

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. IV.

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No. 3.

The Weekly Messenger

THE ICE LION.

This mammoth structure is to be erected under the direction of the East End Carnival Committee, Montreal. It will stand on one of the public squares, opposite the French Parish Church of Notre Dame. The lion will rest in an attitude of repose upon a pedestal some twenty feet high, with a base diameter of twenty feet. The latter will be in the form of a cross, which will gradually assume a conical shape, the top being six feet broad. Between each of the angles will be a row of rounded steps, over which water will be poured, making an icy cascade. The interior of the structure will be lit by electric light. The lion is to be sixteen feet in length, and the structure in its entirety will be thirty feet high.

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM.

The British outlook in Egypt is described as more encouraging. A couple of native tribes have refused to join Osman Digna in his tactics against the British. The Mahdi himself is busily preparing for battle. He has sent all the women of his tribe back, ordered the inhabitants of Metannah to evacuate the town and forced men to join his army. Lord Wolsley recently paid a visit to the hospital at Korti, and conversed with the sick soldiers, thanking them for their faithful services and using other cheering words. The brigade under command of Lord W. Beresford arrived at Korti after a journey from Sarrass in twenty-seven days. They are to man General Gordon's steamers on the Nile. A prisoner brought to Lord Wolsley says that four of General Gordon's steamers were recently at Shendi, awaiting the advance of the English. Other prisoners say that the Mahdi will make a stand at Metannah, where he has had earthworks constructed. General Stewart is proceeding there and will occupy that place by the end of this week. To the Sussex regiment General Lord Wolsley has promised the honor of being the first to march into Khartoum. As the army advances, the transmission of telegraphic despatches from the front becomes uncertain. The troops under General Stewart are described as being in excellent health and spirits. A messenger reached Korti on January 9th, with despatches. On his way from Gakdul he fell in with some armed natives who proved very friendly and directed him on his way. He reports that the country is safe for quite eighty miles beyond Korti, but that after that, it is dangerous from the caravans of the Mahdi. General Lord Wolsley has telegraphed to the Prince of Wales that he expects to be in Khartoum on January 24th. He wants the Government to send three thousand picked troops to Suakim to operate against Osman Digna. Lord Wolsley anticipates heavy fighting even after Khartoum has been relieved. A messenger reached Khartoum on

December 27th bearing despatches from Lord Wolsley to General Gordon. The messenger, in attempting a return, was captured and beaten, and his despatches from Gen. Gordon to Gen. Lord Wolsley taken from him. General Stewart, with an army of 2,000 men is expecting to attack a hostile force of 8,000. In Europe, the problem continues to attract the greatest interest. France and Germany, it is stated, have come to an agreement on the subject, and France will shortly reply to the English proposals respecting Egyptian finances. The scheme of France will of course be rejected by England, whereupon Prince Bismarck will propose a conference of the Powers.

men as reinforcements at Tonquin in the best health and spirits. In order to end the campaign before the rainy season France proposes to send 6,000 fresh troops to Tonquin at once, and 6,000 more in February. China is reported as actively at work recruiting and fortifying strongly every exposed point. China counts upon a German attack upon France, as soon as the latter becomes deeply involved. German officers travelling in China continually, where they are at once engaged to drill the Chinese soldiers. The Chinese call these German officers "Bismarck's missionaries." The reinforcements to be sent from France in February will

ment still adheres to its scheme, which is also desired by England and Germany. The King of Belgium wants Albert, second son of the Count of Flanders, recommended as Viceroy of the Congo State. The scheme of a railway from Stanley pool to the Lower Congo is not looked upon favorably by the conference. American activity is looked upon as a sign that the United States will in future show itself more concerned in European interests than heretofore. The International Association has decided to send out plant for a narrow gauge railway, and a British Congo Company has been formed with a capital of £2,500,000.



THE ICE LION.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR

Despatches received from China dwell upon the difficulties by which the French are surrounded through sickness, and inadequate transport facilities. Advices from Tien Tsin report the loss of the French in Formosa from fever and dysentery as enormous. Saigon despatches state that the French transports arriving there are crowded with invalid soldiers. Cholera and typhoid fever are reported as committing fearful ravages among the troops on the Tonquin delta. The Annamite troops near Hanoi have revolted, pillaging the commissariat and killing the French guards. Admiral Courbet has been ordered to occupy Tamsui and to raise the Formosa blockade. General De Lisle announces the arrival of 3,200

make a total effective French force of China of 31,500. The Government now intends to go further than the capture of Tonquin, and hopes to occupy Canton. The French diplomatists at Shanghai have been ordered to quit by M. Ferry.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

Advices from Paris state that France is moderating her demands with regard to her proposals in this matter. It is now said that she will renounce her claim to the left bank of Stanley pool and that the African Association shall cede to her all its stations on the upper and middle Niari. For this session the Association asks from France the sum of 3,000,000 francs. The American govern-

THE English papers, commenting on the attempt to assassinate Phelan in O'Donovan Rossa's office, in New York, stated that the time has now certainly come for setting the law in motion, the *Telegraph* stating that if a few Americans were killed the American Government would perhaps interfere to check the operations of the murder colony in their midst. Phelan states that he will be able to prove a conspiracy on the part of Rossa, Kearny, O'Brien, Joyce and Short to lure him to New York for assassination; and that Rossa and Kearney are British spies.

EDMUND ORTON has returned from Australia, where he went at the instigation of Miss Georgia Baring, a daughter of one of the Barings of London, for the purpose of indentifying Arthur Orton, confined in the Paramatta lunatic asylum, at Sydney, as his brother. He states he did identify him to be such, and is therefore thoroughly convinced the claimant recently discharged from prison in London is really Roger Tichborne's heir to the Tichborne estates. The real Arthur Orton, now in Australia, will be taken to London to further establish his identity.

AN ORANGE flag, having been hoisted across a street in Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Harbor Grace took umbrage at it, and refused to pass under it. The government despatched a force of police to keep order, and subsequently the warship "Tenedos" was ordered to Bay Roberts. The people of Bay Roberts subsequently held an indignation meeting, and condemned the despatch of an armed force to a place they declared peaceable and law abiding. The general feeling was that the flag was a childish thing, unworthy of the notice of Bishop McDonald.

A MAN named Phelan, of Kansas, was stabbed on the 9th inst., in the office of the *United Irishman* (New York), of which O'Donovan Rossa is one of the proprietors, by a man named Short, a butcher, whom he subsequently shot. The mysterious affair of which Rossa pretends that he knew nothing, points to treachery in the Fenian camp.

KING ALFONSO and his ministers have proceeded to visit the scene of the earthquakes in Andalusia. The Queen, on parting from her husband at the railway depot, was much affected by apprehensions of possible mishaps, and wept profusely.

PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour, Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make. What heavy burdens from our bosoms take, What parched grounds refresh as with a shower! We kneel, and all around us seems to lower: We rise, and in the distant and the near Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear: We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power! Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong, Or others, that we are not always strong. That we are ever overcome with care, That we should ever weak or heartless be, Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer And joy and strength and courage are with Thee! —Archbishop Trench.

NELL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

[Kate S. Gates in Zion's Herald.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Sometimes 'the heaviest wheat of all' may spring up from seeds dropped in an incidental way. What a motive to the maintenance of a personal holiness! The incidental is the shadow of the intentional. Influence is the exhalation of character."—W. M. Brooks.

"Whatever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." Nell repeated the words softly as she took a final survey of herself before donning her wraps. "I suppose that mamma would say that 'whatsoever' took in everything, even the sociable to-night, but I am sure I cannot conceive of anything there that I could possibly do to the glory of God. I almost hope that I won't think of anything, for I want to have just a nice happy time, and it's so horrid to have some hateful thing coming up every other minute. I do want to be good, but I wish that it wasn't quite so hard work. However, I'm not going to worry, for I do not believe that even mamma could find anything to-night."

But, alas for Nell's hopes! The evening was not half gone when Nettie Willis came to her. "They want you to sing, Nell." Nell was talking with Dean Gray, Nettie's cousin from the city.

"What shall I sing?" "Anything," was Nettie's laughing reply. As Nell turned to go, two lines from a little hymn of Miss Havergal's went flashing through her mind.

"Help me to sing Always, only for my King." "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed in dismay. Here was the "whatsoever" certainly, here was something for her to do to the glory of God.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Gray. "Nothing—only a thought," replied Nell. What should she do? In the new music Aunt Helen had sent her were two pieces—one a song, the other a beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages"—which should she sing? One would only amuse, the other would not only please by its beautiful melody, but also cheer and help, perhaps touch some heart and awaken a desire to cling to this Rock of Ages. But, oh, how could she sing it! It seemed so like a confession of faith! And yet it was the church sociable—why was it not appropriate?

And Mr. Gray—what would he say? She fancied that he was not a Christian. Was this a chance for her to show her colors, to speak to him for Christ? And then her voice—was it not a gift of God, and had she ever used it in his service? Question after question went flashing through her mind as she crossed the room to the piano, and still her decision was not made.

"Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The words seemed to ring in Nell's ears as her fingers rested idly on the keys. "I will, God helping me!" was her resolution, as for an instant she bent her head. Then she sang as never before in her life.

Dean Gray, standing beside her, started a little in surprise at her selection. He was not in the habit of hearing such music in society, and he watched Nell closely.

"She feels it, evidently," was his mental comment. "I—wish that I did."

When Nell finished, instead of the covert sneer she half expected to meet, there was only a grave, courteous, "Thanks, it is beautiful."

Five minutes later Nell was the centre of a merry group, the life of the circle.

"I wonder," thought Dean Gray, watching her, "if there really is anything to it after all."

And then following the direction of Nell's eyes, he spied in the corner a solitary figure looking with wistful eyes at the merry group.

"Here's a chance for you to show if you meant what you just sang," thought Dean to himself.

"O—h—dear, here's another 'whatsoever,' was Nell's thought. "There's Ray Perkins, she does look forlorn, that's a fact, and I might draw her in with us. She's real good only kind of poky. Oh, Nell Weston, I am ashamed of you! I hadn't any idea you were so selfish."

It all came about easily. Nell proposed a new game, and in the bustle of settling themselves, she unobtrusively asked Ray to draw up her chair with them.

Dean Gray noted it, however. "It is real," he said to himself, and Nell, without knowing it, had spoken for her Master.

"But, oh mamma," she said, as she stopped for a little good-night talk, "I didn't know that it was like this. I thought being a Christian meant praying and reading the Bible, going to church, being charitable, and such things. I didn't know it went into everything so."

"Nellie, dear, whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God. In all your ways acknowledge him. Let me read you this little extract from Mr. Thomas Hughes concerning his instructor, Dr. Thomas Arnold: 'Dr. Arnold certainly did teach us—thank God for it—that we could not cut our lives into slices, and say, "In this slice your actions are indifferent and you needn't trouble your heads about them one way or another, but in this slice mind what you are about, for they are important." A pretty muddle we should have been in had we done so. He taught us that in this wonderful world no boy or man can tell which of his actions is indifferent and which not, that by a thoughtless word or look we may lead astray a brother for whom Christ died. He taught us that life is a whole, made up of actions, and thoughts, and longings, great and small, mean and ignoble, therefore the only true wisdom for boy or man is to bring the whole life into obedience to Him whose world we live in, and who has purchased us with his blood.'"

"Nell—I say, Nell, here's a letter for you," called Teddy one morning.

Nell came flying out on the piazza, duster in hand.

It proved to be an invitation from Mrs. Capron to ride over to D, that evening to a concert. How Nell's eyes danced and sparkled as she read it! Hadn't she just been "aching" to go, but without the remotest idea that she could? Dear me, it was only half-past seven in the morning!

How could she wait until evening? Right in the midst of her joyful anticipations a thought occurred to Nell that banished the brightness from her face in a twinkling. It was prayer-meeting night. But what difference need that make, she said to herself, as she finished her dusting.

Of course she was very sorry to have it happen so. If it was anything she could put off, or something that she could go to again, why then it would undoubtedly be her duty to give it up and go to meeting. But it could not be put off, and when should she ever get another such invitation? Concerts as fine as this were rare events in D., and invitations for Nell were still more infrequent.

What would be the harm in going just this once? She would never make a habit of it, of course. She was provoked at herself for remembering just then how severely she had criticised Mrs. Norgross for going out calling prayer-meeting evening. That was entirely different.

Mrs. Capron was a church member herself—really it would almost look impertinent in her to decline, it would seem to imply that she, a young Christian, thought she knew better than the other ones. Dr. Mason and his wife, Tom Grant, Annie Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and Mrs. Bennet, all church members, were going. If they went why could not she?

And then Nell tried to consider the question decided, but upstairs, downstairs, wherever, she went, something kept silently whispering in her ear; "what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

What difference did it make to her what the rest did? She had pledged herself not to follow them, but Christ. She was not trying to be simply as good, to do as near right, as this one or that, but she was trying to be like Christ—and He was perfect. If others failed, it was no excuse for her. Rather, should it not make her doubly careful? Oh, how much easier it was to condemn others for their inconsistencies than to be perfectly consistent one's self!

"Well, I have learned one lesson," said Nell wearily to herself, as she went upstairs after dinner to write her note to Mrs. Capron, "and that is to be a little more guarded in my comments of others. I find that I, too, am even like unto them."

"Going to meeting to-night Nell?" asked Jennie as they arranged the table for tea.

"Yes," replied Nell, with a little quiver in her voice in spite of herself. It had been so hard to give up the concert.

"Maybe—I wouldn't mind going along with you," said Jennie, hesitatingly.

"I would be ever so glad to have you," replied Nell quickly. They had tried to get Jennie to go, but she had declined even on Sunday.

"She didn't care so great about such things," she said, "and she hadn't any fine feathers. It would do her more good to stay at home and rest."

Nell listened for two that night. She was so glad that good old Father Kent was there, he always seemed to have a message direct from heaven. And Mr. Lamson spoke so earnestly. If Jennie would only heed their words, thought Nell as they walked silently home.

Could she—Nell—say anything to her? She did so want her to accept Christ.

"I would urge it if it was anything else I wanted half so much as this. Why can't I know? If a perfect stranger was sick, and I knew something that would help her, I should not hesitate an instant. I know Christ will be to Jennie what no one else in the world can, why don't I tell her so?"

But they had reached home and stood on the porch in the moonlight before she could find courage to speak. Then, just as they turned to go in, she put her arms impulsively round Jennie.

"Oh Jennie, I do wish that you would love Christ. I do truly; I cannot tell you what a friend and helper he is. Won't you let him help you, Jennie?"

"I'll think about it," was all she said as she hurried upstairs.

"I am so glad that I went to meeting instead of going to the concert," thought Nell. "I should have lost this opportunity if I had."

CHAPTER V.

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure, take this as a rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes away the relish of spiritual things that is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Nell and her mother were alone in the sitting-room. Jennie had gone down street, and the children were out of doors.

But it was plainly apparent that Nell had something on her mind. Mrs. Weston, glanced up now and then from her own work, watched her half curiously but asked no questions. She knew that Nell would speak when she was ready.

Presently it came: "Bell Tracy invited me to her party."

"Well?" was Mrs. Weston's only reply; but the matter was clear to her now.

"And I do want to go—well—awfully bad, as Teddy says."

Nell laughed, but there was a little quiver in her voice which testified to the truth of her words.

"But you think perhaps you had better not?" Mrs. Weston's voice was kindly sympathetic.

"That is just what I can't decide. Of course it is a genuine 'reglar' party—to quote Teddy again—not very large, but they will dance, play cards—some of them, I presume—they generally do at Belle's, and I don't really know what to do. Of course I would not dance or play cards, and yet I can't really see what harm there would be in my dancing a few times."

"Nellie," said her mother earnestly, "suppose you settle those questions once and for all at the beginning of your Christian life. What do you really think you ought to do about it?"

"I don't hardly know. I don't think it would be right, of course, for a Christian to go too much, but why can it hurt me once in a while among my own friends?"

"You remind me, Nell," said Mrs. Weston smilingly, "of a little story I once read of a gentleman who wanted to hire a coachman. He asked each applicant for the position how near he could drive to a precipice and not drive over. Most of them were positive that they could come pretty near; but still he was not satisfied. Finally one man said that he did not know how near he could come, but he should try to keep just as far away as he possibly could. Isn't that the safest way? How do you know that you can meddle with temptation and come off unhurt? And then, dear, there is another thing to be thought of. Even allowing it to be perfectly right for you, how will it affect your influence over others? What will your friends who are not Christians expect you to do?"

Nell finished hemming her apron before she answered again.

"I don't think it would hurt me one single bit to go; and I am sure I don't see why I must give up all my fun just for other folks' sake."

"Very well, my dear, but suppose some time you should find out that some one was led astray by your example, even supposing it is only one single person—will any amount of pleasure you may enjoy compensate for that? Possibly you might dance or even play a game of cards without any injury to yourself, though I doubt it, for whatever does not help us hinders us; but by doing it you would convince it, and some one else, seeing you drive in apparent safety so near the precipice of sin, might venture themselves and be lost. There are a multitude of pleasures that we may enjoy without fear of leading anyone astray. Is it best to meddle with any that may?"

Nell folded her work and went upstairs without replying.

Much against her will she was secretly convinced that her mother was right. There was Susie Barrows. She knew she was thinking very seriously just now; she had talked with her yesterday. Would it do Susie any good as she was feeling now, to go to such a party? And wouldn't Susie be likely to think, if she went, that there could be no harm in her going? There was not the least doubt in Nell's mind but that she ought to give it up, but she was not willing yet.

"I say, Nell," said Grace Sherman the next day, "what does all you? You are crosser than two sticks. Oh, by the way, what are you going to wear at Belle's party?"

"I don't know," answered Nell shortly; and then catching a questioning, surprised look from Susie Barrows, she added even more shortly if possible, "I have not said yet that I was going, have I?"

"No, dearest," replied Grace laughing. "And really, love, I trust you won't unless you are in a pleasanter frame of mind than you are now. You remind me of the renowned little girl who had a little curl; when you are good, as you have been for the past few weeks, you are very good; but when you are bad—don't let me hurt your feelings—you are horrid. That is, the little girl with the curl is."

Nell turned away to hide the tears that would come. What did Susie think of her, and Grace? Oh, dear, how miserable and wretched she was! She made an almost complete failure in history, and went home at night more wretched than ever, thoroughly out of sorts, and throwing the blame of her unhappiness on everybody but herself.

"I wish that Belle had never so much as thought of having a party," she said bitterly, as she sat down on the porch to rest.

"Nellie, dear," said her mother, coming out and sitting down beside her; "Nellie, don't you see how you are grieving your Master?"

"I haven't the least intention of going," replied Nell sharply.

"I know; but cannot you make the sacrifice lovingly and willingly? Remember, the Lord loves a cheerful giver, not only of money, I believe, but also of obedience and the little every-day sacrifices. Suppose that I should give up doing something I wanted to because you wished me to, and then should spend my time fretting because I did not want to give it up, would you feel very much pleased, or very happy about it?"

"N—o," replied Nell slowly. Somehow she had not thought of it in that light before; she had seemed quite a martyr to herself for giving up going, and she had kept thinking how much she wanted to go instead

of putting it resolutely out of her mind, and cheerfully giving it up.

"I gave My life for thee.
What hast thou given for Me?"

Margie was in the garden singing; they could but just catch the words where they sat.

"O mamma," sobbed Nell, as she told the story of her miserable day. "I haven't been willing to give up a single blessed thing. I am so sorry. What shall I do?"

"Ask the dear Lord to forgive you and help you to do better in the future."

CHAPTER VI.

And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none of it is fit for our Master's eye were it not for the softening shadow of the cross.—*Edward Garrett.*

"What is the matter with Jennie?" asked Nell, one morning. "She has hardly touched her breakfast, and I know from the looks of her eyes that she has been crying."

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Weston, "unless it is because she thinks that she must go back to the mill next week."

"Going to Mrs. Duncan's to-night, Jennie?" asked Nell pleasantly an hour or two later.

Jennie's only reply was a shake of the head, and Nell looking up, saw her eyes fill with tears.

"Why not if it will be real pleasant. I know that you will enjoy it."

"No, I wouldn't. I should just feel horrid all the time. The rest of you girls will all look nice and pretty, and I should just want to get out of sight alone. I wouldn't mind so much if I hadn't fine things, if what I had only looked nice. You know what I mean. Here's the very best dress I've got," she said, taking a rusty alpaca out of the closet as she spoke. "You know just how it looks."

Nell was silent. She did know. She guessed the one that made it must have been cross-eyed, she had told her mother, because it "skewed" so all over.

"I gave my life for thee."
Margie's song suddenly came to her mind.
"I gave my life for thee.
What hast thou given for Me?"

What if she should give up going to Grace's to spend the day, and should help Jennie fix over her dress? They could sponge over the skirt; she knew she could drape it much more prettily, and there was that maroon flannel waist Aunt Helen had given her—it would be very becoming to Jennie, and could easily be fitted over for her. To be sure she meant to fix it over for herself, but she did not really need it.

"It isn't much, but I will try to do it for Christ's sake, and I will try to do it cheerfully, too."

This was what she thought to herself. Out loud she said to Jennie:—

"I'll tell you what Jennie, if you will fly round like everything, we will fix you up so fine that you won't know yourself. I'm a natural-born dressmaker, and I just delight in exercising my skill. You run down and put the flannel-irons on, and I'll be there in a minute or two. We've got all day before us, I know, but we must be spry for all that."

It took but a minute or two to write a note to Grace saying that she could not come, and quietly despatching Margie with that, Nell was ready for work.

How their tongues did fly—at least Nell's did. There was a suspicious mistiness every now and then that made Nell talk all the faster.

Presently the door opened, and who should walk in but Grace.

"Where did you come from, and how did you happen to come?" exclaimed Nell in surprise.

"From home, 'my little girl with a little curl.' Mahomet would not come to the mountain, consequently there was nothing left for the mountain but to come to Mahomet.—I brought my thimble, but forgot my work. Can't you lend me some?"

"You dear old splendid," whispered Nell, as she took her hat and saucy.

"But what did Margie tell you for?"

"Because she was asked. When she is good, she's very good, isn't she? I refer to Margie, of course," replied Grace with a haugh.

"Making trimming? Well, just toss it over to me. You can't begin to make it as well as I can."

What a merry time they had, and how

their fingers fairly flew. Before the clock struck six Jennie's skirts were thoroughly remodelled, and she was the owner of a perfectly-fitting, very becoming waist, and, as Nell had prophesied, she hardly knew herself.

But when Nell went upstairs after Grace had gone, she found Jennie sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Why, Jennie, don't you like it?" she asked in astonishment.

"You don't know anything about it," answered Jennie between the sobs. "It is the first pretty dress I ever had, and I couldn't help crying when I saw myself in the glass, it seemed so good to think it was mine. And I have had such a nice time to-day, only it makes me hate to go back. Not that but I like the girls, some of them ever so much," she added hastily, "they are real kind-hearted, but you see we haven't had a chance to learn much, any of us, and you girls that had chances don't like to go with us mill girls. I don't know as I blame you any, but then you mustn't wonder that we're not nice if we don't have any chance."

"Jennie," said Nell after a few minutes' thought, "would you invite some of your friends to spend the evening up here once in a while, to come with you, you know? Grace would make fun for them, and Susie Barrows is a splendid reader, I know they would enjoy hearing her. I would play and sing if any one wanted me. We would do everything we could to make it pleasant—would it help any?"

"Oh Nell you don't know how much?"

"Oh mother," said Nell that night, "to think how I was wasting my time in wishing I could have some great work to do, when here were these girls that wanted help so much right at my hand. And you don't know how ashamed I felt, when Jennie was so grateful for just the little good time she had to-day, to think of all the pleasure I have had, and then fretted because I could not have more. I never realized how much I had to be thankful for until I knew Jennie. I read something the other day about Benjamin Franklin, I believe. He lent some one some money. 'I do not give it to you,' he said, 'I could not afford to do that, but I let you have it on condition that when you are able you will lend it to some one else in need, asking them also to pass it along.' I think that was it. It was a plan of his, he said, for making a little go a great way. I have been wondering ever since how many persons I could have made happy if I had been sure to pass along, in some way, to even one person, every happy time I have had."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," said her mother gently. "And remember, Nell, we are constantly passing along to others something from ourselves. Shall it be discontent, fretfulness and gloom, or good cheer, helpfulness and sunshine?"

"And it all goes on and on forever, like Tennyson's brook. Why mother, I never thought of it before."

"Yes, a word of cheer that you speak to-day, or of helpfulness, does not perish with the speaking, but is constantly reaching out farther and farther, accomplishing more and more."

"And I called my life commonplace, and longed for opportunities to do greater things! It fairly frightens me now to think how much power is in my hands."

"But we do not work alone or of our selves," said her mother. "It is God that worketh in us, and through Him we can do all things." Let us bring our lives, ourselves, to the Master, as they brought the five loaves and two small fishes, for His blessing. And then no matter how 'commonplace' they are, we shall be surprised at the result."

THE END.

TELL HIM.

BY JAMES WILLIAM KIMBALL.

Have you given yourself to God?
"Yes, I have, again and again; but it don't seem to make any difference. I don't see why it need be so difficult to become a Christian."

But, my dear friend, who makes it so difficult? It certainly is not God, for Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And again, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, you, come; buy wine and milk without money and without price." "And him that

cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It is you that have made it difficult, for while he has been calling, you have been refusing, while He stretched out His hand, you disregarded, compelling your Lord to say, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." You have listened to the voice of worldly pleasure, and have yielded yourself to the persuasion that there could be no higher pleasure than that which comes to you through the senses. This you have persisted in doing, until sensuous pleasure alone seems to you real. This is what makes it difficult to become a Christian. A Christian is one who realizes Christ, who not only finds Christ real, but finds Him to be the only reality. Others disappoint; He alone satisfies.

"Oh, that I could find Him!"

"Then shall ye seek and find me, when ye search for me with all your heart." It is His own declaration, and true beyond all peradventure. If you fail to find Him, you may know assuredly it is because you do not search for Him with all your heart.

"I'm sure I have tried, but my mind works slowly."

Take then a hint from Solomon: "If the iron be blunt, then must he put to more strength," that is, redouble your diligence; strive the more earnestly. Realize Jesus you must, and realize Him you will, if you set your heart and mind with inexorable determination to do so.

"But is it not written that 'faith is the gift of God'?"

It is, indeed, hence your encouragement to ask, to seek and search. It will certainly be given to him who cares enough for it thus to seek and search. "The gift of God is eternal life," and "this is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." This is real life, the only life that does not mock you. In Him is fulness of life.

"Well, if he wishes me to have it, why does he not give it to me? I certainly have asked, and asked, and asked again, with all the earnestness I am capable of."

You have not yet believed in His willingness—His more than willingness—to give; His eagerness to give more than you have asked or thought. Indeed, I may well question if you have in fact asked Him at all. It is written, He that cometh to God must believe that He is. Have you in fact realized Jesus as real, present, listening to you?

"No, that is just my trouble, that I cannot realize Him, I seem to be speaking only into the air."

Exactly, so I supposed. You must then realize Him.

"I have already told you that is just what I cannot do."

Ah! you have found out that, found that without His enabling power you can accomplish nothing. It is a most important discovery. Now ask Him to realize Himself to you. Tell him how much you wish it. Tell him of your willingness to make any sacrifice that may be needed to secure it. Convince him that you are both honest and in earnest. Say to yourself, Jesus is here: He knows every thought, every feeling, as well as every word I speak. Lord, show thyself to me. I do love Thee, I do keep Thy words, Lord, manifest Thyself to me, and come with the Father and make Thine abode with me, according to Thy word; John 14: 21, 23. Only show Him that you mean it, and He is faithful, He cannot deny Himself; that is, He cannot fail of His word.

"But how can I say that I love Him and keep His words, when that is just what I do not do?"

If that is so, then tell Him that you neither love Him nor keep His words.

"But that is shocking! How could I dare to say that?"

I don't see how you can. But you want to be saved, do you not?"

"Certainly I do."

Then say that; for "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." When He finds you both true in what you say and thoroughly in earnest, He will bring home to you the blessing in Psalm 119: 2: "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart."—*The Watchman.*

IV. A prophet visiting Caesarea,—another temptation. After a brief account of Agabus, have his acted prophecy described, and its meaning. How would this and the entreaties of his friends tempt him to turn aside?

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peabody's Select Notes.*)

January 25.—Acts 21: 1-14.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The subject is,—Faithfulness to duty in times of temptation.

I. The scholars should have a clear idea of why Paul was going to Jerusalem, and what important objects to be gained made it his imperative duty to go. Paul never ran into useless danger. When persecuted in one city he went to another. Why was he constrained to go into this danger?

II. The disciples at Tyre,—a temptation to turn from duty. These disciples warned him of the danger, but the history shows that he overcame the temptation and went right on. The teacher need not delay here but make his practical applications later on, where a like temptation is described more fully.

III. The prophets at Caesarea,—an example of doing good under difficulties. Some account of Paul's visit at Caesarea, and of Philip, by whom he was entertained. The account given of his family. Meaning of prophecy here. The promise of this gift to woman (Acts 2: 17; Joel 2: 28, 29.) Some of the difficulties in the way of doing it (1 Cor. 14: 34; 1 Tim. 2: 12), and yet they did as led by the Spirit. With a class of girls it would be well to dwell on some of women's work in the church to be done in spite of difficulties, but in a loving, womanly way.

Illustration of woman's work under the Gospel. Lockett says that the first hospital ever established was by that noble Christian woman, Fabiola, in the fourth century. The two foremost names in modern philanthropy are John Howard and Florence Nightingale. Not one general of the Crimean war on either side can be named by one person in ten. The one name that rises instantly, when that carnival of pestilence and blood is suggested, is that of a young woman just recovering from a serious illness. Need I mention her name? Florence Nightingale. A soldier said, "before she came there was such cussin' and swearin', and after that it was as holy as a church." Florence Nightingale robbed war of half its terrors. Since her time the hospital systems of all the nations during war have been changed. No soldier was braver and no patriot truer than Clara Barton, and wherever that noble company of Protestant women known as the Red Cross Society—the cross I suppose, pointing to Calvary, and the red to the blood of the Redeemer—wherever those consecrated workers seek to alleviate the condition of those who suffer from plagues, cholera, fevers, flood, famine, there this tireless angel moves on her pathway of blessing. And of all heroes what nobler ones than these, whose names shine from the pages of our missionary history? I never read of Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Snow, Miss Brittain, Miss West, without feeling that the heroic age of our race has but just commenced, the age which opens to woman the privilege of following her benevolent inspirations wheresoever she will; without feeling that our Christianity needs no other evidences. In the crypt of the old cathedral at Glasgow, facing toward the statue of John Knox, is an illuminated window with a picture of the good Samaritan, and under it the simple words in broad Scotch, "Let the deed show."—*Rev. A. H. Bradford.*

V. Paul's victory. By the love of Jesus Christ, and the consciousness of duty, and great ends to be gained. The acquiescence of the disciples. Draw from the scholars their own peculiar temptations to turn from duty, and show them the way of victory.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD ON HIGH LIVING.—I have formed a settled conviction that the world is fed too much. Pastries, cakes, hot bread, rich gravies, pickles and pepper sauces are all discarded from my "bill of fare," and I firmly believe they will be from the recipes of the twentieth century. Entire wheat flour bread, vegetables, fruit, fish with a little meat, and milk as the chief drink, will distill in the alembic of the digestive organs, into pure, rich, feverless blood, electric but steady nerves, and brains with which they can "think God's thoughts after Him," as they have never yet been after Him. This is my recipe: "Plain living and high thinking," and this my warning: "With high living you will get exceedingly plain thinking." Yours for stomachic rights.

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The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN THE WORK-SHOP.

A very useful movement has been inaugurated in Massachusetts to interest as many manufacturers and merchants as possible concerning the benefits to both proprietors and employees to be derived by the adoption of the system of employing only such persons as are, and will continue to be, total abstainers from the use of alcoholic drinks. It is claimed, wisely and justly, we have no doubt, that the general adoption of this industrial total abstinence system would be "productive of more comfortable ways of living, healthier conditions, greater happiness, and larger savings-bank deposits among those employed and their families than exist at the present time, and effect a great advantage to tax-payers through reduced public expenditures, and increased profit to the employers through the larger quantity of goods or work produced." To manufacturers who have tried the experiment it has proved most satisfactory. Fairbanks & Co. the well-known scale manufacturers of St. Johnsbury, Vt., large employers of labor, who adopted this total abstinence rule for their workmen many years ago, say: "This rule is strictly adhered to, and as a result we see happy homes, prosperous men, with their sons and daughters educated, and as they grow up filling places of responsibility and trust, honored by all. A large share of our employees are owners of real estate (their homes), and have money in the savings-bank and we are proud to see them Christian men, and ranked among our best citizens of influence." They add: "If rum had full sway we should see in the place of these respected men and families those of a lower order—poor, wretched, miserable, and poor, unreliable workmen—not to be depended upon." We hope this industrial total abstinence movement may meet with abundant encouragement, and that both employers and the employed, for the mutual good of each, may give it hearty co-operation.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A BLOW AT THE BREWERS.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, has decided that he will not again speak at any public meeting whose chairman is a brewer. He feels, says the *London Christian Chronicle*, that the time has now come when brewers must be looked upon in their commercial capacity as men of ill repute. He carefully distinguishes however, between the man and the brewer. The man himself may have many characteristics and excellences which ought to be recognized, but the fact that he is a brewer, and therefore at the very root of a traffic which is causing more misery in the country than any other trade, ought to be considered reason for declining his patronage of every institution of a religious and benevolent kind. Think of a brewer being worth upwards of half a million of money, and being petted and cheered because he has given £50 to the fund of some ragged school! It is worse than ironical, it is positively iniquitous. Considering that it is not so many years since the Buxtons and others could be foremost in philanthropic societies and yet be brewers, this is a great move forward for Great Britain.

THERE WERE 215 divorces granted in New York, in 1884.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The supreme Court at Ottawa has just rendered the judgment for which we have been so anxiously waiting. On Monday last it declared the Dominion Liquor License Act *ultra vires* of the powers of the Dominion except as to the licensing of vessels on the high seas and of wholesale establishments. Justice Henry was, however, of opinion that the Act as a whole was not in the power of the Dominion Government to enforce.

In Yarmouth petitions to be signed and sent to Ottawa at the beginning of the next session of Parliament, have been received and demand extensive amendments to the Scott Act in favor of the liquor dealers. This petition does not meet with much favor.

Two brothers named Gibbs have been convicted of paying a man, Francis Sadey, to set fire to several buildings belonging to prominent temperance men in the county of Halton. Sadey was taken prisoner, but his backers have left the country.

A Scott Act campaign has been instituted in Hastings county, Ontario, and officers have been elected. The president is Nathaniel Vermilyea and the county secretary is the Rev. F. B. Stratton, M.A.

DR. BARNARDO, on his return from his recent visit to Canada spoke of the widespread observance of total abstinence principles here; he regards it as one great cause of the prosperity and permanent success of the country. During his stay here he had been a guest in many families, but had never once been offered beer or wine, and never once saw it on the table in any private house where he had called. He noted, too, the absence of liquor on the tables in hotels. Only very occasionally had he noticed a gentleman taking wine or beer at his meals, and he generally found that these were English or American visitors. He predicts the speedy passing of the Scott Act in every county.

"HAVOC AMONG THE BREWERS."—Speaking of the prohibition law which has lately gone into operation in the state of Iowa, the secretary of the United States Brewer's Association is reported as saying to a newspaper representative that the law there "has made terrible havoc among the brewers, and many of them are completely ruined. As a consequence their political influence has been greatly diminished," and yet "Prohibition does not prohibit."

MUCH EXCITEMENT prevails in Reading, Penn., in the families of Sands and their relatives owing to a published notice in the *Church Advocate*, of London, England, stating a fortune variously estimated at from \$60,000,000 to \$75,000,000 awaits the legal heirs of John Sands. The records of the Sands family are said to be unusually clear. John Sands and his two sons emigrated to this country from England early in the seventeenth century, settling at Amityville, Berks County, Penn. Abijah, one of the sons, remained here; the other sailed for England and was never heard of.

FELIX HOPNE, an oyster dealer, of New York, was married on January 8th six years ago. On every anniversary of his wedding he has attempted suicide. He observed his usual custom on Thursday night by jumping into the East river. He was fished out unconscious, but upon regaining his senses expressed disgust at being rescued.

THERE is a noticeable revival of activity in the ship-building interest on the Tyne.

THE WEEK.

IN VIEW of the Sunday school lessons for the next three months, which take up the last journey of Paul to Rome, we give in this number a large map tracing the four journeys of the great apostle to the Gentiles. In order to gain a clear idea of the work done by this great first Foreign Missionary a map of his travels is absolutely essential, and we hope that teachers and all who are interested in Sunday school work will preserve this one for future reference.

THE POPE, replying to an address by a delegation from the Young Men's Catholic Societies on Tuesday week, said that he feared great danger to society was impending. He impressed upon his visitors the imperative necessity of guarding the masses against the insidious doctrines of socialism. The manner and utterances of His Holiness were mournful.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY has written a letter in which he says the nation finds itself opposed by a European coalition, and, the colonies are justly dissatisfied at the Government's failure to prevent Germany from annexing the contiguous territory.

IN THE SUIT of G. W. Howard & Co., of Meadville, Pa., contractors, against the Pittsburg & Erie Railway for the recovery of an unpaid claim, a verdict has been given in favor of the plaintiff for \$55,000. The suit has been on the calendar for thirty years. The road has since ceased to exist its franchise going to the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio Railway.

THE AFRICAN International Association has sent to Africa the plant for a narrow gauge railway.

THE VILLAGE of Gueveja, previously reported to be sliding down the mountain, has moved sixty feet. The former site is marked by a deep semi-circular crevasse. The houses, though damaged, are still standing.

AT CLONMEL on Monday last, Mr. Parnell referred to the unrepresentative character of grand juries as at present constituted. Their powers he said, must go to elected bodies, who shall represent the rate payers. He complained also of the unsatisfactory system of education in Ireland.

THE IRISH National League of Great Britain has published a circular advising the members to use their whole influence in voting in favor of the Irish National cause.

MR. LABOUCHERE of *Truth*, attacked the *Times* and says it has dementia produced by jingoism, which makes the editor a lunatic on foreign affairs. *Truth* suggests an army corps of editorial heroes to be supported by a tax on jingo articles.

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR has been elected member of Parliament, for the county of Tipperary without opposition.

A NUMBER of capitalists are arranging to run a line of steamers between Stockton-on-Tees and New York.

THE APPROACHING convention of Irish Bishops at Rome is likely to witness some knotty discussions over the question whether the bishops of Ireland shall obey Archbishop McCabe and keep entirely aloof from politics, or shall follow the lead of Archbishop Croke into Mr. Parnell's camp.

THE POLICE have received information that simultaneous attempts are about to be made by dynamites to blow up Holborn Viaduct and the Mansion House railway stations. Extra precautions are being taken in all the large towns in England to protect government and other large buildings.

THE CENTENNIAL anniversary of the birth of the brothers Grimm inimitable writers of fairy tales, was celebrated at their university in Berlin and at Hanau, their birthplace, on Sunday week last, where a statue to their memory will soon be erected a fund for that purpose having already been subscribed.

IT IS BELIEVED the Chinese difficulty will be quickly settled in order that General Lewal may carry out his project of army reform.

THE "STANDARD" says England and Germany are parleying in regard to the Samoan Islands, but that neither will annex them.

The official statement is issued by the Chinese Government implicating Japan in the responsibility for the Korean out-break.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has decided to create a Minister of Education. Sir Lyon Playfair will probably receive the appointment.

PRINCE BISMARCK was again defeated in the Reichstag on Saturday, the colonial credit having been re-committed despite his opposition.

SEVERAL prominent merchants have served writs of injunction upon the corporation of Dublin restraining the aldermen from changing the name of Sackville street to O'Connell street. The writs were obtained upon affidavits that the business of the petitioners would be interfered with by such a change.

DURING THE PAST YEAR the number of patents issued in Canada was 2,455, and the amount of fees received \$69,520, as against \$73,023 for the previous year.

A SENSATIONAL REPORT telegraphed to the *New York World* by its Ottawa correspondent, to the effect that Louis Riel was stirring up the half breeds in the Northwest to revolt, is declared by the Department or Indian Affairs to be entirely without foundation.

THE TORONTO *Telegram* states that a delegate of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masons of England is now in America, prepared to invade Canadian Masonic jurisdiction by the organization of Mark lodges under the Grand Mark Lodge of England.

MR. GLADSTONE has sufficiently recovered to take exercise.

THE ADMIRALTY has given Sir George Nares a pension of £750 a year.

A DUTCH bank has purchased \$1,400,000 worth of second mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railway.

THE ADMIRALTY has invited tenders of the ship builders at Belfast for the immediate construction of six cruisers.

IN A DRUNKEN ROW at Cedar Rapids, Ia., on Wednesday last a German named Mundbrood was stabbed to death by another named Peter Frelich. Both were packing house employees. The murderer was arrested. While the officers were after him Captain Daniels, of the city force, was run over and killed by a passenger train.

GENERAL GRANT, learning that a subscription was being set on foot in his aid, writes to Mr. C. Field, who had charge of the fund, declining the proffered generosity.

DURING A RAID by the police on Wednesday evening last, at Killarney, in the County of Kerry, the police shot and wounded two moonlighters and captured a number of small arms.

LORD GARMOYLE has arrived in San Francisco from Hong Kong.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT will prosecute the *Cri du Peuple* for its recent article inciting sedition among the troops.

SARAH BERNHARDT, the actress, has entered into a contract to write Paris correspondence for several foreign newspapers. The *Tribune*, of Rome, will pay her 4,000 francs monthly. Her first article will be a critique on Sardou's drama.

PRINCE BISMARCK, speaking in the Reichstag, on Saturday last, said:—"There is nothing on the tapis that can lead to dissension with England. I cannot see why England should ever threaten war with Germany. Our little differences with England can always be settled peaceably, with a little good will."

DETECTIVES have been placed on duty at the underground railway stations at London, and persons carrying parcels are carefully watched.

THE ROME *Diritto* wishes General Wolsley success, and remarks that the flag of civilization now floats over Khartoum, but if once removed will never be re-hoisted.

INVESTIGATION has shown that the fraudulent practices in the financial administration of Cyprus have been carried on for the past four years. Thus far, seven officials have been arrested. The Deputy Inspector of Revenue is also accused of conniving at irregularities. There is much excitement among the residents of the island.

SEVEN MEN have been frozen to death during a recent storm in Oregon.

THE NEW ENGLAND divorce reform league on Wednesday last voted to become a national organization. It was stated that the divorce evil is becoming so great that the National Government will soon be compelled to adopt repressive legislation.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE of the Prohibition party met in New York on Wednesday last eighteen States being represented. Mr. John B. Finch of Nebraska presided. He declared the report that Mr. St. John had received money for remaining in the field as a candidate for the Presidency was absolutely false.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the English journalist and special correspondent, arrived on the "Gallia" in New York, on Tuesday afternoon last. He will make an extended lecture tour throughout the country.

GEN. SHERMAN says Gen. Grant will sell everything in his possession, trophies, souvenirs, relics, personal and real estate included, to satisfy the demands of his creditors. A fund will be raised, the income of which will keep Gen. Grant comfortable. There is reason to believe that he will be able to repurchase the trophies and souvenirs at nominal prices.

THE ELECTORS of County Monaghan, Ireland, have presented Mr. Timothy Healey, M.P., with a purse of \$5,000, in recognition of his eminent public services for Ireland. In acknowledging the gift, Mr. Healey expressed the hope that in the day when Ireland shall be free his name may be remembered as that of a humble soldier in her cause.

A WELL-KNOWN reporter on the London press eloped on Saturday week last with a young lady who will come into a fortune of \$40,000 three years hence. It has since been learned that he has two other wives living, each with a family of children. The eloping couple have gone to New York.

THE POPE has given 40,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake in Spain.

MR. HENRY GEORGE delivered the last of his series of lectures in Skye on Tuesday night week. He complained that the natives had proved apathetic and that he was unable to rouse them to a sense of the importance of reform in land tenure.

DR. KANE, a church of Ireland clergyman of Orange proclivities, in a lecture to Orangemen, on Tuesday evening week urged, Irishmen, to oppose the Nationalists scheme for reviving the power of the Roman Church in Ireland.

MOST of the prominent London journals insist either upon the adoption of energetic measures with regard to the Egyptian and other questions, or the resignation of the Cabinet. They suggest that Mr. Gladstone's illness may have had a connection by no means remote either with the Soudan, Egyptian, German, French, or Cape nuddles, or with a probable vote of censure.

THE NEW YORK state legislation organized in Albany on Tuesday week last. Mr. Erwin was elected speaker of the assembly. More than ordinary interest centered in Governor Hill's message, which deals intelligently with present affairs of the state.

THE UNITED STATES consul at Rome reports that from the outbreak of the cholera in Italy in July to November 9th, 21,346 cases and 11,072 deaths were reported.

FROM remarks made by his son it is understood that Mr. Gladstone will retire from active political life at the close of the present session of Parliament.

AT A MEETING of four thousand citizens in Melbourne, on Thursday night, the Mayor presiding, resolutions were adopted asking the Home Government to prevent the foreign annexation of adjacent islands and consequent pollution from European criminals. A similar meeting was held at Ballarat.

MADAME Clovis-Hugues of Paris, who killed her traducer, private detective Morin, has been found "not guilty" of the charge of murder which was preferred against her, after a lengthened and sensational trial, which was attended by the beauty and fashion of Paris.

OCCASIONAL shocks of earthquake continue to be felt in Spain, but they are not of such a serious character as those which preceded them, and which occasioned such lamentable results.

MR. DONALD CAMERON, of Lochiel, Scotland, a great Highland landowner and member of parliament, has called a conference of landlords to consider the demands of the crofters. A number of landlords favor concessions.

THE WILL of the late Mrs. Peck bequeaths an estate of \$400,000 for the foundation of a home for incurables at Chicago.

THE SUPERINTENDENT of construction states the Canadian Pacific Railway will be completed throughout by August next. Eighty miles of the road were built this year.

MAJOR NUTT, the midjet, was married on Thursday, in Boston, to Miss Clara Corfield aged 18. She is 18 inches taller than the groom. Nutt is 44 years old.

"TRUTH" asserts the Prince of Wales has a strong opinion that the younger son in the morganatic family of the Grand Duke of Hesse's uncle is not a proper match for the Queen of England's daughter, and that all the Court circles regard the union as a messalliance.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA says the London explosions were managed by men who reside there.

AT A DEMOCRATIC BANQUET on Friday last, in Boston, Edgar K. Opgar made a long speech, eulogizing Gen. Grant and urging Democrats to favor some adequate provision for him.

THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY of Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, was celebrated on Thursday last with great enthusiasm. Scores of towns sent congratulatory addresses; and bells were general throughout the country; and bells were rung and cannons fired in almost every town in Great Britain from early morning till sundown. In replying to addresses from Canada, Australia, India, and other colonial dependencies of Great Britain, Prince Albert Victor cabled that he was certain his grandmother, the Queen, had no subjects more loyal than the colonists.

MRS. JESUS CASTRO, an aged Mexican lady, now residing at American Flag, in the Santa Catalina mountains, is perhaps the only woman who, literally speaking, ever cost her husband her weight in gold. It is said that in the early gold-digging days of California, when about the age of 17, a paternal uncle, but a few years her senior, returned with his companions gold laden from the El Dorado of the West, and became desperately enamored of her. He sought her hand in marriage and was accepted, but the church refused because of the near relationship existing between them, to solemnize the marriage. Persuasion being in vain, he tried the power of gold to win the church his way, and succeeded only by the payment of her weight in gold. She at that time weighed 117 pounds, and against her in the scales the glittering dust was shovelled. Her affianced husband still had sufficient of this world's goods to provide a comfortable home, and they were married.—*Arizona Paper.*

THE MADRID official bulletin states that up to the 8th instant in the provinces of Granada and Malaga 1,400 persons were killed by earthquakes, 600 wounded and 43,000 are homeless. Alhama will be rebuilt a mile from the present site.

THE KING of ITALY has conferred upon Prince Albert Victor of Wales the order of Annunziato. He has also been presented with the freedom of London.

IT IS SAID the late Governor Coburn left \$1,100,000 in public bequests in Maine. He leaves \$60,000 for a public library in his native town Skowhegan. Waterville college and State college are generously remembered.

LORD LANSDOWNE attended the lectures given on Monday evening by Sir William Dawson, under the auspices of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society, on "The geology of the Nile."

MRS. HOPKINS, widow of the late Mark Hopkins, intends to build the most expensive house in the United States at Great Barrington. The cost of the house and grounds will be \$5,000,000. The house will be built of blue stone from a quarry she owns, and the work at the quarry will be carried on day and night. A thousand men will be employed on the job for three years.

DELEGATES from various Young Men's Catholic societies, to the number of 160, appeared at the Vatican, on Wednesday last, and paid their homage to the Pope. His Holiness addressed them at full length, and among other things said that there was too much reason to fear that a special catastrophe was imminent. Catholics, especially the young, should do all in their power to prevent its occurrence.

THERE WERE 429 failures in the United States during the past week. The number is far in excess of any previous record. The increase was largely in the south and west.

THE COMMANDER of the German squadron on the coast of West Africa has telegraphed that the corvettes "Olga" and "Bismarck," have suppressed a revolt among the negroes in the Cameroons. Several chiefs and a number of natives were killed or captured. Many villages were destroyed. One German sailor was killed and eight wounded. Order was restored.

"TOO GROSS ENTIRELY!"

The 288 joke has reached Wheeling from Pittsburg. Two persons meet and one says:—"Say, did you hear that story to-day about 288?" "No," answered the other, excitedly, "what is it?" "Oh, it's too gross, too gross entirely," replied his companion in a mournful voice. "Tell away," resumed the first, "and I'll try to stand it." "Well," exclaimed his friend, "144 is one gross, and 288 is two gross, isn't it?" A meteor shot across the sky like a flash of lightning—a thud—a moan—a chuckle—a dark form stealing away in the darkness, and was silent.—*Wheeling Re, later.*

A GENTLEMAN tells of killing a large Brahms rooster, and while engaged in plucking off the feathers his son, four years old, and gravely asked, "Aren't our hens widows now?"

THERE IS AN ADVANCE in butter on account of the drought. Dairymen would like to advance milk for the same reason, but they are ashamed to.—*Phila. Call.*

"WITNESS"

CARNIVAL NUMBER.

WE INTEND ISSUING A

"WINTER CARNIVAL NUMBER"

of the DAILY WITNESS, which will, we believe, be the best of its kind that has ever appeared in this country. It will contain a magnificent colored wall picture—

"STORMING THE ICE CASTLE BY NIGHT."

This is the work of our leading Artist, Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A., who has dealt with his subject very powerfully, the piece being full of action. In the foreground the snow-shoosers file past after firing a volley, while the Captain of a second brigade leads his men to continue the assault. A group of fair bystanders is also introduced with charming effect. The Castle, solid, white and grand, looms up in the background, its massive walls and picturesque repose contrasting pleasingly with the busy turmoil and rapid action of the surging crowd in front. There will also be a picture of that novel structure—

"THE ICE CONDORA."

AND A SORT OF TOWER OF BABEL IN ICE '83

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THE GIVER'S REWARD.

Who gives and hides the giving hand
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the sea and land.

Who gives to whom hath nought been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As in the grass blade's wind blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

THE WEEKLY MENDING.

BY ALLIE E. WHITAKER.

No task is so generally discouraging in housekeeping as a basket of stockings to mend, as they are something that are always wanted and cannot be mended properly in a hurry. There must be a deal of patience woven in to the warp and woof which shall nicely fill those great, gaping holes in the heels of the men's hose, or at the knees of the children's stockings.

It has been said that "some women are born menders and lay each patch so tenderly and darn so evenly, that the humble work becomes in their hands a work of art." We have in mind one of that kind whose mending was a wonder to those who examined it. She was an adept at needlework and embroidery, and when advanced years and invalidism made her a close companion to the arm-chair and mending basket, she brought to the humble task all her knowledge of the higher branches of needlework until there was a positive beauty in her work. One of her secrets was that after the work was completed it was carefully pressed and this is what always ought to be done to stockings after darning. Even the coarsest sock is greatly improved by pressing. If one is prepared with good needles and various colored yarns mending stockings ought not to be called a bugbear.

There are wooden eggs and balls for slipping inside the stocking, but nothing is so good as the hand which helps the needle by stretching and holding in proper place the worn portions. Begin darning by running the yarn one way across the hole for a warp extending it half an inch on to the firm material and having the threads close together, now turn the needle or work and weave the yarn over and under the warp threads as evenly as if it were cloth and the result will be like cloth. The first threads should be drawn so that the new piece will be about the size of the part which was worn away. If there are thin places run them evenly back and forth one way only, and it is well always to run these thin places to save a larger rent which will be more difficult to darn. The popularity of darned nets and laces will give many a young girl a practice which will be of avail at the future family mending basket, for the same precision in taking over and under thread will make a neat looking darn in the big gray socks or the little red and blue ones.

Keep the mending down if possible by doing it every week then it will not be so much of a burden and will be none too large to be contained in one of those pretty stocking bags which will make a pretty ornament to your room.—*Cottage Hearth.*

HAVE YOU LOST GOD?

"Ruined! Yes, I have lost everything! If I were younger, I might talk of beginning life over again, but it is too late for that and I see nothing but starvation staring us in the face."

Mrs. Carleton looked in a puzzled, dazed way at her husband, when he uttered these words. He had been talking for some little time of ruin and starvation, but she could not understand them as having any connection with herself. There were plenty of people who lost money and had to give up their carriages or go away for a year; she thought she would prefer giving up her carriage, and she had told him so, but he had said such queer things.

"Do you mean?" she asked, "that we must give up some of the servants, too?"
"I mean," he repeated, "that we must give up everything; all is gone—house,

furniture and all. Where we are to find enough to keep soul and body together I do not know!"

"I cannot be so bad as that!" said his wife, with a look of terror in her face.
"But it is, I tell you, I have lost everything. Do you not understand? And now go—I would rather be alone."

Mechanically Mrs. Carleton rose and left the room. There was no word of sympathy exchanged between husband and wife and yet—the world considered them a happy couple. She governed a well regulated house, and he supplied her with everything necessary to maintain a good position in

society. Life had gone very smoothly with them so far, and Mrs. Carleton had never dreamed it could go otherwise. As long as she could remember, she had had everything she wanted, and now—it must be a horrible dream from which she would soon awake.

But Henry Carleton knew it was no dream. He realized to the fullest extent, the situation in which he was, and he realized, too, that he could expect no help from his wife—that everything must be planned and carried out by himself. He bowed his head when left alone, and groaned aloud. A gentle touch caused him to start up sud-

denly, only to see before him his little niece, orphaned and taken into his home only a few weeks before. Unknown to him she had witnessed the interview with his wife.

"Uncle," she said, as she looked into his face with a questioning, anxious look on her own, "have you lost God? Has he gone?"
Henry Carleton gazed curiously into the child's face as his memory went back with a flash to the time he had gone out into the world, and his mother, who had died soon after, had urged him to give his heart to One who would guide him in paths of truth and uprightness, and would be a strong Arm to lean on, and a Comforter in time of trouble.

Had he done so? No. What need had he had of a God? And now—was there comfort anywhere?

"Bessie," he said, in a gentler voice than the one he had used to his wife, "what do you know about God?"

"Oh, uncle, I know how good he is!"

"Do you think he has been good to you in taking from you your father and mother?"

"God is always good, uncle, and they are so happy."

"I'm! Well, perhaps so, but you—what will become of you now? Didn't you hear me say I did not know where I could get enough to provide the necessities of life for my own family?"

"Uncle, God will take care of me and of us all, if we only ask him and give him our hearts."

"How do you know that he will?"
"Because he says he will, and he always keeps his promises."

He had been inclined to be a scoffer at religion lately, but the simple trust of this little child struck him as nothing had ever done before. For a moment there was a wild conflict of feeling going on, and it was a moment that was to decide his destiny for time and for eternity. The evil in his nature struggled hard for the mastery, but the memory of his mother and the look on the childish face upturned to his, caused him to feel an unaccountable desire for something above and beyond what he had ever experienced before.

"Bessie," he asked eagerly, "has he made any promises that would suit me now, in my trouble? Is there anything that would make it easier, you know?—anything to make me feel as you did when he took everything from you?"

"Yes, uncle, the Bible is full of God's love and of his care for us all, will you let me show you?"

"Yes."
It was a well worn Bible she brought, one that had been her mother's, and one that he recognized as having been his mother's, and it was a strange sight—the two, one a man of the world, the other, a child of God, intently examining its pages, and noting carefully those portions of Scripture that had been marked by loving hands as having afforded comfort and consolation in

time of trouble. Truly, though dead, they yet spoke. And were their voices heard? Yes, Earthly pleasures had been tried and proved hollow and false, friends had flown, and all was dark until a little child had led the way to the feet of "One who sticketh closer than a brother."

Friend, are you now trying the world and its pleasures? Are you rejecting Christ? If so, the time will come when your burdens will be greater than you can bear. Oh stop—you are daily and hourly adding to those burdens—and listen to the voice of One who says to all, no matter how sin-stained or vile, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Church and Home.*

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do" in this world of ours,
Where weeds grow up with the fairest
flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" Thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish shawl,
Off with the garments of sloth and sin:
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

Whose name endorses this sweet story,
And guarantees this picture true?
Ah, look, it is the Lord of Glory,
Who speaks these words to you.

We listen, and are lost in wonder,
Is man so vile, is God so kind?
We look again, and written under,
'Tis "Jesus Christ," we find.

No sin escaped His searching vision,
His eyes men's inmost thoughts could scan,
His language never lacked precision—
"He knew what was in man."

He came to show His Father's feeling,
And breathe it o'er the earth abroad
God's love by word and sign revealing—
He knew what was in God.

Ah, Lord, we make a free confession;
As in a glass ourselves we view;
In every action and expression
The prodigal is true.

But from this picture may we gather
An image sure of God above?
Is he that fond forgiving Father,
And is his heart all love?

Yes, though our feet so far have wan-
dered

In base delights and miry ways,
And though His substance we have
squandered
And wasted our best days;

Until by God and man forsaken,
Our pleasures gone, our wishes crost,
By sudden anguish overtaken,
We feel that all is lost;

Then in that hour of darkest sorrow
The Spirit calls us from afar,
And from the thought of God we borrow
A brightness like a star.

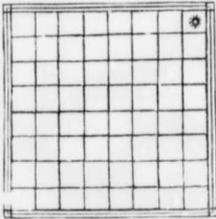
And we arise, and lo! He meets us
With loving look and hastening feet;
We fall before Him, but he greets us
With benediction sweet.

He feels, He shows, a Father's yearn-
ing
He lavishes a Father's love,
And celebrates a son's returning
'Mid angel hosts above.

O Father, send us Thy good Spirit,
Since Jesus deigned for us to die,
Draw us, and fit us to inherit
Thy glorious Home on High!

PUZZLES.

PRISONER'S PUZZLE.



Each of these sixty-four squares represents a prisoner's cell. There are four doors in each cell—one on each side. There are supposed to be no doors in the edge of the diagram, beside the one indicated. In the cell indicated by an asterisk is a prisoner, who has been told he may have his liberty if he can reach the outside entrance and not go through any cell twice excepting his own. He must, however, go through every cell. Show the path by which the prisoner reached the door.

CHARADE.

My second clasped my first around ;
He bowed his head in burning shame,
The man who never thought to wear
My whole, or link me with his name.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in lark, but not in hawk ;
My second is in plaster, but not in chalk ;
My third is in Bible, but not in preach ;
My fourth is in maple, but not in beech ;
My fifth is in son, but not in daughter ;
My sixth is in ocean, but not in water ;
My seventh is in cannon, but not in fight ;
A chain of mountains long and white
Must now arise before your sight.

DELETIONS.

Each word consists of six letters. The third letter of each word is to be deleted.
1. Delete to talk fast, or without meaning, and leave part of a house.
2. Frees from dirt, and leave families or races.
3. A moderate gallop, and leave to provide food.
4. To hurt, and leave to accustom.
5. Fastenings, and leave parts of human bodies.
6. Wood for building purposes, and leave a river in Italy.
7. Tarnished, and leave furnished with bottoms to shoes.
8. Raved, and leave valued.
9. One who is versed in the statutes, and leave a strata.
10. Implements of warfare and leave parts of vessels.
11. A title of respect, and leave a bishop's cap.
12. One born in a place, and leave artless.

The deleted letters read down will give the name of a celebrated painter, who was born on October 10, 1738.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Police (Po, lease).
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—S-l-o-w-M-i-c-e, S-l-o-n-e, P-a-g-e, B-a-n-d, C-a-r-d, C-a-n-e.
TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1, Is no credit—discretion
2, European—a pure one, 3, Laughable—a huge ball, 4, Not prices I—recipients, 5, Anxiety—any exit, 6, I glean—genial.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

S L E E P
U S A G E
N I C E R
D A R T S
A R A G O
Y E A R N

SUNDAY PERSON.

1. Slumber; the side opposite to the wind.
2. The common practice; to swag.
3. FISH; from water.
4. Thrust; cunning.
5. AN ASTROLOGER OF NOTE; a torn piece of cloth.
6. TO LONG; a spike of cord.

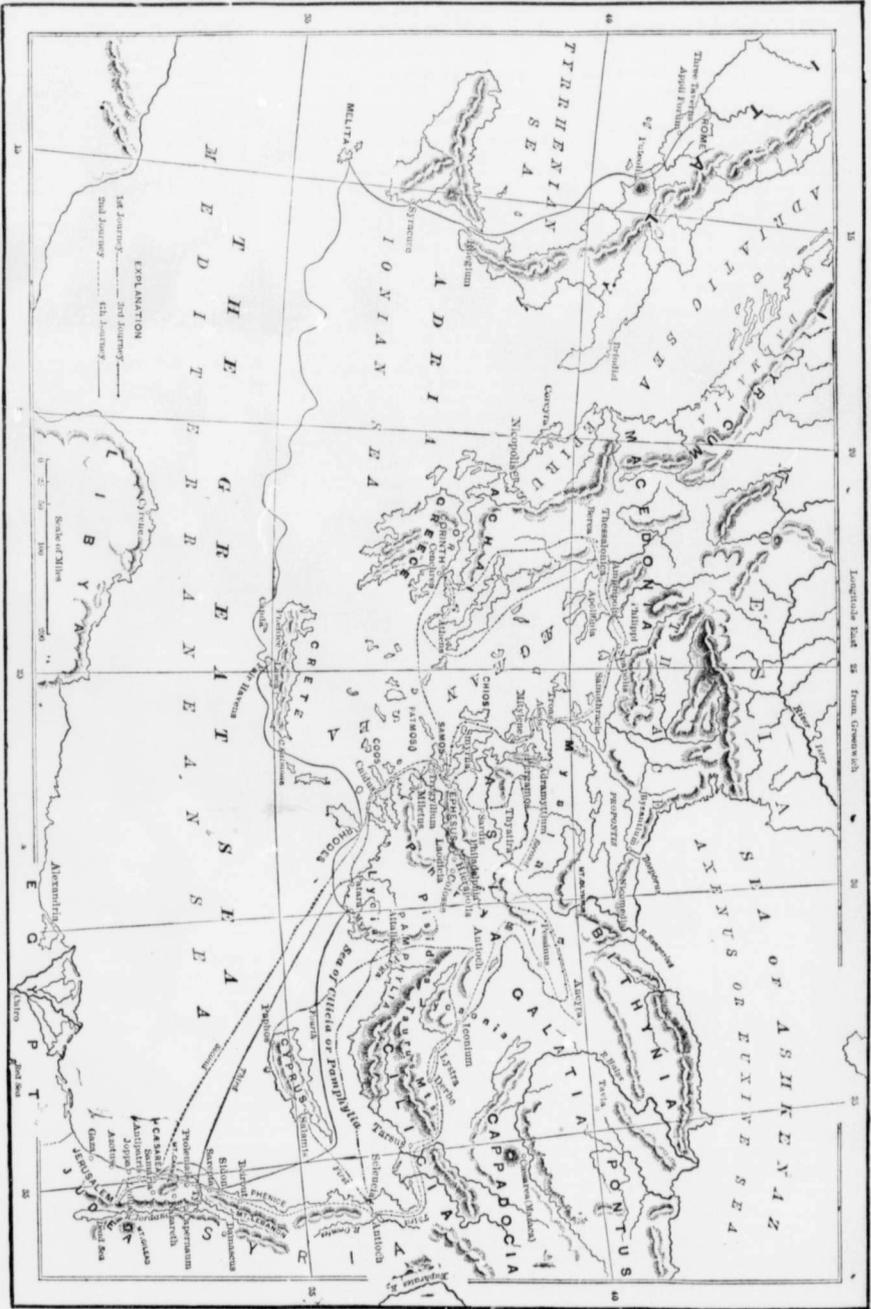
CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED
Correct answers have been received from John W. Walls.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Starch makes a better paste to use in papering walls than flour, and is less expensive also, a little will go much farther.

Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals, and vinegar boiled with myrrin and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a sick room are excellent deodorizers.

Hot milk as a stimulant.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumbler of the beverage as hot as it can be



sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.

Some one asks how fruit jellies can be preserved from mould. If the surface is covered one fourth of an inch deep with leaf sugar, finely pulverized, they will keep in good condition and no mould penetrate.

The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin, season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

A teaspoonful of borax in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them strikingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This is especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for two or three years.

If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as

soon as possible, let it lie for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

Dust and marks of children's fingers can be removed from icy windows these cold days by using a sponge to wipe them which you have dipped in a little ammonia and water.—Cottage Hearth.

HEEDING HIS WIFE.

Some one has said that the man who wishes to be rich must first ask his wife's permission. An anecdote of Mr. Williston, the founder of Easthampton Academy, who made a fortune by manufacturing buttons, illustrates the fact that not only the wife's consent but her advice may be necessary to the husband's success.

Mrs. Williston was accustomed to make her husband's coats, to save the large expense of employing a tailor. At one time, with

the cloth for a new coat he bought some lasting buttons for which he had paid a large price, perhaps seventy-five cents a dozen. She was shocked at the extravagance, and said, "With some button moulds and a little lasting, I could make them at one quarter of that price."

She did so, and he thought them quite as good as those he had purchased. He concluded to employ a few girls to do similar work, and found a ready sale for his buttons at the country stores. The demand exceeded the supply, and he began to employ machinery instead of human hands.

The business grew upon his hands until he became the largest manufacturer of buttons in the United States, and accumulated a great fortune. But it was the economy of his thrifty wife that first suggested the making of buttons, and laid the foundation of his fortune.—Youth's Companion.

