

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The kind attention of our workers and readers generally is invited to the advertisement of "Our December Competition" in another part of this paper. We anticipate great things when our friends become well warned up to the work.

### SIR CHARLES TUPPER ON INEBRIATION.

At the recent opening of the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates at Rickmansworth near London, England, Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner from Canada, made a speech, in which he said that "no fact was better established than this—that the taking of alcoholic liquors to a certain extent and persevered in for a certain length of time produced not only various diseases of the internal organs, but changed by its operation the character of the brain itself. From this fact arose the circumstance that when attacked with diseases of other portions of the body a man ceased to have that power over his will and that command of his judgment which were essential to his restoration to health. The will power of the brain was destroyed, and although a man might know the course he was pursuing would lead to the destruction of his character, the brain power having been impaired and the will destroyed he was utterly helpless to take such a course as would lead to his restoration to health and strength. Under these circumstances there was no course left but to adopt the principle which lay at the foundation of such an institution as this." Sir Charles went on to speak of the success that had attended inebriate homes in the United States, and, to the smaller extent that they had been adopted, also in Canada. He said that when occupying the position of leader of the Government of Nova Scotia, and when there was no inebriate institution in that province, he took advantage of the fact that there was a humane establishment on Sable Island, some sixty miles from the mainland, entirely inaccessible to strong drink, to which to send persons who had lost all will-power. As the result, he was able to bear personal testimony to the fact that gentlemen of high standing and character and good social position who had become all but entirely destroyed by the use of alcoholic drinks—having been isolated in the double sense of the word—not only had their health restored, but had become capable of entirely overcoming their previous predisposition for strong drink. He said it was thoroughly well-known that total abstinence was the only remedy for persons who had become habitually intemperate, and it was equally well-established that, persevered in for a certain length of time, it resulted in restoration in many cases. In a great country like that, where so much was done by the community for the relief of the unfortunate of all kinds, he was surprised that this mode of treatment, in view of its success, had not been adopted to a greater extent. He con-

gratulated the committee upon having secured so charming a home near London for their work, and wished them every success.

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

The petitions circulated by the Scott Act committee in Yarmouth county, N. S., praying for a poll on the Act, have been signed by 1,440 electors out of a total 3,360 as found on the revisers' lists, which include many non-residents, and the petitioners are believed to number more than half of the resident electors of the county, so that the success of the Act is strongly enough assured.

A Provincial Conventer, to consider the advisability of having an effort made to procure a simultaneous polling day upon the Scott Act throughout Ontario, was lately mooted through the columns of the *Montreal Witness* by Mr. J. G. McCrae, of Sarnia, Ontario, who offered to act as secretary to bring about the meeting. Many have written from different parts of the Province, warmly seconding the proposal and in some cases urging that united pressure be brought to bear upon the Government in favor of unconditional prohibition for the whole Dominion.

We are glad to see by the *Cornwall Reporter* that a movement has been set on foot to procure the adoption of the Scott Act in the counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry, Ontario. Cannot Carleton, Prescott and Russell counties be induced to move at the same time, and in the happy event of success these counties would form a large prohibition peninsula in the eastern extremity of Ontario? The example and the blessings of so much territory wrested from the enemy's hand at the rising of the sun ought not to be long in spreading to the going down thereof upon the Province.

### BLUE RIBBON.

The Blue Ribbon Club of Victoria, British Columbia, built a new hall, and at the first meeting held in it a collection was taken up which amounted to \$1,600.

At its second meeting the Blue Ribbon Club of Portage la Prairie, North-West Territory, reached a membership of over two hundred.

The fishermen and watermen at Plymouth, England, have organized a Bethel Blue Ribbon Army.

Mr. Booth, before leaving for Australia, said 700,000 pledges had been taken at his meetings in England, and over a million had put on the badge of blue.

AT THE OPENING of the Prussian Diet it was announced in the speech from the throne that the financial situation had improved and the working of the railways by the State had yielded a surplus.

DR. HENRY BENGE JONES, Fellow of the Royal Society, one of the most eminent physicians in England, has died at the age of 69, from the amputation of his leg made necessary by a shooting accident.

### NOTES OF PROGRESS.

The *League Journal*, the organ of the Scottish Temperance League, contains under the heading, "Notabilia," in its issue of November 10th last, the following item:—"At the dinner following the induction of the Rev. D. Colvin to the pastoral charge of the Free Church, Auchterader, no intoxicating liquors were used, and approbation was expressed at the salutary innovation." The same column contains an account of the celebration of the jubilee of the Rev. John Fairbairn, Free Church, Greenlaw, an ab-tainer and supporter of the League for many years, who was presented with an address and a cheque for over \$1500 on the occasion.

A religious journalist in England, after an extended reference to the facility with which the liquor making and selling interests have appropriated some of the choicest situations for living in the country for their business, is "happy to note, from the newspaper reports, that the recent licensing sessions have shown an increasing unwillingness on the part of the magistrates to hand over the best sites to the dealers in the 'waters of death.'"

In five cities of Ireland exempted from the operation of the Sunday Closing Act, a voluntary canvass was taken, which resulted in a large majority declaring for the measure. The following question was put to householders and heads of families: "Are you in favor of the entire closing of public houses, beer-shops, taverns and spirit-grocers on Sundays?" The answers were: Dublin, yes, 34,606; no, 8,117; majority in favor of Sunday-closing, 26,489. Belfast, yes, 23,958; no, 2,912; majority, 21,046. Cork, yes, 9,605; no, 1,870; majority, 7,735. Limerick, yes, 5,600; no, 550; majority, 5,050. Waterford, yes, 3,495; no, 290; majority, 3,205. "With such a preponderance of public opinion in its favor," the *National Temperance Advocate* says, "it would seem that Parliament might very properly, without further delay, extend the measure to the whole country and make it permanent."

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Rev. James Scott organized ten Divisions in Ontario in September.

Mr. E. Carswell, the celebrated agent of the Order, lately fulfilled an engagement of a week with the Niagara District Division. At Port Dalhousie he organized "Rescue" Division, with eighteen charter members, offered as follows:—E. R. Hutt, W. P.; Mrs. S. Wilkinson, W. A.; Robert Soper, R. S.; Edith Denton, A. R. S.; John Howse, F. S.; George Dalgety, Tr.; John Denton, Ch.; Agnes Denton, Con.; Mrs. E. R. Hutt, A. Con.; Mrs. J. Pirrite, I. S.; L. G. Tench, O. S. Mr. Carswell organized "Hope" Division at Beamsville, with twenty-eight charter members, Mr. Alernethy being elected W. P.—the local paper reporting the event has not got a full list of the officers. A division was instituted at Merrittton, bearing the name of the place, with twenty charter members and the following officers:—James Blakely, W. P.; Mrs. D. M. Walker, W. A.; Jesse Albright, R. S.; Mrs. Dr. Vauderburg, A.

R. S.; Wm. Warren, F. S.; Emma Bradley, Tr.; Ellen Albright, Ch.; David L. Scott, Con.; Jennie Metler, A. Con.; Anna Dowdy, I. S.; Marius Phelps, O. S.; Carrie Phelps, P. W. P.; Ellen Albright, organist. An application for a charter for a Division at Niagara town was signed by about fifty persons.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

"A Worker" in Nova Scotia writes:—Mr. P. J. Chisholm, G. W. C. T. of the Loyal Good Templars of Nova Scotia, organized two Lodges this month—"Social" Lodge at West Branch, River John, Pictou county, with thirty charter members, and "Faithful Guide" Lodge at East Folly Mountain, Colchester county, with twenty-four charter members. Our G. W. C. T. has been doing excellent work for the last four months. He has few equals as a successful organizer. Cumberland county wants him and so do Hants and Lunenburg. The above make fifteen Lodges added to this Grand Lodge since July. Colchester county Lodge and Cumberland County Lodge meet on the first Tuesday of December, Hants and Lunenburg County Lodges on the third Tuesday of the same month. These meetings should be better arranged, as the Grand Worthy Chief Templar is expected to attend the meetings of all the County Lodges.

A correspondent of the *Halifax Chronicle* writes:—"River Hebert Lodge, I.O.G.T., has lately joined the Loyal Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. This was the last lodge in Cumberland County working in connection with the R. W. G. L. of the World. The lodges of this order throughout the Province are getting tired waiting for their Grand Lodge to unite, and are taking the matter in their own hands. The great disadvantage of being isolated from almost the entire continent, and from by far the largest number of Good Templars in the Province, is now being seen more than ever before. There is not the slightest excuse for perpetuating this division."

MR. W. H. BARNES, a Past Grand Master of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, asserted in a lecture that seven-tenths of the deaths in beneficiary societies and in public hospitals are traceable directly to the drinking of beer, causing Bright's disease and other diseases of the kidneys and the liver.

THE REPUBLICAN MILITARY SOCIETY of Spain recently issued a secret proclamation, addressed to the army and the people, which declared that if the Government do not establish universal suffrage the society will adopt a revolutionary attitude.

A WOMAN WAS ARRESTED on the Warsaw Railway, Russia, upon information received by the police that she came from Paris to murder the Czar.

FLOODS ARE REPORTED from Indianapolis and other parts of Indiana.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")

## CHAPTER XLIV.—LOVE BEFORE GOLD.

For the first time in all her life, Mrs. Home laid her head on her pillow with the knowledge that she was a rich woman. Those good things which money can buy could be hers; her husband need want no more; her children might be so trained, so nurtured, so carefully tended that their beauty, their beauty both physical and moral, would be seen in clear lustre. How often she had dreamed of the possibility of such a time arriving, and now at last it had come. Ever since her dying mother had told her her own true history, she had dwelt upon this possible moment, dwelt upon it with many murmurings, many heart frettings. Could it be realized, she would be the happiest of women. Then she had decided to give it all up, to put the gold-n dream quite out of her life and, behold! she had scarcely done so before it had come true, the dream was a reality, the riches lay at her feet. In no way through her interference had this come about. Yes, but in the moment of her victory the woman who had so longed for money was very miserable; like Dead Sea apples was the taste of this eagerly desired fruit. She was enriched through another's anguish and despair, through the weeping of another's happiness, and that other had saved the life of her child. Only one thing comforted Charlotte Home during the long hours of that weary night; Charlotte Harman had said,

"With her I am safe; dearly as she loves money, with her I am quite safe."

Mrs. Home thought the slow moments would never fly until she was with the sister friend, who in her own bitter humiliation and shame could trust her. In the morning, she and her husband had a talk together. Then hurrying through her household duties she started at a still very early hour for Prince's Gate. She arrived there before ten o'clock, and as she mounted the steps and pulled the ponderous bell she could not help thinking of her last visit; she had felt sore and jealous then, to-day she was bowed down by a sense of unworthiness and humility. Then, too, she had gone to visit this rich and prosperous young woman dressed in her very best, for she said to herself that whatever her poverty, she would look every inch the lady; she looked every inch the lady to-day, though she was in her old and faded merino. But that had now come to her which made her forget the very existence of dress. The grand footman, however, who answered her modest summons, being obtuse and uneducated, saw only the shabby dress; he thought she was a distressed workwoman, he had forgotten that she had ever come there before. When she asked for Miss Harman, he hesitated and was uncertain whether she could see his young lady; finally looking at her again, he decided to trust her so far as to allow her to wait in the hall while he went to inquire. Charlotte gave her name, Mrs. Home, and he went away. When he returned there was a change in his manner. Had he begun to recognize the lady under the shabby dress? or had Charlotte Harman said anything? He took Mrs. Home up to the pretty room she had seen before, and left her there, saying that Miss Harman would be with her in a few moments. The room looked just as of old. Charlotte, as she waited, remembered that she had been jealous of this pretty room. It was as pretty to-day, bright with flowers, gay with sunshine; the same love-birds were in the same cage, the same canary sang in the same window, the same parrot swung lazily from the same perch. Over the mantel-piece hung the portrait in oils of the pretty baby, who yet was not so pretty as hers. Charlotte remembered how she had longed for these pretty things for her children, but all desire for them had left her now. There was the rustling of a silk dress heard in the passage, and Charlotte Harman carelessly, but richly attired, came in. There was, even in their outward appearance, the full contrast between the rich and the poor observable at this moment, for Charlotte Harman, too, had lately forgotten her dress, and had allowed Ward to put on what she chose. When they were about to reverse positions, this rich and this poor woman stood side by side in marked contrast. Charlotte Harman looked proud and cold; in the moment when she came to plead, she held her head high. Charlotte Home, who was to grant the boon,

came up timidly, almost humbly. She took the hands of the girl whom she loved, held them firmly, then gathering sudden courage, there burst from her lips just the last words she had meant at this moment to say.

"How much I love you! how much I love you!"

As these fervent, passionate words were almost flung at her, Charlotte Harman's eyes began suddenly to dilate. After a moment she said under her breath, in a startled kind of whisper,

"You know all?"

"I know everything."

"Then you—you will save my father?"

"Absolutely. You need fear nothing from me or mine; in this we are but quits. Did not you save Harold?"

"Ah," said Charlotte Harman; she took no notice of her friend and guest, she sat down on the nearest chair and covered her face. When she raised her head, Mrs. Home was kneeling by her side.

"Charlotte," said Miss Harman—there was a change in her, the proud look and bearing were gone—"Charlotte," she said, "you and I are one age, but you are a mother; may I lay my head on your breast just for a moment?"

"Lay it there, my darling. As you have got into my heart of hearts, so would I comfort you."

"Ah, Charlotte, how my heart has beat! but your love is like a cool hand laid upon it, it is growing quiet."

"Charlotte, you are right in reminding me that I am a mother. I must treat you as I would my little Daisy. Daisy trusts me absolutely and has no fear; you must trust me altogether, and fear nothing."

"I do. I fear nothing when I am with you. Charlotte, next Tuesday was to have been my wedding-day."

"Yes, dear."

"But it is all at an end now; I broke off my engagement yesterday. And yet, how much I love him! Charlotte, don't look at me so pityingly."

"Was I doing so? I was wondering if you slept last night."

"Slept! No, people don't sleep when their hearts beat as hard as mine did, but I am better now."

"Then, Charlotte, I must prescribe for you, as a mother. For the next two hours you are my child and shall obey me; we have a great deal to say to each other; but first of all, before we say a single word, you must lie on this sofa, and I will hold your hand. You shall try and sleep."

"But can you spare the time from your children?"

"You are my child now; as long as you want me I will stay with you. See, I am going to draw down the blinds, and I will lock the door; you must not be disturbed."

It was thus that these two spent the morning. When Charlotte Harman awoke some hours later, quiet and refreshed, they had a long, long talk. That talk drew their hearts still closer together; it was plain that such a paltry thing as money could not divide these friends.

## CHAPTER XLV.—THE FATE OF A LETTER.

Hinton had left the Harman's house, after his strange interview with Charlotte, with a stunned feeling. It is not too much to say of this young man that he utterly failed to realize what had befallen him. He walked like one in a dream, and when he reached his lodgings in Jermy Street, and sat down at last by his hearth, he thought of himself in a queer way, as if he were some one else, a trouble had come to some one else; that some one was a friend of his, so he was called on to pity him. Gradually, however, it dawned upon him that the friend was unpleasantly close, that the some one else reigned as lord of his bosom. It was he—himself he was called on to pity. It was on his, hitherto so prosperous, young head that the storm had burst. Next Tuesday was to have been his wedding-day. There was to be no wedding. On next Tuesday he was to have won a bride, a wife; that other one dearer than himself was to give herself to him absolutely. In addition to this he was to obtain fortune, and fortune was to lead to far dearer, far nobler fame. But now all this was at an end; Tuesday was to pass as any other day—grey, neutral tinted, indifferent, it was to go over his head. And why? This was what caused the sharpest sting of the anguish. There seemed no reason for it all. Charlotte's

excuse was a poor one; it had not the ring of the true metal about it. Unaccustomed to deceive she had played her part badly. She had given an excuse; but it was no excuse. In this Hinton was not blinded, even for a moment. His Charlotte! Her, seemed a flaw in the perfect creature! His Charlotte had a second time turned away her confidence from him. Yes, here was the sting; in her trouble she would not let him comfort her. What was the matter? What was the mystery? What was the hidden wrong?

Hinton roused himself now. As thought and clearness of judgment came more vividly back to him his anger grew and his pity lessened. His mind was brought to bear upon a secret, for there was a hidden secret. His remembrance travelled back to all that had happened since the day their marriage was fixed—since the day when he first saw a troubled look on Charlotte's face—and she had told him, through unwillingly, that queersy of Mrs. Home's. Yes, of course, he knew there was a mystery—a strange and dark mystery; like a coward he had turned away from investigating it. He had seen Uncle Jasper's nervous fear; he had seen Mrs. Home's poverty; he had witnessed Mr. Harman's ill concealed disquietude—all this he had seen, all this he had known. But, for Charlotte's sake, he had shut his eyes; for Charlotte's sake he had forbidden his brain to think or his hands to work.

And now—now—ah! light was dawning. Charlotte had fathomed what he had feared to look at. Charlotte had seen the dread reality. The secret was disgraceful. Nothing else could so have changed his one love. Nothing but disgrace, the disgrace of the one nearest to her, could bring that look to her face. Scarcely had he thought this before a memory came to him. He started to his feet as it came back. Charlotte had said "Before our wedding-day I will read my grandfather's will." Suppose she had done so, and her grandfather's will had been—what? Hinton began to see reason now in her unaccountable determination not to see Webster. She had doubtless resolved on that very day to go to Somerset House and read that fatal document. Having made up her mind she would not swerve from her purpose. Then, though she was firm in her determination, her face had been bright, her brow unfurrowed, she had still been his own dear and happy Charlotte. He had not seen her again until she knew all. She knew all, and her heart and spirit were alike broken. As this fact became clear to Hinton, a sense of relief and peace came over him; he began once more to understand the woman he loved. Beside the darkness of misunderstanding her, all other misunderstandings seemed light. She was still his love, his life; she was still true to herself, to the beautiful ideal he had enthroned in his heart of hearts. Poor darling! she would suffer; but he must escape. Loving him as deeply, as devotedly as ever, she yet would give him up, rather than that he should share in the downfall of her house. Ah! she did not know him. She could be great; but so also could he. Charlotte should see that her love was no light thing for any man to relinquish; she would find that it weighed heavier in the balance than riches, than fame, that disgrace even could not crush it down. Knowing all, he would go to her; she should not be alone in her great, great trouble; she should find out in her hour of need the kind of man whose heart she had won. His depression left him as he came to this resolve, and he scarcely spent even an anxious night. On the next day, however, he did not go to Charlotte; but about noon he sat down and wrote the following letter:—

"MY DARLING,

"I gave me up yesterday. I— I don't mind telling you this now—stunned, surprised, pained. Since then, however, I have thought much; all my thought has been about you. Thought sometimes leads to light, and light has come to me. Charlotte, a contract entered into by two takes two to undo. I refuse to undo this contract. Charlotte, I refuse to give you up. You are my promised wife; our banns have been read twice in church already. Have you forgotten this? In the eyes of both God and man you are almost mine. To break off this engagement, unless I, too, wished it, would be, whatever your motive, a sin. Charlotte, the time has come, when we may ruin the happiness of both our lives, unless very plain words pass between us. I use very plain words when I tell you that I

most absolutely refuse to give you up. That being so, whatever your motive, you are committing a sin in refusing to give yourself to me. My darling, it is you I want not your money—you—not—not—

—But I will add no more, except one thing. Charlotte, I went this morning to Somerset House, and I read your grandfather's will.

"Now, what hour shall I come to you? Any hour you name I will fly to you. It is impossible for you to refuse what I demand as a right. But know that, if you do refuse, I will come notwithstanding."

"Yours ever,

"JOHN HINTON."

This letter, being directed, was quickly posted, and in due time reached its address at Prince's Gate.

Then a strange thing happened to it. Jasper Harman, passing through the hall, saw the solitary letter waiting for his niece. It was his habit to examine every letter that came within his reach; he took up this one for no particular reason, but simply from the force of this long established habit. But having taken it in his hand, he knew the writing. The letter was from Hinton, and Charlotte had told him—had just told him—that her engagement with Hinton was broken off, that her wedding was not to be. Old Jasper was beset just now by a thousand fears, and Charlotte's manner and Charlotte's words had considerably added to his alarm. There was a mystery; Charlotte could not deny that fact. This letter might elucidate it—might throw light on so much that was needed. Jasper Harman felt that the contents of Hinton's letter might do him good and ease his mind. Without giving himself an instant's time for reflection, he took the letter into the dining room, and opening it, read what was meant for another. He had scarcely done so before Charlotte unexpectedly entered the room. To save himself from discovery, when he heard her step, he dropped the letter into the fire. Thus Charlotte never got her lover's letter.

Hinton, bravely as he had spoken, was, nevertheless, pained at her silence. After waiting for twenty-four hours he, however, resolved to be true to his word. He had said to Charlotte, "If you refuse what I demand as a right, nevertheless I shall exercise my right. I will come to you." But he went with a strange sinking of heart, and when he got to Prince's Gate and was not admitted he scarcely felt surprise.

## CHAPTER XLVI.—"THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS."

It is one of those everlasting truths, which experience and life teach us every day, that sin brings its own punishment, virtue its own reward; peace, the great divine reward of conscience to the virtuous; misery and despair, and that constant apprehension which drains discovery, and yet which in itself is worse than discovery, to the transgressors.

"The way of transgressors is hard."

That Bible text was proving itself once more now in the cases of two old men. John Harman was sinking into his grave in anguish at the thought of facing an angry God; Jasper Harman was preparing to fly from what, alas! he dreaded more, the faces of his angry fellow creatures.

Yes; it had come to this with Jasper Harman; England had become too hot to hold him; better fly while he could. Ever since the day Hinton had told him that he had really and in truth heard of the safe arrival of the other trustee, Jasper's days and nights had been like hell to him. In the morning, he had wondered would the evening find him still a free man; in the evening, he had trembled at what might befall him before the morning dawned. Unaccustomed to any mental anguish, his health began to give way; his heart beat irregularly, unevenly; he lost his appetite; at night he either had bad dreams or he could not sleep. This change began to tell upon his appearance; his hair grew thinner and whiter, he stooped as he walked, there was very little apparent difference now between him and John.

He could not bear the Harman's house, for there he might meet Hinton. He dreaded his office in the City, for there the other trustee might follow him and publicly expose him. He liked his club best; but even there he felt scarcely safe, some one might get an inkling of the tale, there was no saying how soon such a story, so strange, so disgraceful, pertaining to so well-known a

house as that of Harman Brothers, might get bruited about. Thus it came to pass that there was no place where this wretched old man felt safe; it became more and more clear to him day by day that England was too hot to hold him. All these growing feelings culminated in a sudden accession of terror on the day that Charlotte, with her strangely changed face, had asked him the truth with regard to her father's case, when, with the persistence of almost despair, she had insisted on knowing the very worst; then had quickly followed the announcement that her marriage had been broken off by herself; that it was postponed, her father thought, simply for the short remaining span of his own life; but Charlotte had taken little pains to conceal from Uncle Jasper that she now never meant to marry Hinton. What was the reason of it all? Jasper Harman, too, as well as Hinton, was not deceived by the reason given. There was something more behind. What was that something more?

In his terror and perplexity, Jasper opened Hinton's letter. One sentence in that letter, never meant for him, burnt into the unhappy man as the very fire of hell.

"I went this morning to Somerset House, and I read your grandfather's will."

Then Jasper's worst fears had come true; the discovery was made; the hidden sin brought to the light, the sinners would be dragged any moment to punishment.

Jasper must leave England that very night. Never again could he enter his brother's house. He must fly; he must fly at once and in secret, for it would never do to take any one into his confidence. Jasper Harman had a hard and evil heart; he was naturally cold and unloving; but he had one affection, he did care for his brother. In mortal terror as he was, he could not leave that dying brother without bidding him good-bye.

John Harman had not gone to the City that day, and when Charlotte left the room, Jasper, first glancing at the grate to make sure that Hinton's letter was all reduced to ashes, stole, in his usual soft and gliding fashion, to John's study. He was pleased to see his brother there and alone.

"You are early back from the City, Jasper," said the elder brother.

"Yes; there was nothing to keep me this afternoon, so I did not stay."

The two old men exchanged a few more commonplace. They were now standing by the hearth. Suddenly John Harman, uttering a half-suppressed groan, resumed his seat.

"It is odd," he said, "how the insidious something which men call Death seems to grow nearer to me day by day. Now, as we stood together, I felt just a touch of the cold hand; the touch was but a feather weight, but any instant it will come down like a giant on its prey. It is terrible to stand as I do, looking into the face of Death; I mean it is terrible for one like me."

"You are getting morbid, John," said Jasper; "you always were given to look on the dismal. If you must die, as I suppose and fear you must, why don't you rouse yourself and enjoy life while you may?"

"To this John Harman made no answer. After a moment or two of silence, during which Jasper watched him nervously, he said,

"As you have come back so early from the City, can you give me two hours now? I have a great deal I wish to say to you."

"About the past?" questioned Jasper.

"About the past."

Jasper Harman paused and hesitated; he knew well that he should never see his brother again; that this was his last request. But dare he stay? Two hours were very precious, and the avenger might even now be at the door. No; he could not waste time so precious in listening to an old, old tale.

"Will two hours this evening do equally well, John?"

"Yes; if you prefer it. I generally give the evening to Charlotte; but this evening if it suits you better."

"I will go now, then," said Jasper.

"Charlotte has told you of her resolve?"

"Yes, and I have spoken to her; but she is an obstinate minx."

"Do not call her so; it is because of her love for me. I am sorry that she will not marry at once; but it is not after all a long postponement, and it is, I own, a relief, not

to have to conceal my state of health from her."

"It is useless arguing with a woman," said Jasper. "Well, good-bye, John."

"Good-bye," said the elder Harman, in some surprise that Jasper's hand was held out to him.

Jasper's keen eyes looked hard into John's for a moment. He wrung the thin hand and left the room. He had left for ever the one human being he loved, and even in his throat was a lump caused by something else than fear. But in the street and well outside that luxurious home, his love sank out of sight and his fear returned; he must get out of England that very night, and he had much to do.

He pulled out his watch. Yes, there was still time. Hailing a passing hansom he jumped into it, and drove to his bank. There, to the astonishment of the cashier, he drew all the money he kept there. This amounted to some thousands. Jasper buttoned the precious notes into a pocket-book. Then he went to his lodgings and began the task of tearing up letters and papers which he feared might betray him. Hitherto, all through his life he had kept these things precious; but now they all went, even to his mother's portrait and the few letters she had written to him when a boy at school. Even he sighed as he cast these treasures into the fire and watched them being reduced to ashes; but though they had gone with him from place to place in Australia, and he had hoped never to part from them, he must give them up now; for, innocent as they looked, they might appeal against him. He must give up all the past, name and all, for he was not flying from the avengers, flying because of his sin! Oh! surely the way of transgressors was hard.

(To be Continued.)

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

There was no light in Mrs. Henry's house, except in the dining-room; and thence a feeble ray issued from the almost tightly-closed blinds.

"There must be some one sick," Uncle Hugh said anxiously, as he stamped the snow from his heavy boots as lightly as possible, and then rapped at the side door.

"Oh, Uncle Hugh, I'm so glad to see you," Elsie Henry said, putting her arms around Uncle Hugh's neck the moment he crossed the threshold.

"What's the trouble, Puss? Any one sick?" he inquired, returning Elsie's caress.

"No one sick now. What made you ask?" Elsie asked soberly.

"Because the house is not lighted, and your face is so doleful, and you are sitting here alone in this forlorn dining-room."

"Oh, Uncle Hugh!" Elsie wailed.

"Well, my dear!" her uncle said questioningly, as he threw aside his coat and sat down in a large arm-chair.

"Do you wonder that my face is doleful, when you know that my darling sister is dead? And what do I care for the house being lighted, when I'm doing nothing but just sitting here, brooding and mourning over Ellen's death?"

"Surely I do not wonder at your doleful face, or your darkened house, if that is all. I had hoped better things of you," Uncle Hugh said tenderly.

"What had you hoped?" Elsie asked.

"I hoped that you would lean heavily on Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' I hoped that you would cheer your saddened mother, who has had so many crosses to bear that she has borne heavily upon her; hoped that you would brighten up the house,—not make the darkness more intense." Elsie looked up wistfully through eyes brimming full of tears, to ask: "How can one undertake to cheer another, when that one is depressed?"

"It is not so hard as one might think, if one resolutely goes to work to cheer. You may sob and mourn for Ellen; it is only the expression of a loving human heart; but it is not quite the right way, to sit down deliberately to brood and mourn. Remember, Elsie dear, that the sun still shines, and God reigns. It is hard for us to know, that we can never see Ellen's sweet face here; but is it not joy to feel sure that we will greet her again over there? I was thinking this evening of the Master's words, 'I gave my life for thee,' and of how little we could do in return. You have a grand opportunity of answering the Master's

question, 'What hast thou done for me?' You can say, 'I give up my sister willingly at Thy call. I will not be rebellious.' I will remember that although her work is finished, mine is not; and just now this seems to be, to bring sunshine into my home. Will you not try to feel this way, Elsie dear?"

Elsie could not answer then; she only sobbed; but when Uncle Hugh came in sight of his sister's house the next evening, he was answered to his satisfaction. There was a glimmer of light beckoning from the hall, and the large, comfortable sitting-room was brilliantly illuminated. Uncle Hugh rubbed his hands with delight, as he opened the door into the warm, pleasant room. Elsie met him with a smile; her face was no longer doleful, but full of peace.

"I fought a battle last night, Uncle Hugh. I conquered at last; but it was in the wee, sma' hours, before I won the victory," she whispered.

"Ah, my dear, thank God that you won," he answered heartily, looking about him at the sweet home picture,—Elsie's mother busy with some bright worsted work; Elsie's father sitting near her with a pleasant book in his hands; while all around were evidences of Elsie's loving thoughtfulness. The tea-rose in the vase upon the table, the dish of rosy apples near by, the slippers warming by the fireside, were all voices proclaiming victory. While Elsie ran up to her room for a little gift she had been preparing for Uncle Hugh, he remarked: "You look very peaceful and happy here."

"Yes, and we feel so. It has been so lonely for us all, since Ellen died. Elsie, poor child, grieved herself almost sick. We thought until to-day, that we had lost both of our daughters,—the house seemed like a tomb; but we've found our dear Elsie again,—brighter, nobler, sweeter, for her passage through the fire of affliction," Mrs. Henry said feelingly.

"I almost thought I had ventured into the wrong house to-day when I came home and found the sun streaming in through the windows, the bird singing for joy, and even my own Elsie actually singing me a greeting from the piano. But, thank God, it was my own house! Thank Him that we at last realize, that even behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that, if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned her face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sash were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on this sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will

do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and had given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Baptist.*

PUZZLES.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am.  
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear.  
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to say,

Although there's nothing left, there's something there.  
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.  
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river,  
Within whose liquid depths I sportive play—

Parant of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

GHARADES.

1. I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long.  
I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong.

2. My friend and I from home did part  
Of whom I had some way the start,  
So on we ran 'on miles or more,  
And I same distance as before;  
Now tell me how that fact could be,  
As I ran twice as fast as he?

ENIGMATIC AUTHORS.

1. To cause to waver, and a lance,  
Names an English poet whose writing entrance.

2. A tool used by farmers, and a gum  
Was a Greek poet highly esteemed by some.

3. The shaft of a column, and not well  
Was a Latin poet few can excel.

4. An English river, and an enemy in war  
Was a novelist whose works are much sought for.

5. An exclamation of teamsters and a briar  
Was a writer of fiction whom many admire.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.

A thrifty lady in a dress of (town in New South Wales), and carrying (one of the Sunda islands) fan, went out to buy a new set of (an empire in Asia). She had a desire to shine in (islands in the Pacific), and sent for her (mountain in Oregon) (a city in Idaho, a city in Georgia, and a city in Illinois) to aid in the selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from (a beautiful city in France), she bought plates from (a city in Prussia), and carved platters from the (mountains in Switzerland), she proceeded to order a supper. She bought (rain from Minnesota), (fruit from Spain and Italy), (fish from the Mediterranean), and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the (town in North of Scotland) of the candles troublesome. She called her servant (mountain in Scotland), and ordered him to bring her oil from (the sea on the east of Siberia). Her carpets were a (city in Belgium), her perfumes came from (a city on the Rhine), her curtains from (a town on the Trent), her coal from (a town on the Tyne), and her knives and forks from (two busy manufacturing towns of England).

MAGIC SQUARE.

Place the following figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in three columns, in such a position that by adding them upward, or across or diagonally, they will make 15.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PHONETIC GHARADE.—Polician (Polly, T. T. T.).  
GHARADES.—Elder-tree Adrift. Mouse Stone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS: 1. It never rains but it pours. 2. Evil be to him who evil thinks. 3. GHARADE.—B-I-H-ND-Y.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.  
Correct answers have been received from J. D. Mills.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1.

## THE TIMES ARE CHANGED.

For some time past there has been a great deal of talk all over this continent about standard time. Everybody knows that time is regulated by the sun, and that twelve o'clock, noon, for instance, is later in point of fact the farther west one goes, there being a difference of an hour in every fifteen degrees of longitude, or nine hundred miles. Railway time tables have been made up according to the standard time of the railway centres, and long railway lines running east and west have had a separate time standard for each great division of its length. As a consequence travellers have been bewildered both in planning and executing long journeys with the time tables, their difficulty being increased by the a.m. and p.m. divisions of each day. After some discussion by scientific and railway men, a general agreement has been made, under which a series of five time standards for the continent has been adopted. All these standards are uniform as regards minutes, but the one for the easternmost district, or time belt, is an hour ahead of the next one, which is an hour ahead of the third, and so on. The centres of the time belts are the 60th, 75th, 90th, 105th and 120th parallels of longitude from Greenwich, and each gives its true time as the standard time for the district extending seven and a half degrees on each side of it. Travellers going west will find their watches an hour faster for every time belt they enter, and on the other hand those going east will find their watches exactly an hour slower for every time belt entered. The traveller, no matter at what point he finds himself, will find the minute hand of his watch agreeing with the time of the place. It is needless to mention that this saving the necessity of calculating the difference of time in minutes, between two places east and west, will be a great boon to the travelling public. Instead of about fifty different standards to take into account by the traveller between the Atlantic and the Pacific, he has now only five, and not only that but each complete day is made to stand out on time-tables in clear relief by having the hours numbered up to twenty-four, instead of in two sections of twelve hours each. From all accounts the new system has proved generally acceptable to the public, the authorities of many cities and towns having adopted the standard time of their respective divisions as the business-time. Of course there will be difficulties encountered before everything will run smoothly as desirable under the new system. For instance, it is supposed that legislation is required in every State and Province to make the standard the legal time. Already a lawsuit has arisen in Boston from judgment in default being entered against a suitor who answered an order to appear in court at ten o'clock a few minutes late by the true time, but with twelve minutes to spare by the standard time.

## A CHIEF DANGER OF IRELAND.

At the commemoration of the ninety-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Father Theobald Mathew, the Irish apostle of temperance, by the London League of the Cross Catholic Total Abstinence Society, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, one of the leading Irish Nationalists, who presided, made

some striking observations, which must sink deeply into the heart of every friend of Ireland:—

He said that he had been over in Ireland a short time ago, and he was rejoiced to tell them that the old country was more happy, more hopeful, and more prosperous than it had been for the last 500 years. God had this year blessed the land with a good harvest, and the Irish farmer was thankful; but in the midst of this rejoicing there came a shadow over the hearts of many a friend of Ireland, and it was this:—Now that no confuting hand can come and deprive the farmer of the fruits of his industry, will these fruits be applied to putting better clothing on his children, providing more nourishing food, and better homes for those dependant on him, or will they be spent on the accursed drink? One of the best priests that Ireland has possessed assured him on a recent occasion that his heart was full of uncharitableness that with the prosperity and better times which the country now enjoyed the consumption of whi-key would increase; but, at the same time, he said there was one consolation, and it was that the people were better educated, and there was, therefore, greater hope of their becoming more temperate. He sincerely hoped that this anticipation would be happily realized, and, if it were, he had but little fear of the future prosperity of the country. They were all aware that impaired health had reluctantly compelled him to retire somewhat from the political arena, but his heart was still with his own people, and with the gallant band who had struggled so bravely for them, and won for them, in the face of dire and determined opposition, not a few of the political rights and privileges they now enjoyed. At the same time he was more than ever convinced that it was no use speaking of political rights to the great mass of his countrymen either at home or in Great Britain, unless they took seriously and practically to heart, the great Irish priest, Father Mathew, whose memory they celebrated last night, and of his illustrious successor, Cardinal Manning.

At the close of the meeting resolutions were passed, pledging the meeting to do all in its power to extend the cause of temperance among the Irish population of the metropolis.

## MORE TROUBLE IN EGYPT.

The False Prophet, El Mahdi, who has been heard of frequently during and since the Egyptian rebellion as heading a Mahomedan insurrection in the Soudan, or Great Desert region, has proved to be more formidable foe than was calculated by the Egyptian Government or Hicks Pasha, the British officer sent with Egyptian troops to subdue him. The False Prophet's forces is estimated at 200,000, and Hicks Pasha had ten British officers and 25,000 Egyptian soldiers. Hicks divided the troops and the division that he accompanied was led by a false guide into a wooded defile, where it was exposed to the enemy's fire on all sides. He formed his whole command into a square and stood his ground for two days, at the end of which time officers and soldiers were slain almost to a man. The army is completely shattered, and reinforcements have had to be hurriedly sent south to prevent further conquest by the False Prophet. The leading English press are making the most of the disaster as an argument against the withdrawal of the English troops from Egypt. Comprised in the False Prophet's triumph is victory for the slave dealers of the desert who are allied with the fanatical rebel.

THE GERMAN PRESS is accused by the Temps of bad faith in charging the French press with trying to incite insult to the German Crown Prince on his visit to Spain. It challenges the German papers to quote any attacks on Germany in influential French papers.

## THE WEEK.

A SPLENDID MONUMENT in Portsmouth, England, to the heroes of Zululand, has been blown down by a whirlwind.

QUEEN VICTORIA returned to Windsor Castle from Balmoral, Scotland, a few days ago. Extreme precautions for her safety on the railway journey were taken.

A ROYAL DECREE promulgated in Havana orders all doubtful points regarding the application of the law for the gradual abolition of slavery in Cuba shall be interpreted in a sense of the widest latitude for the liberty of slaves.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS, in England have revised their "Book of Christian Discipline." Balls, gaming places, horse races and play houses are still kept under the ban, but needful recreation is recommended to be taken. Music is set free from the embargo hitherto kept upon it, but public musical entertainments are discontinued.

OSCAR WILDE, who lately posed as the modern apostle of aestheticism, or the science of the beautiful, is now desirous, it is said, of securing a seat in Parliament as an Irish Nationalist.

A LETTER HAS BEEN PUBLISHED by the London Standard from a correspondent professing to be a member of the "American Irish Secret Society." The writer, of whose good faith the paper named is satisfied, says he is very sorry he joined the society. He is an officer in it and has to deliver sealed orders to 228 men. Everything in the society is done by ballot and the members are in the dark as to each other's business. Spies are appointed to watch officers and their fellow-members. According to this authority everything has been reorganized since the last great failure, and 30 members supplied with English money have left upon some business for an unknown destination. Of course, if they effect any serious amount of mischief every member of the organization, judging from the past, will be eager to be first in betraying the others to save himself.

RECENTLY MR. SEXTON, M. P., Irish Nationalist, was waylaid and attacked by six ruffians as he was coming out of a liquor saloon in London, and robbed of a valuable gold watch and chain.

LORD DERBY is quoted as having recently said that "of all reforms the temperance reform was the most urgent, the most practical and the greatest, as regarded its social and its personal results."

RELIGIOUS CIRCLES in Halifax, Nova Scotia, have been thrown into commotion by a mission held there by two Anglican Ritualist ministers from abroad. They urged the doctrines of auricular confession and priestly absolution, claiming that these were authorized in the standards of the Episcopal Church, and they received the countenance and support of the Episcopal Bishop of Nova Scotia. Resident Episcopal ministers of the low party protested from their pulpits against such a strong assault upon Protestantism, and ministers of other Protestant denominations also gave expression from their pulpits to disapprobation of such doctrines being taught in the name of Protestantism.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of the products of the forests will be held in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the summer of 1884.

SMALL-POX in a malignant form has appeared at Girardville, Pennsylvania, and is spreading.

MR. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, Foreign Secretary of France, resigned that position and was succeeded by M. Ferry, the latter being succeeded as Minister of Instruction by M. Fallieres. Thus has the French Republic broken the late President Lincoln's maxim against swapping horses while crossing a stream, although the change is calculated to give more steadiness and discretion to the foreign affairs of the country. The late incumbent of the office is blamed for a good deal of the trouble France has on her hands abroad.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has modified its position upon the question of the annexation of the South Sea Islands to Australia. Lately it was peremptory in forbidding the Australian colonies to do anything in that direction, and threatened punishment to an Australian company if it carried out its colonization designs in New Guinea. This Imperial action was not well received by the Australians, who seemed determined to act upon what they conceived to be the necessity of having the neighboring islands under the same allegiance as themselves. A conference of all the colonies to consider the situation was called to meet in Sydney, New South Wales, and Earl Derby, British Colonial Secretary, has written to say that if the conference decides that the annexation of the Islands is desirable the Home Government will consider whether and how far such annexation will be justifiable and practicable. The lessons of history are against England ceding her colonies in matters in which they are the more interested party.

BEFORE POOLE was SENTENCED in Dublin for the murder of Kenny, he spoke at length, denying emphatically that he committed the crime. He said he was proud of going to the scaffold for being a Fenian, he having been a member of the Brotherhood from eighteen years of age. The object of that organization, he said, was not to commit murder, but to free Ireland from tyrannical rule. Although he acknowledged that he was in Kenny's company the night of the murder, he declared he had no hand in striking him down.

SENATOR SHERMAN dissents from the recent decision of the Supreme Court respecting the civil rights of negroes. He says it denies to Congress the power to secure to colored people the common facilities of the highway, the inns, ferries, and places of amusement. This is in direct opposition to the avowed object of the constitutional amendment; and he does not think Congress erred in the choice of proper language to express its meaning, but if it did it was a grave fault. Although he has the highest respect for members of the Court, he will not acquiesce in their decision.

THE DEATH SENTENCE of the girl McCabe, Hamilton, Ontario, for the murder of her child has been commuted to 14 years' imprisonment in the Kingston Penitentiary.

THE NEW BRIDGE being built over the Niagara near the Falls is nearly completed. It is built on what is called the "cant-lever" principle.

MR. LOWELL, the United States Minister to England, has been elected Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrew's, Scotland. This is a distinguished recognition of Mr. Lowell's literary and poetic accomplishments, as the distinction has not hitherto been conferred upon an alien.

FRESH TROUBLE has occurred at Rat Portage between the authorities of Ontario and Manitoba, each of which claims jurisdiction of the region. In this case Mr. Miller, Attorney-General of Manitoba, attempted to prevent liquor selling under an Ontario license, and also to interfere with the municipal Council organized under Ontario law. A conflict ensued, which resulted in the Manitoba constables detailed for the above mentioned tasks being arrested and released from gaol only upon giving bail.

THE CONVENTION OF IRISHMEN of New York State, which met in Syracuse the other day, pledged the united support of all the Irish organizations to Mr. Parnell in any policy he might adopt for the advancement of the Irish cause. A resolution was passed, which, after making the doubtful statement that American competition was creating decline in British manufactures, counselled Irishmen not to use English manufactures and to discountenance their use, and advised that a pledge to that effect be made a condition of membership in the National League. It was resolved, upon motion of Father Cronyn, that a special testimonial fund of \$25,000 from the State of New York should be raised for Mr. Parnell, independently of the tribute at present being raised by the National League.

THE FRENCH BRIG "Rocaborg," from St. Pierre-Miquelon, foundered in mid-ocean in October, after collision with another vessel. Eighty-five of the crew and passengers were drowned, and twenty were rescued and landed at Fayal.

ELEVEN MEMBERS of the family of John Chappay, New Haven, Connecticut, were lately poisoned by eating biscuits poisoned with arsenic by some unknown villain. The object of the guilty person was self-defeated by an overdose that caused the poison to be vomited. There was enough arsenic in each biscuit to poison three or four men.

JAMES DAVIS, Secretary of the London & San Francisco Bank, has absconded from England, with about a quarter of a million of dollars, about two-thirds of which are gold bonds of the Oregon & California Railway.

FRANCE IS SENDING OUT a mission to the relief of its colonizer, M. De Brazza, in the Congo district, Africa. Upon his return to Stanley-Pool, on the Congo, after meeting many difficulties for which Mr. Stanley is blamed, M. De Brazza found a new ruler over the country who favored the American explorer rather than him. The plucky American, who has British sympathy and support, is likely to come out ahead of the Frenchman in that reputedly paradisaical country after all, as he deserves to do.

A COUPLE OF GIANTS were married in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the other day—Patrick Ryan, an Irishman, and Christiana Danz, a German woman.

A SUIT INVOLVING twenty million dollars has been begun in San Francisco, the widow and heirs of John Bowie Gray against the Quicksilver Mining Company. The ground of action is an alleged fraudulent administration of the property by Robert J. Walker, formerly chief representative of the Company and Gray's partner.

FIFTY PAPER MILLS, throughout the North-Western States, have agreed to shut down from December 1st to February 4th. This action throws two thousand men out of work.

MISS LEWIS, sister of Miss Ida Lewis, lately died from consumption at Lime Rock Lighthouse, Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island, within sight of the boats used by herself and sister in rescuing many lives from drowning. Ida was called "the Grace Darling of America," after the English heroine, who distinguished herself in 1838 by assisting her father—who kept the Longstone lighthouse on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands—in rescuing a number of survivors of a wrecked steamer who were clinging to a crag. Besides presents and expressions of admiration showered upon Grace Darling from all parts of the United Kingdom, she was presented with £700 raised by public subscription.

CHINA LATELY ISSUED A CIRCULAR to the Powers, declaring she has done her utmost to preserve peace, but that the demands of the French are so exorbitant that she can only maintain her present attitude and abide results. The Chinese Embassy in Paris delivered their ultimatum, which declared that an attack upon Bac Ninh would be regarded as a declaration of war, and the members of the Embassy had completed preparations for leaving over a week ago. About the middle of this week a despatch said the Governor of Hong Kong had just returned from Peking, where he saw the principal Ministers of the Chinese Empire. He believed China was resolved to fight if forced much further by France in the Tonquin matter. The Chinese claimed to have a hundred thousand trained men available for operations against the French.

M. RUBENSTEIN, the Russian pianist, has been offered \$125,000 to give 150 concerts in the United States—\$833 a concert.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Kendal Mercury* states the following facts respecting the change produced in that town by temperance and religious effort. There are about 13,000 inhabitants. "From what I can hear matters are becoming very serious to the publicans in the town. The income of many of them must have been dreadfully interfered with by what is going on. One of them, in the upper part of the town, is reported to have said, on a certain Saturday evening, that he did not know what he was to do if such a state of things continued, as that evening, from seven o'clock till nine, he had not taken six pence, though Saturday evening, used to be his busiest time. Another of them, in the centre of the town is reported to have said to one of his customers that same evening that he was the only visitor they had for two hours, and that he would give him a shilling if he would visit every public-house in the same street and see if others were as bad as they were. The man took the shilling and went forth, and having visited the ten public-houses that had been pointed out, returned and reported that he had only found eight persons sitting and drinking in the entire lot. Another, who used to brew regularly twice a week, is said to be brewing once a fortnight now. On every side the cry is going forth, whatever shall we do? It is said that one large firm in town, finding that so many of their workmen had mounted the Blue Ribbon, and were in danger of being drawn aside from that path for want of some place where they could meet to read the news and smoke their pipes, have actually rented a large house not far from the works and placed it at their disposal every evening in the week, except Sundays, for the purpose mentioned. Now, if all this is true, we are passing through a revolution, the consequences of which you can tell!"

CREAM TAPIOCA Pudding.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in warm water two hours, then stir it into one quart of boiling milk, let it boil fifteen minutes; beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar, stir them into the pudding and flavor with lemon or vanilla extract; pour all into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth, put this over the pudding, and bake five minutes.

## THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

### DECEMBER PRIZE COMPETITION.

Final Chance this Year

—TO—

### MAKE MONEY

—AND—

### Help a Good Paper Along!

Our autumn competition resulted about doubly more favorable than our August one, and we are encouraged to hope that a similar opportunity given our friends in December, when people generally make provision for a supply of reading matter for the New Year, will yield manifold more satisfactory results than the last one. In this competition we earnestly invite

#### EVERY SUBSCRIBER

to take part, believing that it is possible for every one to obtain at least one new subscriber, and hundreds can obtain five each and thus save the price of their own copies. No canvassers can be more efficient, if they only try, than those who know from a full trial how valuable a return for the price the paper is. It should be easy for our young friends, even in the last half of this competition, which will be the Christmas holidays, to earn a goddysun of money in the liberal commissions we offer, apart from the chances of winning any of the prizes. The premium pictures are within the reach of everyone who exerts himself or herself to earn them. By the following list of prize-winners in the last competition it will be seen that there is no room for despair, on the part of anyone at all favorably situated, of winning the leading prizes:—  
1st, \$10, Wm. Gates, St. George, N.B., sent \$19.75  
2nd, \$5, Bertha Forbes, Wentworth Grant, N.S., sent \$7.50  
3rd, \$3, Mary McGee, St. George, N.B., sent \$4.05  
4th, \$2, Willie Brotsman, Jasper, Steuben Co., N.Y., sent \$4.  
5th, \$1, Jennie McMillan, Spencerville, Ohio, sent \$3.35.

#### DECEMBER OFFER.

The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents a year, and it will be given free for the remainder of this year to new subscribers from the date of receiving their subscriptions. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for a year may send **TWO DOLLARS** and keep **FIFTY CENTS**. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for six months on trial, at twenty-five cents each, may send eighty-five cents and keep forty cents. Anyone sending us five subscriptions for three months on trial, at thirteen cents each, may send thirty-five cents and keep thirty cents.

#### SEND AS MANY AS YOU CAN.

keeping fifty cents for every five yearly, forty cents for every five half-yearly and thirty cents for every five quarterly subscriptions.

In addition to these commissions we offer the following

#### PRIZES:

To the person sending us the largest amount of money, not counting commission, **TEN DOLLARS**; to the second, **FIVE DOLLARS**; to the third, **THREE DOLLARS**; to the fourth, **TWO DOLLARS**, and to the fifth, **ONE DOLLAR**.

Still further, to every one who sends us **TWO DOLLARS** we shall send a present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Dabé, "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times.

#### NOTICE THAT

Those sending the largest amounts secure the prizes even if what is sent in each case be less than the amount of the prize.

Everyone who secures five subscriptions earns a commission.

Everyone who sends two dollars is entitled to the pair of fine pictures mentioned above.

The competition will end on the 7th of January, 1884.

The present respectable circulation of seven or eight thousand, at the end of the second year's existence of the *Weekly Messenger*, is almost entirely due to its being taken by people on sight for its merits. In the same way there is no doubt it would in the course of a few years attain an enormous circulation. But in these days of steam and electricity people cannot afford to wait for such fruit as that of the Columbian aloe, that is said to take fifty years to blossom. The publishers of this paper, therefore, believing that a welcome awaits it in thousands of homes all over this continent, desire to place it within those homes as speedily as possible, and have for that purpose provided the present series of prize competitions. That the first two of these have been more profitable to the workers than to the publishers is undoubtedly due to the interest of our friends having not yet had time to be fully developed. Practical friendly interest in the *Weekly Messenger* will, however, we have little doubt, abound more and more according as our readers realize that it is not a merely pecuniary enterprise, but one of the most direct and present agents extant for enlightening, informing and elevating the people.

#### DIRECTIONS.

Date your letters carefully, plainly writing names of post-office, county and State, or Province.

Head each letter you write, "For Autumn Competition." Do not detain subscriptions, but send in all you have obtained, with the money, less your commission, at the end of each week's canvassing, and in every letter after the first one mention how many names and how much money you sent before.

The last letters sent in the competition must be mailed not later than the 7th of January, 1884.

Send money only by post-office order or registered letter, the former preferred, and address—

**JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**

"WITNESS" OFFICE,

**MONTREAL, P. Q.**

Montreal, Nov. 17th, 1883.

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## HOW TO TEACH.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYR SMITH.

One of the anxious problems of the Bible Class teacher is, "How to get the young people to open their mouths." In anything that concerns the soul, in anything that relates to thought or motive, it is so difficult to obtain a free response whatever to the plainest question, however affectionately pronounced. Evidently the underlying problem is, "How to awaken their interest." Let us see. There are various ways; and some of these will be applicable to each diverse and individual case. A friend of mine preached a sermon once in two months of which his Bible class were expected to "take notes" and give him at their next meeting, a digest of it in writing. He assured me it wonderfully helped their intelligence and grasp of Christian truth. I listened to one of these sermons on a Sabbath evening, not knowing that the young people had been notified respecting it; and I remarked to myself that it was very full of what the reporters for the press call "points." Now, those young people—each reading his or her report, or outline, or "criticism," if they thought proper, of the sermon—would be so much interested in the subjects thus preached on and reported, that they would soon be able intelligently to speak and ask questions on the themes of study.

Another way I have known, is to ask some one or more of the pupils to put it in their own words, on paper, the "story" or substance of a chapter or lesson in the Bible. If the teacher's request is acceded to, the benefit is great to the pupil. And the example and the discussion of the little essay itself, are both very helpful to the others. Another way is—in almost any form it can be done—to get a Bible scholar to engage for the occasion in teaching. A large Bible class might thus occasionally be divided into sections of say four each, and each section put for the time under the leadership of one of the pupils—making altogether five in each section. In such case, a week's notice is advisable and necessary if the best results would be looked for. And the Bible class must never resent the interference of the superintendent when he comes once in a while to get a temporary teacher for a vacant class. It will be valuable experience for a "pupil teacher." Sporting characters tell us, "The only way to teach a young dog to swim, is to throw him in the water!" And the best of all "learning to teach," is just to begin teaching! When a Bible class scholar objects that "he doesn't know enough to be a teacher of a class," he is in a very critical state—he needs looking after. He is like an apple with a little spot on one side, he is beginning to "spoil!" The most promising thing for a teacher—just as for a preacher—is to begin to do what he can, before he has become critical enough to know whether he does it well, but who is willing to help when help is needed.

Still another way is (giving a week's notice before hand) for the teacher to answer all the questions, and the pupils to ask them. I would advise in such cases to allow written questions. Not that written questions are invited or "expected," but just intimate that you will not refuse to answer a written question—in fact would a great deal rather have a written question than none. It is scarcely fair for a member of a Bible class to say "Our teacher just talks to us—scarcely asks a question," when the members sit round like dumb figures, and refuse to answer a single question. The precious forty minutes are slipping away, and the teacher has much to explain in the lesson, and takes perhaps the readiest way. It is not the best theoretical way, not at all the perfect way; yet, with a good teacher, a still somewhat effective way.

Twenty years ago, I attended the Rev. Dr. Somerville's Bible class. Then he was the honored and hard-working pastor of a Presbyterian church at Glasgow; now he is a world-wide known evangelist. The class (Sunday evening) was composed of a hundred and twenty young men. Dr. Somerville was punctual to a minute in coming in, and began at once, after the shortest breathing of a prayer, and the calling of the roll. The subject was a general view of First Thessalonians. He marched from side to side of the platform, the young men turning up the references in their Bibles—expounding in plainest pointed

words, throwing now and then a question at some member of the class. It was a model lesson of the lecture style! Others would adopt the question-and-answer style. That this class-work was effective, was evidenced to me by the fact the superintendent of the Sunday-school told me—that they had not only their home school and a large mission school, but twenty little Sunday-schools of six and twelve scholars, in cottages and private houses—where they drew in the waifs from the streets, whom they could not get till further trained, to come to the larger schools. And they paid each of the poor tenants whose "best room" they thus occupied an hour or two every Lord's Day, one pound sterling a year rent.

Every effort should always be made to get the pupils into conversation on the lesson. It is of immense benefit. Take an illustration: Two men are returning from a prayer meeting. One man says, "It was a good meeting!" The other says nothing rather thinking that the meeting was somewhat dull. The secret is, the first man prayed or spoke in the meeting and was interested in it. The other man did nothing, and found little to benefit or stimulate. Thus in a Sabbath class. One who makes a remark replies to a question or asks one, is sure to relish the session of the school and think the class was most interesting.

Care has been taken (and in what thing is it that care is not needful!) with respect to "curious and unlearned questions," as they are called in Timothy. Questions that seem the most frivolous, far fetched and utterly foreign to the lesson, are sometimes asked in all sincerity by the members of the class. It is not wise to "snub" the questioner. He may feel mortified, or perhaps irritated, and may be discouraged from asking any more questions. You may good-humoredly satisfy him without spending ten seconds of your time, at the same time letting him see that it is not best to wander away so far from the lesson in hand. A month or two ago, I preached in a vacant pulpit, and took charge of the Bible-class in the afternoon. A good many curious questions were propounded by some middle-aged members of the class. Our conversation was a little discursive, but most interesting and profitable. We were all sorry when the time for closing came. Last Sunday I was there again. Two Bible classes in one. There were no excessive questions this time. The fact was doubtless, that two or three of the men who had questions simmering in their minds perhaps, for years, took the opportunity of throwing them at a stranger, in hope of getting some solution for them. And last Sunday, one of them said to me, "We didn't give you any hard questions this time!" I can remember having just such questions in my mind, and wishing somebody would resolve them. But who can know of a question that is not asked!

I knew a Bible class of a dozen young and middle-aged men conducted on the principle of each member teaching in turn. They reported perfect success in the working of the plan. I was a spectator of their operations, for three years, being a scholar in another class myself. Ours was a "spectacle class," for we all used aids for failing sight. Another that might be mentioned in the same school. Every week some one (and not always a teacher) was named to present to the school one or two "points" on the lesson the next Sunday, to occupy five minutes. It was an excellent training for the younger men.

A good way to induce pupils to speak, is to ask them to search out two to four "proof" texts, respecting certain doctrines and facts. They will find these, and memorize them. Then, when repeating these, the teacher may ask, as Philip asked the Ethiopian, whether they understand the meaning. And before they are aware, they have opened their mouths on Divine things.

Other ways will suggest themselves to the puzzled and anxious teacher. But these are indicated as contributions toward answering the question, "How can we get our young people to speak in the class?" Our Lord "knew what was in man," and needed not to feel after and find their thoughts and strivings. We can only know it by indications and words. And therefore the persistent questioning of the class—questioning which good scholars find so helpful, but careless ones find fault with—and then, when the teacher only "lectures," find fault with the want of!—Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.

## JANET'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago there lived in Edinburgh the widow of a naval officer. Her family consisted of twelve children, the eldest and youngest of whom were daughters. The widow's income was limited, therefore when an intimate friend who was about to emigrate to America offered Janet, the eldest daughter, a position as governess in her family, the proposal was gladly accepted. At this time the youngest daughter, Elene, was but four years of age, and the bustle and excitement attendant upon the preparations for Janet's departure, made an indelible impression upon her imaginative mind.

Janet had been away scarcely a year when news came of her approaching marriage to a gentleman of great wealth. The friends who had constituted themselves Janet's protectors, pronounced the match an excellent one, even though the gentleman was a widower and many years her senior. Therefore in all Elene's hopes and dreams, Janet was the central figure, the crowned heroine. Years passed. The sons grew up, married and winged away; some near, others far, and only Elene was left at home. When she was entering her eighteenth year the mother died. The thoughts of Elene turned to Janet, who, alone of all the family, was in possession of great wealth. To go to her—to see the world—to enter society—perhaps to hold sway as a belle; surely these were dreams to be realized. Her friends also deemed it best that she should be sent at once to the wealthy sister, and so, immediately after the funeral, the affairs of the orphan were carefully arranged, and she set out on her long and lonely journey.

On arriving at her sister's home she found "all as her fancy" had "painted it." Luxury and elegance reigned. Elene made her entrance into society, and soon her fondest hopes were realized. "The bright Scotch lassie," as she was called, became the reigning favorite. The future looked golden, and but for the remembrance of her lost mother, whom she had tenderly loved, life would have been without a single regret.

She had been about two months in her new home, when on returning late one afternoon from spending the day with a young friend, she found the front door locked, and she was obliged to ring for admittance. The drawing room shutters were closed tightly and a strange sense of dread tugged at her heart. "Where is my sister?" she asked of the servant who admitted her. "She is ill, and can see no one," was the reply, Elene, ignoring the latter clause, ran swiftly up stairs. She was of an ardent, impulsive temperament, consequently she burst abruptly into her sister's room without staying for the ceremony of a premonitory knock.

Alas! for the sight that met her eye. On the floor lay her sister, partially dressed, her face slightly flushed, her hair disheveled. The room was in disorder, yet, on a couch several yards removed, sat her sister's husband, contentedly reading a newspaper. He looked up alarmed as Elene burst in.

"What are you doing here?" he said gruffly. "Did not the servants tell you that Janet was ill and must not be disturbed?" "Yes, oh yes," cried Elene starting forward, "but why does she lie like that? Cannot you—cannot I do something for her?" A she spoke she bent over her sister as if to lift her head from the floor, but suddenly recoiled, a look of horror darting over her expressive face. Her brother-in-law laughed fiendishly. "O, yes, you can do something for her, of course; take her up and put her to bed, yes, take up your sister, your drunken sister, and care for her if you can. I am through with that sort of thing long ago."

Elene burst into tears and rushed from the room.

It was several days before she saw Janet again. When she appeared among them, on allusion was made to her recent "illness." Elene, despite her brother-in-law's words, tried to believe that the dark occurrence was without precedence; but alas! less than two weeks elapsed when the terrible "illness" returned, and under circumstances still more heart-rending to Elene. She longed to ask some one how all this horrible state of affairs had come about, yet she found it impossible to propound questions on the subject to either Janet or her husband. One day however, while the wretched woman was

shut in her room for the third time, a chance remark from Elene brought from an old servant a graphic account of the sad downfall.

"It is every bit his fault," she said, "and now he abuses the poor mistress for it. He always has had his wine on his table, and a barrel of beer in the cellar just as you see it now. My first mistress could drink as much as he and never feel it, but yours is different; it goes right to her head, you know, poor thing, so she'd never touch a drop, which used to make him fearful mad at her. But, after a while her health gave out, and he and the doctors together made her drink it for medicine, and that was, as you might say, the end of her. She never since then has been so long sober as she was just after you came. The master has been pickled in the filthy stuff since ever he was born, they say, and a hog-head wouldn't make him curl up, I do believe."

Janet's affairs gradually went from bad to worse, and at last the whole of her fortune slipped from their grasp. Now, in their old age she and her husband are dependent on a son, who is in strained circumstances. Wine no more flows freely to tempt Janet every hour, yet, she is ever haunted by the craving thirst for it, which was awakened by its medicinal use, and sometimes, even yet, by "hook or crook" she obtains enough to reduce her to the old besotted condition. But saddest of all is that she cannot recover the wasted years of womanhood, when with her accomplishments and engaging manners, she should have been in the full flower of her usefulness.—*Lever.*

## FOR MY SAKE.

There are a thousand applications of this principle of self-denial for Christ's sake. Grand old Paul had it in his mind when he wrote: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is made weak." It is not easy for a true Christian to keep this text in his Bible and to keep a bottle on his table. They do not harmonize. The bottle means temptation. The text means that things were not always sinful, *per se*, should be cheerfully give up for her sake of others; and the legal liberty of the man or woman whose heart is in the right place will never be exercised when a moral evil may flow from such exercise. We have no right to put a stumbling block in the path of others. As a Christian I am bound to surrender every self-indulgence which works directly against the best interests of my fellow men, especially if it endangers precious souls for whom Jesus died. This principle gives to the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicants a broad Bible basis as solid as the Hudson "Palisades" on which I am now writing.

The two thousand unanswerable arguments against the drinking usages are these: An alcoholic beverage endangers me if I tamper with it; it endangers my fellow-man if I offer it to him. My Bible teaches me to let it alone for the sake of the "weak" and those who stumble. Ah, those stumble! How many wrecks the word reveals! How many tombs it opens, whose charitable turf hides out of sight what surviving kindred would love to hide from memory! For Jesus' sake, and for the sake of the easily tempted, who will hide behind our example, let us who call ourselves Christians put away this bottled devil, which conceals damnation under its ruby glow. This subject of self-surrender for Jesus' sake is as wide as the domain of Christian duty. To live for Christ is the sweetest and holiest life we can live; to live for self is the most wretched. Every cross is turned into a crown, every burden becomes a blessing, every sacrifice becomes sacred and sublime, the moment that our Lord and Redeemer writes on it "For my sake."—*N. Y. Independent.*

There's a song in the air,  
There's a star in the sky,  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry;  
And the stars rain its fire  
While the beautiful sing,  
And the manger of Bethlehem  
Cradles a King.

—J. G. Holland.

**A BIRD THAT HELPS ITSELF TO OYSTERS.**

This wonderful fellow, I'm told, opens oysters with his bill. The longer mandible is thrust between the valves, and then turned so as to wedge open the shell; in fact, it is used as an oysterman uses his knife. The oyster is then cut away with the upper blade and swallowed. Sometimes the oyster closes upon the whole beak, in which case the bird bangs the



SIDE-VIEW AND TOP-VIEW OF THE BEAK OF THE SCISSOR-BILL.

shell against a stone so as to break the hinge and expose the inhabitant, which is immediately scooped out. He also skims along just over the surface of the sea, picking up whatever he can find to eat. While thus darting about, the bird utters loud and exultant cries, as if proud of its skill.—*St. Nicholas.*

**BABIES IN SCANDINAVIA.**

The peasants like grand names for their little ones, such as Adolph, Adricin, Gotfried, Gustavus, for boys; and Josephina, Thora, Ingeborg for girls; and if they have no name prepared they seek one in the almanac for the particular day of baby's birth. It is "baptized" the next Sunday and taken to church by the godmother, who provides the christening garments, which are often trimmed with colored bows, while the infant has beads around its neck and wears a cap with very little border. The clergyman holds it well over the font and pours water over the back of the head three times, and then wipes with a towel. As the baby is swathed in six-inch-wide bandages so that it cannot move its legs and sometimes not even its arms, it is obliged to lie very passive during this ceremonial. The peasants have their reasons for this swathing, the first of which is that they think it makes the limbs grow straight; the second that it turns baby into a compact bundle to carry. When swathed thus, infants have been said to resemble the tail of a lobster, or even its whole body. In the north they are often hung from a long, springy pole stuck in the wall, to be out of the way; and, being by nature quiet, they are supposed not to mind it. Their cradles, which are very primitive, are also frequently suspended by a spiral spring from the roof, which must be more comfortable than the pole. Both in Sweden and Norwegian Lapland people take these "swaddings" to

church. But instead of carrying them into church they make a hole in the snow outside in the churchyard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breaths. As soon as a peasant boy can walk, he is put into trousers, buttoned inside his jacket; and these are so baggy behind that it is often amusing to see him. This bagginess is frequently due to the fact that the trousers originally belonged to his father, but were cut off at the legs and simply drawn round the boy's waist without reducing their size. Add to this that the feet are shod either with little jack-boots or wooden shoes, and we have a strange picture. Their stockings either have leather heels or no heels at all, so that the mother is spared the trouble of mending them. Neither has she much la-



HELPING HIMSELF TO OYSTERS.

bor with their heads, the hair of which is cropped as close as a convict's. The girls also wear wooden shoes, but they have gingham kerchiefs or caps on their heads, frocks down to their heels and quaint pinafores—*Little Folk's Magazine.*

**NO WEIGHTS.**

"Let us lay aside every weight."—*Heb. 12: 1.*

If you were going to run a race, you would first put down all the parcels you might have been carrying. And if you had a heavy little parcel in your pocket, you would take that out and lay it down too, because it would hinder you in running. You would know better than to say, "I will put down the parcels which I have in my hands, but nobody can see the one in my pocket, so that one won't matter!" You would "lay aside every weight."

You have a race to run to-day, a little piece of the great race that is set before you. God has set a splendid prize before you, "the

prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," a crown that is incorruptible.

Now what are you going to do about the weights, the things that hinder you from running this race? you know some things do seem to hinder you; will you keep them or lay them aside? Will you only lay aside something that every one can see is hindering you, so that you will get a little credit for putting it down, and keep something that your own little conscience knows is a real hinderance, though no one else knows anything at all about it? Oh, take St. Paul's wise and holy advice, and make up your mind to lay aside every weight.

Different persons have different weights; we must find out what ours are, and give them up. One finds that if she does not get up directly she is called, the time slips by, and there is not enough left for quiet prayer and Bible reading. Then here is a little weight that must be laid aside. Another

describes the manner in which this industry is carried on. The surroundings are certainly picturesque. An encampment has been formed in the beech woods, and suitable trees are selected and felled. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp, but the beech sabots are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud, and in this respect are greatly superior to leather.

All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the *sabots* roughly with the hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the hole for the interior, scoops the wood out with an instrument called the *culler*.

The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it, carving a rose or primrose upon the top if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border around the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the washhouse, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shepherd, who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the school boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe.

A CELEBRATED GERMAN writer mentions "an antique, the whole size of which is but one inch in length, and one-third of an inch in breadth, and yet it contains in mosaic the picture of a Mallard duck, which, in brilliancy of coloring, and in distinct representation of parts, even of wings and feathers, equals a miniature painting. And what is most wonderful, on being turned, it presents the same picture without a discoverable variation on the opposite side."

**HOW WOODEN SHOES ARE MADE.**

An industry that cannot last many years more, thanks to the rapid cheapening of leather shoes by means of machinery, is the manufacture of wooden shoes, still the only wear of thousands of French peasantry. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* pleasantly de-

NEVER ENTER upon the duties of the day without "casting all your care" upon God and seeking His guidance and blessing upon all things. In answer to this prayer many minutes, nay, hours, may be given you, and thus you may find "a minute to spare."

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—*J. G. Holland.*

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Nov. 28, 1883.

Chicago is irregular Dec. being quoted at 95 1/2; 3c. higher than last week. Liverpool is unchanged, at last week's prices. The local market is unchanged.—Canada Red Winter, \$1.22 to \$1.23; Canada White, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Canada Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Corn, 63c; in bond; Peas, 90c; Oats, 35c; Barley, 55c to 65c; Rye 62c.

FLOUR.—The market is very quiet with superiors a shade weaker, sales have been very small during the week and receipts no better. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$5.45; to \$5.50 Extra Superfine, \$5.50; Fancy, \$5.25; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.80. Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.50 to \$5.75; do., American, \$6.00 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$3.85; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.55 to \$2.65; do., Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.55; do., Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

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

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—A quiet market, quite firm in tone. The following are the quotations: Butter—Creamery, 24c to 26c; Eastern Townships, 18c to 21c; West-Island and Brockville, 18c to 21c; Western, summer makes, 13c to 15c; do. autumn makes, 17 to 18c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese quiet and firm at 10c to 11c for August and 11c to 11 1/2c for September and October.

Eggs are firm at the same price, 25c to 26c.

HOG PRODUCTS are firmer. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$15.50 to \$16.25; Hams, city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, Canadian, in pails, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2; do. Western, in pails, 10 1/2 to 11c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 8 1/2; Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$6.00 to \$6.50.

ASHES are quiet at \$4.75 to \$4.80 for Pots, as to tars. Pearls are worth about \$6.75, at which price a sale of a few barrels has been made.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supplies of meat producing animals have been rather large of late and prices are declining all round, lean cattle bringing lower rates this week than on any former occasion this season. Choice butchers' cattle sell at from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 to 4c, but more than half of the animals lately offered here could not be sold at over 3c per lb, and some of the leaner beasts were disposed of at not much over 2c per lb live weight. Sheep and lambs have also been bid of sale and bring lower prices, only good animals can be sold for 5c per lb. Fat hogs are plentiful and declining in price. Dressed hogs are getting plentiful and sell at about 6 1/2c per lb. Butchers state that there is a great reduction in the amount of flesh meat being consumed in the city and vicinity, owing to the large quantities of dressed poultry which are being bought by housekeepers.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The very bad state of the roads and the unsettled weather have prevented farmers at a distance from coming to market, and the supplies in some departments have been small and prices are higher. A good deal of dead poultry and dressed hogs are brought to the market by traders and some that were kept too long in the mild weather are being sold at low rates. The supply of garden stuffs, especially potatoes and cabbages, are pretty large and prices slightly lower in some cases. There is a pretty large quantity of more or less damaged hay being brought to market and prices of this kind are rather low, but really good hay is rather scarce. Oats are 95c to \$1.10 per bag, potatoes 60c to 80c; Tub butter 16c to 24c per lb; print butter, 30c to 45c; old eggs 24c to 30c per dozen; turkeys, 7c to 12c per lb; geese, 6c to 9c do; ducks, 10c to 14c do; fowls, 7c to 12c do; dressed hogs, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2c; apples, \$2.50 to \$3.50 per barrel; Hay \$5.50 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw, \$4 to \$5.50 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

OVER-PRESSURE OUT OF SCHOOLS.

It is a common cry, now-a-days, that children are being crowded and crammed and worried and spurred on in the common and high schools until they are becoming nervous, irritable, and sickly, often dropping into premature graves. Such was the mournful wail which came to my ears as I took up my abode, a few years since, in a beautiful town in Massachusetts. How dreadful I replied; and I wondered as, from time to time, I met the intelligent, warm-hearted superintendent, and teachers how it could be possible for them to carry on their cruel system of slow torture and death. It was a problem which interested me, and I resolved to work it out if possible.

This was my proposition: Given nervous, pale, over-worked, languid children; patient, loving, cultivated instructors, how were the latter responsible for the former? I accepted the popular supposition that they were responsible, and began the difficult task of discovering the sad process. I visited each school, and was ushered into bright, cheery, well-ventilated rooms, furnished with easy seats, and various helps in teaching, as books of reference, globes, and maps. Then I carefully studied the teachers; earnest and enthusiastic they certainly were; in their enthusiasm and earnestness did they overestimate the mental abilities of the children, and thus assign too long lessons? That must be it, and I felt that I had the key to the problem almost within my grasp. But no; the lessons given were short and well explained. I confess I was mystified, and still more so by observing that over two-thirds of the pupils were strong, rosy, and healthy. They were happy, too, and didn't look at all as though they were enduring martyrdom. But why should the rest of that "noble six hundred" look pale, listless, and unhappy, or flushed, excited, and despairing? I was more puzzled than I had ever been before in my life. Day by day I thought it all over; again and again I haunted the school-room, finding the teachers uniformly wise and kind in their administration; "and still the wonder grew."

Pretty soon, elements unheard of began to enter into my problem; surprise parties, dancing schools, social dances from house to house, balls, sociables, sleigh-rides, late suppers, and novel reading were some of them. One or more of them included children from nine years upward; and one, two and three nights in a week was this drain of physical forces brought to bear upon the susceptible constitution of the children and youth. I began to open my eyes. Said a boy of twelve years to me: "Last Monday night I went to a surprise party; to-night I am at a sociable; and Friday evening I am going to another party. I think that is pretty well for one week." I told him I thought it was pretty bad; and, I might add, that I was not sorry when a heavy snow storm prevented the Friday evening party.

A school-girl of the same age recently exclaimed to me,—"I should be ashamed to tell how late I get up in the morning." "Why don't you rise earlier?" "Oh, I'm so sleepy! Last night I finished a splendid story, which took until twelve, and I didn't get home from the party the night before until eleven." She further more informed me that she rarely went to bed before ten, and I informed her that if I controlled her bedtime she would go at nine, or earlier, every night, as every child at her age should. Yesterday the following brief dialogue between two boys took place in front of our house, in reference to a party held the night before: "Halloo! did you have a good time last night?" "O, staver! A No. 1! didn't get home till three o'clock!" I will simply add that the average age of those who "didn't get home till three o'clock" is probably about fifteen years.

Said one of the above-named murderous teachers to me recently: "I shall be thankful when the dances are over! There is nothing else thought of the day before, and nothing else talked of the day after each one of them. What I teach the pupils, and what they read—for they do not study—from their books goes through their minds like water through a sieve." Yet, more likely than not, that teacher was under condemnation, both of pupils and parents, for overworking her school. Now when such dispositions as I have named are allowed children and youth, is it any wonder they grow sickly—that they get up in the morning

cross and dyspeptic, and go to school spiritless and thick-headed? In that condition, lessons appear hard and teachers unjust; so does the sun appear to revolve about the earth, but this fallacy is no more fallacious than the other.

When all this unnatural, unhealthy excitement and strain is added to the legitimate school-work, think twice before you blame those long-suffering, much-abused public benefactors, known as teachers and superintendents, for poorly educated or broken-down children. I cannot say concerning city school children, but I know from personal observation that the children—modern phraseology would term them young gentlemen and ladies—of our towns and villages are injuring themselves, mentally and physically, in just these ways I've mentioned. And my solution of the problem is, that the evil lies at the door of the parents and guardians rather than elsewhere. I know our school system is not perfect, and, in view of the heterogeneous material to be dealt with, it is a difficult matter to make it perfect. It might be improved, and without doubt, will be; meanwhile, make the best of present circumstances. See to it that your children are snug and warm in bed at eight and nine o'clock at night. Give them good nutritious food to eat, a little work to do, and plenty of exercise in the open air; then if they find school duties too hard, diminish the number of their studies, and be patient and hopeful until the longed-for millennium shall come.—Journal of Education.

WHAT CAME OF IGNORANCE.—I wish to give my experience to the readers of the Herald of Health as a proof that ignorance of health matters is not bliss, at least it has not been so in my own case. I live in a healthy region of country, where women generally are strong and enduring, and myself as healthy a girl as ever was; but at the age of fifteen my grandmother, sisters and several girl friends laughed at me for being altogether too stout. They said I must diet myself—take a great deal of vinegar, some Epsom salts and other things, and, above all, wear a tight-fitting corset, night and day. I was fool enough to follow their advice, for I wanted to be as lady like as possible. At first I got on very well, but after a few months I began to grow weak, and now I am over twenty years old and as pale and delicate as an old woman. My stomach is irritable and full of acid, and often I vomit up my food before it is half digested. I have taken medicine until I am tired of it and discouraged, and don't know what to do. I give my case as a warning to others, and I also ask advice of any one who has had a similar experience.—Caroline in Herald of Health.

CLEANLINESS OF SINKS.—One of the most prolific causes of defilement and offensive odors in kitchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptyings of kettles in which meat has been cooked, in the dish water, and in the soap. The grease lodges in every crevice and catches at every obstruction. A remedy may be found in the use of the common alkalies instead of soap, aqua ammonia in washing clothes, and borax in washing lawns and laces, and washing soda in cleaning dishes. These alkalies prevent a solid soap from forming in the sink and it scapes and neutralize all effects of decomposing fat.—Scientific American.

A CATERPILLAR MAT.—Take woollen cloth, cut crosswise into strips about an inch wide, gather through the centre on a stout linen thread and draw up snugly, then sew them on a piece of carpeting or sackcloth lining in the centre and sewing round and round. Have the first two or three times or more of bright-colored rags, hit or miss, then two or three times of black or brown, and so on. It will use up very small pieces, and looks nicely for bedrooms, etc. Be sure and cut the strips crosswise, or they will ravel badly.

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.

Dec 2, 1883. [1 Sam. 1:1-16.]

DAVID'S ENEMY—SAUL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 14, 16.

- 1. And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto him, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.
2. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house.
3. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul.
4. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments even to his sword and to his bow, and to his girdle.
5. And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely; and Saul set out over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants.
6. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.
7. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.
8. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?
9. And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.
10. And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prevailed in the midst of the house; and David played with his lute, as at other times; and there was a javelin in Saul's hand.
11. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.
12. And Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul.
13. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a band; and he went out and came in before the people.
14. And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him.
15. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him.
16. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And David behaved himself wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him."—1 SAM. 18:14.
TOPIC.—Safety in God's favor.
LESSON PLAN.—1. THE KING'S ENVY EXHIBITED. VS. 1-3. 2. HIS ATTEMPT TO KILL DAVID. VS. 4-11. 3. HIS SNAKES TO DESTROY HIM. VS. 12-16.

TIME.—B.C. 1083. Place.—Gibeath. LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. KNIT WITH—as threads are interwoven so that they seem to be but one. (Compare Gen. 4: 3.) V. 2. LOVE MORE THAN TO RAGE PERMANENTLY. V. 3. MADE A COVENANT—entered into an agreement of perpetual friendship. V. 4. R. BE—outer garment. GARMENTS—military coat. GIRDLE—it was customary to make presents of richly-embroidered girdles as tokens of friendship. Jonathan removed the garments of the shepherd and clothed David with the garb of a prince, thus admitting him to an equality with himself. WENT OUT—on military expeditions. WISELY—prudently. ACCEPTED—approved. V. 6. PHILISTINE—here used as a noun of multitude. It probably refers to victories gained in the expedition spoken of in v. 6. THE WOMEN CAME OUT—this was the custom in ancient times: the men fought; the women greeted them when they returned from battle. CITIES OF ISRAEL—through which the returning armies passed. TABRETS—tabourines. INSTRUMENTS OF MUSIC—"lute-stringed" or "three-stringed" instruments; either the lute with three strings or the triangle, probably the latter. V. 7. ANSWERED—sang responsively, one chorus to another. One part probably sang "SAUL HATH SLAIN" V. 8. and the other responded "DAVID" V. 9. EYED DAVID—looked upon him with envy. V. 10. THE EVIL SPIRIT FROM GOD—A demon; a cause of mental oppression like those mentioned in the New Testament. PROPHESIED—gave in a tragic manner under the influence of the demon, PLAYED—upon the harp, as before (ch. 16), to quiet his ravings. V. 12. REMOVED HIM FROM HIM—dismissed him from his court, and sent him to his army with a military command as an honorable exile. WENT OUT AND CAME IN—attended to his official duties. V. 14. THE LORD WAS WITH HIM—possessed him in all his undertakings. V. 15. WAS AFRAID OF HIM—men are often afraid of those they have injured. V. 16. LOVED DAVID—his very means used to diminish his influence—brought him into more public notice and advanced him in the esteem of the nation.

- TEACHINGS:
1. An unselfish spirit gives true nobility to its possessor.
2. A selfish and jealous spirit makes men murderers in heart, if not in act.
3. Wisdom and prudence in our conduct have great power to disarm malice and multiply friends.
4. God will overrule, and finally bring to naught, the counsels of the wicked.
5. He will take care of his servants, and give them what is far better than a earthly honor.

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