oh, joy! There comes a cart—a white-covered butcher's cart—and Jamie knows quite well that he may sit down and rest till it comes up, sure of his speedy ride, for the kind-hearted young fellow who drives it is a friend of Jamie's, and always glad to do him a kindness.

So he arrives in town some time before the church is opened, and seats himself upon the grassy mound below the steps, till a man comes and unlocks the door and goes in; Jamie follows with bated breath, and lifts his eyes for his first sight of a real grand organ. Two or three hours pass, mostly rapturous, but not unmingled with dissatisfaction.

At last his soul was stirred within him, as the last contest, a noisy, restless fellow ended with a grand flourish. He could contain himself no longer, but touching the arm of the gentleman with the key in his hand, timidly said, "Please, sir, can't I try it?"

"You, my lad!" said the gentleman, in astonishment, "can you play?"

"A little, sir—that is, I would like to see," stammered the boy trembling in every limb.

"Up with you then," said the gentleman; "but it's getting late, and we have business to attend to, or stay, we might adjourn to the committee-room, and have our talk while this little fellow is trying his hand,"—with a smile aside to his compan-

ions. And so Jamie and his blower were left to themselves.

Seemingly the committee found it hard to decide upon the merits of the respective organists, for it was some time before they appeared again in the orchestra.

The fact was, they had hardly entered the little room before they came out again, attracted by the unexpected melody brought forth by that small hand, and were sitting in mute surprise in the church behind him. As Jamie struck the concluding notes of "Old Hundred," they came up the steps. He felt that he had trespassed upon their patience too long, and slipping hastily from his seat, thanked them for their kindness, and was moving off, when the gentleman with the key in his hand said,—

"Stop, my boy, don't go yet; we would like to hear you longer."

So, flushed and joyous, Jamie went on playing.

"Truly, my boy," said one of them, "you have had excellent teaching."

The boy looked up, bewildered. "Sir, I have had little help but my books and my little melodeon at home."

Something familiar about the boy's eyes struck him; he glanced at the crutch, and light seemed to break in. "Your name my boy?" he asked.

"Jamie Burt, sir."

"And your melodeon belonged to"—

"Mr. Charlton, sir, of Charltonville. It is his now. He only lent it to me till he came home," said Jamie, simply, wondering at the gentleman's emotion.

"And that is all, my child, that little bit of a worn-out organ, and a few old music-books, all the help you have had in bringing you to this place?" touching the organ as he spoke.

"Yes, please sir, and a few weeks of practice on a real big-reed organ in Bedford."

Before many weeks had passed, poor, tired Mrs. Burt and her lame Jamie had moved to Charlton, into a nice little cottage near the church. Jamie went twice a week into the city to take lessons, and he sometimes played the big organ on Sunday.

Mr. Charlton, for it was he, indeed, who had come home from foreign parts, to settle down again in his own village, and had put the organ in the church in memory of the young wife who led the singing there.—Mr. Charlton did, indeed reclaim the little melodeon as his, and had it carefully repaired, and placed in a charming alcove in the library, where it could have a fine rest after its life of usefulness, and put a splendid new organ in its place in Jamie's little parlor.

In a year Jamie became the organist of the church.

Now, young friends, who read this little sketch, true in the main parts, is not the lesson easy to read?

It was not alone the little melodeon, not the musical talent, which brought such good fortune to the boy.

It was, was it not, the two, kindness rewarded by an earnest purpose and hard work?—Mrs. A. H. Brown, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE MOST IGNORANT HINDUS are under the control of superstition connected with the hereditary misbelief, and here is the power of paganism, here is the horror of a false faith. What is this man doing! He lies down in the dust and measures his length; rises to his feet and then measures his length again. He is passing over hundreds of miles in this way. Why is he going through these austerities? In order to shorten the eight million four hundred thousand re-births, to cut off some portion of the long line of transmigrations through which men must go. The theory of the average Hindu is that he must be re-born, and that, if he has pre-eminent merit in this life, he will be born on a higher scale. Every man must go through millions of transmigrations, and eminent merit here will lessen the number of these and so bring Heaven nearer. Austerities of the most horrible kind you see practised at Benares, and you ask why men endure them; and the answer is: "To shorten the eighty-four." The two wheels on which the chariot of Hinduism in the ignorant populations moves are positive belief in transmigration and in caste. Whoever can break these wheels may smite Hinduism into fragments.—Joseph Cook.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"Halloo, Tom,"
"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you for a long time." Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their path lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"
"On a bit of an errand for my missus."
"What, the time-piece won't go?"
"Well, not exactly that."

Then followed a few minutes' silence.
"Tom," said Joe, earnestly.
"Well, speak on, man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Balls' with your clock, are you?"
"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh, "it will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to 'hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantelpiece; and then she says to me 'Tom, says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do if the wages is low and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, why they won't that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house too, though I don't know for that but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like.

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"It's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of 'The White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song too; we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a find to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—even in my own pocket. But to explain: I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to be medical like, so thinks I, I don't care for you; but just as I was shutting it up I saw these words—

'Like cures Like.' That's odd, thinks I: like do cure like: whatever do it mean? Well, then there words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our district lady—'Oh, Bridget,' says she, 'are you in? I'm so glad to find you at home;' and then she talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was—

'That belonged to my mother's mother,' said I, 'and I thought never to part with it.'

"And I hope you never will," says she.
"Says I, 'It's what I mind I shall have to afore night.'"

"Oh; I'm so sorry," says she; 'are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?'

"Not as I know," says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, 'I think I know what you mean. Some doctors say, 'Like cures Like,' and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a Pledge for a Pledge as a remedy? The Total Abstinence Pledge for the Pawmbroker's Pledge?'

"Well, with that it came down upon me like thunder that here was the meaning of 'Like cures like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will; and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'"

"When?" says the lady. 'Maybe next week,' says I. 'I thought you were going to pledge your picture to-night?' says she. 'And so I am,' says I.

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.
"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, "only it seems to me your choice will be to-night between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture: on the one pledge you will be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay interest."

"It's true, as I'm alive," says I, 'and I'd gn this very minute if I could.'

"You can," says she, laying down the paper before me with these words—"I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors."

"And with that I took and signed it."
"And now," says she, 'let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put His seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it.'

"And," added Joe in a reverent voice, "I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray; but since I came to my sober senses the Lord has seemed to teach me like and turn my heart to hate not only the drink, but all manner of sin, by letting me see his blessed Son our Lord Jesus Christ, wounded to death upon the cross for all the evil that ever I had done. And now, as I go about my work and think of Him up there in the glory, at the right hand of the Heavenly Majesty, and all the while not forgetting a poor sinner like me, but sending His Holy Spirit down into my heart to comfort and help me, and make me strong against the tempter—it do make me so lightsome that I go singing for joy of heart."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, "I'll go back. I'll not pledge this clock—it's the wrong thing, it's myself I'll pledge, and save my clock, that I will."

"Bravo, friend," said Joe, grasping his hand.
"Come along home with me," said Tom; "come and write out for me what you have signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked home-like again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—

"LIKE CURES LIKE,"

A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

—Starlight Tract.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

July 15.—Joshua 6: 1-5.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Scientific illustrations of the fall of Jericho." Mrs. Sanford, in the New York Observer, suggests that "the fall of Jericho is no absurd story, no undignified fable, no miracle, but a single scientific fact. God knew the key-note of that wall; it was struck, and it fell." And she quotes a number of scientific illustrations from Prof. Lovering of Harvard College, which, if not proving her theory, are at least full of interest and suggestion. "All structures, large or small, simple or complex, have a definite rate of vibration, depending on their material, size, and shape, as fixed as the fundamental note of a musical chord; and he proves it by illustrations, some of which are:—

"When the bridge at Colebrook Dale (the first iron bridge in the world), was building, a fiddler came along and said he could fiddle it down. The workmen laughed in scorn, and told him to fiddle away to his heart's content. He played until he struck the key-note of the bridge, and it swayed so violently that the astonished workmen commanded him to stop. At one time considerable annoyance was experienced in one of the mills in Lowell. Some days the building was so shaken that a pail of water would be nearly emptied, while on other days all was quiet. Experiment proved it was only when the machinery was running at a certain rate that the building was disturbed. The simple remedy was in running it slower or faster, so as to put it out of time with the building. We have here the reason of the rule observed by marching armies when they cross a bridge, viz.: Stop the music, break step, and open column, lest the measured cadence of a condensed mass of men should urge the bridge to vibrate beyond its sphere of cohesion. Neglect of this has led to fearful accidents. The celebrated engineer, Stephenson, has said there is not so much danger to a bridge when crowded with men and cattle as when men go in marching order. The Broughton Bridge, near Manchester, gave way beneath the measured tread of only 60 men. A terrible disaster befell a battalion of French

infantry while crossing the Suspension bridge at Angiers in France. Repeated orders were given the troops to break into sections, but in the hurry of the moment and in the rain, they disregarded the order, and the bridge which was but 12 years old, and had been repaired the year before at a cost of \$7,000, fell. Tyndall tells us that the Swiss muleteers tie up the bells of the mules, lest the tinkle bring an avalanche down. The breaking of a drinking glass by the human voice is a well-attested fact, and Chladni mentions an inn-keeper who frequently repeated the experiment for the entertainment of his guests. A nightingale is said to kill by the power of his notes. If we enter the domain of music there is no end to these illustrations."—Prof. Lovering.

1 Ver. 10. All our work will be best done if we begin it with religious duties and fill it with the religious spirit. As Luther said, "to pray well is to study well."

2, Vers. 11, 12. Our ordinary blessings are from God, no less than the extraordinary; as the produce of Canaan was his gift, not less than the manna which preceded it.

3. Ver. 13. God helps us and shows us the way, when we are doing our part, and seeking for his guidance.

4. "The heart instinctively demands a person as the object of its trust, and the closest possible knowledge of that person."

5. Ver. 15. When God is for us who can be against us?

6. Jesus Christ our Captain is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

7. Vers. 14, 15. The truly reverent spirit will use the outward and natural expressions of reverence.

8. Ver. 1. "Jericho, straitly shut up, is a type of the close heart, which, unless it opens its gates to the Gospel, shall surely be destroyed."

9. Vers. 3-5. God's kingdom on earth is gaining the victory over all the world by means seemingly as powerless as those before which Jericho's walls fell. A crucified Christ, the preaching of the Gospel, the invisible influences of the spirit.

10. Greater things than the fall of Jericho have already been accomplished by these simple means.

11. Faith on the part of the Church, to obey, and to speak for God, will result in the final overthrow of the power of evil.

12. The Canaan of perfect rest and love, God has given to us, but there are many battles to be fought before we attain to their full experience.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We now come to the beginning of the conquest. (1) We find the people preparing to conquer (vers. 10, 12.) (a) By renewing the rites of religion; (b) by beginning to live on the natural fruits of the land. (2) The Captain of our salvation (vers. 13-15.) God the true leader in all religious victories. Jesus Christ our Captain, guiding us, strengthening us. We should express our reverence and love to him. (3) The first victory (vers. 1-5.) The manner. The means of victory as a type. The justice and love in the destruction of the Canaanites.

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK JESUS?"

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

Cobbler Hans was as nice a man as there was in the village. That is, he was generally; but now and then Hans would get to the tavern, and the German beer there looked good to him—nasty, bitter stuff though it was—and then his work was neglected, and he was cross to little Gretchen and the kind wife and mother, Mrs. Hans, as the villagers called her, for no one could pronounce that awful last name that Hans wrote on his bills.

One day Hans had been taking beer, and Gretchen, being in his way, was shaken very hard and sent out of the house. Little Annie Prawl found her sobbing in the lane. When Annie tried to comfort her, Gretchen told how strangely her father acted at times. How he almost fell on the stove one day, and one night fell flat in the ditch.

"Why, it's like the man father read about that Jesus cured," said little Annie.

"What was the matter with him?" asked Gretchen, drying her eyes.

"He had a devil."

"Well, I asked mother last month what made father act so, and she said, 'It's the devil gets in him, dear.'"

"Well, then, Jesus can cure him."
"But He isn't here now," said Gretchen doubtfully.

"Oh! He'll do anything He's asked to do just the same. But," and Annie's voice was less confident, "I s'pose your father's so old he ought to ask himself."

Gretchen had no answer to this. She was older than Annie—old enough to have a dim idea that her father would not help himself, though she had not a suspicion that her father drank.

"I wish he would ask. It's dreadful to have him so; and he's worse each time." Annie could offer no comfort beyond a loving kiss and an offer to "play house," with Henrietta Sophia Amelia, her darling dolly, as baby. The children played for an hour very happily, till the nurse came to call little Annie to lunch, when she parted from Gretchen with the whispered words "Let us ask Jesus anyway."

That night beside two little beds two little children prayed for that man who was indeed "possessed of a devil," for the love of liquor is a real devil within a man, only to be cast out by Jesus himself. The loving Jesus heard the children's prayers and put into little Annie's heart an idea that set her to work the next day.

"See, mamma," she said, after having dressed "H. S. A.," as her big brother called her dolly, with extra care. "See, Henrietta only needs a nice pair of shoes and then she's ready for the summer—just like you told Aunt Mary I was. Can I go to Cobbler Hans and get him to make Henrietta some shoes?"

"Oh! very well," said kind mamma, "if he will make them you can have them. It is a pleasant walk, at any rate."

Off ran Annie. She did not want to see Gretchen just then, and was glad to see her far off in a field picking cresses. The little girl's heart beat as she knocked at the big man's door. He opened it himself and looked very kind and amused as he knelt to measure dolly's foot.

"I'll make her a pair, and I'll make a pair for my own little one too, miss. I was sharp to her yesterday," he added half to himself.

"Oh! it was that devil made you cross," said Annie. "Why don't you ask Jesus to take him out?"

Hans raised his eyes and looked sharply at the little girl. What did she know! But the child looked so sweet and innocent that he could not think she knew he had been drunk!

"Why don't you?" repeated Annie very earnestly; "and I'll ask Him, and Gretchen. She loves you so, and says you are so good only when you have those fits. You know the man's son used to be 'cast into the water and into the fire,' and Jesus cured him."

And then the little girl walked home, rather discouraged, for Hans would not answer her, and she had no one to play with, and was not sure she had done a wise thing after all.

"Why don't you ask Jesus to take him out?" The words sounded in Hans' ears all day; he could not forget them.

"The little one said true enough; it is a devil, this love of liquor. Beer is as bad as whiskey, if one drinks too much, and each glass calls for its mate. But I can't stop it. I've tried so often. I'll be sure to go off again."

"Why don't you ask Jesus?" Again and again Hans heard the question, till at last, humbled and yet hopeful, he did ask—did cry out for help against the devil, and Jesus cured and delivered.

Annie has never known how her words took effect, but her mother heard the story, six months after, of the little girl's visit to Hans, and she has wrapped up among her treasures the little doll's shoes that Hans made for little Annie.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the street was his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray, may I ask, are you anybody in particular?" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply, Hook passed on.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JULY 7.

BAD READING.

There frequently appears in the newspapers accounts of boys and young men who, caught in an early criminal career, give as the cause of their having gone astray the sensational reading they had been addicted to from their earliest years. Papers that give nothing but the records of crime in vulgarly fascinating style, embellished with glaring and hideous pictures that familiarize the mind with the human features distorted with revengeful and deadly passion, flourish in some of the leading cities, and boys and girls going to school in town and country share with the vilest classes of the cities in sustaining these pestilential sheets. Then there are the thousands of cheap and vicious novels which are annually streaming from the press, their pages giving false ideas of what is to be admired and what hated in manly and womanly character, and often having vice painted in the most alluring colors that depraved talent can employ. In this class of literature wildness masquerades as chivalry, recklessness as bravery, craftiness as shrewdness, and wickedness of all descriptions is made to appear as marking fine qualities in the persons subject to it. A portion of the publications in question contains vice so thinly veiled as to be in reality undisguised, and this class the law in both the United States and Canada makes it unlawful to print or sell and forbids circulation through the mails. Like other laws intended to promote morality by striking at causes of immorality, those against pernicious literature are, as a rule, negligently administered by officials whose duty it is to enforce them, and, as in the case of liquor laws, private organizations do more in having them executed than the constituted authorities. As, however, the appetite for the legally prohibited article is doubtless to a large extent created by reading novels and papers that do not violate, at least, the letter of the law, and besides, injurious literature that is decent enough in language to escape confiscation is more dangerous in that it makes the first inroads upon innocence and poisons the mind that feasts upon it unsuspecting of its noxious elements, moral rather than legal measures are demanded to counteract the great evil. Prevention must lie chiefly in providing young people with sound and useful reading, which abounds in attractive sort at this day, and in training them to such habits of obedience and frankness that they will scorn to read anything openly or secretly which they are not sure would be approved by their elders. Secret indulgence in bad or doubtful reading is a grave symptom of more than one kind of moral mischief already wrought.

IRISH MATTERS.

Irishmen in Paris met and denounced the execution of the Phoenix Park murderers as a massacre.

In opening the Irish lace exhibition in the London Mansion House, the Duke of Connaught expressed the hope that the exhibition would lead to an extension of the lace industry and prosperity of Ireland.

The Land Corporation of Ireland, for the occupation and purchase of farms from which tenants have been evicted, has had a successful year. Tenants are returning and paying the rents, and a dividend of five percent has been declared.

An affray occurred at the Carragh of Kildare between the North Mayo and the Dublin militiamen, in which seventeen men were wounded but none killed. It arose from the Mayo men calling the Dublin men "Careys" and "Invincibles."

Norman, the informer, on being offered his freedom, chose to remain in prison until the authorities were ready to send him abroad. James and Peter Carey, the murder informers, have left the country, whither nobody has been found who knows or will tell.

The Nationalists have won an important victory in the election of Mr. Healy, one of Mr. Parnell's most faithful followers, to the House of Commons for the county Monaghan by a majority of about a hundred over the combined votes cast for the Conservative and Liberal candidates. In the course of the campaign Mr. Parnell said the aim of the party was to secure further improvements in the land laws which would bring about a reduction of fifty percent in rents.

A good deal of fuss is being made on both sides of the Atlantic about the shipment of pauper Irish to America. Being questioned upon the matter in the House of Commons, Mr. Trevelyan, Irish Secretary, said that of those who went in one steamer in regard to which, particularly, complaint had been made, all the people who came out of the work-house had friends in America who offered them homes, and of the others he had personally seen them supplied with American railway tickets besides their steamship tickets, and also with a landing allowance of five dollars apiece to adults and half as much to children. Large numbers of assisted emigrants continue to be shipped, and in one case a number of poor people were ordered to be sent back from New York. It is too bad if our fellow-beings are thus to be left without rest for the soles of their feet and spurned from American soil, when millions of acres of farming land are going in gifts to wealthy speculators both in the United States and Canada.

While a heavy hand has been placed upon crime on the old sod, Irishmen in the United States let their tongues wag freely and occasionally indulge in war talk and play. At a reception to Patrick Egan in St. Louis, Missouri, Judge John H. O'Neil, who denounced the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke as the work of secret societies, was hissed. An excursion of Fenians went up the Hudson from New York on Sunday to see an old vessel blown up with a torpedo. It is said by one of themselves in New York that the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood has condemned Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to death on account of his manner of conducting the trial of the dynamite users. That gentleman is shortly to pay a visit to the United States. Bernard Gallagher, one of those acquitted at the dynamite trials, has arrived in Brooklyn from England, and asserts that his brother was innocent, and that the explosions in London were caused by tramps without character who had no connection with Irish societies.

CASUALTY.

Mrs. Pope, Milan, Tennessee, while in good health was stung on the nose by a bee, and died from the effects.

An engine driver and twenty-three Chinese have been killed and many injured by a railway collision in Montana.

The Conyngham and Baltimore mines, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, have been flooded, causing serious loss.

Harry Robinson had both his legs taken off under the car wheels in attempting to get on a moving train at Ilderton, Ontario.

An express train struck a street car at a crossing in Chicago and injured twelve out of thirteen passengers, some it is feared fatally.

Six villages have been inundated in the Missouri flood, five thousand people turned out of their homes, and six thousand cattle drowned.

William Boyle, a little lad of Centralia, Ontario, dangerously wounded himself in the thigh while hunting rabbits with a revolver.

Robert Clems, George Quinn, S. N. Falles, Angelo Adams, S. J. McKee and M. Downs have been killed in a railway accident near Bradford, Pennsylvania.

In Glasgow, Scotland, on July 1st, a new steamer upset while being launched, and at the very least fifty persons were carried down by the vessel and drowned.

Forty-seven persons perished in the burning of the Puppet Theatre, at Dervio, Lake of Como, Italy. A large proportion of the victims were women and children.

A very disastrous fire has overtaken several warehouses and mills near St. Petersburg, Russia, and several persons were killed during its progress.

A team became frightened at a band in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and dashed into a procession of little school girls, killing one, fatally injuring another and hurting many in various degrees.

A daughter, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. Charles Reeves, Miss Georgie and two Misses O'Beers were drowned at Indian River, Prince Edward Island, last week, by the upsetting of a boat.

A Cuban official was travelling on a steamer with eleven thousand dollars in gold, and while leaning over the rails of the steamer the strap of his satchel broke and all the money was lost in the sea.

Major J. C. Echord, while drilling militia at London, Ontario, last week, was thrown by his horse and kicked on the head. The skull was fractured, but the patient was able to speak half an hour after the accident.

J. H. Ashdown's hardware store in Winnipeg, Manitoba, was on fire on Friday of last week, when a large quantity of powder stored in the building exploded, killing George Seale, formerly of Montreal, and seriously injuring a number of others. William McRobie, son of the chief of the fire department, was scarcely expected to survive his injuries. At last accounts an inquest was in progress, and a verdict of manslaughter against the proprietor of the store was thought possible. The city was shaken by the explosion, and much glass broken.

CRIME.

The Savings Bank of Woodbury, Vermont, was lately entered by burglars, who took two thousand five hundred dollars.

Charles Buchanan, a dissipated printer of Toronto, lately stabbed his wife fatally in the neck, upon meeting her in the street after a separation of two years.

Richard Wagner, station agent at Cornwall, Ontario, lately stabbed by a tramp while on night duty, has died of his wounds, but his assailant has never been found.

St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, Ontario, has been repeatedly broken into and the contents of mission boxes stolen. The money was intended for the heathen, but it was not supposed they were to help themselves to it in that manner.

Charles Rogers, otherwise Rufus Minor, a noted bank thief, has been caught in New York. The stealings charged to his account amount to over a hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

A. B. Hall and son on the one side and Bob and John Mullens on the other engaged in a fight about a fence at Collinsville, Alabama, and the whole four were killed and fatally wounded with pistol shots.

John Benoit, an old man going from Quebec to Michigan, was done out of three hundred dollars on a Grand Trunk train by sharpers, who escaped. This kind of criminal seems to be growing numerous in Canada.

Roderick Howell, aged seventy, who shot and killed Thomas Wallace at Malpeque, Prince Edward Island, last December, having been convicted of manslaughter, was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and seemed satisfied.

Isaac A. Briggs, a broker, and Wesley Lyon, a lawyer, of New York, and Emil Brie, a lawyer aged seventy, of Stamford, Connecticut, have been arrested charged with selling forged Missouri State bonds. They have each a reputation for that kind of work.

Four journalists of Berlin, Germany, have been found guilty of blackmail, in the practice of which they had obtained great sums of money. They have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment of one to six years. The chief of the gang, who was once a member of the Imperial Guard, fled.

A desperate attempt to murder and rob the Rev. Mr. Witchborne, of England, was made lately in a railway train between Calais and Paris, by an architect named Ducrot, who afterward shot himself just as he was about being arrested after an exciting chase. He had inflicted six severe wounds on Mr. Witchborne's head with a chisel. Both the assassin and his victim are reported to be in a dangerous condition.

The Marquis De Mones, Little Missouri was lately threatened with killing by Frank O'Donnell, leader of a gang of outlaws, who objected to the ground taken up by the extensive sheep and cattle ranges of the Marquis. About five o'clock one morning the gang began firing revolvers into all the buildings about the place. A telegram for assistance was sent to the sheriff of Morton County, who came with a force of citizens and friends of the Marquis. In the fight that ensued one of the desperadoes was killed and two were captured.

BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

Fast trains are announced to reduce the time between New York and Chicago to thirty-four hours.

There is a bad state of affairs in the money market of Paris, France, all confidence in investments being gone.

A strike of iron workers is threatened at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, against further reductions, and on the other hand the company threatens to shut down and lock out seven thousand men.

A new telegraph cable is to be laid and operated between England and America, by the American, British and Continental Cable Company, with a capital of seven and a half million of dollars, all subscribed in England. One line will run to Canada and another to New York.

Only a moderate trade movement is indicated by reports from leading business centres for the past week. There were a hundred and sixty-five failures, thirteen less than the previous week, twelve more than

THE WEEK.

SMALL-POX is desolating Takuoha, Japan.

THE POPE is said to be in poor health and much disturbed by the state of affairs in both France and Ireland.

JAPANESE JOURNALISTS are troubled with increased severity in press regulations, newspapers being suspended in large numbers and heavy fines inflicted.

TWO THOUSAND PRISONERS have arrived at Tomsk, Russia, in steamers in which typhoid and diphtheria raged, and the prisons at that place filled with dying men.

UNDER THE AUSPICES of the Geographical Society of Quebec, a surveying party will shortly set out to explore the country lying between Lake St. John and Hudson's Bay.

LAST WEEK the relief expedition on the sealing steamer "Proteus" and convoy "Yantic" sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, for Disco, Greenland, on the way to the relief of the Greeley Arctic Expedition.

LOUIS RIEL, banished from Canada for heading a rebellion in Manitoba and murdering Thomas Scott, having more than completed his term of exile, has gone back to the Province from Montana, and is visiting his mother at St. Vital.

CHOLERA HAS BROKEN OUT at Port Said, Damietta and other Egyptian towns, attended with great fatality. Quarantine is being established at all points against the spread of the disease to Europe by vessels from Egypt and the East generally.

OVER NINETY-NINE THOUSAND immigrants arrived in the United States in May. More than half a million came in the eleven months ending May, the actual number being, however, one hundred and sixty-eight thousand less than for the same period last year.

UPON THE OCCASION of the reading of a paper by Professor Goode, United States Commissioner at the Fisheries Commission, Mr. Lowell, the American Minister to England, spoke of the generous grant by Congress as a great encouragement to the Exhibition, and said the American fisheries were a mine of wealth and a nursery for seamen, and were protected rather by the people than by law.

A NUMBER OF JEWS are on trial at Myreghaza, Hungary, charged with murdering a Christian girl and mixing her blood with passover bread, an ancient slander first invented against the early Christians. Evidence for the defence in the case of the Jews shows the prosecution to be a piece of vile persecution, and a mob has been allowed to insult the Jew's witnesses and lawyers in open court. A son of one of the accused witnessed against his father, but his testimony was ridiculed and shaken to pieces by cross-examination and trustworthy rebuttal evidence. There is no doubt the lad is a simpleton and has been procured as a witness under threats.

A REMARKABLE MORTALITY among the Roman Catholic hierarchy seems to prevail. Last week the deaths of two Archbishops were announced as having occurred almost simultaneously in the United States. Now the death is announced of the Right Rev. John Strain, D.D., Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, aged seventy-three. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, was dying at last accounts, and the Very Rev. Thomas Walsh, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hartford, Connecticut, died suddenly at the age of fifty-four a few days ago. The Rev. Thomas N. Burke, a well-known Irish priest and lecturer, is dead.

FIVE THOUSAND MORMON CONVERTS from Europe are expected in the United States within the next four months.

A SPELLING REFORM ASSOCIATION has been formed in Toronto with the objects of securing simpler and more regular spelling of English words, and to gather and spread information upon the subject.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, the famous preacher of Brooklyn, New York, was the recipient of many marks of friendship on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the twenty-fifth of last month.

TWO ITALIANS were lately killed in a riot among a crowd of their own nationality at Kingston, New York. The men had been paid off the previous night and invested too heavily in liquor.

CANADIAN FISHERIES last year yielded nearly seventeen million dollars' worth, an increase over the previous year of over a million. Nova Scotia led the other provinces with a product of over six million dollars' worth.

THERE ARE SMALL CHANCES of war being averted between France and China. The French ambassador at Shanghai is said to have behaved rudely toward the Chinese foreign minister, and it is said China only continues negotiations in order to gain time for war preparations.

A LEADING IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL estimates eighteen thousand immigrants will arrive in Canada this month. An immigration depot after the one at Castle Garden, New York, is to be established in the neighborhood of Montreal, the Dominion Government having devoted fifteen thousand dollars in aid of such an institution.

JOHN H. ALEXANDER, a colored applicant for admission to the West Point Military Academy, has passed a very creditable examination and been admitted. As he is said to be superior in every way to Whitaker, whose false and despicable conduct caused so much trouble a while ago, it is supposed the other students will do nothing to prevent him having an agreeable course.

BRITISH SHIPOWNERS have met and showed strong feeling against M. DeLesseps holding a monopoly of constructing canals across the Isthmus of Suez. They will shortly demand power to construct a second canal. That is all right, but it is doubtful whether the first canal would be there yet were it not for the perseverance and energy of the veteran French engineer.

MAJOR-General Luard, commander of the Canadian militia, who has always been noted for strict exactions of military discipline, lately drove a professor of music and band teacher off the drill ground at London, Ontario, because he was not in uniform. At the same time, with conspicuous ceremony, he presented Sergeant Bohannon with a splendid silver medal for meritorious conduct.

CATTLE NEED AIR to keep them alive as well as human beings. A farmer of St. Pierre, Quebec, does not seem to have known this. He had thirty-nine fat oxen too strong follows for his fences. So, finding it difficult to keep them in a field, he shut the fine beeves up in a barn over night. The building was so tight that the animals, were practically sealed in from the air, and in the morning an entrance had to be forced on account of the dead oxen piled up against the door. Of the whole lot only five were taken out alive and these all died afterward.

THE SCOTT ACT.

The following is a copy of a small handbill issued among other excellent temperance tracts, by Jacob Spence, Toronto, Ontario:—

EXCELLENCE OF THE SCOTT ACT.

When it is adopted, it is absolute, complete prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors for ordinary drinking purposes, in the territory (county or city) where the majority of the voters desire and vote for its adoption (see the Act, Second Part, Sect. 99), and it remains in force for at least three years, and after that as long as it stands unrevoked by a majority vote taken in the same manner as the vote for its adoption.

THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE SCOTT ACT.

As many enquiries are made in reference to the enforcement of the Scott Act, when adopted, it is important that the following provisions of the Act for this purpose should be well understood:

Sub-section 2 of section 124 provides:—"The Council of every municipality shall set apart not less than one-third part of such fines or penalties received by the said municipality for a fund to secure the prosecution for infractions of this Act."

Section 101:—"Any prosecution for any such penalty or punishment may be brought by or in the name of the Collector of Inland Revenue within whose official division the offence was committed, or by or in the name of any person."

Section 102:—"It shall be the duty of such Collector of Inland Revenue to bring such prosecution, whenever he shall have reason to believe that any such offence has been committed."

From the above, it is easily seen that an ample fund is provided for the express purpose of securing prosecution for infractions of the Act, and by means of which funds "any person," including lawyers, may be sufficiently paid for any labors involved in prosecuting offenders against the law. It is not that the Council may set apart such fund, but the imperative "shall."

With equal propriety, one may ask in regard to any other law on the statute-book, "What provisions are made for its enforcement?" When adopted, this law is at once placed on the same level of common law, and every Magistrate, Police Constable, or other Peace officer, is bound to see that this law is enforced, as any other law against robbery, murder, &c. Moreover, as above quoted, "It shall be the duty of the Collector of Inland Revenue to bring such prosecutions whenever he shall have reason to believe that any such offence has been committed." In addition, a society or committee of citizens may appoint a suitable person to see that the law is enforced.

Then the law being in force will indicate a high standard of moral sentiment, which will tend to insure public respect, and itself will greatly assist to conserve the virtue of the community.

EVERY FARMER who keeps sheep or raises calves often feels the need of a movable fence, such as is denominated a hurdle by English farmers. Something is needed that can be easily and quickly set up and taken down or moved from one place to another, so as to enclose a field of turnips, a patch of witchgrass or something that the farmer wishes the sheep to consume upon the spot where it grows, or for a temporary fence for many uses upon the farm. The following will answer such purposes: Have a blacksmith make the posts of nail rod, double and twisted in such a way that there will be a chance to slip two narrow boards an inch thick between the two parts at such distances apart as is thought necessary to confine the stock intended to fence with it. Then have two braces made of the same material for each post, and get a quantity of inch boards about twelve feet long and four inches wide. The posts can be easily thrust into the ground, and the boards put in place. A brace which should have a hook at the upper end should then be put in place on each side to prevent the wind from swaying it either way. Such a fence can be put up very rapidly, as there is no labor of digging post-holes, which are often objectionable where such a fence is wanted, and it can easily be resolved into its original elements of a pile of twelve foot boards and a bundle of iron rods. If packed away carefully when not in use, it may be taken out last many years. —American Cultivator.

the corresponding week of last year and sixty-two more than that of the year before.

What looks like a dangerous bait to draw people of moderate means into wild railway speculation is an association formed in Indianapolis under the name, "The People's Railway Company of America," with a capital of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars, in shares of fifty dollars, to build two lines of double track, narrow-gauge railway from New York to San Francisco and from Chicago to New Orleans.

The United States crop report for June shows a great falling off in the condition of fall wheat. Spring wheat has an area five percent above last year and its condition makes a high average, equal to last year. Barley and oats have each an increased area, and apples promise well for an off year. The apple crop in the Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, is attacked by a destructive grub. Recent heavy rains have seriously damaged grain crops in parts of both the United States and Canada. In Java two hundred thousand acres of rice have been destroyed by disease.

A dispute between the Mayor of Elmira, New York, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway has culminated in downright war. The question is the company's right to lay rails in the streets, which the Mayor contests. When the Mayor's officials went to take up rails laid without his permission, the Company ran locomotives and cars on the track to prevent them. For this kind of work the Mayor had arrested an alderman in the employ of the Company and a switchman, and in turn the Company procured the arrest of the Mayor and his chief assistants for trespass, but bail was given all round. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands.

THE DIFFICULTY between the French Government and the Church of Rome continues. In a letter from the Papal authorities bitter complaint is made against various acts of oppression and persecution in the republic, such as the expulsion of religious orders, the suspensions of priests salaries, the reduction of the number of priests in the army hospital service, etc. The Archbishop of Paris has protested against the suppression of chaplaincies in the city hospitals as a measure of cruel intolerance. As to the latter matter, however, there does not seem to be serious ground of complaint, as the decree allows the patient to summon the parish priest. A sharp debate has taken place upon this subject in the Senate, in which a member reproached the Government for Jacobinism in depriving the poor of the last consolations of religion by abolishing the position of hospital chaplain. The Minister of the Interior upheld the legality of the Government's course, and said a change would be made if found necessary. A motion for the abolition of attacks on liberty of conscience, which was simply one of censure upon the Government, was rejected by the narrow majority of a hundred and thirty-six to a hundred and twenty. President Grevy was given the Pope's letter to reply to in a conciliatory way, and M. Ferry, Prime Minister, it is understood, has also replied in a confidential note to the Vatican, in which he explains that Catholics, who are in a minority in the country, have sought in every possible manner to embarrass the ministry. He promises at the same time that the stipends taken from the priests will be restored on the occasion of the national fe's.

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A KIND WORD TO ENQUIRERS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Among your readers there must be some who are seeking the salvation of their souls to them let me offer a few plain suggestions. You cannot be seeking for salvation more sincerely or earnestly than Christ Jesus is seeking for you; nay, for a long time He has been knocking at the door of your heart and asking admission. Not more certainly does the morning sunlight offer to enter our bedchamber; but it can never enter until we open wide the shutters.

This is a vital fact for you to remember—that the loving Saviour really wants to save you. Another equally important truth is, that your salvation is a matter to be settled between the Lord Jesus Christ and yourself. It is well to talk freely with your pastor, or with a parent, or discreet Christian friend, but they cannot do the needful work for you. Dr. Spenser used to shake off those who clung to his skirts, and send them to the Saviour.

One hour spent alone with your Bible, and in close converse with Christ, is worth more to you than a month of sermons or of conversations with the wisest friends. Go alone to the quiet of your own room, and there give yourself in honest prayer and self-surrender to Jesus Christ. Just as you are, offer yourself to Him. Do not waste time in trying to regenerate your own heart; that is the Spirit's office, not yours. Bartimeus had given up all ointments and eye-salve, when he arose and came to Jesus with his sightless eyeballs. Bring to the Divine Healer your whole heart. "Ye shall seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all the heart." The thin and shallow religion which yields such small fruit in the lives of many church members arises largely from half-way conversion.

There was no thorough subsoil work, no entire surrender of the affection and will to Jesus; old sins were not cut up by the roots and therefore all things did not become new. You cannot be "half fellow" with the irreligious and the lover of pleasure through the week, and a Christian on Sunday at the Lord's table; you cannot be tricky in business, or impure in secret, or cowardly in the face of the world, and yet be a genuine servant of Christ at the same time. Giving your heart to Him is not a clandestine transaction; people who know you have got to find it out, and if they do not detect it in your conduct, then it is a delusion.

Such thorough work costs something; it may lower your self-conceit, and put the knife to favorite practices, and require you to give up certain amusements and indulgences that are forbidden by the Spirit of the Bible. "May I go to the theatre?" To this we would reply—When you can see Christ with you to the theatre, and find spiritual blessing there, and do real good to your unconverted friends by setting them the example of theatre-going, then you may purchase a ticket and help to support the playhouse. Not before. The same principles apply to all kinds of self-indulgence. Whatever the Bible does not approve, whatever you cannot with a clear approving conscience take part in, you must let alone.

Giving up sinful practices or pleasures—or even questionable ones—is not enough. Such negative religion will not last long or avail much. Genuine piety is a positive thing; it is doing right it is keeping Christ's commandments. Pulling up weeds does not make a garden in these bright May days. Mellowing the earth and dropping the seeds and setting out the young plants, is the only substantial way to do it. When the soil is busy in growing vegetables and flowers, there is little space left for weeds. Less than half your religion depends on the "thou shalt nots." Christ did not say to Matthew, "Thou shalt stay here at the toll-booth, and try to keep out of cheating and other evil practices of the publicans." He said, "Follow me," and then Matthew goes at once into a new line of conduct and a new life.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practise religion. A child never could learn to walk by a hundred talkabout the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you ever opened your lips to any unconverted friend, either to avow your own

feelings or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short you must begin to obey a new Master, to serve a new Saviour, to strike out a new line of living, and rely on God's Almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousand-fold richer gifts in return. Yea, He will give you Himself! When you possess Christ, you have everything.—*Word and Work.*

COUNTING THE FLOWERS.

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

Because of cheap rent a mother and her only child, a cripple of ten, lived in a house remote from any other in the outskirts of a large city, where the mother went daily to wash or do any other work, taking her helpless boy in a little rude wagon.

But one afternoon in early autumn there was a sudden change on the weather; the thinly-clad boy took a violent cold and in the night had a sharp attack of croup. His mother tried the usual remedies, and by morning he was easy and apparently safe from a renewal of the attack. What could she do? The rent was soon due, the coal-bin empty, and only a few crackers in the house, yet to keep the place she was that day engaged for she must go promptly and spend the day, and of course she could not take her boy with her.

"Never mind about me, mother, I'll stay in bed and sleep some, and keep warm all right," said the child cheerily after his mother had mentioned over the names of her few friends, thinking who could be got to stay with him and with tears decided that none could be obtained.

Putting some crackers and water, with his few sorry-looking books and playthings within his reach, and all the bedding on the bed, with a prayer to God to care for her fatherless boy she went sobbing on her weary way, while the little fellow keeping up a brave show of courage till she was gone, then cried bitterly too because of his weakness and loneliness.

The day's work was longer than usual, the distance to it was great, and as the fire-cracker ticket would buy a loaf of bread and she could not get both, she walked, and it was after dark when, with a shudder, as she thought what might await her, she entered the cold, desolate home.

"My dear child," she said as she went to him through the darkness, "are you here all right?" and as soon as his cheery voice answered, "All right, mother," she broke down into a nervous fit of crying in which he joined her.

After the room was lighted, and a little fuel she had gathered on her way was burning, and their scanty meal-cooking over, going up to the little fellow who had been watching every movement with a shining of love in his eyes, she said, "What did my dear boy do all this long, long day?"

"O mother, I got along nicely; when I was tired of the other things I counted the bright flowers on the old quilt you put outside the bed, and when it got so dark I couldn't see them, I tried to think about them and forgot to be afraid; but it was a pretty long day!"

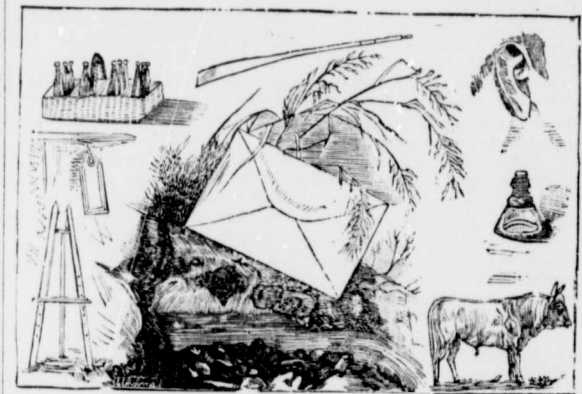
Telling of it years afterwards when her troubles had so long been past they seemed as a dim dream, her son then a man of reputation and influence, the mother said: "Dear, brave little heart! I threw myself on my knees by his bed, and asked my Heavenly Father to forgive me for ever doubting his watchful care and providence. I asked him for enough of faith, that instead of grieving over my trials and losses I might be able to count the flowers on my faded, ragged quilt that covered my lonely bed of sickness and pain, and to be cheered by the memory of their brightness when it was so dark I could not see even them. That prayer that night was the beginning of a new life of faith and trust in the leading hand of my God, and having been brought to that point I have never since needed any good thing."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"GO OUT AND COMPEL THEM TO COME IN."

BY MRS. A. H. BRONSON.

When Charlie T. was converted to God, it was an entire surrender of his whole soul to the work of the Master.

One evening he sat a long time in silent thought. "My dear," he said at last to his wife, sitting by, "I believe I shall do it."



"Do what, Charlie?" said she, smiling at his eager face. "Do you suppose I know what you are thinking about? Somehow it always seems as if you did."

"Well, dear, it does seem so, sometimes, I am so sure of your sympathy in my feeling, even if you do not always approve of my methods. I have been thinking whether it would not be a good plan to go into the bar-rooms every Saturday evening and invite the strangers to go to church the next day."

Mary laughed a little at the queer idea, and said, "Whoever would have thought of your being seen in the bar room, and Saturday evening, too?"

But after all she fell in with his plan, and added a little to it, which was to invite any one who would come to sit with them in their pew, and go home and take lunch at noon.

So, ever after that, when the busy work of the week was done, and even the "traveling men" were seeking rest in their own way in the bar-room or parlor of the hotel, there would suddenly arise a tall, manly form, with a face full of mingled strength and sweetness, and voice whose persuasive tones few could resist would politely invite any stranger present to attend public worship the coming Lord's Day, offering to accompany any such to whatever church they preferred, or if there was no preference, to his own, where they would be made welcome by a seat in his own pew.

Many who heard the call passed it by as they had before the louder call of the Master Himself, but some there were who heard, to be touched and won by the interest shown by this stranger, and accepted the invitation, to be blessed and helped in the way appointed by the Lord.

Why the devoted young servant, in the full flush of his manhood's strength and earnest purpose to give his life to the saving of souls, should just then have been called to leave it all and "come up higher" is one of the mysteries, but when in the last day of accounts he will meet those on the right hand of the Lord brought there through his prayers and efforts and example, we doubt not will be some whom his voice called out of the bar-room and liquor saloons, and whose steps were directed by him to the church of Christ, where they found the "way of life."—*Watchman.*

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one heaping cup of shortening, (I use part butter and part lard), two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, salt, nutmeg, or flavor as you please. One can make half the quantity if one likes.

SIMPLE DESSERT.—Put eight crackers in a deep dish, pour enough boiling water over them to just cover them, and when soaked (which will not take longer than five minutes) grate a little nutmeg over, sprinkle with sugar, cover with cream, and serve. Try it.

BUFFALO CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one egg, two-thirds cup of sweet milk, one and two-thirds cup of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

PUZZLES.

PUZZLE PICTURE.

The envelope in the middle of this picture is supposed to contain a number of letters. These letters taken from the envelope and placed before the names of the several objects shown in the picture, will transform them into the names of wild animals.

WORD-PUZZLE.

My whole a vaulted space above extends, Or a name to some house of prayer it lends.

Curtailed, a title answers your demand Still known in the Prince of Beira's land;

Again curtail me and regard with care, No new idea, but just the same is there. Once more, a Roman numeral meets your eyes.

Behold,—the cockney's home before you lies; Behold again, a State, in brief, you'll see.

Now don't you know just what is found in me?

For the last time behold me and a vowel find.

Or else one point recall to mind Of that which is the sailor's friend, And guides him to his journey's end.

Then take my last and put before my first, And when you've done this, only read reversed.

To see that fashion of which we're the toy, Gay fashion, whose "brightest arts decoy."

CHARADE.

My first is something to wear;

My last is something to eat;

My whole, I can safely declare, Is naught but a simple concert.

REMAINDERS.

1. Behold a healthy state of body and leave a drink.

2. Behold a planet three times and leave a series of musical notes.

3. Behold a simple vegetable and leave what boys and girls enjoy in winter.

4. Behold to look intently and leave a slit or opening.

ENIGMA.

1. A word of five letters gives an article of use in peace and war.

2. Transpose and find what you do at school.

3. Behold and find a fruit?

4. Again, and find a vegetable.

5. Transpose and find a monkey.

6. Behold twice, curtail twice, and you will see what makes a man man.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

1. Wood-pecker; 2. Man-I-fold; 3. Percolate.

4. Again, and find a fruit?

5. Transpose and find a monkey.

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TOM FAIRWEATHER AT ADEN.

The next port made by the vessel upon which Tom Fairweather was so active and interested a passenger was Aden. Tom had been told that Aden was called the Gibraltar of the East, so that he was prepared for frowning rocks and natural fortresses when his father's ship steamed into the bay. But he was not prepared for anything quite so black and barren as greeted him. Lieutenant Jollytarre was leaning with him over the ship's side.

"I never saw such black hills," said Tom. "They look as though they had just been thrown up by an earthquake."

"And so they were, only longer ago than you and I could count. You see their forms show all the violence of the convulsion which created them—heaps of burned fragments, cliffs divided by deep fissures, and sharp peaks shooting upward. Perhaps the fires are still raging within their sides."

"I shouldn't like to live here. I should be afraid of an outbreak any day." "That has not happened for a long time. I suppose the earth's fury is gradually dying out. But take it all in all, the other nickname by which Aden is known suits it the best; it is quite often called 'the coal-hole of the East.'"

"And I don't know anything it looks more like," quoth Tom.

"Yes, it is a good name, and for other reasons. A great quantity of coal is stored here, belonging chiefly to steam-ship companies. Aden drives a flourishing trade from the fact that it is a free port. It has almost ruined Mocha by taking away a great deal of the coffee trade from there. It exports also honey, gum, feathers, dyes, pearls, and ivory. Of course it imports but little besides coal, wines, liquors, and some coarse cotton goods."

All this time they were steaming into Aden Bay. When they had come to anchor, Tom's father suggested that he should go on shore at once with Jollytarre. "Tom, you know, was always wild for the first chance to stretch his legs. They were landed by one of the ship's boats at a fine pier, and found themselves in a village skirting one side of the harbor."

"This is not Aden proper," explained the Lieutenant; "that lies beyond, three or four miles across the peninsula. We'll want a carriage to drive there in."

They stopped a moment and looked about them. Immediately they were surrounded by a crowd of persons eager to supply fifty imaginary wants. One Arab urged them to buy ostrich feathers; another wished to rent them horses.

"I can't stand this," said Mr. Jollytarre. "Life is short, and as we only came here for coal, and as we are to leave to-morrow, we must make the most of our time. Good! there's a carriage!" and Jollytarre concluded the bargain forthwith.

The road from the inner harbor across to old Aden is of sand and volcanic cinders. It lay between black scorched hills and over blistering sand. The place reminded Tom of pictures he had seen by Dore, who used to delight in such subjects.

Presently they came to a pass cut through the comb of a ridge. It was closed by a heavy double gateway, and the wall crossed by an arch. A soldier stood guard at the gate.

Our two friends passed parties of Arabs bringing camel loads of their produce to market. Tom stared a good deal. This was the first time he had ever seen a camel outside of a circus, and he was both amused and excited.

"I would give a good deal to get on one of them," said he.

Just then a line of camels coming toward them was stopped by the drivers for a rest. Mr. Jollytarre was not slow in taking a hint. He called out to the coachman to stop also. "I don't doubt those fellows would give you a lift, Tom," he said. And he proceeded, partly by signs and partly by the few words of Arabic he had at his command, to make known Tom's wish.

One of the men nodded pleasantly, and coaxed and pulled his camel down on his

knees, so that Tom could mount. Tom felt himself rise higher and higher. The chief impression made upon him was of one prolonged shake. The camel was so big and it was so long before he staid himself on his legs, that Tom thought he never would stop going up. Finally the great creature took one huge stride and then another. It was by no means a gentle motion. It was a swaying from side to side; it was a pitching forward; it was the shaking continued; and, above all, there was the sensation of being on the top of a very high mountain.

Mr. Jollytarre had resigned himself to the idea that Tom's ride would be a prolonged one, but in fact it very soon came to an end, for Tom found the camel so dirty that he was glad to get away from the disagreeable smell and greasy feeling, and to return to his seat in the carriage.

Having left the pass behind them, the town of Aden came into view. It lay in a circular sandy basin, almost inclosed by black mountains of volcanic cinder.

Through the town ran the dry bed of a torrent which rarely flowed, since it only rained heavily in Aden once or twice a year.

are so admirably constructed that the British government thought it worth while to restore them, so that now they will hold over ten million gallons of water."

Having made a thorough examination of the tanks, Tom and his friend returned to their carriage and drove back to New Aden.

"The Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are over there," said the Lieutenant. "By-the-way, they used to be called the Gate of Tears, from the number of wrecks that occurred there before navigation was much studied. Tom, take a look around and see what a strongly fortified old place this could be made. From the beginning of days in Aden wars and rumors of wars have been familiar sounds here. Even after the place came into the possession of the East India Company robbery and murder were constantly perpetrated by the natives in the town, until the fortifications on the land side were completed. After that there was tolerable security inside the walls."

"My father told me yesterday that this harbor was known to the Romans," said Tom, contributing his bit of information.

He says that the Turks, too, found it such a good half-way house on the road to the

fishman that he should sail the next morning for Perim."

"What a goose!" said Tom.

"No doubt the Governor thought so too, for he lost no time in turning his visitor's folly to good account. Without leaving his seat at the table, he scratched off a pencilled note to the commander of a ship of the Indian navy then lying in Aden Bay. This was what the note said: 'Get steam up with all speed, and plant the British flag on Perim Island.'"

"Good for him!" cried Tom.

"Yes, I suppose so. At all events, the steamer was off before the Admiral went to bed, and in about eight hours Perim was a British island, as the Frenchman found when he arrived there next morning."

"Poor old fellow! I wonder what they did to him for being caught napping?"

"History doesn't say. But here we are at the pier, and there is the boat."—*Harper's Young People.*

I DON'T WANT TO BE A JOE MILLER.

BY MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"Take a whiff, Ben. Never'll be a man till you learn to smoke!" and tall Samuel Walker held the last end of his cigar toward a bright, sprightly boy.

"Not I, Sam. I know too much to use tobacco!" and Ben Hardy turned upon his heel.

"How old are you, youngster?" asked Sam, contemptuously. "Perhaps you have tried it already, my boy, and know the sweet experience of beginners. Nevermind," he added persuasively, "you'll get over being sick, and then you'll enjoy it."

"I haven't taken my first lesson in smoking yet, Samuel Walker; neither shall I at present," returned the lad; "yet I know enough about tobacco to let it alone."

"What do you know about tobacco, and where did you learn so much, pray?" asked the young man.

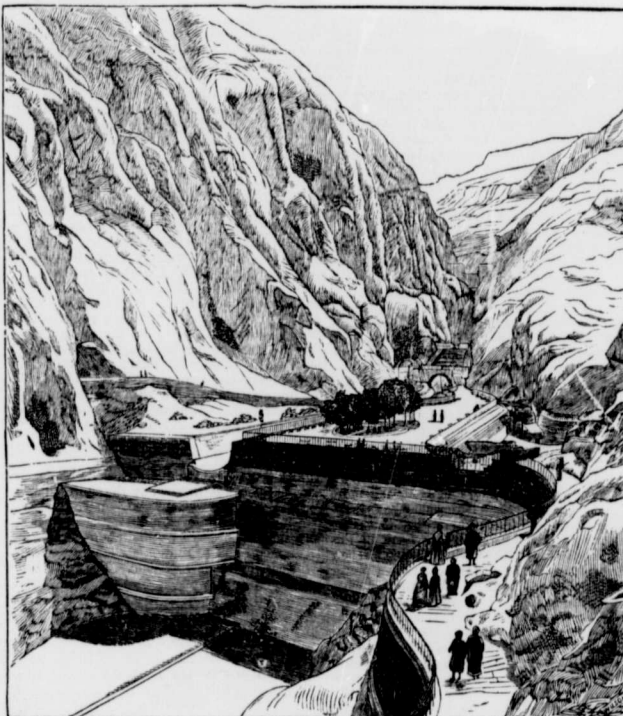
"I lived at Uncle Joe Miller's a year, as you all know," replied the boy. "Uncle Joe smokes day in and day out. His pipe is never out of his mouth, unless he is out of tobacco; and as he lives two miles from town, that sometimes happens."

But I tell you, it don't do for a regular smoker to be out of the nasty stuff, if you want peace and quiet. Didn't we have to stand round when Uncle Joe couldn't fill his pipe? Haven't I seen him whip his oxen till my hair stood on end, just because he couldn't have a good smoke! We all knew what ailed him, for Gran'ther Miller said Joe was a regular toper, only he used tobacco instead of rum, and his nerves were all unstrung when he was out of it. That's the way when people use spirits, but can't get them. They have delirium tremens. I've seen Uncle Joe's hand shake so he could hardly feed himself, when a great snow-storm kept him out of tobacco two or three days. No, you don't catch this child using anything that will make him an Uncle Joe Miller!"

And Ben Hardy was off on the run. Samuel Walker could not but think of the fretful words spoken to his poor old mother, and wondering if tobacco had anything to do with causing them. He could not help acknowledging that the habit was growing upon him. He smoked twice the number of cigars he did six months ago, and as he told Ben, he really enjoyed it now. He was scarcely eighteen. How would it be if he used tobacco until he was forty? Would he become an Uncle Joe Miller, fretful and peevish, if deprived of what was only a pastime now? Would it become a necessity by that time—a tyrant, ruling him body and soul? For Grandfather Miller often said Joe thought more of his pipe than of his Bible.

"I guess Ben walks in the safest path," murmured Sam, "and I shouldn't wonder if I followed," he added, throwing away the two cigars for which he had just paid ten cents.—*Crysal Fountain.*

I HAVE ALWAYS noticed that those who know the most are the best listeners, and the most anxious to know more.



THE RESERVOIRS OF ADEN.

"Only once or twice a year!" repeated Tom, looking at the dry river-bed "then; what do they do for water?"

"They would fare badly enough if they depended upon natural resources," Mr. Jollytarre said. "To begin with, all the water on the peninsula is brackish. But they have a very remarkable system of water-works here, which we must take a look at. In fact, these water tanks are about the only objects of interest in Aden. They are but a short distance off, and we may as well explore them now."

"When were these built?" asked Tom, as they reached the reservoirs on the hill-sides, a picture of which you see before you.

"I suppose in the year after the flood."

"Not quite. But they date back to the year 600 A. D. They were constructed to catch the water draining from the mountains surrounding the town, reservoirs being formed on the mountain-sides, and the overflow from the higher ones running into those below. Once filled, the water would hold out for even years without a fresh supply of rain. These tanks

Indies that they thought it worth while to erect fortifications to keep it in their possession."

"Oh yes," said Jollytarre, "but nowadays the English are famous for adding to their real estate on a large scale. There is a good story told of a former Governor here. The island of Perim is a barren spot with a light-house on it just at the entrance to the Red Sea, near the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. It belongs to the British, and this is the way they got it. A French Admiral had been sent to plant the French flag there, and take possession in the name of France. This seemed at the outset plain sailing enough, but, unfortunately, on his way to the Red Sea this gallant Admiral stopped at Aden, where the British Governor showed hospitality upon him, and expressed a great desire to know the cause of the visit. The Admiral, however, kept his own counsel until his visit was drawing to a close. Then, on the last evening of his stay, after an uncommonly good dinner at the Governor's, when, I suppose, his tongue had been loosened with wine, he confided to the Eng-

lishman that he should sail the next morning for Perim."

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