

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

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No. 23.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

All eyes have for a week past been directed to Chicago, where the convention of delegates from all over the United States is meeting to decide on a Republican candidate for President. The convention met on Tuesday afternoon, and was opened by prayer. The Hon. J. R. Lynch, a colored delegate from Mississippi, was elected temporary chairman by 431 votes, against 387 given to the Hon. Powell Clayton, a carpet-bag politician who was nominated by a committee. Mr. Lynch, in taking the chair, said that his election did not signify a preference for any presidential candidate. Little business was done at the first meeting, but a great petition from the National Women's Christian Temperance Union was handed in by the Hon. W. G. Donnan, of Iowa, asking that the Republican candidates should declare themselves in favor of amending the national constitution, so that the liquor traffic shall be absolutely prohibited throughout the United States.

Everybody is discussing the probable decision of the convention, and we hope to be able to give it next week. In the meantime, nothing is certain. There are 820 delegates to vote, so 411 votes must be given to a candidate before he is successful. Blaine and Arthur are each likely to have more than 300, but the supporters of Edmunds reckon upon 100, and can prevent either of the two first from being nominated. If they do this, and if the Logan and Sherman parties each stand by their men, the Convention may end in a deadlock. It is possible, however, that when the Blaine and Arthur delegates find it impossible for either to succeed, the Convention will fix upon some "dar's horse," such as Secretary Lincoln, or General Hawley, or perhaps some one even less well-known.

The Greenback party has been having a convention too, in Indianapolis. A telegram was sent to General Butler asking if he would consent to be nominated, and in his answer he seemed to think it an insult to doubt his willingness for one moment.

The Democrats are waiting to see what the Republicans will do. Mr. Tilden, who was the opponent of Mr. Hayes at the last election but one, is again spoken of, though he is old and in very bad health.

Altogether, the only thing about which there is not the slightest doubt is this: that the election of a new president for the United States every four years damages trade and is a general nuisance.

DYNAMITE AT WORK.

England has again been startled and enraged by a horrible attempt to destroy life and property. Some time ago the police received letters, with no name to them, saying that something would be done to the police offices themselves on the Queen's Birthday. Letters like this had been received before, and had not been fulfilled, so no attention was paid to them. But on Friday evening, May 30, about half-past nine, an explosion took place at Scotland Yard (the headquarters of the detectives) and the corner of the building was

blown off to a distance of thirty feet. Eighteen packages of dynamite were found about the place: if these had gone off, the destruction would have been terrible. As it was, no one was killed and very few hurt, though the streets were crowded with people returning from a great horse race. Many accidents of one sort or another were caused by horses taking fright.

At the same time, an explosion took place outside the kitchen of the Carlton, one of the largest and most aristocratic clubs in London, and a central organization of the Conservative Party. Some girls who were washing dishes were badly cut by the broken glass and porcelain, and had to be taken to the hospital. The whole building trembled, and the lights went out, making people think that another earthquake had come. Still another explosion was outside the house of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, a Welsh member of Parliament. Part of the wall was injured, but no one was hurt.

All these places are within five minutes' walk of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. A few hundred yards further off is Trafalgar Square, where stands the famous statue of Admiral Nelson, at the top of an immense stone column. Sixteen packages of dynamite were found under the column, and if they had exploded the whole mass would have fallen, probably crushing hundreds of people to death, besides ruining one of the finest monuments in England.

There is no clue yet as to who the rascals can be, though a large reward has been offered for information, and the police say that some of the conspirators will open their mouths if their names are kept secret. There is no doubt that the criminals are connected with the Irish murderers: the question is whether the operations were planned in America or in France. Most likely, they were originally planned in America, and the final preparations made in France. The French government will no doubt do what it can to suppress such outrages, for France herself has had experience of them. The rulers of the United States have now another opportunity of saying whether they will allow their country to be used as a plotting ground and manufacturing by the open enemies of a friendly country. The people of the United States have no sympathy with ruffianism, and the people are supposed to rule. Let them rule in reality as well as in name, and make their servants, their representatives, insist upon the suppression of these dynamiters, the enemies of all peaceable God-fearing mankind.

PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH!

In charging the Grand Jury at New York on Monday Judge Gildersleeve referred to the revelations lately made in connection with banks and other money businesses. He said: "While, in obedience to law, we are punishing low thieves from the sloughs and slums of the city for stealing small sums, let us not forget the guilty in high places who steal large sums and are amenable to the same laws."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

While some cowards are making secret and bloody warfare with dynamite against the men and women and children of England, on the pretence of getting rid of England's "tyranny," the English government goes on its way, and removes one after another of the grievances which still remain, and of which Ireland certainly has not a monopoly. A bill has just been introduced by the Irish Secretary in the House of Commons, to simplify the process by which tenants may buy the land for which they now pay rent. The government will advance the whole of the money required,—when the security is good and the price fair,—up to \$25,000,000 in a year. The tenant is allowed thirty-three years to pay, with interest at 3½ per cent. If a tenant likes to pay a quarter of the price in cash, the interest will be only ½ of one per cent.

THE CRIMINAL'S REFUGE.

On Saturday last, John C. Eno, President of the Second National Bank, of New York, was arrested on board the Dominion Line steamer "Vancouver" at Quebec. He had gone on board at Montreal, where he had taken passage for England. He was accompanied by a man dressed like a priest, but their jovial habits betrayed them. The warrant was granted by a Montreal police magistrate, and the arrest was made by the High Constable of that city, on a charge of bringing stolen money into the country. Eno's friends at once went to his assistance and engaged some of the best lawyers of Montreal and Quebec to defend him. United States Marshal Holmes also arrived and engaged learned counsel. On the case coming into court, the judge discharged the prisoner, as the name of the wrong bank had been mentioned in the warrant. However, the High Constable was ready for this, and as soon as Eno got outside the court-house he was arrested on another warrant charging him with stealing \$156,000 from the Second National Bank, New York, and bringing it into Canada. The Police Magistrate before whom he was then taken decided to remand him till the Montreal magistrate could be communicated with. Eno refuses to return to the States of his own accord, and it is not likely that he can be taken back against his will, or punished at all if he is not found guilty of an offence against the law of Canada.

This event, and many others like it, are making people see that the relations between the two countries ought to be changed. The Extradition Treaty which now exists only refers to a few great sorts of crime; when a banker defrauds and swindles his customers out of their money, he has only to skip across the line which divides the two countries, and he can live in the most luxurious way on the money of those whom he has ruined, and who are left to starve at home. This applies to both countries: there are rascally bank presidents now enjoying freedom in the United States, who ought to be in Canadian penitentiaries.

Whose fault is this? Probably there is some fault on both sides, but the United States must take the larger part of the re-

sponsibility. The State Department has more than once called the attention of Congress to the matter, but nothing has been done, though the representative of the British Government has declared that Canada is ready to change the treaty. The people of the United States and of Canada can, and ought to, compel their representatives to concern themselves with great questions like these. Both countries are disgraced so long as the man who swindles the people of one can find a safe refuge among their neighbors.

THE MONEY TROUBLES.

Plenty of black spots are coming to light as the affairs of the unfortunate New York institutions are being examined. The Penn Bank's books, so far as yet seen, show a deficiency of \$1,260,000, about a million dollars having been stolen. By the bank's charter, the shareholders are not liable for more than the first value of their shares, but lawyers are trying to find some way of making the shareholders pay all the bank's debts. Mr. Riddle, the President, is under arrest; he is seriously ill, so a policeman simply remains with him. The Cashier, Mr. Rieber, has also been arrested, and there are eight other defendants in the criminal prosecutions now begun by the directors. Riddle says the trouble was caused by transactions in oil, and that the directors knew all about it.

The West Side Bank has resumed business.

Andrew Bruon, president of the suspended Hot Springs Bank, has been arrested for embezzlement.

The Union Deposit Bank, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, has suspended payment with liabilities of \$100,000. It is said that the assets consist of one iron safe!

D. W. Middleton & Co., bankers, of Washington, have made an assignment.

Frank H. Cushing, teller in the Merchant's National Bank, Providence, Rhode Island, has disappeared. His accounts were \$5,000 short.

The receiver of the Marine Bank says there will be some interesting revelations when his investigation is completed.

Col. Fred Grant, of New York, has sold his horses and carriages and dismissed all his servants. His wife says she lived on army rations once and can do it again.

Mr. George I. Seney, of New York, has turned over all his paintings to his creditors. They were valued at \$350,000.

GREAT INTEREST is taken in the plan of the Canadian government to discover whether ships can get in and out of Hudson's Bay for long enough in the year to make navigation profitable. The steamer "Neptune" will sail about the straits, at the bay's mouth, all September, and will land six parties at different points on the coast to make observations all winter. The steamer will return for them in the spring. Many applications are being sent in from England and the United States, for permission to go with the expedition.

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"No, no, my lad, you're never to fight Granny. You've the evil to fight—the sin in your heart; that's where the first victory must be gained. If you are one of the Saviour's lambs you must never tell lies, or cheat, or say bad words, or do wrong things. When the wish to do such things comes into your heart you must fight it down, and look up to the Saviour and ask Him to give you the victory."

Greg listened earnestly with grave face, but he did not say anything. Presently Isaac's wife came in, bringing her husband fresh work, and while she was repeating to him the saddler's instructions the children slipped away.

CHAPTER IV.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

In a small room in a house a few streets away from Field's Court, a happy-faced woman was leaning over her husband's shoulder, looking at a map and a list of names. The room was only plainly furnished, but there were one or two brightly-illuminated texts on the wall and a few pictures. The lookout was on a busy street, with the noise of omnibuses and trams continually passing and repassing; but a few flower-pots in the window, with some plants which, though not in flower, were yet bright with fresh, green leaves, shut out some of the dullness of the street. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin had only been a few weeks in that house; he had not long been appointed city missionary to that district, and was looking over the map of the neighborhood.

While they were still poring over it the former missionary came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Goodwin; good morning, ma'am. I see you are busy over the map."

"Good morning, Mr. Healey; I am glad you have looked in. I want to ask you a few questions about the district."

Mr. Healey opened his notebook, and the two missionaries consulted together for some time over the state of the locality.

"And now about this court curiously named 'The Battlefield'; I expect it will be pretty much of a battlefield for us there."

"It is a dreadful place," said Mr. Healey, with emphasis—"a dreadful place, not fit for any lady to go into."

"How comes it by its strange name?"

"I am not very sure, but there is a tradition that a battle was fought some hundreds of years ago on this spot, and a field on which the court was built had from time immemorial been called 'the battlefield,' so I suppose there must be something in it."

"I see you have only one name down there, Isaac Hardacre; how is that? Are there no more families?"

"Oh, dear! yes, plenty—too many. But they are so bad no one can visit them. Isaac is a good old man and always thankful for a visit, but the rest—and Mr. Healey held up his hands

that there may be victories won there which will make heaven ring with praises."

It was in the spring that Mr. Goodwin came to that neighborhood. Greg and May were both going on much the same, both bearing their childhood's griefs and special sorrows in their usual quiet way. Many a visit had been paid to old Isaac, who was always pleased to see his young visitors, and did all he could to teach them more of the Lord he loved. The winter had been a severe one, and Greg had spent much of his time with his unfailing friend and comforter, the apple-woman, who

that folks would come to me."

"No doubt you worked when you had the opportunity," said Mr. Goodwin, pleased to find so intelligent and earnest a Christian in such a place.

"Well, you see, sir, I didn't know much about the Lord myself till I was crippled. It's my accident has been the means of bringing me really to Him, so I can thank Him for it, though sometimes it is a sore trouble not to be able to get about."

"It must be, indeed; but there is one thing you can do: you can pray for your neighbors, you can continually bear them up before the Lord, and so bring down blessings upon them of which they have never dreamed."

"Yes," returned Isaac, "sure enough. I do pray for them, and have done so this many a year, and I believe your coming among us is the answer to the prayers. I wish you could make one of your first visits to a man called Langborne, at No. 6, upstairs. His wife is a good woman, and I believe his little girl is one of the Saviour's lambs—she comes to see me sometimes—but Langborne is breaking their hearts. He drinks dreadful, and beats both his wife and child; but as May told me one day, 'we sings of the happy land, and wishes we was there!'"

"Poor things!" said Mr. Goodwin, compassionately, "I will certainly visit them as soon as I can; but you see I have a large district, and there are many other courts too." Then, after making one or two notes in his pocket-book, and joining Isaac in prayer, he left the house.

It was up-hill work. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin often said that it was a real battlefield to them, there was so much to discourage, and try, and dishearten. The people resented their visits, did not want to be looked after, and said openly that they did not care to be interfered with. But the missionaries gained the victory through Him who loved them, and did all they could to help the poor lost ones. Langborne was happily more easily reached than they feared; he was greatly taken with Mr. Goodwin's hearty, manly way; and before many months were over, he signed the temperance pledge, and joined a Bible-class that Mr. Goodwin had begun on Wednesday evenings.

The day after the pledge was taken, May came out to Greg in the court, her face all smiles and tears.

"What's the matter?" asked Greg, curiously.

"Oh, such good news! Father's turned tectotal, and won't touch



"THERE ARE THOSE WHO NEED VISITING."

in horror. Presently he took his leave, and after he had gone Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin sat for a while in silence.

"This dreadful court," said Mrs. Goodwin at last, "you must be careful how you go into it, husband."

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," was his answer, with a smile.

"There are those who need visiting there; there are wounded ones on that battlefield, no doubt, who need helping and blessing; and the only way to do them good is to take the Gospel to them, so

stuck to her post notwithstanding the rain and snow, and had a warm welcome at all times for the poor little cripple.

Mr. Goodwin paid his first visit to old Isaac, who was delighted to see him, and to find that an earnest servant of God was to labor among them.

"There's need enough of work for God in a court like this, sir, sure enough; the poor souls is slaves to sin and Satan, and no one to help 'em. I wish I could do something, but you see I'm tied here and can't move. I haven't been outside that door for seven years, and it ain't likely

no more drink! Think o' that, Greg!" and the child grew excited. "Mother and me has been crying near all night, we're so glad."

"I wouldn't cry if I wor glad," said Greg.

"Wouldn't you? P'raps you couldn't help it if you was very, very glad, Greg. Shall we go and tell Isaac—he'll be so pleased?"

They soon pushed open the door, full of their news, when they discovered that Isaac was not alone. Mr. Goodwin was there reading. The children were hastily retreating, when Isaac called—"Don't go away; come in, come in! You've come to tell me about father, haven't you, May? Well, I'm just as glad as can be."

"May was so glad, she cried," said Greg, as if he could not understand it, and then shrank back in a corner as if ashamed of having spoken before a stranger; for it so happened that though Mr. Goodwin had been working in the court for some months, he had never seen Greg before.

"Well, well, we'll talk about it presently," said Isaac. "Mr. Goodwin was reading me a beautiful story about a blind man, and I'm sure if you'll sit still he'll begin the chapter again, and let you hear the whole story."

The treat was an unusual one to Greg, and both he and May eagerly squatted on the floor with upturned faces to listen. It was the ninth chapter of St. John, and the story attracted them: the poor man who had been a blind baby, a blind boy, who had never seen the faces of his father and mother, never seen God's beautiful sunshine as he sat in its warmth and begged, who all his life long had been in the dark, and had never seen anything in the world. Greg gave a little shudder as he thought that that would be worse than even his own crooked, painful back. But then how he listened when he heard that Jesus cured him, gave him sight, and that all the man had to do was simply to wash as He told him!

"Was he never blind any more?" whispered Greg to May, who was close beside him!

"Hush!" said May. "No; he's sure to be all right now."

And they listened silently to the end of the chapter.

"You see," said Mr. Goodwin, turning to the children, "the Lord Jesus not only gave the blind man his sight, but He forgave him his sins: the man became a true believer on the Son of God. And the same Jesus who did such a wonderful thing as that, He also loves you, dear children; He died on the cross for you, and He cares for you in all your trials."

"It's a wonderful thing," said Isaac—"a whole chapter in God's Book taken up with a poor blind

beggar, and the way the Saviour saved and healed him."

"Ah, there will be many such chapters in the Lamb's book of life—the book that is written in heaven," said Mr. Goodwin. "There will be many a chapter there, all taken up with the Saviour's mercy and love to one poor blind sinner; there will be a whole chapter for each of us. What a book it will be!"

Greg started up. "Will there be a chapter about me there?"

"If you are one of the Saviour's little ones, my boy, your name is written in that book, and there is a chapter about you too. The blessed Lord loves and cares for all His children, whether they are young or old."

Greg gave an emphatic nod, his dark eyes looking earnestly on the missionary's face; but he did not speak, and presently sank back on the floor again till Mr. Goodwin took his leave.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Goodwin, who had been greatly touched by her husband's account of the lame boy, opened a "Band of Hope" for the children of the district. At first it was but thinly attended, and none of the children from "The Battlefield" could be persuaded to join except Greg and May. Mrs. Goodwin conducted the meetings in a very lively way, having a good deal of cheerful singing, and showing the children in simple words the great advantages of total abstinence and the terrible evils of drink. She also showed them how much good they might do if they held fast to their pledge, and how they might be the means of winning older people to give up the drink, which was the cause of such untold evil.

Greg could neither read nor write, he had never been taught anything but evil; and when he went up to the table with May, he was somewhat startled when Mrs. Goodwin asked, "What is your name, my boy?"

"Greg," he answered.

"Ah, but that is a short name; what is your proper name your surname?"

"Ain't got none," he said, shortly.

"Oh, but you must have one; does nobody know?"

"No," said May, "we all calls him 'Greg.'"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Goodwin, "I am afraid I cannot give you a card to-day, my boy; but do not grieve," she added, as Greg began to cry, "we will try and find out before the next meeting, and you shall have a card then."

But Greg was in great trouble. "I ain't a bit like other folks, May," he said, sobbing, as they left the meeting. "I hadn't a mother, and now I hain't a name."

"Oh, but you have, Greg. Why, you know you have a mother with Jesus in the happy

land, and you have a name somewhere, sure to," said May, comfortingly. And then a bright thought coming into her head, she added, "Why, the gentleman said your name was written in heaven, so God knows what it is; it's all right, you see."

And Greg was comforted. He resolved to tell Mrs. Goodwin about it at the next meeting. But Greg did not go to the meeting again for a long, long time.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW HOME.

A day or two after the last Band of Hope meeting, as Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin were sitting at breakfast, the postman's knock was heard, and Mrs. Goodwin ran out to receive a letter for her husband.

"From your sister," she said as she handed it to him.

Mr. Goodwin read it through with a somewhat puzzled face, and then handing it to his wife, he said, "There, read it through and tell me what to do."

After speaking on family affairs, the letter went on: "We are much interested in all your work in that sad neighborhood, and we wish we could help you. We have been thinking lately we should much like to take some poor lost child and care for it. The Lord has not given us children, yet He has given us this nice farm and plenty of room for a child to run about; and we have felt strongly lately that perhaps He has some lonely, ill-used, motherless child for us to bring up for Him. I want you and Kate to think over the matter, and send us down the most unhappy and uncared-for child in the district. We do not care whether it is a boy or girl; we leave all the details with you."

"Well," said Mr. Goodwin, as his wife finished reading the letter, and folded it up with a smile—"well, what conclusion have you come to?"

"Greg," said Mrs. Goodwin, looking into her husband's face.

"But he is such a cripple, and such an uncared-for little lad."

"Then he is just the one your sister wants. I believe it would be the making of him. If he had fresh air and good food and care just now, he might grow up much stronger. Poor little fellow! I should like to know he was down in the country; I am sure he would repay any one's care."

"He has won your heart, that is evident," said Mr. Goodwin, laughing; "and he is a good little fellow, I am sure. Isaac always speaks very highly of him. I wonder what his grand other would say to the plan. I will call by-and-by, and see what she says."

Mr. Goodwin had somewhat of a stormy visit to old Mrs. Jackson. At first she declared she "didn't

want the lad, would be glad to get rid of him;" but when Mr. Goodwin explained to her that he wanted to take Greg right away she at once declared she could not let him go unless a sum of money were paid down for the loss he would be to her in going errands. He resolved to think the matter over before he decided to do anything more, and accordingly rose to go.

"What is the child's real name?" he asked.

"Greg," she said, defiantly. "But that is a contraction; what is his real name?"

"What's that to you?" she said, getting more angry. "If 'Greg' ain't good enough, you can give him any name you've a mind to."

When Mr. Goodwin was telling his wife about it afterwards, he said, "I hardly know why, but I do not think Greg is that woman's grandchild at all. He has fallen into her hands somehow, and she seems afraid of telling his real name."

"Perhaps we shall find out some time; we must keep our eye on the woman."

At last, after some consultation, it was agreed to give the old woman ten shillings, and take Greg off at once. "Though I am sadly afraid all the money will go in gin," said Mr. Goodwin.

At last all was arranged. Greg had bid May good-bye with many tears.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH CHINA *Herald* gives an account of the boy-emperor of the Celestial Empire, who is now eleven years old, and has been legally of age since he was six. He is styled Foo Yeh, or the Buddha Father, and all who enter his presence pray to him as to the Deity. Even his mother, who visits him in state once a month bows down and worships him. He is attended by countless servants, where he lives in the palace of his ancestors, sleeping in a great bed where many emperors have slept who are now dead. He dines grandly, but his servants tell him when he appears to be over-eating, as your mother does you, perhaps. His teachers come in and fall upon their knees, not rising until he bids them. Every day he reads the Chinese and Tartar languages, and rides and practises with bow and arrow. Then his youthful Majesty sits for two hours on a throne and talks government affairs with his Ministers of State.

MAKE OTHERS to see Christ in you moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.—*Rutherford*.

"Shame is the loss of our own esteem."

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7.

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.

All who go meddling in Egypt seem bound to lose their way. There is no news yet that England has succeeded in finding a way out of her difficulties on the shores of the Nile. Nothing fresh has been heard from General Gordon. It was reported that Berber, one of the towns still held by Egyptian soldiers in the Soudan, had been surrendered to the rebels; but this is not believed to be true. The governor of another of those towns, Longola, telegraphs to say that the rebels north of Berber are submitting to his authority once more. The rebels have again been attacking Suakin, on the coast of the Red Sea, but there are ships of war there, and at last accounts the attacks are very unsuccessful. On one occasion the rebels left five killed and five wounded behind them. The Catholic bishop of the Soudan has arrived at Cairo, and says that seven Italian priests and four nuns have been massacred, and that three priests were exposed naked to the sun for four days, until they died.

Arabi Pasha, now kept an "open-air prisoner" in Ceylon, says that clemency and an impartial enquiry into the people's troubles and grievances can alone restore order. Otherwise there will be frightful bloodshed before the end is reached. He is certain the Mahdi will never make overtures for peace, and will fight until captured or killed.

A GREAT SURGEON'S OPINION.

Writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Henry Thompson, F. R. C. S., Surgeon Extraordinary to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, and Surgeon to University College Hospital, London, says: "The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce drunkenness and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of observation during more than 20 years' of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it. Thus, I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful and dangerous maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate."

DR. FRANKLIN PIERCE, a medical man at Worcester, Massachusetts, has been found guilty of manslaughter because of the death of Mrs. Bemis. She was ill, and he had her swathed in bandages soaked in kerosene, which caused her great pain till she died. It is stated that the same treatment had been successful in some cases.

FIVE INDIANS, engaged one night in stealing horses from ranches in the Canadian North-West, were interrupted by a ranchman named Saul Pollock. There was a fight, Pollock was shot dead, and his killers escaped.

A GREAT MANY PLANTERS in Cuba are said to have joined the rebels, and encouraging news of the revolution has reached its sympathizers in New Orleans.

THE WEEK.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, a very violent French revolutionist, is continually attacking General Grant in a newspaper of Paris. It is said that when the general passed through France he refused to see Rochefort, and that Rochefort is now having his revenge.

THE United Presbyterian Assembly, at St. Louis, was asked to declare instrumental music in churches unlawful, but has refused.

THE London (Ontario), city council has passed a by-law to prevent the Salvation Army's processions in that city.

THE anniversary of Garibaldi's death was celebrated all over Italy on Sunday, and a number of statues of the great Liberator were unveiled.

SERIOUS ELECTION RIOTS have taken place at Carlsruhe, Germany, and sixty persons were hurt by stones.

YAGUNA HARBOR, a fine inlet on the coast of Oregon, has been proved to be fit for shipping, and the inhabitants are rejoicing that they can compete with San Francisco for some of the Pacific Ocean trade.

A SACRED SILVER VESSEL in a Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn has been stolen, and the consecrated bread in it has been scattered over the street.

A CLOUD that burst on Frenchman's Creek, Colorado, carried a whole cattle-camp into the stream, and ten men are missing.

A GREAT SHAKESPEARE SHOW has just opened in England, and is attended by immense crowds. Many relics of the great poet have been gathered together for the occasion, and the refreshment stall is an exact copy of the "Garter Inn," mentioned in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

THE Church assemblies now sitting in Edinburgh are discussing the connection between church and state.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, usually called the Quakers, now have 15,200 members in England. The number is steadily though slowly increasing.

A CHINAMAN named Ding Lum was found stabbed to death in Toronto. It was proved that he was much given to drink, and the jury returned a verdict of suicide.

A COTTON WAREHOUSE in Baltimore collapsed on May 30th, owing to the weight of cotton stored there, and at least eight persons were crushed to death.

THE wife of a German at Albany, while insane, killed her five children and herself.

EUGENIE, widow of Emperor Napoleon the Third, is about to publish a book giving her memoirs up to the date of the Prince Imperial's death.

TWO MEMBERS of the Province of Quebec legislature, Mr. Archambault and Dr. Gaboury, have just been unseated by the Court of Review at Montreal for winning their elections corruptly.

THE first of this month was Whit Sunday, and Monday was kept as a public holiday all over England.

TWENTY-TWO ENGINEERS are going to examine the Suez Canal, to determine whether it shall be enlarged or whether a new canal shall be made.

TELEPHONE WIRES, it is proposed, will be laid between different points of the Canadian and American shores of the St. Lawrence near the Thousand Islands.

THE Philadelphia Brussels Carpet Weavers' Association has passed a resolution in favor of free trade.

THE NIGHT FROSTS at the end of last week did an immense amount of damage to fruit crops in Canada and parts of the States.

A NUMBER OF UNEMPLOYED MEN, marching with flags, tried to get up a strike for higher wages among men employed on an aqueduct at Quebec. Some of the men were persuaded, and joined the ranks of the unemployed.

THE FIRST CONTEST for the lacrosse championship of Canada came off on Saturday, between the Montreal and Toronto clubs. Result:—Toronto kept the position won last year.

INDIANS FROM MISSOURI RIVER and Manitoba are reported to be setting fire to the woods at Turtle Mountain, Dakota.

TWENTY PEOPLE went up in a balloon on Saturday at Lille, in France, to see a horse race. The rope broke, the balloon escaped and fell more than a hundred feet. Three of the adventurers were killed and the rest badly injured.

THE READING RAILWAY'S TRACK caved in at Turkey Run, Pennsylvania, last week, and all traffic was stopped. The men working in the mines underneath are consequently idle.

GREAT TROUBLE has been expected from the Indians in the Canadian North-West, as they have been complaining bitterly of not having land fit to live upon. The Lieutenant-Governor telegraphs to say that the Indians are perfectly quiet and contented, and are fast becoming civilized farmers.

THE GOVERNMENT OF MANITOBA asked to have control of its own public lands,—like other provinces—and made other demands upon the Federal Government. They were nearly all refused. The Provincial Government has now flatly refused to accept the small concessions offered. The whole province is angry and united.

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY is the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille—that prison where unscrupulous despots used to confine those whom they did not like—by the French revolutionists in 1789. It is said that a number of anarchists are going to be pardoned by the French government on this occasion.

A QUICKSAND in Krupp's Tunnel, Pittsburgh, caused the death of nine men.

PRINCE GEORGE, the sailor son of the Prince of Wales, has arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

THE CONTEST between the government of Hungary and the party of Kossuth, the famous Liberal leader, developed into a regular fight last week at a place called Erla. Five men were killed and many wounded.

DECORATION DAY was more generally observed all over the United States than at any time within the last ten years. In most cities nearly all business was laid aside; great quantities of flowers were strewn upon the soldiers' graves in the cemeteries.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage have both been visiting Canada,—Mr. Beecher lecturing in Toronto and Mr. Talmage in Montreal.

LORD AYLESFORD has had one of his legs badly broken in a railway accident in England. He was just going to return to his cattle-ranch in Texas.

A MUSKOKA machinist has applied for a patent for a combined sulky rake, harrow, whistle cutter and cultivator. Those who have seen the model in operation say that it promises to perform all that is claimed for it.

THE BRIG "CONFEDERATE," of Harbor Grace, employed in the seal fishery, was nipped in the ice and flung over on her side upon an ice floe. Five of the crew worked for nearly twenty miles over the ice to Notre Dame Inlet, on the coast of Newfoundland, to get help for their seventy-four companions, who had no fuel left and no food except bread. A steamer brought the five men to St. John's and a steam sealer is setting out to the rescue.

A GREAT FIRE at P'nompenh, capital of Cambodia, has destroyed a hundred and five houses belonging to the King, besides three lives. Cambodia was formerly a magnificent kingdom, but is now very much decayed. It is between Siam and Cochin China, in the south-east of Asia.

GERMANY has got the colony-fever which sent France roaming to China, Tunis and Madagascar. The German government is going to take possession of Angra Pequena, part of the West coast of Africa just north of Cape Colony, and is sending an expedition up the Congo to establish a trade route between the new colony and the interior.

THE VARIOUS METHODIST CHURCHES in the Dominion of Canada became one great body on Sunday, the first of June. An Act was passed by the Canadian Parliament last year authorizing the union. The Baptist

A CHICAGO DESPATCH says that the committee enquiring into the P'nochontas mine explosion have blamed the subordinates for not carrying out the rules of the company. Powder was carelessly used in blasting, and doors were left open that should have been shut.

AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE by a woman in Brooklyn to send her husband to an asylum; she had got a Dr. Creamer to sign a certificate of insanity, but her husband was found to be perfectly sane. He says his wife had not been behaving properly. The fraud was discovered in time, and the unhappy husband was rescued from a living tomb.

THE GERMANS IN GERMANY who allowed themselves to be led into persecuting their Jewish countrymen are now seeing their folly. The clergyman Stoecker, who got up the agitation, was hissed out of the hall at a meeting where he was to speak a few days ago.

SOME NEWSPAPER MEN in Spain are now in prison awaiting their trial on account of their language about the governing powers of the country. A meeting was called to make plans for bettering the condition of the prisoners, but the government forbade the meeting; the Liberals are therefore very indignant.

SOME IRISHMEN living in France have written a letter to a newspaper defending the outrages in London. They say that Ireland is fighting for independence, and the only weapon she can use is dynamite! The Pope has already denounced the men who were guilty of the London explosions, and threatening excommunication on all who connect themselves with secret societies. The universal opinion is, as a French newspaper puts it, that "O'Donovan Rossa's crowd cannot be tolerated any longer, and the hound and his cowardly pack should be stamped out at once and forever." Yes,—force is the only argument with such creatures.

CHETWATO'S SON, Dinizulu, has been crowned King of Zululand.

A SPLENDID COLLECTION of books belonging to the Duke of Hamilton has just been sold by auction, bringing in \$64,450.

STILL ANOTHER PROPOSAL has been made in the Federal Council of Germany to levy extra taxation,—this time, the import duty on lace, wines, liquors, watches and other articles of luxury is intended to be increased.

THE SMALL-POX PANIC in London, England, is reported to be increasing. In Hackney, a North-Eastern district of the city, there are a thousand cases of the disease. It is proposed that from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 should be spent in building more small-pox hospitals.

THERE IS GREAT AGITATION in the Province of Quebec at the prospect that the Canadian Pacific Railway will find its outlet to the sea on the coast of Maine. That would be the shortest route, but the Quebec legislature has passed unanimous resolutions protesting against a Canadian national line being allowed to pass through any part of the United States.

THE POPE at Rome and the "Atheist" government of France—as it is always called by devoted Roman Catholics—are having some friendly negotiations about the appointment of certain cardinals. France last year cut off grants that were formerly made to the church; it is said that the Pope offers to make concessions to France if these grants are renewed.

A COURT OF ENQUIRY has decided that the officers of the Fourth regiment, which was called out to suppress the riots in Cincinnati, neglected their duty, and that the regiment had better be disbanded. The colonel was incompetent, the lieutenant-colonel left the command without orders, and the adjutant was absent without leave.

THE ITALIANS of whom we spoke last week,—who had been shipped from one city to another by a rascal who got money from them on the pretence that he would give them work,—have finally been sent by the Montreal authorities to New York, whence they originally came to Canada.

THE AMERICAN BARK "Norway" has just arrived at Montreal from the Mauritius. When crossing the Atlantic, in perfectly calm weather, the sea was noticed in a "boiling" condition, and the ship rocked to and fro as if in a storm. There must have been a volcanic eruption, or an earthquake, at the bottom of the sea.

ANOTHER DAUGHTER of the late Princess Alice has been married. Prince Leopold, heir of the Duke of Anhalt, a small state within the German Confederation, is the bridegroom.

OF THE FISHERMEN in Gloucester, Massachusetts, 254 have lost their lives since last August, leaving 70 widows and 134 orphans.

THE MAKERS OF KNIT GOODS in New York State are proposing to stop work for two months, so as to keep prices up, as there are at present more of their manufactures in the country than the country wants.

FRIDAY, MAY 30, was the feast of Pentecost, and was celebrated in the Jewish Synagogues. It was originally a thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the harvest. Pentecost is always fifty days after Passover.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, the great London journalist, who is generally believed to know more gossip about literature, art, and men and women than anyone else, is going on a twelve months' lecturing tour in America and Australia.

THE OLD EMPEROR of Germany himself reviewed the troops at Berlin last week.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, of Ithaca, N. Y., has just received a present from Mr. Hiram Sibley, consisting of \$30,000 for an additional building, \$8,000 for better equipment, and \$50,000 for increased endowment.

THE DIRECTOR who was being sued by the insolvent Exchange Bank of Canada, for \$10,000 which he drew out after the bank stopped payment, has returned the money, and the action has been stopped.

THE GREATEST EVENT for English horse-racers,—the Derby,—has just come off. For the first time in fifty-six years, the race ended in a "dead heat," two horses coming in together. The extravagance caused by the Derby is enormous. Many Londoners stop work for the day and drive out to the race-course, twenty miles away, in any vehicle they can afford,—from a donkey-harrow to a four-in-hand coach. Pickpockets always reap a rich harvest on that day. Most people watch the race from their feet or their vehicles, but the immense grand stand is always crowded and no less than \$375 was given on this occasion for a small balcony!

W. H. VANDERBILT, the almighty-dollar King of the United States, is on his way back from France and England to New York.

SIR BARTLE FRERE is dead. In his time he was a great man, and became celebrated in India as Governor of Bombay. He did a great deal to help the spread of Christianity among the heathen, and the abolition of slavery. But in 1878 he destroyed his reputation among most of his friends at home by causing the unjust invasion of Zululand, the result of which was the notorious and bloody Zulu war.

LOUIS PASTEUR, the great French scientist, believes that he has discovered a cure for hydrophobia, as well as a protection against taking it. His plan is to inoculate animals with the poison of the disease itself just as children are vaccinated to protect them against small-pox. He has been experimenting on dogs, monkeys and rabbits; but now he is going to try his plan on cattle, which he says are more liable to the disease.

AN IRISH FARMER named John Creed was shot dead by "moonlighters" on Sunday night, and five others were wounded.

GOMEZ, a Mexican, who was sentenced to be hanged on Friday, confessed to having killed eleven Americans in Texas.

A FRENCH CANADIAN named Arsenault, a Roman Catholic, married a Protestant girl at Demoiselle Creek. The girl's friends were much displeased, and went to the house of the man to take his wife away by force. Arsenault defended his home and shot a young man named White, who is not expected to recover. The shooter has been committed for trial.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE at Philadelphia, has passed a resolution against the granting of divorces for any cause but adultery, and against the marrying of the guilty party after divorce, by any minister of the church. The conference also voted for a commission to confer with the governors of the various States, to see whether a uniform law on this subject could not be introduced.

TWO DWARFS, General Mite and Millie Edwards, have just been married in England.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, cousin of Queen Victoria, and Commander-in-chief of the British Army, went home from Germany the other evening, and landed at Dover. A foreigner was noticed acting in a suspicious way, and when he was arrested a revolver was found upon him. It is supposed he was going to murder the duke,—who is now sixty-five years of age.

LARGE NUMBERS of potato bugs have appeared at Long Branch.

SEVERAL COTTON MILLS in Georgia are running on short time, and others are reducing the wages of their employees.

THEIR LITTLE CLAIM.—The Hon. Mr. Finch, of Nebraska, lecturing at Gannanoque touched on the question of vested rights as claimed by licensed victuallers. Supposing a butcher began slaughter in a central portion of the city, the health officers, when the place became offensive, would compel that man to cease carrying on his business in that locality. If the butcher said "look at the money I have invested; am I to lose it?" What would the authorities say? They would tell him that it was his affair, not theirs, and that he must obey the law. He (the speaker) would like to know if the liquor-dealer was entitled to more privileges than a butcher.

IN AN OPIUM DEN.

Everything grand and everything horrible is to be found in London, the richest and perhaps the poorest city of the world,—the city whose inhabitants hail from every country on the face of the globe. Down in the East End, near the docks, Chinamen are found in numbers large enough to support three hells upon earth, worse even than runholes, the opium dens. Here is an account of a visit to one of these foul places, kept by a man named Johnson: "Accompanied by M., an experienced East-end detective, I paid Johnson a visit in the month of March. Branching off from Ratcliffe Highway, diving down some tortuous streets, we arrived at the little courtyard about a quarter past nine in the evening. M. knocked at the door, and Johnson, recognizing him, at once admitted us. Being quite accustomed to midnight callers, without a word he led the way up a rickety staircase, and entered a room. At first we could see nothing through the dense cloud of smoke. After a minute or two our eyes got accustomed to the density of the atmosphere, and, by the aid of a flickering paraffin lamp, we saw a scene very strange, very shocking, but, I am bound to add, very interesting. On either side of the little room was placed a bedstead covered with a coarse matting, and on these beds lay seven or eight Lascars and Chinese in various stages of intoxication. Some had only just begun to smoke, and the normal gravity of their faces seemed to have vanished for the time at the immediate prospect of the entrancing pipe. Two Chinese and a Lascar, utterly overpowered, lay huddled up in one corner of the bed, their faces were deadly pale, their lips bloodless, their limbs lifeless; and had it not been for the almost imperceptible motion caused by breathing, one could easily have supposed that they were dead. The rest of the party had been smoking some time, but were not yet in a state of imbecility; and here seemed an excellent opportunity to watch the gradual effects of the drug. Very gently did they inhale the smoke, and gently emitted it in huge volumes. In a few draws the pipes were finished and then listlessly dropped; but immediately they were filled by Johnson, and placed in the hands of the smokers, who, with an obvious effort, lit them at the little hand lamp, and once more began to smoke, till at last their bodies grew limp, and the expression faded from their faces, as oblivion stole gradually over them. The smell was something frightful, as the room was only twelve feet by eight, and both door and window were closed. The utter squalor of the scene, and oh! the still more terrible dirt of the smokers, themselves, are more easily imagined than described."

ONE OF MANY.

The New York Graphic has the following amusing description of an invalid's experiences:

"Well, the poor boy came into this world with a weak body, for his mother was troubled with much household care and labor when she bore him, and his father, though a church-member in good standing, was an inordinate tobacco chewer, and kept his strength bolstered up through the stimulus of the weed. So long as the boy ran about loose with other children, and played in the sand with bare feet, he was tolerably healthy. But when sent to school he pined. At the boarding-school he was counted a good scholar, and made great progress in memorizing. At eighteen he was tall, 'spindling,' and slightly stooping, always complaining, eating according to custom whatever was set before him, working and studying directly after eating, and complaining of a weak stomach. So he went on in life till the age of twenty-five. Then he married, was always in poor health, and in frequent consultation with doctors. First, doctors at home; next, doctors abroad; then, special doctors; now, regulation doctors, with reputations and diplomas; and then, in despair, applying to outside doctors, herb doctors, bush doctors, botanic doctors, and tramp doctors; doctors who said it was his liver, doctors who said it was his heart, doctors who said it was malaria, doctors who said he didn't make blood enough, doctors who starved him, doctors who stuffed him, doctors who chilled him in cold, wet blankets; doctors who parboiled him in medicated vapor-baths, doctors who advised him to go South, doctors who suggested springs, doctors who recommended mud-baths; but never a doctor who told him that half the damage had been done before he came into the world, and the other half through his own ignorance and that of the authors of his being afterward. But he died all right, and the doctors then found out what ailed him; and they gave the complaint a Latin name, and it's now raging round seeking whom it may devour."

SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

Mr. N. T. Davis, M. D., in his work on "The Effect of Alcohol on Man," goes thoroughly into all the experimental researches on the subject, those of many medical men besides himself, and sums up the evidence as follows:—The following propositions may be stated as fully established scientific facts:

First.—That alcohol, when taken diluted in the form of fermented or distilled spirits, is rapidly absorbed without change, carried into the blood, and with that fluid brought in contact with every structure and part of the human body.

Second.—That, while circulating in the blood, its presence retards those molecular or atomic changes by which nutrition, disintegration, and secretion are maintained, and life continued.

Third.—That its presence keeps back the throwing off of waste matter, impairs nerve sensibility, lessens muscular excitability, and lowers the temperature of the body.

Fourth.—That a part, at least, of the amount taken is finally eliminated or thrown out of the system with the excretions, without having undergone any appreciable chemical change.

These facts are as well established as any in the domain of physiology, or in the whole field of natural science, and they point with all the clearness and force of a mathematical demonstration to the conclusions that alcohol is in no sense a food, neither furnishing material for the tissues nor fuel for combustion, nor generating either nervous or muscular force.

A NUTRITIOUS DRINK.—Break a perfectly fresh egg into a large-sized glass of lemonade and stir it well. Many think it delicious, and it is certainly a most nutritious food and drink combined. Women who are tired or exhausted, and seek strong tea and coffee, will find this far preferable. Those who insist on tea from habit should make it weak and break an egg into it. Let the water be of a temperature of about 150° F.

THERE IS nothing more unreasonable than for men to live viciously and yet hope to escape the necessary consequences of their vices.—Dr. Samuel Clarke.

MARIAN'S SELF-DENIAL.

BY LUCIE C. HAGER.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Marian Lee, on her return from school one afternoon, running into the sunny sitting-room where her mother sat quietly sewing. "Etta Hadley is going to have a party next Saturday afternoon, and all of us girls are invited. I can go, can't I, mamma?" And Marian, nearly out of breath, paused for the answer she felt sure of receiving; for Mrs. Lee was always willing to allow her daughter to participate in all innocent amusements, such as the present one promised to be.

Etta Hadley was a warm-hearted, earnest Christian girl several years older than Marian, and Mrs. Lee felt perfectly safe about her daughter with such companionship, or when in company such as she would select. She asked Marian a few questions about the proposed party, and then said,—"Yes, darling, if nothing happens to prevent before that time, I think you can go."

Marian kissed her mother, and thanking her for permission, was soon deep in the mysteries of a composition for the next day at school.

Marian was an only child, and Mrs. Lee, having lost her husband several years before, had given her energies, more exclusively than she might have been able to do under other circumstances, to the training of her only daughter, and she felt well repaid for all her efforts, when, a few months before the beginning of my story, Marian, together with half a dozen of her young mates, had openly professed their faith in Christ. Marian had a lovely home and everything about her to make her comfortable and happy, and while she, felt thankful for her many blessings, she at the same time, desired to help others who had no pleasant homes or loving friends about them.

"Mamma, may I go over and see Ellen a few minutes? I can hear baby crying ever so much this afternoon, and I guess he will let me tend him awhile so she can rest."

"You can go a little while, dear; I should like you to be back by tea-time," said her mother, and away bounded Marian to Ellen Henderson's which was just across the street.

"Let me take Georgie a few minutes while you rest, Ellen. Do," said Marian, as she saw her friend hesitate. He put out his little arms to Marian, and Ellen yielded up her charge. Marian talked and sung to him, rocking gently the while, until finally she had the satisfaction of seeing his head droop on her shoulder, and himself fast asleep. Quietly placing him in the cradle without awaking him, she sat down to talk with Ellen a few moments.

"Of course you are going to that party Saturday afternoon, Ellen?" said Marian. "We shall enjoy it so much, I know."

"I hardly think I can go, Marian, for mother will be away at work that afternoon, and she wants me to tend baby."

A shadow came over Ellen's face as she spoke, but she soon banished it, and looking up pleasantly, said, "I shall hear you tell all about it and that will be almost as good, I guess."

"But I want you to go so much," said Marian. They talked about it awhile, and then Marian, remembering that it was nearly tea-time, ran back home.

Ellen Henderson was one of those who had given their hearts to Christ at the same time with Marian, and she was attached to her.

Ellen's parents were poor, and her mother, being away at work whenever she could get employment, was obliged to call on her a great deal to take charge of the baby. Ellen did not often have invitations to parties, and went out very seldom for pleasure. She had wished so much to go to this party, but she knew her duty was to stay at home, so she tried to dismiss it from her thoughts saying to herself, "Jesus knows what is best for me, or He would not allow it to be so."

As for Marion, she went home with new thoughts in her heart. Her mother, noticing that she was more quiet than usual, drew her into conversation.

"Did you get baby quiet, Marian, and how is Ellen this afternoon? I am sorry her mother has to work so hard, and that Ellen has to be confined at home so closely."

Marian told her mother about her call, and then followed the cosy evening, with the work and reading, the cheerful conversation, the Bible selection and evening

prayer, the good-night kiss, and the dreams.

When Marian came down to breakfast next morning, she had evidently come to a decision about something, for her face was very bright and happy.

"Mamma," said she, after they were seated, "I have thought it all over, and, if you are willing, I will stay and take care of Georgie Saturday afternoon and let Ellen go to the party."

"Mrs. Lee was very much surprised, for she knew how much Marian wanted to go, but she was very glad that she was willing to deny herself for the sake of her friend."

"Are you quite sure you are willing to give it up, Marian? If you are, I shall freely give my consent, for I know that my little girl will be very happy in trying to make others so, and I think the afternoon party will do Ellen a great deal of good."

"She doesn't have many such opportunities, and I do," said Marian, "and I really shall enjoy doing this for her. She will be so happy to go."

So it was decided. Ellen would not hear of it at first, but Marian was very much in earnest that she finally felt that her friend would be happier to stay at home for her than she would to go herself. So Ellen went to the party, and Marian stayed and tended the baby all the long, bright afternoon; but she was very happy in the thought that she was contributing to her friend's enjoyment. Had she had no other recompense, Ellen's rosy, happy face when she returned home would have repaid her for all her self-denial; but a deeper, holier joy filled her heart while she thought on the words she had read that morning: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."—*Zion's Herald.*

WILLY RAYNOR'S PLEDGE.

BY A. C. MORROW.

There was a Temperance Guild in connection with the mission school in the town of B—, in Maine. The first Sunday Willy Raynor joined the Sunday-school, it was temperance day, and he was induced to sign the pledge. The following Sunday he came to his teacher, before the opening of the school, and said:

"I want my name taken off that pledge."

"That would be impossible," replied Miss Miller. "We never take names from pledges. Sit down."

During the singing, Willy took a ten-cent piece from his pocket, and, handing it to his teacher, whispered:

"I'll give you that if you take my name off."

Miss Miller motioned the hand away. But during the lesson, this persistent ten-year-old boy drew twenty-five cents from his pocket, and said:

"I will give you this, Miss Miller."

"Put your money in your pocket, and let us hear no more about it."

But after the school was dismissed, and the rest of the boys had gone, this determined little lad held out a handful of change, and begged:

"Miss Miller, I'll give you half a dollar, all the money I've got, if you'll take my name off that pledge."

Then the teacher's resentment vanished, and she drew the child toward her and said:

"Willy, I cannot do it, if I were ever so willing. You have promised the Lord, and yourself, and me, that you will never touch ardent spirits. You must not, ever. But tell me why you wish to take back your promise."

"The boy hung his head.

"Fourth of July, four of us is going up to Valley Wood on a picnic. We always take beer. We're going to."

"Willy, I cannot take your name from that pledge, but you may come to my house at three o'clock Thursday afternoon, and bring those three boys with you, and I will promise you a way out of your difficulty."

There was but a vague idea in Miss Miller's mind of the "way out of the difficulty," but long before Thursday afternoon the problem was solved.

Promptly on time these boys were present at Miss Miller's elegant home, on one of the fashionable avenues. The other members of the class had been invited. After the lads had enjoyed blind-man's-buff, with numbers, and many other romping games which delight the hearts of boys, they were summoned to tea, which was served on the

lawn. Such tempting biscuits, tender tongue, frosted cake, large ripe strawberries, and cool, delicious lemonade, these boys had never before tasted.

When it was time for them to leave, Miss Miller quietly requested the picnic party of four to remain behind a few moments.

"Boys," Miss Miller asked, "did you enjoy your supper?"

"Tip top," said one.

"Bully," echoed another.

"You bet," shouted a third.

Willy, the only one who went to Sunday-school, who was naturally a refined lad, and had observed that Miss Miller never used any such slang phrases, said quietly:

"We liked it very much, Miss Miller."

"And you enjoyed the lemonade?" she questioned.

"Couldn't be beat," said another.

When each one had given an affirmative answer in his own phraseology, Miss Miller said:

"Boys, I've a proposition to make to you. To-morrow you are going on a picnic. Willy Raynor has signed the pledge; he cannot drink beer, nor any kind of strong drink. It would not be manly, nor honest, nor right. Now, I want to help him keep his pledge, and I want you all to help him. So if you will promise me that no beer shall go on that picnic to-morrow, I will agree to furnish lemon and sugar, and a recipe for lemonade, just as delicious as that you had to day. Do you agree?"

"Yes, ma'am,—yes, ma'am," was the eager chorus. And one youth shouted:

"Three cheers for Miss Miller!"

They were lustily given, and the boys departed. Just as they were leaving, Miss Miller said:

"Willy, bring your friends to Sunday-school with you next Sunday. We'll make room for them in our class."

The boys came, and, more than that, they all signed the pledge; but that was not the only good result from Willy Raynor's pledge, nor why I tell this story.

Late in September, Willy's father, who was captain of a small sloop, came home to remain a few days. The second evening after his arrival, three of his intimate friends were invited to spend the evening and play cards with him. Soon after they had been seated the boy's father said to him:

"Willy, take the pitcher and run over to Jones's and bring us a couple of quarts of beer."

Little Willy, trembling and anxious, went slowly to the closet, and took from the shelf the pitcher which he had so often brought from Jones's filled with liquid which he had promised never more to touch nor to taste. He came back, some time after, without the pitcher.

"Willy," the father said, sternly, "where is the beer? You were never gone so long before."

"I did not bring any."

"What is the matter? Where is the pitcher? Have you broken it? Get another one; hurry up."

But Willy stood, the very picture of dismay. Something in the boy's face touched the father, and he said,

"Out with it my son."

"I left the pitcher on Jones's counter."

"And will he send it over soon?"

"I did not tell him you wanted any."

"What do you mean? You never disobeyed me in this way before, my son."

"O papa! papa!" the child said, bursting into tears, "I couldn't help it; I couldn't buy nor bring it, you know; I have signed this pledge."

Then, with tears streaming from his eyes, sobbing almost choking his utterance, he told the father of the pledge-signing. Before he had finished, there were tears in other eyes besides his own.

"I left a bad thing to do," said Captain Raynor, when he could control his voice so as to speak. "If I had one I believe I'd sign it, myself."

"So would I," echoed the others.

"O papa! would you? Would you, really? I'll run up to Miss Miller's and get some; it is only a step."

And before they could stop him, the happy boy was off. He returned presently, with four pledges; and those four men signed them.

Improbable, do you say? Not at all. This is a true story, and happened, as I have told you, in Maine.—*S. S. Times.*

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

SOWING BESIDE ALL WATERS.

A Christian young man from a town in Western New York was passing a night in New York city. On going to his room at a hotel he found upon the table a Bible with this inscription upon the fly-leaf: "Placed here by the American Bible Society." Underneath were written with lead-pencil these words: "Although a stranger to this book, I am not an unbeliever. This night, for the first time in eight years, I picked it up and read that which I did not expect to find, Psalm 40."

Three initials were signed to this, and below another hand had written, "Your words have added another reader."

The practical man of the world may smile at the financiering that invests money in Bibles to be placed in every room in a large city hotel; but cannot those who are seeking to lay up treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt find some encouragement in this little incident?

We may never know the sequel of the story on the fly-leaf of that Bible. Even the fact that it has found these readers may never reach those who placed it there. But perhaps that reading of the fortieth Psalm may have touched a heart hardened by eight years of neglect, and led him to make his own the prayer, "O Lord, make haste to help me;" and perhaps ere this he can testify with the Psalmist, "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

"Thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that"—the invitation to church, the note to a Sabbath-school scholar, the leaflet slipped into a letter, the hymn started in the pause of a prayer-meeting, the word or look of sympathy, a verse of Scripture recited or the prayer offered by a sick bed. The Master can use any of them.

And shall cowardice or indifference or slothfulness in his servants hinder them from sowing the seed, even if they may never know of the harvest?—*American Messenger.*

SNAKE FATALITIES.

No one has any idea of the mischief that snakes cause every year in India. It appears that as many as 20,000 deaths result annually from their bites, while since 1870 no fewer than 150,000 to 200,000 persons have perished by their means. The cobra's bite is fatal within half an hour. Need it surprise us that local authorities encourage the destruction of these vile animals? In 1880, the sum of 11,663 rupees was given as rewards to destroyers of serpents, and 212,776 reptiles were got rid of in that year. In Oude and the North West Provinces a body of men called "Kanjars" has been organized for the purpose of rooting out the pest. For doing their work they receive two rupees a month, but if a man destroy more than twenty snakes during that time he gets about threepence per animal for all above the number named.

MOTHER'S HEART.

Rev. George Martin, of Upper Norwood, told a good story the other Sunday morning, to the following effect. A little boy, having heard of the love of the Lord Jesus, told his sister that he should like to make Jesus a present—something that Jesus really wanted. His sister said there was one thing Jesus did want above everything else. "He wants your heart," she said. Thinking seriously for a moment, as if the little fellow knew that to give Jesus his heart would make it needful for him to give up something he did not wish to part with, a bright thought at length struck him. Said he "if mother will give him her heart, I'll give him mine." "Mother?" answered the girl. "Why, mother gave her heart to Jesus long ago; everybody knows that." "Do any mother's eyes rest on these lines? And can your elder children thus triumphantly speak of your love to the Saviour?"—*Selected.*

LET YOUR SCHOLARS take part in the lesson. Do not preach to them. If you are blessed with "the gift of gab," try to hold your tongue. A good teacher will draw out the observations and reflections of the scholars. A poor teacher tells them a mass of information, which is no sooner heard than forgotten, because the child himself is not worked, and takes no part in the lesson.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

"Here, Janet, all the examples are worked out on this piece of paper. Take it into the class and you'll get through the recitation nicely."

Janet drew back and said: "But I didn't work them out, Alice. It wouldn't be honest."

"Don't be a goose, Janet. Nobody will be likely to ask right up and down whether you did or not."

"But if I make any one think I did, then it will be dishonest all the same."

"Nonsense. Give me the paper, then," said Alice, looking offended.

"I know you mean to be kind, Alice, but don't you see it would be acting a lie?"

"Oh, you're one of the particular sort. You'll be sure not to pass if you're too strict to take a little helping through."

Janet sighed as she took her place, knowing there was a great deal of truth in what Alice had said. Bright and quick in every other study, always taking real delight in the routine of school duty, she had found arithmetic a sad puzzle and had felt it a great hardship that her general standing depended so much upon it. Examinations for admission to the high school were just now approaching, and the circle of girls with whom she was most friendly were all hoping to succeed—all but poor Janet, who felt more and more certain that there was no hope of surmounting her old stumbling block.

On the dreaded day upon which the examination in arithmetic took place the figures seemed to pile themselves before her in mountains, while signs and terms danced before her and mocked her attempts to reduce them to order. She had arrived at the last point of discouragement when desired to go with others to the blackboard.

"Well knowing that upon this hour would depend the question of her going back to do over again months of study already done, she tried her very best, but her very anxiety stood in her way. She grew nervous and made mistakes in the smallest matters.

"You've multiplied wrong there," whispered Sam Fulton, a boy quick at figures who stood near, and in one glance took in her difficulties with good-natured sympathy. She corrected the mistake, but was soon in a helpless snarl, every rule seeming to go out of her head.

"Invert your terms—and cancel—" again whispered Sam. But Janet shook her head, laid down the crayon and went to her seat, full of the bitter consciousness of failure.

An hour later she was walking slowly home.

"Wait, Janet!" cried a voice behind her, and Sam hurried up. "Why didn't you let me help you when I could?" he asked. "I could have engineered you right through those examples if you had let me."

"It wouldn't have been right, Sam," she said, shaking her head; "I corrected the mistakes in multiplication when you told me because that was a thing I knew—I just got wrong because I was confused. But I ought to have known those rules without you telling me, and if I had pretended to know them when I didn't it would have been a lie."

"But perhaps it has made all the difference whether you pass or not."

"Yes, very likely," said Janet, sadly. Sam looked thoughtful.

"Are you always so careful about being right in everything?"

"Why, I hope so, Sam; everybody ought to be, you know."

Sam was an orphan boy who had not had the best of training. He whistled to himself a minute and then said:

"I don't believe everybody is, though. I'll tell you a plan I've got in my head, Janet, and see if you think it comes up to your ideas of honesty. You know I go for an hour every evening to post up Mr. Hyde's books." Sam spoke with a little pride, for he thought it rather a smart thing for a boy of his age, as indeed it was.

"Yes," said Janet.

"Well, some of the big boys want me to go on a frolic with 'em. It will take a little money and I haven't got any. The fellows have been telling me to borrow it of Mr. Hyde—without saying anything to him about it, you know—and put it back some other time. When I add up the accounts I can make a little change in the books so no

one could tell. The boys say it wouldn't be any harm. Do you think it would?"

He looked into her face, anxious that she should say No, but feeling in the bottom of his heart sure she would say Yes.

"Oh, Sam," she cried, "you know it would be wrong. There's no need for me to tell you."

"Why, Janet, don't you see it would be just borrowing? Just to put it back again."

"Taking some one's money without leave isn't borrowing, Sam. There's another name for it—an uglier name."

Sam scowled.

"You don't mean to call me a thief, do you?"

"No," she said very earnestly, "and it's because I don't want any one else to call you so that I say so much. Oh, Sam don't do it. And don't go with the boys who want you to do such things. I've heard my father talk about young men who began in just such ways and who kept going on and on till they were found out, and then nobody called it borrowing. If you think it would be no harm why don't you let Mr. Hyde know about it?"

"Why, Janet," said Sam with a start, "I wouldn't let him know it for the world. He'd turn me out in a minute if he knew I thought of such a thing."

Janet laughed.

"My mother tells me sometimes that a good way to find out whether a thing is right or wrong, is to think whether you would folks to know it."

"That is a good way," said Sam, thoughtfully. "I believe you're right, Janet; I know you're right. It is better for a fellow to be honest and above board. I want to get on, and I'm going to stick to your way. People always think better of a chap they know can be trusted."

"But Sam"—Janet laid her hand on his arm, as he was about to run away—"don't think only of how it looks before men. God!"—and she pointed upward to the blue sky over their heads—"God hates a lie, and can see to the very bottom of our hearts if we have a false or deceitful thought. Let us try and keep them pure and clean before Him."

Sam looked down at her sober face and said: "I guess there's no danger but you'll keep yours, Janet. If I hadn't seen how you stood right up for what's true—not just true in looks, but true all the way through, I'd never let you talk to me this way," and he dashed down the path under the spreading trees and disappeared.

The puzzling lessons and the disheartening failures and the burden of weary repetition seemed to go far away from Janet as she walked on. And the voices of the birds and the brightness of the sunshine and the softness of leaves and grass seemed sweeter than ever before, for the glow of thankfulness in her heart that she had been blessed with the power to take a firm stand for truth in word and deed, regardless of the advantage she might seem to gain by the practising of a little deceit; and that in so doing she had been able to set an example to the poor, ill-taught, stumbling boy, whose whole life might be influenced by her earnest words borne out by brave deeds.—N. Y. Observer.

ENTHUSIASM IN TEACHING.

As is the teacher, so is the class. If the teacher be lifeless and indifferent, he cannot reasonably expect his class to be anything else. Some time since a certain professor of music offered to raise a musical class in a certain neighborhood. As a recommendation of himself, he triumphantly asserted, "You cannot get a more enthusiastic teacher den I am." Next in importance to a knowledge of what to teach, is enthusiasm in imparting that knowledge. Throw your life and soul into your work. Let your class see and feel—say, make them feel—that you are intensely in earnest about your responsible work. If you are half asleep yourself, it will not take long to put your class asleep, at least on the subject of your lesson. If you teach in a sort of dreamy absent-mindedness, you may rest assured that the mental force of your pupils will not be concentrated on the lesson. Fill your mind and heart with the best you can get on the lesson, and then give it warm to your pupils. Do not be afraid to manifest life and fire and snap in your efforts. There is nothing into which it pays better to put enthusiasm than the teaching of God's Word.—Living Epistle.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)
June 15.—Rom. 8: 28-39.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. All things work together for good. God's universe is like a great factory full of all kinds of machinery. Every part that works in harmony with the great design of all finds every wheel and band and force helping to do its work. But the moment any part sets itself in opposition, the whole power of the factory works against it to crush it. If we by love to God are in harmony with God, all the natural and spiritual forces of the world are our friends. If we set up our will against God, all these forces are against us. God often makes all things work together for good, even to those who do not love him, because they are his children, and to make them love him; but only those that love him can claim the promise; and if the others refuse to love God, in the end all must be against them.

II. The stones for a great temple are often hewn out in various quarries. While separated it cannot be understood why each one is treated and shaped as it is, but every difficulty is solved when all find their place in the building. The reason why some portions of a picture are dark and some light, can not be understood when each portion is seen by itself. Only when they work together, is the perfection and glory of the picture perceived. So it is with our lives.

III. God's purposes, man's free will. I remember when a boy, seeing in my father's factory two wide leather bands, running near together through one room, one of them always running up, the other always down. And I have often thought that if any one had told some stranger who had never seen such a thing before, that these two were the same band, he would not have believed, for one seemed the exact contradiction of the other. But if he had been taken up into the rooms above and below, and shown how they were connected by running over drums and wheels, the mystery would have been solved. So these two doctrines sometimes seem contradictory to us because of our ignorance; but God can show us how they exactly agree, as parts of one whole, though to our ignorance they seem contradictions.

WHAT EVEN A CHILD CAN DO.

Kate Johnson, a little girl, was one day standing ready dressed to go out, at the window of a London house. A lady had promised to take her for a drive, and the little girl, delighted at the thought of going, was waiting. Presently the carriage drove up to the door, but the little girl's pleasure was all gone when she saw the horses had check-reins on. I suppose it is hardly necessary to explain that check-reins are short reins attached to the bit and secured to a hook on the saddle, so that the horse's head is held up, and he cannot stretch out his neck to its full length, and is thus tortured and often injured whilst in harness. Kate was very fond of horses, and could not bear to see them ill-treated by the cruel rein.

"Oh, mother," she said, "the horses have got check-reins on; need I go?"

"No, my dear," said her mother; "not if you would rather rather not."

"If I must go, I must," she said, "but I shall be miserable all the time, for I can't bear to ride behind horses who are in pain."

So Kate decided not to go; she gave up the pleasure of the drive because she would not have any part in treating horses cruelly. The reader may say, "It was very good of her to give up the drive, but it did not do anything towards stopping the use of the rein; she was only a little girl, and what could her example do?" But let him wait until he has heard the end of the story, and then see whether the example of even a child was without influence.

Kate's mother went down to the lady in the carriage, to say that her daughter would rather not go for the drive. The lady was surprised, and begged to know the reason. When she was told, "Check-reins," she exclaimed, "I never knew that my horses had check-reins on!"

The lady was quite ignorant of the fact; but should not people who keep horses look to their comfort? Perhaps she had never troubled herself to think whether her horses were ill-used or not.

So the carriage drove away, and the little

girl was left behind. A few days afterwards was the child's delight to have a letter, saying that the lady had inquired into the matter, and the check-reins were no longer used, so that the horses could now trot along happily in freedom.

Kate must have been a happy little girl on that day, and I hope that many more children may have the pleasure and satisfaction of helping to relieve the animals, who work so patiently for our benefit, from cruel usage of every sort. They are God's creatures, and we have no right to treat them badly; indeed, I cannot imagine a child wishing to do so, unless he is hardened or thoughtless. Let us, then, set our faces against cruelty of every sort, whether it be the result of passion, thoughtlessness, or carelessness.—J. M. F., in English "Band of Mercy."

IN TEACHING, always proceed from the known to the unknown; that is, start from what is within the range of the children's observation, and gradually lead up to what is beyond that range. If you begin with what is abstruse, you convey no meaning. For example, suppose the subject be God's love to man. To begin by speaking of it as infinite, and so on, conveys no idea to them; but begin from a mother's love; let the scholars give instances of how love is shown, and then lead them to see the greatness of the love of God.

Question Corner.—No. 11.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

A very short sermon preached by a beloved disciple when he was so old and infirm that he was carried into the church. What is the name of this apostle? What books of the Bible did he write? To where was he banished?

The sermon consists of five words composed of twenty-eight letters, and can be found by reading the initials of the persons, places, and things described below. A proof text should be given with each name.

1. A town in which a paralytic was healed.
2. A son of Abraham.
3. A doubting disciple.
4. A Christian to whom Paul wrote an epistle.
5. An animal killed by David.
6. A man who walked with God.
7. A word used for all sorts of grain.
8. The salutation of the multitude to Christ as he rode into Jerusalem.
9. A child of promise.
10. The seller of purple who entertained Paul at Philippi.
11. A bird that carried an olive leaf in its mouth.
12. Something seen by those who had been in the ark.
13. A good man who was carried to heaven in a fiery chariot.
14. The city of Galilee in which Jesus lived when a boy.
15. The grandmother of Timothy.
16. A mountain on which our Lord spent much time.
17. What Moses put over his face when he came down from the mount.
18. A beautiful garden.
19. A king who had a very long bedstead.
20. The city which Jonah the prophet was sent to warn.
21. The prophet who was mocked by young people whom bears devoured.
22. The city in which the followers of our Lord were first called Christians.
23. A preacher of righteousness.
24. Something miraculously increased by Elisha.
25. A woman who was restored to life.
26. One of the sons of Eli.
27. The mother of Timothy.
28. Abstainers from wine who always kept their pledge.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 9.

1. In Athens, with the people of Athens Acts 17, 22, 23.
2. At Athens. Aquila and Priscilla. Acts 18, 2, 3.
3. Matthew 23, 1.
4. Gethsemane. No. John 2, 1.
5. Daniel 3, 31.
6. Timothy. 2 Timothy 3, 15.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been sent by Bella F. Christie, Albert Jesse French, Dora Haisted, and James D. Mackey.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI. (Rom. 8: 28-30) THE BLESSEDNESS OF BELIEVERS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 27-29. 28. And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God... 29. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his son...

GOLDEN TEXT

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8: 28.

HOME READINGS

- M. Rom. 8: 1-11. ... No Condemnation. T. Rom. 8: 12-27. ... Saved by Hope. W. Rom. 8: 28-30. ... No Separation. Th. Ps. 136: 1-6. ... Praise Him. F. Rom. 12: 1-21. ... A Reasonable Service. Sa. John 10: 22-30. ... They shall never see death.

LESSON PLAN.

1. All things for their good. 2. God on their side. 3. No separation from God's love. Time—A, B, C (script). Place—Written from Corinth.

INTRODUCTORY.

The theme of this chapter is the absolute certainty of the believer's salvation. It opens with the declaration that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus...

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 28. WORK TOGETHER—as parts of one plan. FOR GOOD—real, spiritual, eternal good. 29. 28. FOR WHOM—loved and chosen. Rom. 11: 2; 1 Pet. 1: 20. (Compare Acts 2: 31; 1 Pet. 1: 2.) PREDESTINATE—determine before. (Compare Acts 1: 25; Eph. 1: 11; 1 Cor. 2: 7.) CHOICE—made to be like Jesus Christ. Now in this life, and for ever in glory. 1 John 1: 5; 1 Cor. 15: 49; 1 Pet. 1: 21. THE BEING BORN—Ps. 89: 27; Col. 1: 15; Heb. 2: 14. V. 30. CALLED—by the inward, effectual call of the Spirit. 1 Cor. 1: 25; 2 Tim. 1: 9; Heb. 9: 15. GLOBE-FITTING with Christian gifts and grace in this life and complete and eternal glory in heaven. II.—V. 31. THESE THINGS—these grounds of security and blessedness. WHO CAN BE AGAINST US—SO AS TO HARM US or prevent our salvation. V. 32. SPARED NOT—did not treat with tenderness. HIS OWN SON—Rom. 8: 3; Heb. 1: 3. HOW SHALL HE NOT—if he did the greater he will surely do the less. V. 33. GOD'S ELECT—chosen ones, called and justified. IF—if results none can bring a charge against them. V. 34. CONDEMNETH—gives judgment against. I. Christ will not, who can? III.—V. 35. THE LOVE OF CHRIST—Christ's love for us. TRIBULATION OR DISTRESS—any kind of evil that may befall the believer, no one of which, for all of them together, shall separate from Christ's love. V. 36. AS IT IS WRITTEN—Ps. 41: 22. V. 37. MORE THAN CONQUERS—everything ministering to their good and swelling the glory of the victory. V. 38. DEATH—at any time and in any form. LIFE—in trials and dangers. ANGELS, PRINCIPALITIES, POWERS—superior forces. 1 Cor. 6: 3; Eze. 4: 21; 1 Pet. 1: 12; Col. 1: 16. V. 39. NONE ANOTHER CREATOR—no created thing in the universe of God. The believer's blessedness is thus firmly secured—(1) by the purpose of God, (2) by his power and his unchanging love. WHAT HAVE I LEARNED? 1. That God will make all things work together for the good of believers. 2. That the glory which is begun in heaven, will be completed in and for them. 3. That there is perfect, absolute, eternal security to them that love God. 4. That we may be sure that the love of God I. Christ will never fail us. 5. That since God's love is so great and constant, it is a great sin to doubt or mistrust it.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, June 4, 1884.

Chicago is about steady, but the price has fluctuated during the week. The quotations are as follows:—89 June, 91 1/2 July; 92 1/2 August; 92 1/2 Sept. Corn is dearer, 55 1/2 June; 56 1/2 July; 58 1/2 August; and 59 September. Liverpool is dull and weaker, Spring wheat being quoted at 75 3/4 to 75 1/2 and Red Winter 75 1/2 to 75. The local market is active, for it, at higher prices. The quotations are as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.15 to \$1.17; Canada White, \$1.12 to \$1.13; Canada Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.15; Corn, 70c to 72c; Peas, 92c to 94c; Barley, 65c to 67c; Rye 67c to 69c.

FLOUR.—The market is quiet, unchanged prices. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.50 Extra Superfine, \$5.15, to \$5.25; Fancy, \$4.80 to \$4.90; Spring Extra, \$4.55 to \$4.60; Superfine, \$3.75 to \$4.00; Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.10 to \$5.40; do., American, \$5.40 to \$5.80; Fine, \$3.45 to \$3.55; Middlings, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Pollards, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.30 to \$2.40; do., Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$2.85 to \$2.90.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, nominal; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$4.35 to \$4.75; granulated, \$4.80 to \$6.00.

Table with 4 columns: Stock, May 31, May 24, June 2, 1884. Rows include Wheat bush, Corn bush, Peas bush, Barley bush, Rye bush, Flour bush, Oatmeal bush, Cornmeal bush.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—New creamery butter is bringing 20c to 22c. Eastern Townships, 17c to 19c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 14c to 17c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese is quoted at 9 1/2 to 10 1/2.

Eggs are at 15c per dozen.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Are very dull. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$20.50 to \$21.00; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50 to \$22; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, Western, 11 1/2c to 12c; do., Canadian, 11c to 11 1/2; Tallow, refined 6 1/2c to 7c to quality. ASHES are quiet at \$4.00 to \$4.30 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The live stock market continues dull but without much change in prices since last week, except for leanish stock and bulls, which are rather difficult to sell at present and bring lower rates. Shippers are again buying a few cattle, but except for very choice animals 6c per lb. is about the top figure paid by them. Good butchers' cattle sell at 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; fair conditioned steers and fat oxen 5c to 5 1/2c; bulls 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c; small lean stock 3 1/2c to 4c. Good calves bring from \$5 to \$8 each, and common ones from \$2 to \$4 each. Sheep and lambs are plentiful and prices continue to decline. Sheep sell at \$3.50 to \$7.00 each. Lambs from \$2 to \$4.50 each. Fat hogs are in fair supply and prices average about 6 1/2c per lb.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers are bringing produce to the market more freely since their spring work, and prices are generally lower. The market gardeners have overstocked the market with green vegetables such as rhubarb, lettuce, radishes and green onions; and there are pretty large supplies of spinach, and asparagus. Prices are unusually low for so early in the season. The prices of oats and potatoes are declining and the same may be said of butter and eggs, which are now sold at pretty low figures. The prices of bran and grain are declining and so also are the prices of hay and straw, the demand having fallen off considerably since the cows have been put out to pasture. Oats are \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bag; peas, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes, 60c to 75c per bag; Swedish turnips, 75c to \$1.00. Tub butter, 16c to 22c per lb; eggs, 15c to 18c per dozen. Apples, \$6.00 to \$7.00 per barrel; Hay, \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs. Pressed hay, 55c to 65c per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat \$1.01 1/2 June; \$1.04 July; \$1.05 1/2 August; \$1.06 1/2 Sept. Corn, 63 1/2c June; 64c July; 65 1/2c August; 66 1/2c Sept. Oats, 37 1/2c June; 34 1/2c July.

FLOUR.—quotations are Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.45 to \$3.35; Low Extra, \$3.30 to \$3.50; Clears, \$4.10 to \$5.10; Straight (full stock), \$5.25 to \$6.10; Patent, \$5.40 to \$6.75. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.90 to \$3.40; Low Extra, \$3.35 to \$3.50; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.50 to \$5.60; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.75 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.20 to \$6.60; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.50 to \$5.60; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.60 to \$4.10; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.85; barrels, West India, \$5.05 to \$5.05; Patent, \$5.50 to \$6.15; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.45 to \$5.95. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.75 to \$5.25; Family, \$5.40 to \$6.25; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$2.75 to \$4.00.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Coarse, \$5.40 to \$5.90 per bl. Cornmeal, Brandywine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Western Yellow, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Bag meal, Coarse City, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Fine white, \$1.40 to \$1.50; Fine yellow, \$1.40 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.00 to \$3.75; Hominy, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, at \$22.00 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$20.00 to \$21.00; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, at \$17 to \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$15.00 to \$16.00; 50 lbs or medium feed, \$15.00 to \$16.00; 40 lbs or No. 2 feed, \$15.00 per ton. Rye feed at \$18.00 to \$19.00.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 10c to 10 1/2c for fair to choice; timothy, retail parcels \$1.55 to \$1.70; round lot \$1.50 to \$1.60; domestic flaxseed nominal, \$1.60 to \$1.70; California linseed, spot \$2, and to arrive, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

BUTTER.—There has been a decided drop in prices but, there is also a more hopeful tone to the market. We quote for new—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 15c to 20c. State dairies, not quoted; State factory, fair to best, 15c to 20c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 17c to 19c; Western imitation creamery, 14c to 17c; Western dairy, not quoted; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 8c to 15c.

CHEESE.—A quiet and somewhat uncertain market. We quote as follows:—State factory, skims select, 6c to 11c; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 2c to 4c; Ohio flat ordinary, 7c to 10c.

BEEF.—We quote:—Extra mess, \$12.00. Extra India mess, \$19. to \$21.00; Packet, \$12.50 to \$13.00 in bris.

BEEF HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$35.00 to \$36.00 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—We quote:—\$17.00 for old brands mess; \$17.50 new mess; \$16.00 for extra prime; \$18.00 to \$18.75 for clear back \$16.50 to \$17.00 for family.

BACON.—The market much quieter but strong at 8.40c.

CUTMEATS.—Pickled bellies, 12c lb. average, 7 1/2; pickled shoulders, 7 1/2; pickled hams, 11c to 11 1/2; smoked shoulders, 8 1/2; smoked hams, 12 1/2 to 13c.

LARD.—Prices are about steady. City lard bringing 8.10c. Western 8.35c.

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

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 6 1/2 to 6 9-16 for prime city.

THE FIRST insurance company founded on a total abstinence basis, came into being because a total abstainer was refused a policy in one of the old established companies, simply because he was a total abstainer, and his life chances decreased in consequence. This was Robert Warren who became one of the founders of the company which has within the past few years declared such fine dividends in the total abstainers' section. Now the same old company makes a "surcharge" of ten per cent on the lives of men in any way connected with the liquor traffic.

TEACHER.

The Sunday-school teacher must have tools with which to work, as well as the sculptor or mechanic.

- 1. A Bible, with ample references, full margin, accurate maps, good paper, clear type, and good binding. 2. A blank book, in which to catch and record random thoughts and draw out plans of lessons. 3. A scrap-book, in which to treasure up the facts, incidents, condensed statements, poetic gems, etc., with which the papers teem. 4. A good library, made up of commentaries, encyclopedias, and works on the principles and art of Sunday-school teaching.—Selected.

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