

Weekly Messenger

Vol. II.

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No. 3.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

The *Weekly Messenger* has already reached a circulation of seven thousand and it is increasing every day. It may yet reach ten thousand before February, the time of cutting off the names of all who have not renewed their subscriptions for 1883. We hope that the number will be small if there be any at all. The very remarkable success of the *Weekly Messenger* shows that it is such a paper as was needed, one that briefly and clearly tells the story of the world's progress during the week, that gives valuable information that interests each member of the household, that is beautifully and clearly printed so as to be a relief to the eye, rather than distressing to it, and that is sold at a very low rate, the price being but fifty cents a year, or when five subscriptions are sent in one envelope, two dollars or forty cents each. In the case of clubs the papers are sent to the separate address of each subscriber, unless otherwise directed. Address all letters to John Douglas & Son, Montreal, Q.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

The Government continues with a steady hand to drag criminals to light, and punish crime, while leading Irish politicians are inviting their own ruin by spreading disloyalty and encouraging treason throughout the country. In a recent fight between bailiffs and peasants in the county of Tipperary, one of the latter was killed and others wounded, five being arrested. A coroner's jury found the bailiffs guilty of wilful murder and they were arrested. De-laney, who was arrested while suspiciously following Judge Lawson in Dublin, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for conspiring to murder that gentleman. Murders connected with the land agitation have been very frequent of late. Many arrests have been made of persons charged with conspiracy to murder. Carey, a member of the Municipal Council of Dublin, is one of these and has long been suspected as an associate of the most desperate conspirators. It was behind his house that were found the knives supposed to have been used in the Phoenix Park murders. At the Munster Assizes two persons convicted of shooting with intent to murder were sentenced respectively to penal servitude for life and for twenty years. Patrick Higgins, one of the murderers of the Huddys, Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs, at Lough Mask about two years ago, has been hanged. Mr. Biggar, member of Parliament, has been committed for trial at the Spring Assizes on a charge of high treason contained in recent speeches. A number of minor agitators have been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for intimidating language concerning landlords, used at League gatherings. Messrs. Davitt and Sexton, members of Parliament, have both boldly declared the main object of their agitation to be the independence of Ireland. A free fight occurred at one of Mr. Davitt's meetings, produced by attempts to howl that gentleman down made by an organized gang. Mr. Davitt denounced them in strong language and told them they were a disgrace to the name of Nationalists, and at the close the meeting gave him a vote of thanks. If all the applications for aid under the Arrears Act received up to the

last of the year, when the opportunity closed, were granted, the Government would have to pay four million dollars to the landlords on behalf of the tenants. Two hundred young laboring men and women from Clare, Limerick and Tipperary have lately left for America. The distress in the West of Ireland still gives the authorities great concern, notwithstanding all that has been done to relieve it. The houses of priests are besieged by people piteously begging for meal and potatoes. Lady Florence Dixie, a traveller and writer noted for benevolence, raised and distributed a quarter of a million dollars for the sufferers, but declines to do more on the ground that it is the duty of the Government and the Land League to help the people. The conduct of the League in presenting their Treasurer, Mr. Egan, with a service of plate while so much distress existed, has been unfavorably commented upon. The depreciation in the grain crops last year as compared with the previous year is estimated at twenty-five million dollars and as compared with the average of the ten previous years at twelve millions. The loss on the potato crop was twenty-one million dollars compared with the previous year, and eleven millions compared with the ten years' average.

BUSINESS NEWS.

A damaging drought prevails in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, mills being compelled to shut down for want of water and hundreds of hands thus deprived of work. An unusually large number of spruce logs are being taken out in the Eastern Townships, Province of Quebec, this season. Five-cent nickel pieces of a new design are about to be issued in the United States. The new coin will be a little heavier and larger, but thinner, than the present one. Grain may now be taken across the border by Canadian farmers, to be ground in mills in the United States, without duty being paid upon it. The oil market, at Bradford, Pennsylvania, continues to have intermittent panics over reports of oil strikes. As an instance of the peril of speculating the case of Henry Miller, of Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, is a striking one. He lately returned from the West with twenty thousand dollars made in silver mining, and lost all in oil speculations. The Moulders' Union of Albany, New York, have resolved to resist the proposed reduction of fifteen percent in the wages of stove moulders. The cartridge manufactory of the Dominion Government at Quebec has begun operations and its work is well spoken of. The new Pig Iron Manufacturers' Association will include manufacturers of the South and East as well as of the West. The Golden Rubber Company, of Trenton, New Jersey, which lately failed, is found to have been a rather crooked concern. Although there was a loss of over three hundred dollars on the first six months' business, the company declared a dividend out of the capital, and continued to lose money until it suspended. A new National Bank is to be started in Chicago, with a capital stock of three million dollars and some of the richest capitalists in the city at the back of it. The Traders' National Bank, of Charlotte, North Carolina, goes into

liquidation, ready to meet the demands of both creditors and depositors. There is an extensive strike on the Caledonian Railway in Scotland, in consequence of which only ten of forty engines in Hamilton can be used. Five hundred men paraded at the latter town and afterward left for Glasgow. The cotton trade has improved in prospects so much in Oldham, England, that new mills are projected. An improved feeling is reported in general trade circles of the chief cities of the Union, and that in spite of numerous small failures. The iron trade shows no improvement last, over the previous week, petroleum oil tends upward, coal is dull and ocean freights keep high. Three hundred and forty-two failures were reported to have occurred in the Union during the week, thirty-five more than the preceding and one hundred and thirty-nine more than in the corresponding week of last year. Nineteen failures in Canada are an increase of eleven over those of the previous week.

CRIME.

Polk, the Treasurer of Tennessee who ran away after secretly robbing the Treasury of hundreds of thousands, is in custody, having been recaptured. He has charged Price, the detective who had hold of him at his first arrest, with having taken fifty thousand dollars to let him go, and now Price is himself in jail. Some of the banks will be proceeded with for aiding the fallen Treasurer in his dishonest practices, and it is believed that many politicians will be involved in his disgrace as they have been in his guilt. The entire deficiency created by Polk amounts to nearly half a million dollars. The City Bank of Jersey City, New Jersey, has been completely wrecked through a conspiracy of Boice, the president, Shaw, his son-in-law, and the cashier, and Beach, the bookkeeper, who robbed it of forty-nine thousand dollars. Two savings banks are thought to be involved in the ruin. It is feared depositors will get little or none of their money. The capital of the City Bank was fifty thousand and its average deposits seventy-five thousand dollars. Henry Clementson, wool broker, has left Boston suddenly for England, leaving debts of several thousand dollars. Bertha Heinman, imprisoned on Blackwell's Island for confidence frauds, is accused of swindling one Charles Karpe while on the Island out of nearly a thousand dollars. A man named Duval, lately released from an insane asylum in Detroit, Michigan, came to Aylmer, Quebec, where he formerly belonged, and soon revealed a dangerous disposition by a terrible assault upon Mr. John Gordon, high constable for the county of Ottawa, depriving him of one of his eyes and inflicting other serious injuries. Thomas Milton and wife and a man named Theophile Barrette have been arrested at St. Henri, Montreal, for stealing a cheque for one hundred and thirty-three dollars, belonging to Gideon Harnois, the employer of the men. Dr. Ballard, aged seventy, a prominent and wealthy resident of Audubon county, Iowa, while alone sick in his house lately, was robbed by a burglar of nearly three thousand dollars. John Morgan, horse thief and manifold murderer, was shot and killed while resisting arrest near Pleasant Hill, Louisi-

ana, after mortally wounding John Furlow, one of the arresting party. Samuel Scott, Aberdeen, Ohio, having insulted his niece in a quarrel, was shot by her brother and died. A man named Sheehan some time ago forged a cheque for over seven thousand dollars in New York, and was traced to Montreal after he had been in the latter city for months under the name of Schafers and got nearly through with his ill-gotten money. The detective who secured his arrest received a reward of five hundred dollars. The conductors of the Alton Railway are being discharged in Chicago, under a charge of having kept two-thirds of the cash fares collected, causing a loss of about fifty thousand dollars a year. The city of St. Louis has been excited within the week by a case of alleged abduction. The story was that Miss Zerelde Garrison, one of the belles of the city, had been abducted by a gang of gentlemanly-looking ruffians while she was on her way to a convent, and that after having been detained for ransom a few days a woman in the house where she was held allowed her to escape. The leading citizens were aroused to a high pitch over the alleged outrage and were taking vigorous measures to recover the young lady when she returned to her family herself. Doubts have, however, been cast upon the abduction story, it being stated that the girl wanted to be kept in the house where she stayed to save her from going to the convent. She strongly denies having acted a deceptive part, but it is strange that neither her relatives nor the police are taking proceedings against the alleged abductors. Patrick Maloney, a former resident of the city of Ottawa, was lately so badly abused by Thomas Drewers, at Rat Ptage, Manitoba, that he died of his injuries in a few days. "Purring" is the name given to a heathenish "sport," in which men are matched to kick at each other's bare shins with brogans on their feet. A contest of this sort lately took place in Pennsylvania between a saloon-keeper named Robert Tavish and a coal-miner named David McWilliams. After both had been terribly abused in several rounds and Tavish had been refused bandages for his fast-bleeding legs, the latter fell like a log and both were carried off with legs raw and swollen out of all proportion. A man has been arrested on suspicion for setting the Newhall House in Milwaukee on fire and thus producing the recent fearful calamity. A number of people at Shinagill, Iowa, were lately prosecuted for stealing a case of large Bibles on the occasion of a wreck of two freight trains by collision, and one man was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment and the rest were discharged. All who had Bibles were arrested and the books recovered, but only the man who had the smallest number confessed and he was the only one punished.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, in session at Napanee, Ontario, has decided in favor of Methodist union by a test vote of seventy-four to twenty. Of the number voting for the union on the joint commission's basis, forty-five were ministers and twenty-nine laymen, which leaves fourteen ministers and six laymen in opposition.

HYMN WRITTEN IN THE BASTILE.

(By Madame Guyon, 160 years ago, while imprisoned for conscience' sake.)

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

Naught have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He might and would my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless,
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, 'tis they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wings are closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

"A BAND OF THREE."

BY L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Mother Herring's Chicken,"
"Water Gipsies," Etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE PRICE OF BLOOD.

Dulcie, in her short interview with old Harper, had continued to do for him what no one in all the world had ever succeeded in doing before; he had roused him to wild anger, but she had done more, she had awakened in him a whole agony of fear and remorse. He was of Jewish parentage; like all his nation he was intensely superstitious. He was not a scrap afraid of any man living. No tales of prison, of penal servitude, of detectives lying in wait for him and dogging his footsteps, had the least power to alarm him. He tried to do so far live as not to be in immediate danger of these evils; but even did he commit so false a step as to break the letter of the law, he would meet his punishment with fortitude, and accept his doom. But though not afraid of man, old Harper was awfully afraid of the dim unknown—he was awfully afraid of what he called *fate*. When Dulcie came into his room and told him, in her simple, direct way, that it was their money he was reckoning up, when she described to him the exact manner in which he had taken their treasure away, when, raising her little hand, she had pointed to the very key with which he had unlocked that carefully fastened door, the dread of his fate began to come over him; when she described the dying thief in the street, and told how the devil came for him, he felt so fascinated, so horrified, that he could have screamed aloud. It was all fate. It seemed as though it were his own death-bed she was talking about. She went away at last, expressing more sorrow for him than for herself. Why was this? She had lost a little money, but he—she was to meet fate.

When he locked the door on the young girl, he fairly trembled with ill-suppressed terror. Then it occurred to him, as a plan of immediate relief, that he would, while his anger was still hot against Dulcie, revenge himself still more fully upon her. She had made him suffer, ah! far more than that paltry sum of money was worth, but she should bear pain too. She had a dearer treasure than the contents of the little canvas bag.

He did not give himself a moment for reflection. He stuck his hat on his head and went out. In half an hour he reached the low theatre of which Skeggs was manager. He waited until that night's performance was over, saw Skeggs, and there and then came to terms with him for little Angel; he signed a paper, in the presence of witnesses, that he would not try to find Angel, and in return he came away with the price paid for her in his pocket.

He returned to his home, lay down on his

bed, and tried to sleep. He chuckled aloud as he laid his head on his pillow. How cleverly he had outwitted Dulcie! she had given him pain, he could be finely revenged now. Yes, he had been successful, Dulcie had not the best of it, as she thought. Now, having completed his revenge, he might sleep.

But what ailed him? He had done cruel things before; cruel, cruel deeds for the love of money, for the hope of securing money, had been committed. Why could he not sleep after this deed, no worse, perhaps not so bad, as others done long ago in his guilty life?

Harper was not an absolutely ignorant man, he could read, he knew something of the history of his race; words from an old book, which he and his forefathers despised, came before him now, and banished all chance of sleep. The words were, "IT IS THE PRICE OF BLOOD!" The words had been spoken of one who had betrayed another, of one who had betrayed Jesus of Nazareth for the love of money. "It is the price of blood!"

Harper did not believe in Jesus of Nazareth; but the words haunted him nevertheless, they seemed written on the wall of his room, they certainly were written on his excited brain.

He had ten pounds in his pocket-book as the price of little Angel, but he could not keep it; no more than Judas of old could keep the twenty pieces of silver, could he keep this money. "It was the price of blood!" He felt that if it was not soon back in Skeggs' keeping he should go mad. His revenge was revenging itself on his own guilty conscience. He cursed his folly in having signed a paper before witnesses. That paper announced, in black and white, the fact that he had sold little Angel for ten pounds to Skeggs. But whatever the consequence, he must do his best in the first light of the early morning to see the manager and undo his night's work. This thought soothed him a trifle, and as the night waned and morning approached, he dropped into an uneasy slumber. But his sleep was worse than his waking moments; over and over again he fancied himself falling from a height, lying bleeding and dying on the ground, and devils coming for him, hundreds and thousands of devils coming to bear him to his doom.

He started up at last, cold sweat on his forehead; he could not lie another moment on that awful bed. He dressed, and waited until the hour when he might go and see Skeggs. The night had made him feel ten years older, and his legs trembled as he pattered about his dirty room.

Hearing the children coming down-stairs, he ran out to meet them. He would be sure to see Skeggs, but it might be well to warn them. As calmly as his shaking old voice would allow, he begged of them to keep together, then he started off to Skeggs' theatre. He inquired for him; he was out; he would not be home perhaps all day. He had gone away, almost before dawn, on important business, but he had left no message as to his return. Harper felt inclined to tear his hair in his anger and perplexity. Could he see Mrs. Skeggs? He was taken into a dirty room, smelling of gin, and in a moment or two the manager's wife came down to him. She was a sad woman, in a black dress—a woman from whose eyes tears never seemed very far away.

"You give this to yer husband," he said to her, holding out his dirty pocket-book. "Give it jest as it is; I ha' writ some 'out' inside, and there's money there. Keep it werry careful—'tis money, I say! 'I'll look in on him first thing to-morrow."

Then he went away, feeling a slight relief at having got rid of the money, and the dreadful words which had haunted him all night receded farther from his brain.

CHAPTER XX.—PEACH-BLOSSOM IN ADVERSITY.

It was a bitterly cold May day, a strong east wind was blowing, and smart showers of hail had come down that morning. People began to prophesy a dreary wet season, and said how the wall-fruit would be spoiled.

Two country gentlemen, up in town for the season, and for the sake of their wives and daughters, and disliking it most heartily, talked of the inclement weather as they walked along.

"That last hail shower has done for my peaches," said one, and as to the peaches, there won't be a peach-blossom left. Too bad, I wish I had them all in pits. They're delicate things and can't stand this unequal climate."

"Mine are in pits, so they're safe enough," said the other country gentleman. "Why, bless me, how that black-eyed child does stare at us!"

The child in question was a little Peach-blossom drooping too in the unfriendly climate of adversity.

It was a fortnight to-day since little Angel had so mysteriously disappeared, and few who saw her again would have recognized poor Peachy's face as she wandered through the London streets, her little tambourine under her arm. Peachy was all alone, for Angel was no one knew where, and Dulcie was ill. For two days she and Peachy had rushed wildly about, had visited the police courts, had gone crying about the streets looking vainly for their lost little sister. Then, quite suddenly, Dulcie had fallen down in a dead faint in the street, and since then she had been ill, and had been ill without exactly knowing what was the matter with her. She complained of neither pain nor ache. She never mentioned Angel. She scarcely spoke at all. But she utterly refused to stir—indeed, she seemed incapable of raising her head from her pillow, and lay most of the time with her face turned toward the wall, very quiet, perfectly motionless, but with her great dark eyes always wide open.

Peachy, who had no experience of illness, thought it best to go for the parish doctor. He came, asked a few questions, found out about the sudden disappearance of little Angel, and said that the elder sister was suffering from a severe shock on her nerves; and there was none or little danger, and all she, Peachy, had to do, was to take care of her, not to force her to get up, and, above all things, to get her to take as much nourishment as possible. Then the doctor went away, rubbing his hands rather cheerfully. It was not an acute case, and he was really so dreadfully busy and overworked that he had no time to attend properly to any others. He soon forgot Dulcie, and, though he sent her one bottle of tonic, he never visited her again. He was right perhaps in this, for he could do very little good. Hers was more a case of mind than body; the warm, loving, motherly heart, had been nearly broken, and then had come a merciful collapse of every power; suffering grew dim, memory clouded, the great weight of pain seemed still to press her down, but the agony was changed to a kind of stupor. If was Peachy who, after the first two days, was the most actively unhappy. It was perhaps well for the poor little child that she had but little time for active thought.

The brave head of the little household was brought low, and on Peachy devolved the management of, alas! a very light and empty purse, for that canvas bag, which might have been so useful now, had disappeared, and Peachy found, when she could make time to leave Dulcie for a few moments, and play her tambourine and sing in the streets, that her earnings were very little, almost nothing. She speedily discovered, that alone, and without her two sisters—alone, with all the fun and drollery gone out of her poor anxious little face, she made out a sorry and uninteresting figure. How then was she to give Dulcie those good and nourishing things which the doctor said were so necessary for her? "Above all, let her have plenty of good food, such as beef-tea, for instance," he had said when going away. Peachy had never heard of beef-tea; it is to be doubted, indeed, whether she had ever, in the whole course of her life, tasted beef in any form. She had once, indeed, about Christmas time, when whole carcases were exhibited in the butchers' shops, asked Dulcie what it was like to eat, but Dulcie had answered solemnly that she did not know, and that it was very unlikely any of them would ever taste so expensive a luxury. Yes, it had been in great, great plenty then, and they could not taste it; then, when they had their little secret store laid comfortably by, and when all three earned something comfortable, it was likely now when she, Peachy, was he only one to earn anything, and all that nice private hoard had been stolen away, that she could buy beef to make beef-tea! No, whatever the consequence, Peachy could not give Dulcie that which the doctor said was so specially necessary. The very most she could manage, and that was only by constant visits to the pawn-shop, was to give her plain tea, taken without sugar or milk. Dulcie seemed always thirsty, and drank off as many cups of tea as Peachy put to her lips, without comment or notice of any kind. But

even to supply Dulcie with this much nourishment she had almost to starve herself, and certainly just then it was mid-winter in the poor little child's heart. At night, when she had done all she could, she would sit up by her sister's side, and cry as if her very heart would break; her tears then fell for Angel, not Dulcie. She loved Dulcie, but Dulcie, though very ill, was by her side. It was little Angel gone away into the dim, dim unknown, for whom her heart ached so persistently, that she was already losing the round untroubled face which Dulcie's motherly care had preserved for her during even her ten years of London life. Where was little Angel? Peachy thought over and over again, of her wish to go away to the kind man who took the lambs in his arms, and kept them so safe. Had this man heard her little wish, and had he come down to the door of that dreadful public-house, and taken her away to the green pastures where it was not rough to walk? If he had done that, how unkind of him not to have come out first, even with Angel clasped in his arms, and told her and Dulcie! Their sorrow would be less hard to bear if they were really sure that their little Angel was safe and happy. What a little dear she was! How easy it would have been for her, Peachy, to bear Dulcie's illness, if only Angel had been there to pet her in her own pretty way, to climb on her knee, and to look into her face with her sweet eyes! How happy this man must be to have such a little child as Angel to make a pet lamb of! but, oh! how bitterly hard it was for Dulcie and her to lose her!

Peachy most often thought that Angel had been carried away by this kind but unknown man; but she also had another and less happy idea about her. She remembered Robin's strange mysterious warning. She remembered how he had begged of her and Dulcie to take their money, and go away, never, never to come back again. He had specially entreated them, to do this for Angel's sake. Peachy had asked his reason for so strange a request, and his only reply had been a look of misery and hasty rushing away to throw himself on his bed, and so on as if his heart would break.

Oh, if only she had told Dulcie what Robin had said, and if only they all three had taken Robin's advice, how happy they might be now, away out of London, in another country, a country of music and song, on their way to find their lost father, and with their beloved little Angel by their sides! For all that Robin had hinted at had come true. Their little store of money had been stolen away, and Angel was gone. Another very strange thing was also, that Robin himself had also disappeared. Peachy had never once seen him since the morning when he had come out to warn her so vainly of a coming danger. Where was he? Why did he not come back to his attic? She knew enough of his story to be well aware that he had no other home, that he was a very, very poor boy, far worse off than they used to be. Was it possible that he knew something of Angel's whereabouts? If she saw him again could he tell her how to find her little sister? Peachy's heart beat high at this, and one evening, about a week after Dulcie's illness had commenced, she determined to brave old Harper in his den, and to try to find out from him if he knew anything of Robin's present quarters. She must also pay the old man his rent. He was a very cruel old man, and dreadfully particular as to the exact way when the money was due to him. And now Peachy with a great sigh slipped the last shilling she possessed into her hand, and ran down-stairs. She had tea enough for Dulcie for the night, and to-morrow she must go out quite early, and try to earn a little money, and this shilling would secure them a week's shelter at least. She ran down trembling, and feeling that, however necessary it was to spend it so, it was nevertheless hard to part with their very last shilling. She ran down, and a pleasant surprise, the first pleasant surprise she had had since Angel disappeared, awaited her.

Old Harper, the dreadful old man, was quite civil. He brought a chair for her, and made her draw it up close to the fire, and he talked kindly, and seemed wonderfully interested in Dulcie. He knew nothing, he said, of Robin. He was as much astonished as Peachy herself at the lad's disappearance. He wished he would come back. He only hoped no harm had befallen him. Peachy rather liked her visit, and wondered why she had always so greatly distrusted old

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CHAPTER XXI.

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Harper. But the most wonderful part, the part that really took her breath away, came last; for when she put out her hand with the last shilling, and said it was for the week's rent, old Harper would not touch it. He forced it back again between her little fingers, and, what is more, told her that while Dulcie was so ill, and she could earn so very little, they might have their room rent free.

Peachy, who had been so brave through all her adversity, utterly broke down and sobbed at this little touch of kindness from so unexpected a quarter.

CHAPTER XXII.—A LIFE, VERSUS MONEY.

Dulcie had been ill a whole fortnight, without any change in her condition for either better or worse. Then came a mild, soft spring day, a day with such a delicious, happy feel in the very air, that Peachy ventured to open their attic window, and to let some of this sweet air blow on the sick girl's face. It had a good effect, for presently Dulcie fell into a tranquil sleep. The doctor had said that the first change for the better would come in sleep—that she must sleep soundly and sweetly before she became really better. Very softly Peachy rose, and drew the little dark-red curtain across the window, and then she stole down-stairs. She must try hard to earn a little money, even a few pence, while Dulcie slept, for surely, if she woke better, as the doctor said she would be sure to do, she would also be hungry. Ah! how delightful it would be if she could have a cup of that nice, nourishing beef-tea to give her to drink up when she opened her eyes again. Peachy wiped away some fast-falling tears from her own eyes as she reflected how impossible it would be for her, however anxious and willing, to supply her sister with this dainty. On the landing she met old Harper. He stopped at once to inquire for Dulcie.

"She's just a shade better, Mr. Harper, thank yer, sir," answered Peachy in quite a gracious voice. Her opinion of old Harper had changed very considerably since he had been so wonderfully kind about the rent. "She's better," she continued; "and I'm just running out to try and 'arn a few pence to buy her some nourishing wittles, fur she'll be rare and weakly when she wakes."

In reply to this information old Harper merely nodded, and Peachy ran swiftly past him, on her way to Bloomsbury Square; for surely she would have sufficient luck to find those little ladies looking out of the window to-day. For a full moment old Harper stood perfectly still, then, in a pondering, hesitating manner, he began slowly, and with many a pause, to ascend the stairs to Dulcie's room. He had suddenly come to the determination to pay her a visit. It was a shabby resolve, and one which could very easily be turned aside, but as he mounted the stairs it gathered strength. The sick girl was asleep. He might take one look at her while she slept, and one look might relieve his mind of an anxious load. The anxiety under which he labored was not caused by love for Dulcie—no, it was caused by fear of her. All the superstitious terrors possible to his nature had been aroused by her words the other night. He felt it quite possible that the words of an orphan girl like Dulcie might cling to him as a curse. Like all his nation, he was awfully afraid of a curse. He reached the upper landing, and softly pushed open the door—it was on the latch; there was no longer necessity to keep it locked. He entered, treating very softly, for the last thing he desired was to wake Dulcie. She was sleeping still, and her soft breathing spoke soothingly to him as he stepped round to take a good look at her face. Yes, she was sleeping. But, gracious Heaven! what did Peachy mean by saying she was better? Better!—why the girl was dying! Old Harper almost gasped in the agony which filled him as he looked at her face. Peachy was but an ignorant little child, and knew nothing; what experience could she have in cases of sickness and death? But he—he, old Harper, had seen many people, both friends and foes, die; and, having seen it so often, he could not mistake that look, intangible, indescribable, which dwelt on those drawn, pale features—on those sunken cheeks. Yes, while he had fancied that there was just a little sulkiness, as much as anything else, the matter with her, the girl had been softly, silently slipping away from life. A fortnight ago, when in all the bravery of her youth and despair, she had come to him she had been healthy and full of vigor—full

of energy, capable of guiding and protecting her little household with all the power of her childish but motherly heart. But could energy ever come back to a form so motionless? could the breath of health ever pass again through those faintly parted lips? No, no, it could not be! She was dying, and he had killed her! He had stolen her money—the honest savings of her life. From that blow she might have recovered; but he had done worse—he had taken from her her heart's treasure. Just for the sake of filthy lucre he had done both these foul deeds, and Dulcie's life must be the penalty. If she died then her curse must remain on him forever. Never again would he prosper. No cursed man ever yet had prospered. His money—his dearly-hoarded stores of gold would turn to dust. He should be the poor—a beggar, for never again could his transactions succeed. He should die in his old age of absolute wane, and after death there would be the JUDGEMENT! He had aroused the just anger of the God of Abraham—who had said, "Surely I will repay!" Oh, if Dulcie would only speak to him before she died—if only she could be got to unsay that awful curse!

He stood hesitating before the sleeping girl, afraid to go, afraid to stay. Suddenly before he was the least aware of it, she opened her eyes. He had turned to glance at the window, and when he looked again they were opened wide, and fixed on him. Her dark eyes were Dulcie's one great beauty, and they shone out now preternaturally large and solemn from her thin, sunken face. She did not start, or show the least astonishment at seeing old Harper standing by her bedside. All the dreadful past had burnt itself into her brain; but she was far too weak, far too near the spirit world for anything in the present to startle or surprise her. She looked at old Harper steadily; and far from surprise, a kind of pity grew into her face. Dulcie's religious knowledge was of the very crudest. She had heard of God—He was a powerful, wonderful being, who had perfect control over every one. Those who were good and tried to please Him He rewarded; those who were bad and displeased Him He punished.

Her mother was good, so God had recompensed her by taking her away—away to the Land of Everlasting Life. That was certainly true, for she had heard it in church. But if her mother was good, old Harper was bad. Dulcie had no idea, or even suspicion that he had anything to say to the loss of little Angel, but even without this crowning sin she considered him quite the worst man she had ever seen. Yes, he was very bad—he must be punished. The law of her religion pointed out no possible escape for him; and what an awful punishment God, who was so strong and powerful, would inflict upon him! Weak as she was, Dulcie's heart grew full of pity for the miserable old man, and the pity grew into her voice, and made it tremble with suppressed feeling, when at last she spoke.

"I'm real, real sorry fur yer, Mr. Harper. I can't help thinkin' wot a werry bad time you'll have when God Almighty axes yer about h'our little canvas bag as yer stole."

Old Harper raised his hand in an agony of terror and rage as the slow words fell from Dulcie's lips. He felt as though, weak and dying as she was, he could aim a blow at her. But he did not; he only shook his hand in her face, then rushed from the room.

Yes, Dulcie was dying; but she must not die—she must not die, if any power on earth could keep her alive. He felt, as he stood trembling on the landing outside her door, that no money in all the world could be so precious, so valuable to him now, as her poor life. Yes, her life must be spared, and he must seek for a doctor, to use his skill in her behalf.

Trembling and panting he rushed from the house. He did not know what doctor to go for; he had never been ill or known the need of medical advice himself. He had seen, it is true, the parish doctor going in and out of his house, but, with an ignorant man's idea, he did not believe in the efficacy of a man who got no pay for his work. No, no; he must get a real, clever doctor for so critical, so important a case as this. He turned in at last to a chemist's shop, and asked for the name of a man who knew his business well—a man who would do his work and have no humbug about him.

"Is it a serious case?" asked the chemist. "Serious!" almost screamed old Harper;

"'tis a dying case. The man as I want must near be able to bring the dead to life."

Then he was given the name of a clever physician. He went to his house, and, finding he was out, left an urgent message for him to come to see Dulcie without delay.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE LOST FATHER FUND AGAIN.

On his way home old Harper purchased some oranges; he had seen oranges given to sick people before; he did not know that they were only used for purposes of refreshment, he thought they might also have some healing power. He bought half-a-dozen, then stole up-stairs and laid them by the bedside. Dulcie had fallen asleep again, and Peachy had not returned. He crept down-stairs as noiselessly as he had gone up, and entered his own room. He left the door of his own room a little open, as he wanted to hear the doctor go up, for he must waylay him and find out the truth when he came down again. The moments seemed like hours to the miserable old man as he crouched waiting behind his door.

In about half an hour both Peachy and the doctor arrived; they went up-stairs together. Old Harper thought they would never come back; he felt half-inclined to creep up-stairs again and listen outside the door. He thought badly of the doctor's long-protracted visit. At last Peachy's light step was heard flying down two steps at a time; she ran past old Harper's door and out into the street. Then the doctor's more measured footfall came nearer and nearer. Harper went out into the passage to meet him.

"A word wid you—just a word wid you please, honored sir," he panted.

"The doctor austed. 'Are you ill?' he said. 'Can I assist you in that way—otherwise I am afraid I cannot wait, for I am very busy.'"

"I ain't ill; but 'tis about illness," said Harper. "'Tis about the gal h'up-stairs; 'twas I as sent fur you, doctor, and 'tis to me as you must look fur pay. I wanted to make that clear at the werry outset. This ain't no charity case; 'tis a good, honest, profitable, paying case. You spare no pains bout that gal, doctor; spare neither pains nor money, fur I'm willin' to pay; I'm think, h'anythink in reason, I'm willin' to pay fur that young gal's life."

"Are you a relation?" asked the doctor. "No, no, I ain't; but she's—she's a good gal—a good mannered, well-conducted gal. She ain't by no means no ordinary gal, Dulcie ain't, and I don't want her to die. To die! Oh, God of Abraham, she musn't die! Don't let her die, doctor—save her, save her, ef money 'ull do it. I'll pay you well; I'll pay you handsome, ef you'll save the life of that 'ere young gal."

"You puzzle me," said the doctor, fixing his shrewd, deep-set eyes on the anxious face of the trembling old man. "I have no doubt you mean well, and are trying to be kind; but you know very little of doctors, if you suppose that I shall do more or less for the girl up-stairs because of your money. Neither life nor death are in my hands; though the means God tells me to use, I do, and when he gives a blessing, then comes success. I will do what I can for the girl; though the real means of cure scarcely rest with me. She has received a most severe shock; she is indeed trembling on the verge of brain fever. If that sets in, there is not the least hope for her."

"But it needn't set 'in; you can prevent it," said old Harper. "Ef you can't do that you ain't much of a doctor," he continued.

"My good fellow, I am not infallible. I will do what I can. It is not so much a case for medicine as for nourishment. The girl has always led a life of hardship; for the last fortnight she has been literally starved. This must at once be put a stop to; she must get all kinds of nourishing things. If you are really interested in her, give that brave little sister some money to buy food for the sick girl. She has gone out now to get some beef to make beef-tea. What she wants is food, and, if possible, the recovery of the little child who has been lost. Yes, it is a most critical case; but I don't despair; I have great faith in nourishment. I will call again to-morrow."

The doctor went away, and Harper retreated into his own room. He had no time for reflection. The hour for action had come; the doctor had plainly shown him the means, the only means by which Dulcie might recover. He opened his cupboard and took from thence the little canvas bag which had caused to him and to others

so much trouble. His old fingers trembled now as they clutched it. Not a penny of that marked money, collected so patiently by the orphan children had he found himself able to touch. He hid the bag in his bosom and crept up-stairs. Peachy was still away; the door was ajar; Dulcie was sleeping. He stole softly, softly into the room, crept behind the bed, felt the loosened board, raised it and laid the bag under it, just under, at the very entrance; and on purpose, so as to attract Peachy's notice all the sooner, he drew the string of the bag up through the board so as to prevent it shutting down quite tight. Surely Peachy must see it now; and the money would be there to buy those good and nourishing things so necessary to make Dulcie well.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD NEWS.

Let me tell you a true tale to show you what I mean. Not very long ago there was a man living in one of the back streets in Leeds. Some of those streets are very grimy and dark from the smoke of innumerable mill-chimneys, and the air is often filled with gritty particles from the iron furnaces, and a sour taste comes into your mouth as you walk along them. It is well that, as a rule, the women keep the houses so nice and clean inside, or it would be hard to live there. The man of whom I speak was a sincere Christian; he was happy, because he lived in the thought that God saw him day and night. But just at the time of which I tell you there was a great deal to make him despair. He was only a working man; he had a wife and children to keep, and he could not work at all, for he was very ill with small-pox. There he lay in the hot little bedroom day by day, trying to be patient—trying to follow his Saviour in his hardest path of all; and it was not easy; for his mouth was parched, his lips cracked, and the thought came into his head, "Oh, if only I could have a few grapes, how nice they would be!"

He tried to forget it, for he knew he had no chance of getting anything so nice, but try as he would the wish came back again and again.

It was Sunday morning; at last the long weary night was over, and the sunshine came streaming into the room—soon it would be very hot. "Oh, for some grapes!" he said.

A step sounded on the stairs, it was the City Missionary come in for a few minutes before the day's work began. The beautiful psalm he read and the prayer he prayed soothed the poor sick man. And before he left he kindly enquired "if there was anything the invalid needed?"

"You puzzle me," said the doctor, fixing his shrewd, deep-set eyes on the anxious face of the trembling old man. "I have no doubt you mean well, and are trying to be kind; but you know very little of doctors, if you suppose that I shall do more or less for the girl up-stairs because of your money. Neither life nor death are in my hands; though the means God tells me to use, I do, and when he gives a blessing, then comes success. I will do what I can for the girl; though the real means of cure scarcely rest with me. She has received a most severe shock; she is indeed trembling on the verge of brain fever. If that sets in, there is not the least hope for her."

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"What beauties! just what John was wishing for! Where do you come from?"

"From M—," naming a village six miles away. "I am the gardener at the Rectory; these were the finest grapes we had ripe. Mistress always sends the pick to sick folk."

Now, dear children, I think you will understand what I mean when I say the fact that God can see us and knows us altogether is a comforting fact, and ought to make us happy. Let it make you glad to know that He who is all power and strength is watching over you and taking care of you.—E. Garnett.

LARGE CLUBS.

We have received orders for large clubs of the *Weekly Messenger* to be supplied to Sunday-schools, numbering as many as thirty-six. This paper affords a means of keeping the older scholars in the schools, who in a few years will grow up to be their greatest assistance and support. A teacher in a Sunday-school who begins in its infant or the junior class and passes through each class until he reaches the position of teacher, is a great power and usually the most useful worker that can be obtained.

FRANCE.

The death of General Chanzy, occurring between the death and funeral of M. Gambetta, left France without her most skillful military strategist in addition to the loss of her most influential statesman. At M. Gambetta's funeral, participated in by three hundred thousand people and witnessed by many thousands more, several public men gave expressions of revengeful feelings toward Germany, which were rather discouraging to the prospects of prolonged peace between the two countries. Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte—a cousin of the late Emperor—has raised the standard of Bonapartism by issuing a manifesto pronouncing the republic a failure and arguing that the only hope of France is in the restoration of the Empire under the Bonapartist dynasty, the throne of which he claims would be his by hereditary right. The Prince doubtless relies, in this sudden exploit, upon the natural inclination of the French people to be led, together with the presumption that since the death of Gambetta the country pines country, and urgency was voted for its discussion. The Chamber of Deputies passed a motion approving the action taken by the Government in the matter, which was to arrest the Prince with a view to have him tried by the regular tribunals for the offence of making an attempt to change the country's form of Government. Should the motion for expulsion pass, besides the author of the manifesto, Prince Victor, who is serving with his battery at Orleans, and Prince Louis, would possibly be doomed to exile, for a leader. The manifesto, that is, of course, treason to the France of day however loyal to the France of history, was first published in a Bonapartist paper besides being posted throughout the whole country in placards, and immediately republished in all the papers. It has created a profound sensation and evoked an exciting discussion in the legislature, which contains some sympathizers with the imperial idea. A motion was made by a Republican member that all members of former French dynasties should be expelled from the assembly as also the members of the other dynasties, the Bourbon and the Orleans. The departure of all whose representatives are to be found in important positions in the army and elsewhere, may be quite necessary for the stability of the nation, as events from time to time show that they always have in view the promotion of their respective houses' interests and are therefore constantly conducting underhand intrigues that are dangerous to the peace and strength of the State. However, the fact that in the last elections the Bonapartists were very much thinned out in parliament is reasonable assurance that the people of France are not languishing for a restoration of Imperial rule under any dynasty.

CASUALTY.

About eighty persons lost their lives in the burning of the Newhall hotel, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, last week. Ninety-six are known to be saved out of one hundred and

seventy-seven inmates of the building when it took fire. Fifty-one bodies have been recovered from the ruins and thirty are still missing. Samuel Naud, the owner of two splendid farms in Portneuf, Quebec Province, was recently drowned in a lake near where he was working in Michigan. A boiler explosion at a blast furnace in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, killed four men and a woman, and seriously injured several others. The woman was the wife of a paddler, who was just going home after taking her husband's dinner to the works. The boilers had been cleaned, inspected and pronounced safe only a week before. An explosion in a coal mine at Culterville, Illinois, imprisoned, it was thought beyond hope, ten men, eight of whom had families. A policeman in Baltimore, Maryland, went into a drug store to get whiskey for cramps, and a clerk gave him Leonite by mistake, which killed him. Archibald Forman, aged sixty, the oldest conductor on the Eastern division of the Grand Trunk Railway, fell from his train while passing through the Victoria tubular bridge at Montreal last week, and received injuries from which he died in a few days. The Hon. E. B. Washburne, a former minister of the United States to France, was painfully injured in New Orleans, Louisiana, the other day, by being thrown from his horse. Henry Pierce's dwelling at Sioux City, Iowa, took fire from a lamp explosion a few days ago. Pierce saved his wife in a nearly suffocated state, but was driven back badly scorched when he rushed into the house to save two children, aged five and two, who perished. A wooden circus in Berditschev, Russia, took fire on the thirteenth, and the large audience becoming packed against the doors one hundred and fifty of them lost their lives in the flames. Four persons perished in the burning of the Planters' Hotel, in St. Louis, Missouri, on Sunday morning last.

FIRES.

Mr. Oliver Cumming's house, the finest dwelling in the town of Truro, Nova Scotia, has been burned; loss ten or eleven thousand, insurance six thousand dollars. The old penitentiary building in Halifax, same Province, used as a poor-house instead of the one lately destroyed with so much loss of life, has been on fire and had a narrow escape from burning down. The linen factory of Messrs Richardson & Niven, Lisburn, England, is destroyed, with a loss of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A fire in Toronto on the eleventh caused losses as follows:—Mr. John Carlyle, cabinet factory and lumber, four thousand, insured two thousand dollars; Messrs Phillips & Lean, lumber and shop, three thousand, insured four hundred dollars; Messrs Walsh & Co., soda water makers, building damaged two hundred dollars, insured; Messrs Bryce Brothers, small buildings, worth four hundred dollars, not insured, and about forty carpenters lost all their tools. Klock's Mills station and the business establishment of Mr. R. H. Klock, Mattawa, Ontario, were burned on the twelfth, causing a loss of about three thousand dollars. Messrs Brondson & Weston's grist mill, rented by Messrs Thompson Brothers, on Victoria Island, Claudiere, Ontario, was burned on the thirteenth, the tenants' loss being two thousand insured, and the owners' twenty thousand with twelve thousand dollars of insurance. The Planters' Hotel in St. Louis, Missouri, was burned on the fourteenth, four persons losing their lives in the flames, and the fire, crossing an alley, did twenty thousand dollars' damage to the furniture warehouses of Messrs Block & Taylor. The round-house of the Midland Railway

Company, with four locomotives inside it, was burned at Uxbridge, Ontario, in the early morning of the fourteenth, the loss being estimated at fifty thousand dollars with some insurance. Mr. Whitman's steam saw mill, at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, was burned on the fourteenth, and the loss is eight thousand uninsured. The First Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati, Ohio, was burned on Sunday night, the flames, that originated from the heater, breaking through the roof a quarter of an hour after evening service; loss twenty-five thousand dollars.

THE WEEK.

A VILLAGE on the west coast of Africa has been bombarded by the British fleet because the natives had attacked the British factory and killed the agent and several workmen.

KING MILAN of Serbia in a recent speech said that country since 1815 had passed through a gigantic struggle for progress and freedom and was now assuming an honorable place among the educated races of Europe.

A RAILWAY is to be built across Australia, from Brisbane, Province of Queensland, in the east, to Port Darwin, in the Northern Territory or Alexandra Land. The enterprise will doubtless do much toward developing the interior regions of the north-eastern portion of the continent.

GREAT DISTRESS is anticipated in Iceland this winter notwithstanding large relief contributions from England and elsewhere. It is a hard country in its fortunate years to make a living in, yet it is home to its own people, and a strange peculiarity of humanity is that the love of home is often strongest in the most rugged and inhospitable countries.

CARELESS AND DISHONEST MANAGEMENT has almost wrecked the People's Passenger Railway Company, of Philadelphia, which had six hundred thousand dollars of liabilities eighteen months ago, but now over three million three hundred thousand. Fifty thousand shares are said to have been sold to a firm, of which the former President was a member, for two hundred thousand dollars, when the par value was over a million dollars greater. During the process of ruin, the directors declared two dividends of fifty cents a share, borrowing the money to pay them. Such gross abuse of an important trust is truly appalling.

TURKEY HAS TROUBLE of a serious nature right at her heart. Roumelia, one of her few remaining absolute possessions, has what looks like a formidable insurrection brewing in its eastern division. Aleko Pasha, Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, a short time ago notified the Porte that he had quarrelled with M. Kleber, acting Russia; Consul-General, whom he accused of forming a compact against himself with members of the Provincial Assembly. Russia supported M. Kleber in the difficulty, although his recall had previously almost been decided upon. Late reports indicate an early rising of Mussulmans in the mountain districts of the Province. The Turkish authorities had seized quantities of arms sent by a revolutionary society in Constantinople called the "Young Turkey Committee" to a similar body in Philippopolis, and Turkish troops had been clandestinely massed on the disaffected frontier. There is a rumor that the Porte ordered the Governor-General to apologize to the Russian Consul, but that the former refused and a crisis was imminent.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE between the United States and Mexico has been agreed upon by the commissioners of each, and it is believed will be ratified by the Governments of the two countries.

IT IS SAID that the Chinese Government is incensed at the action of France in Tonquin and will make arm 1 resistance to further French invasions. More troops and equipments of war have been sent to Tonquin by France, so that a serious war is very possible. A valuable plot of land in dispute at Swatow between a German firm and the Chinese Government was being forcibly held by a guard from a German warship, and it was hard to say how the quarrel would end.

PEOPLE IN MANY QUARTERS seem to have entirely forgotten the old warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out," for revelations of dishonest practices in great and small degree have been uncommonly rife of late. The Western Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, with headquarters in Chicago, have lately caused a sensation by publishing a Black List, containing the names of about five hundred persons—among them many prominent politicians, lawyers, clergymen and members of Congress—who had made improper use of passes issued to them.

NOT A JOURNEY FOR THE NERVOUS.

Pottsville in Pennsylvania is now said to possess the deepest coal mine in America. Through its shaft, 1,576 feet in depth, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. The time occupied for lifting a full car through the whole length of the shaft is only a little more than a minute. A gentleman who has recently descended this shaft speaks of it as follows: "A person of weak nerves should not brave the ordeal by descending the Pottsville shaft. The machinery works as smoothly as a hotel elevator, but the speed is so terrible that one seems falling through the air. The knees after a few seconds become weak and tremulous, the ears ring, as the drums of these organs are forced inward by the pressure, and the eyes shut involuntarily as the beams of the shaft seem to dash upward only a foot or two away. As one leaves the light of the upper day the transition to darkness is fantastic. The light does not pass into gloom in the same fashion as our day merges into night, but there is a kind of phosphorescent glow, gradually becoming dimmer and dimmer. Half way down you pass, with a roar and a sudden crash, the ascending car; and at last after what seems several minutes, but is only a fraction of that time, the platform begins to slow up, halts at a gate, and through it you step into a crowd of creatures with the shapes of men, but the blackened faces, the glaring eyes and wild physiognomies of fiends."

SMOKE PREVENTING DEATH.

Some one has at last been found to say a good word for smoke. Burslem town council has been discussing the death rate in that town, which appears just now to be rather high, and the medical officer consoles them by pointing out that the deaths would be more numerous still were it not for the smokiness of the town. The evil effects of their bad system of drainage are largely counteracted by the smoke from the factories, which blends with the atmosphere, to act as a deodorizer; and he was at a loss to imagine how "intelligent men, and even members of his own profession," could complain of the "smoke nuisance." The doctor may be left to settle the matter for themselves, but one must admit that smoke certainly has some of those offensive qualities which belong to recognized "deodorizers."—*Pall Mall Gazette, London.*

IT IS ANNOUNCED by Chinese papers that Mr. Yung Wing, who graduated at Yale in 1854 and has lived in Hartford until within a year, has on his return to China, been appointed Taotai, or Chief Magistrate, of the city of Shanghai. Mr. Yung Wing's appointment is remarkable from the facts that he is a professed Christian, has an American wife and wears no queue.

ROY
Everybody, either very good or sometimes like Princesses and history and I the existence have offered subject. Of founded or which, after his counting money," proc the royal coat "the Queen and honey." lyrical picture satisfactory. would not, in monarch, yet appetite Queen could the most dign existence in other hand, Princesses ch thrones in cl tures represent suggest, on the the brains of evenings, for ly tedious to royalty were and simple i historians r anxious, how est sovereign been employ our British much about it in Waiting h intimate and lived a cert to the Roya addressed by lady superio contained fiv the use of recovering in of the quilt the Queen Princess Bea corner her V. B. L. and initial letter have l the Court, la to each. The made of the plain pattern respects as v sonal gift was solitude for the sick and recently retu mark attritu have done r something fo the distributi intend of issued to be likely to be the kindly C have reman very plainly since her sold Majesty's ow knitting nec personally co fort of her Setting aside womanly gra none more a ally. Every upon a tim life through, is sufficiently and "wife," "work-wome queens and f jets, were f needles or l and Helen of down to Mat Conqueror, I III, and so t Elizabeth Norman Pri and clever French cont against stitch sides alike. more royal coming to th for those of

ROYALTY AT HOME.

Everybody, except the people who are either very great or very unenquiring, would sometimes like to know how Queens and Princesses spend their spare time. Poetry, history and fiction have always received the existence of this natural curiosity, and have offered a great many details on the subject. Our earliest ideas were doubtless founded on the familiar nursery rhymes, which, after relating how the "King was in his counting-house, counting out his money," proceeds to remove the veil from the royal consort's seclusion by stating that "the Queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey." As years advance, however, lyrical pictures are generally felt to be unsatisfactory. Perpetual devotion to finance would not, indeed, misbecome a prudent monarch, yet the very youngest and healthiest appetite soon learns to believe that a Queen could not always be consuming even the most digestible of sweetmeats. If this is found to be far too simple a view of existence in palaces, it is also seen, on the other hand, that Kings and Queens and Princesses cannot always be sitting on thrones in cloth of gold, as historical pictures represent, or dining, as Roman annals suggest, on the tongues of nightingales and the brains of peacocks. These long winter evenings, for example, would prove extremely tedious to the most intelligent royalty, if royalty were not a great deal more sensible and simple in its pursuits than poets or historians make out. Anybody really anxious, however, to know how the greatest sovereign in all the world has of late been employing the after-dark hours of our British winter may learn almost as much about it as though he were Gold Stick in Waiting himself, or somebody yet more intimate and confidential. There was delivered a certain large package last Friday to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, addressed by Her Majesty the Queen to the lady superintendent of nurses there. It contained five large Berlin wool quilts for the use of the wounded soldiers who are recovering in that institution from hurts received in the Egyptian campaign. One of the quilts has been entirely worked by the Queen herself, and a second by the Princess Beatrice. The former bears in one corner Her Majesty's cipher of a crown, V. R. I., and the date 1882; the latter the initial letter of "Beatrice." The other quilts have been worked by the ladies of the Court, but the Queen has added a border to each. The quilts are described as being made of the softest wool, of rich though plain patterns and colors, and perfect in all respects as warm bed-coverings. This personal gift was sent as a proof of the Queen's solicitude for the welfare and comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers who have recently returned from Egypt. The remark attributed to Her Majesty is, "They have done much for me, and I must do something for them." The Queen has left the distribution of the quilts to the superintendent of the nurses, and they are to be issued to the patients to whom they are likely to be of the most service. Such is the kindly Christmas present which, as we have remarked, tells anybody concerned since her soldiers returned from Egypt, Her Majesty's own hands have busily plied the knitting needles in order that she might personally contribute something to the comfort of her brave and suffering soldiers. Setting aside for a moment the tender and womanly grace of this occupation, there is none more anciently associated with Royalty. Every good woman, indeed, once upon a time worked steadfastly, all her life through, with her distaff and shuttle, as is sufficiently proved by the words "spinster" and "wife," both of which really signify "work-women." But all the ancient queens and princesses, as well as their subjects, were famous for their skill with their needles or knitting-pins, from Penelope and Helen of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," down to Matilda, consort of William the Conqueror, and Mabella, niece of Henry III., and so through all the English reigns to Elizabeth and later. Our Saxon and Norman Princesses were especially busy and clever at embroidering bed-covers. They were called "counterpanes" from the French *contrepointe*, meaning "stitch against stitch," or something sewn on both sides alike. There can never be anything more royal than kindness, nor more becoming to the very greatest than sympathy for those of low degree. Whose imagina-

tion is so dull that it cannot, with the thought of these five comfortable quilts to help it, enter quietly into the royal apartments at Balmoral or Windsor, and see the good Queen, with the Princess, her daughter, and the ladies of the court hand at work at their knitting? The bright colors, the great balls of wool slowly but surely unroll, the bonnie bed-coverings grow apace, her Majesty toiling faster and better than any one of those around her; for, we believe, she has long ago given up all reading by lamp-light, and could by her great practice now win a prize for wool-work against many a deft hand at Newhaven or Aberdeen. Day after day, with her own patient hands, eagerly aided by a Princess of the blood, and the great ladies of the court, her Majesty has been making the broad counterpanes larger and larger, thinking all the while with each new row of stitches what comfort they would bring to some at least among the wounded warriors at Netley. There has been established, we may feel sure, a keen though gentle rivalry in that courtly throng to do the work quickly and well, for all of it in turn must needs ply under the Queen's personal inspection, since she was to add a border to every quilt. "They have done much for me," she says, "and I must do something for them," and so she will put a good breadth of "the Queen's own work" into each counterpane. But then all the best things of life—love, duty, devotion and honor—are more or less commonplace; the beauty of sunrise and of sunset, the vastness of the sea, and the charm of the green fields—these, and a thousand good things of daily existence, are in a sense commonplace, like the best emotions of mankind. Yet what comes from the heart goes to the heart, straight and eloquent, nor in any manifesto or Royal proclamation could Her Majesty have easily found a better way of expressing at once her feelings as Sovereign and Mother of her people. The motherliness of the gift is, indeed, the essence of its influence; and if nobody else understands the tender and powerful truth of this influence, we will be bound to say that these five common soldiers at Netley well and heartily comprehend it while they lie to-night, happy, comfortable and proud, under the "Queen's quilts."—*Selected.*

SNOWBALLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A great snow-storm in this city was, of course, the cause of innumerable incidents of a ludicrous nature. It is estimated that one hundred thousand persons throw snow during the day. In some of the liveliest quarters of town house-holders packed snow inside and from the windows resisted the assaults of besiegers in the streets. The snow was hailed with delight by everybody, especially by the small boys, and with terror by the Chinese. John's appearance anywhere invited a fusillade of snowballs. He generally "fired" back, but with ridiculous results, not having the skill of the American in moulding the merry missile, or in projecting it. But John was not alone in being the target of snowballers. Everybody engaged in the sport. Absolute strangers meeting would "fire" at each other, and have it out for two or three minutes with evident relish. The order of the day was: "When you see a head, or anything, hit it!" The scene was lively and ludicrous. The gray-headed pioneer, who had not seen a snow-storm for years, actually cried with delight. He "shied" snowballs at other pioneers. The general street scenes reminded old-timers of the demonstration of the populace on the arrival in this city of the first overland stage on the southern route, when people went mad, and threw their hats first in the air and next under the wheels of the stage-coach. Nobody escaped. Umbrellas proved ineffectual barricades against the flight of missiles from several quarters at once. The sport on the street was frequently ill-mannered, but not generally ill-natured. The police did not escape. It is reported that one policeman south of Market street had to "move on" three blocks to escape.—*San Francisco Alta, Jan. 1.*

BENEFITS OF LAUGHTER.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels (life vessels) of the body that does not feel some wavelets from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central

man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctively modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present, unfortunately, they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.—*Good Health.*

HOW TO MAKE OUR DAUGHTERS SENSIBLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is often annoying and always a hindrance, for an active, energetic, methodical mother to teach her daughters how to perform home duties correctly, particularly when she begins at an early age to put into their care such portions of necessary household labor as they have strength to undertake, and patiently, as the months and years roll by, train them, step by step, how to manage such duties successfully. Such teaching with very young pupils will retard her own work inevitably, derange often well-established rules, and thereby cause much confusion, and possibly the early attempt may be attended with some woful mishap such as a beginner can hardly be expected to avoid.

A mother's unselfish love, and the knowledge that all these sacrifices of time and her own comfort are building her daughters up, and preparing them for future usefulness, will enable true mothers to accept these duties so near akin to a cross, and teach them to find in the prospect of the good to be secured that every step of the way brings its own rich reward; even though the mother knows that the first lesson, when partially mastered, will only pave the way for a higher and more important effort which must more and more tax her skill in teaching, yet as she sees indications of progress the cross presses more lightly and soon becomes a pleasure, and in the end a crown.

But, unfortunately, many mothers do not recognize the duty of thus teaching their children, and are impatient of that restraint which these efforts must bring upon themselves; and by such selfish disregard of a sacred duty forfeit the great reward. We have known mothers who are so particular that they will not allow their girls to share in their labors, or intrust to them any of their cares. This is a great injury to the mothers often, and a cruel defrauding of the children. Most girls if permitted to be with their mothers when in the kitchen almost from babyhood, love to see the work done, particularly the cooking; and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to attempt to make some simple article themselves. And this early play will not be forgotten. Best assured that girls that grow up under such training, or indulgence, will have no fear of the real care when it comes to them as a duty. Such girls are not the ones who will urge their husbands to board from dread of the cares of housekeeping; but invariably—we know no exception—will make good house-wives, with the best prospects of a happy home.

We know mothers who freely instruct their very young girls how to make bread, and allow them at least once a week to have a loaf of their own baking on the table. Then they are sometimes allowed to make some simple cake, receiving as they proceed the most easy and simple directions from their mother.

As girls pass into their teens some most sensible mothers give each daughter the full care of the housekeeping for a week at a time, of course guided by their mother's supervision and judgment as to the marketing and expenditure. This is an excellent arrangement, and one of the most important items in their education. There is no greater mistake than feeling that domestic labor, when necessary, or the knowledge of it in all positions, must be incompatible with the highest degree of mental culture or refinement. No women stand so high in position

or elegant accomplishments as those who honor themselves and their husbands by a thorough knowledge and discharge of all domestic duties.

No one can hope to hire those who will bring the best trade, the nicest attention to order neatness and economy in little things into the kitchen, together with a correct knowledge of preparing the simplest meal in a beautiful and attractive manner; and yet all these united have a wonderful power toward making home life happy and prosperous. And the absence of these charms, careless housekeeping, an untidy and unattractive home and poor cooking have driven many a husband to seek comfort and happiness elsewhere. Those things which constitute the true charm of a home cannot be bought or secured by the labor of hirelings. It is only the mistress of the house, the wife and mother, through her love and union of interest with her husband and children, who, guided by her affection, will labor to bring that charm about her household which springs from systematic labor, scrupulous neatness and economy, a finely appointed table with food daintily prepared and served with exquisite taste. No lady of the highest talent or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home, and the most careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department. Low down as foolish ideas of gentility have been accustomed to place that department, it has much more to do with the comfort or discomfort, the peace and happiness or the discord and evil temper of the whole family than can be gained from elegant or fashionable parties, and all that etiquette demands in fashionable life. No girl, whether from the lowest or the highest position, is fit to become a wife, a mistress of the home, who has not been carefully educated in all the accomplishments and details of the kitchen.—*Christian Union.*

ALPHABETICAL HEALTH RULES.

The following simple rules are published for general circulation by the Ladies' Sanitary association of London:

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;

Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;

Children, if healthy, are active, not still;

Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;

Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;

Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;

Garments must never be made too tight;

Homes should be healthy, airy and light;

If you wish to be well, as you do, fix the doubt;

Just open the windows before you go out;

Keep your rooms always tidy and clean;

Let dust on the furniture never be seen;

Much illness is caused by the want of pure air;

Now to open your windows be ever your care;

Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;

People should see that their floors are well swept;

Quick movements in children are healthy and right;

Remember the young cannot thrive without light;

See that the cistern is clean to the brim;

Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;

Use your nose to find if there be a bad drain;

Very sad are the fevers that come from its train;

Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigued;

Xerxes could walk full many a league;

Your health is your wealth; which your wisdom must keep;

Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR, having made a visit to Paris, has returned to his own dominions with a passion for two things in particular—pendulum clocks and straw-berry ice-cream; and he has engaged a skilful confectioner and an expert watchmaker as a part of his regular retinue, to supply him with these two luxuries to his heart's content. His palace is furnished with clocks in large numbers, and he takes delight in watching them, and seeing that they keep time with perfect accord and strike the hours simultaneously.

THE CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE which under the names of the different benevolent societies finds so much favor in this country is about to be made compulsory in New Zealand. The Government has proposed a scheme whereby every man must pay either £66 down before he is twenty-three years of age, or 2s. per week for twelve years, in order to secure 15s. a week if married, during illness, and 10s. a week as superannuation allowance after sixty-five.

TOAST WATER.—Cut a slice of stale bread, cut off the crust and toast it quite brown; while hot pour over half a pint of boiling water; cover tightly and when cool remove the bread.

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"GOSSAMER."

I have two boys—frank, generous little fellows—full of life, yet tender and sympathetic—to their partial mother the noblest and best boys in the world. Fred is just past fourteen, and Johnnie five; the two sisters whose ages come between are not, for God took them. I have always tried to keep my boys by the hand, wherever they went; that is, to make them feel that their mother shared every pleasure and sympathized in every childish trouble; that their joys were not complete without her approval or participation, nor their griefs assuaged until she knew them. So I have always felt sure that whatever my boys might meet through the day, I should hear it all at our "bed-time talk"—and these talks save my boys many a wrong step. Only last night Johnnie said to me:

"Mamma, I got very angry with Sammy Jones today; had my hand all ready to strike him, but I thought how bad you would feel, and the dear Lord too, when I came to tell you to-night, and it held my hand still, so I couldn't strike."

I thought the "dear Lord" was nearer to my little one than he thought when his hand "couldn't strike."

But I have noticed a change in Fred for a few weeks past; he has said he was "too big to kiss good night." He turned away when I talked with Johnnie, and told me less of his boyish adventures, and none of his troubles. Two weeks ago the mystery was all explained.

"Mother," said he, "there's a great hole in my jacket."

So I took the coat to mend it and thought, as I sewed, of what Dr. Cuyler says of the "little coats" we mother Hannahs make for our children's souls as well as bodies, and of the white garment of purity he gives them in their innocent childhood, but which, alas! it is so hard to "keep unspotted from the world."

From that my thoughts ran on to the rent in the "little coat" the day's rough play had made, and I wondered a little sadly—thinking of his ungracious kiss that night—if the "little coat" for his soul had not a greater rent, and one that needed far more skill in repairing.

Suddenly, as I turned the pockets of the garment before me in an absent minded way, I came upon something very strange among the usual medley of balls, tops, strings and other boyish treasures. I drew out the package, "Superior Chewing Tobacco," and just below it a half-smoked cigar. I would rather have found a poisonous serpent, it seemed to me. Surely poison is no less poisonous whether it is a serpent's fang or in the hateful narcotic, unless indeed the last is the worse; for did not the Saviour himself say, "Fear rather them which have power to destroy both body and soul?" A sleepless night brought me no nearer to the solution of my great question, "What shall I do to stop this?"—and I began my talk with Fred hardly knowing how it would end.

"Why, mother," said he, "every boy and man around town uses tobacco, at least every one who is anything, and even Mr. Simmonds, whom you think such a good minister, uses it all the time."

I could not deny this, and thought with an inward sigh how quick young eyes are to notice such things, and how much good one such evil habit counteracts.

"But, Fred, that doesn't make it right for you or him either."

"I know it, but then how can a boy help it, or why need he try to, if a minister and all the rest of the good men don't."

I reasoned on the foolish waste of money. "Every boy spends some money foolishly; I may as well take mine in tobacco." "Peanuts would be more suitable, Fred" but in vain I reasoned; showed him the folly, the uncleanness, the actual sin, the shameful disgrace of voluntarily selling himself into slavery to so low and vile a master. My boy, usually so gentle and tractable, had evidently made up his mind to show himself "manly"—he did not see how different that was from being "manly" by standing firm against every argument, and went off to school looking as much like a hero as possible.

ing, as we sat round the table, Johnnie read slowly, and with many odd blunders, the story of the children who set out on a pilgrimage to the Shining City; how when they started a pretty fairy threw over their shoulders a shining thread of gossamer, how it grew larger and stronger until it was a cable, under the heavy weight of which many groined.

When they came to the gate of the Shining City the gate-keeper had them lay it aside, or they could not enter; so they tried to do it, but could not, it was so heavy, and the fairy had changed to an ugly hag who drew them by it away from the gate, so they never got into the Shining City at all. I told him that it meant a bad habit, which at first is like a gossamer thread, and as easily laid off—though put on by a pleasant fairy—but at last it becomes so strong that we cannot break it, and draws us away from the gates of heaven as the cable did the children from the Shining City.

"Mamma," said he earnestly, "are there any gossamers on my shoulders? Freddie here has any gossamers on you?" added he, turning to his brother, and growing mischievous, looking over his shoulders, head, and face.

"Yes Freddie, here's a gossamer end close by your mouth—I thought 'twas a whisker, but I guess it's a gossamer."

Unintentionally he had touched the truth, and Fred flushed deeply as he rubbed off the stain that had called Johnnie's attention.

"He's broke it, mamma," laughed the little one; "he's broke it!" and Fred's face flushed deeper than ever.

Suddenly, as if all my labors and prayers had come over him at once, his own truth and frankness asserted themselves, and he sprang to my side, in his old impulsive way, saying,

"Mother, it is a gossamer and I will break it while I can; I won't let tobacco keep me from my shining city."

I could not speak just then, but Fred understood my look, and his warm embrace and hearty kiss sealed a compact which I am sure he will never break. But I have thought since there are so many boys endeavoring to form this dreadful habit, that our experience—Fred's and mine—might find sympathizing listeners among the mothers and perhaps give the boys encouragement to break the gossamer thread before it becomes a cable.

So I send it to you, with a prayer for that blessing which alone can make it worthy.—Standard.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VI.—APPETITE.

What is a natural appetite? A natural appetite is the desire for, and relish of, necessary food.

For what kinds of food do we have this desire and this relish? First for milk, then for breadstuffs and fruits, and at last meats—things needful to keep the body growing and afterward in repair.

For what kinds of drink do we have this natural appetite? For milk, which is both food and drink, and for water.

Do brute animals, which always have a natural appetite, ever drink anything besides water? They do not. Water is, universally, the natural drink of both brute animals and man.

Simply and only by the repetition of the first process.

Is there anything peculiar about this acquired appetite for alcoholic drinks? There is.

What is that peculiar? Having made the appetite, the tendency is an ever-increasing demand for drinks which contain alcohol.

To what does this ever-increasing demand of the acquired appetite often lead? To brutalizing excesses, leading its possessor to sacrifice all that is valuable and dear, to appease, for the moment, its terrible craving.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Plumb's Select Notes.)

January 28.—Acts 3: 1-11.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Centuries after Cornelius a Lapide beautifully relates how Thomas Aquinas once came to Pope Innocent IV, at a moment when the pontiff had before him a great treasure of gold. "See, Thomas," said Innocent, "see, the Church can no more say as it did in those first days, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "True, holy father," replied Thomas Aquinas, "but the Church of the present day can hardly say to a lame man what the Church of the first day said, 'Arise and walk.'"—Cornelius a Lapide, quoted by Wordsworth.

11. "The philanthropy of Christianity." All these early miracles are but the type, an earnest, of what Christianity, in seeking to save the souls of men, is doing for their bodies. The day-laborer has more of the best things in the world—books, libraries, churches, railways, telegraphs, newspapers—than the kings have in heathen lands. Dorchester states that 500 charitable societies in London expend \$5,000,000 annually; and in New York city, \$4,000,000 annually are expended. In the United States, 43 institutions care for 5,743 deaf and dumb annually; 30 for the blind, with 2,178 pupils; and 11 for 1,781 idiots. The "Philanthropies" sum up the results of Christian care for the poor, the orphans, little wanderers, insane, sick, foundlings, cripples, drunken outcasts, children, in the United States as amounting to at least \$123,000,000 a year. Besides, the average length of life has greatly increased. So Christ is doing greater works through his disciples than he did himself on earth.—P.

PRACTICAL.

1. Verse 1. The privilege and duty of attending church.

2. Verse 2. The Church the means of help and comfort to the needy.

3. Verse 6. There are many things of more value than money.

4. Those who have no money are not debarred from doing good.

5. Each one must give what he has himself received from God.

6. A motive for being good; because we can impart to others only such things as we have.

7. Jesus Christ is the source and power of all the good works of Christians.

8. Verse 7. Personal contact—sympathy—is a means of conveying the blessings of Christ to others.

9. Verse 8. The first impulse of the saved is praise to God, and to express the praise.

10. Verses 9, 10. The change made in those we know, by their marvellous conversion, is a great proof of the Gospel.

11. The healing of the body, an aid to faith in the healing of the soul.

12. The temporal blessings of Christianity lead men to its spiritual blessings.

13. Miracles of healing and dispossession are reminiscences of an unfallen Paradise, and prophecies of a Paradise regained.—A. F. Gordon, D.D.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

By this lesson we can set forth Jesus Christ as the great Physician of body and soul. (1) The lame man, verses 1-3, showing the effects of sin, the weakness and need of the soul. (2) His cure, verses 4-11, with special emphasis on "such as I have give I thee"; referring all the power and glory to Christ; and the man's expressions of praise. (3) Use this miracle as an object lesson, teaching (a) how Christ heals the souls of men; (b) the continued healing and blessing power of Christianity, always helping the poor and

suffering, removing a large amount of evil, and bringing good out of the rest to those who trust in Christ.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- Who was it thought much learning made th' apostle mad? Who saw Christ's day afar, and seeing it was glad? What worthy woman once was raised to life again? By whose command at Bethlehem were infants slain? Where Jacob raised an altar what was its full name? And whom did he inter, when they near Ephrath came? Who hid God's prophets in a cave, and fed them all? Who, with Achaicus and Stephanas, cheered Paul? Who from his childhood had the holy Scriptures known? Who once a gallows made, and then was hanged thereon? From whence did Scripture say that God would call his Son? Who trembled at the preaching of a judgment-day? Where was the ark left when the deluge passed away? Who for his unbelief was by his Lord reproved? Who by her cousin was adopted, and much loved? Who was struck blind in his resistance to God's word? Who let down two men safely by a scarlet cord? Who was the grandmother of youthful Timothy? And who his mother, too, of pious memory? What child did God thrice call to tell a high-priest's doom? And who by holy men was carried to the tomb? By taking the initials, there will then appear. What God is unto all poor orphan children here.

BIBLE STUDY.

The word that I think of to-day is suggestive of angelic beings, heathen gods, and myriads of the creatures of this world. I do not associate it with men, excepting here and there a presumptuous individual.

In the Bible it is used principally as a figure of speech, and is full of comfort to the children of God.

The first mention is of the care of the Israelites, and their deliverance from Egyptian bondage. The Lord himself is speaking to his servant Moses. The figure is a favorite one with the Psalmist. In St. Matthew and St. Luke we also find it among the most pathetic and loving utterances of our gracious Redeemer.

What is the word? How is it connected with angels? To what heathen deities does it belong? To what creatures of this world? To what presumptuous men do I allude? Give some Scripture references containing the word.

- ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 24. 27. Every seventh year the Israelites were commanded to observe as a Sabbath of rest, to sow nothing in their fields nor work in their vineyards. Lev. xxv. 1-4. 28. The Lord promised that the sixth year should produce enough for three years. Lev. xxv. 21. 29. Before. To the Hittites. Gen. xxvi. 34. 280. The battle of the kings in the time of Abraham. Gen. xiv. 15. 281. Because David disobeyed the Lord in numbering the children of Israel. 2 Sam. xxiv. 282. The Lord gave David his choice of three punishments and he chose the plague. 2 Sam. xxiv. 12, 14. 283. The rejoicings of the Israelites after they had passed through the Red Sea. Ex. xv. 26. 284. Jehoshaphat. 2 Chron. xvii. 7, 9. 285. Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. iv. 31, 35. 286. Jeroboam. 1 Kings xii. 26, 33. 287. When Joshua expressed his indignation at two men who were prophesying in the Camp. Num. xi. 28, 29. 288. John the Baptist. Luke I. 17.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Cornelius. H-annah. Rachel. I-Isaac. S-tephen. T-ithathias. M-atthew. A-nanias. S-erra.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 23.—Alma G. McCulloch, 12 ac; Clara Flossom, 12; C. M. Hathaway, 11; Gordon McK. Campbell, 11; John Rattray, 11; Alex. G. Burr 10 ac; Annie D. Burr, 10 ac.

HOW DO

"Dolly Mrs M impatient none cam "Doro Now, was sithi room, wh evidence the neat world D flushed cl over the : interestin age than quired a t mother to horrors of Bœuf to a "Doro "Yes'n Now, D very plea confessed pouting h side Mrs later. "Is you m order, d glancing Dolly still eyes. "No, m and forgc Mrs. M forgetful great tria awake na "You i your bo Bridget l or two to sick, and of Toold you can v and put your ow order, an have to go play with for his n by eleven sleep." "Down c hoe" with turned cr slamming and stepp manner t peaceable vicious g rows of warned h vent her o "I don had to w cook's mo Dolly, ma necessary she drop pan of h to break c ful dishes papa vou out of my want to b that. O these disl But "n in scarlet the dishe room du

HOW DOLLY LEARNED HER LESSON.

"Dolly!"
Mrs Miller waited somewhat impatiently for a response, but none came.

"Dorothea!"
Now, the young lady addressed was sitting in a cozy little bedroom, which bore unmistakable evidence that its owner was not the neatest individual in the world. Dolly was bending, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, over the adventures of a no less interesting and high-born personage than "Ivanhoe," and it required a third summons from her mother to transport her from the horrors of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf to actual every-day life.

"Dorothea Miller!"
"Yes'm, I am coming."
Now, Dolly's face was usually a very pleasant one, but it must be confessed that it was rather a pouting little girl who stood beside Mrs. Miller a few minutes later.

"Is your room dusted and put in order, dear?" asked Mrs. Miller, glancing at "Ivanhoe," which Dolly still surveyed with longing eyes.

"No, mamma; I got to reading and forgot to dust it."
Mrs. Miller sighed wearily; her forgetful little daughter was a great trial to her energetic, wide-awake nature.

"You may as well put away your book at once, Dolly, for Bridget has gone home for a day or two to see her sister, who is sick, and I want you to take care of Toodles this morning. First you can wash the breakfast dishes and put them away, then put your own room thoroughly in order, and by that time I shall have to go to market, and you can play with Toodles till it is time for his nap. If I am not home by eleven, you can put him to sleep."

Down on the table went "Ivanhoe" with a bang, and Dolly turned crossly toward the pantry, slamming the door as she entered, and stepping on Hero's tail in a manner that brought that usually peaceable dog to his feet with a vicious growl that displayed two rows of gleaming teeth, and warned his little mistress not to vent her displeasure on him.

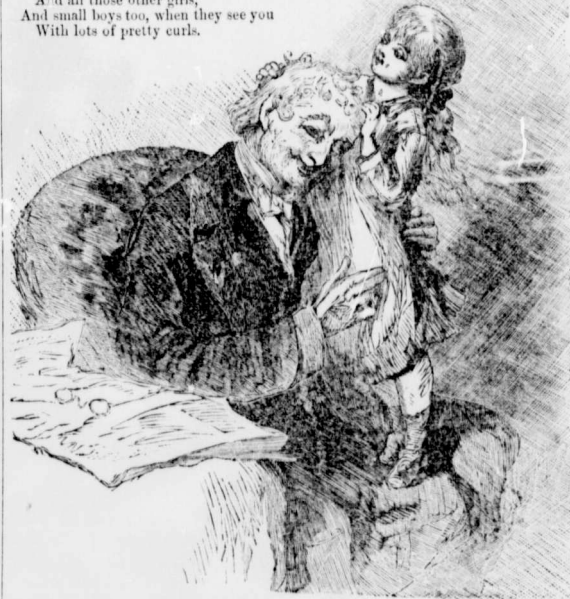
"I don't believe Rowena ever had to wash dishes because the cook's mother was sick," grumbled Dolly, making a great deal of unnecessary noise, and splashing as she dropped the silver into the pan of hot water. "I'd just like to break every one of these hateful dishes; and I'd do it too, only papa would make me pay for them out of my Christmas money, and I want to buy a silver bangle with that. O dear! I'll never finish these dishes!"

But "never" is a long day; and in scarcely more than a half hour the dishes were put away, Dolly's room dusted, her clean clothes

"GRANDPA, YOU DO LOOK SWEET."

BY M. E.
Just think of it, dear Grandpapa,
This day belongs to me;
My birthday 'tis—I'm four years old—
Last time I was but three.
And six small girls and five small boys
Are coming here to tea,
And you must be as beautiful
As ever you can be.

Teresa Grover's grandpapa
Has got no hair at all;
His head shines—though he's very nice—
Just like an iv'ry ball
And I guess she'll be awful s'prised,
And all those other girls,
And small boys too, when they see you
With lots of pretty curls.



were folded neatly away in the bureau drawer, and Dolly herself ready to amuse Toodles—otherwise Master Huntingdon Miller—till it was time to put him to sleep.

For a while Toodles was restless and noisy, insisting on Dolly's playing she was a horse, so that he could have the pleasure of driving her around the room with his new reins and whip; but presently he became so absorbed in his endeavors to discover what made his woolly dog bark, that Dolly, who was breathless from running, had a chance to rest for a moment.

"Ivanhoe" still lay on the sitting-room table, and the temptation was too strong. "Just to see how Rowena escapes from the castle, and then I won't read another word till I put Toodles to bed," said Dolly to herself, as she opened at the fascinating chapter, with the firm resolution to only read a few minutes.

The town clock was just chiming half-past eleven when Mrs. Miller, having finished her errands, came quietly up-stairs, expecting to find Toodles taking his nap, and Dolly ready to help her to prepare dinner; but as she passed the sitting-room door, she glanced in to see a sight calculated to exasperate the meekest woman in the world—which Mrs. Miller was not

For to my party you must come,
And help us play and laugh;
I wouldn't have a birthday, dear,
Unless I gave you half.
And you shall have the very best
Of everything to eat.
And now your hair is done, and, oh,
Grandpa, you do look sweet!
—Harper's Young People.

"Yes, dear, I forgive you; and I think my little daughter has learned a lesson she will never forget," answered her mother gently.

Dolly is a woman now, but she has never forgotten that day's experience; and when her own little Dorothea is absent-minded, or forgetful, her mamma tells her of the day "when I was a little girl and let Uncle Huntingdon spill the ink."—Presbyterian.

FAITH.

I am often reminded, in my daily intercourse with the little ones, of our Saviour's words, "Unless ye have faith as a little

A few months since the grandmother of the family quietly breathed her last in this world, and as the baby of the family, my little six-year-old niece, was being led from the room, I explained to her that we were not crying because dear mother had gone to Heaven, but because we would not have her with us any more. She immediately replied, in most cheering tones:—

"Oh, but you know, auntie, her time had come, and God sent for her; don't you know?" And then added, rather exultingly, "Oh won't you be glad when our time comes, auntie?"

I felt ashamed to think how how much stronger her faith was than mine. I often am reminded how true it is that "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."—Word and Work.

PRAY FOR HIM.—Gelele, King of Dahomey, is one of the bloodiest of tyrants. The Rev. T. W. Winfield, who had been endeavoring to re-establish a school at Whydah, recently received the following message from him: "The king wishes to inform you that his people cannot be allowed to read your book, and you cannot have a school here to teach the children about the white man's God. If you talk to the people about this book of yours, they will not worship the fetish, and we cannot do without fetish in this country. If you like to come here to trade, to sell cloth, and guns, and run, we shall be glad; but we cannot have your book."

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming;

JA doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in their blindness,

And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,

And nothing so royal as truth.
—Select

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 17th, 1883.

Grain market is very quiet. Canada White Winter \$1.05 to \$1.06; Canada Red \$1.06 to \$1.08; Canada Spring, \$1.05 to \$1.07. Peas, 90c per 60 lbs. Barley, 55c to 60c per bushel. Oats, 45c to 50c. Rye 55c to 59c per bushel.

FLOUR.—The market is dull and prices about the same as last week. Quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$4.75; Extra Superfine, \$4.60 to \$4.65; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.55 to \$4.60; Superfine, \$4.40; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Strong Bakers', American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.90 to \$4.40; Middlings, \$3.70 to \$3.80; Pollards, \$3.50; Ontario large, medium, \$2.25 to \$2.30; do, Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do, Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Cornmeal \$3.90 to \$4.10.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—The market is quiet and values are firm. Quotations:—Creamery, fresh made, fine flavored, extra, 26c to 27c; do, good to fine, 23c to 25c; Eastern Townships, 20c to 22c; Morrisburg, 18c to 21c; Brockville, 17c to 20c; Western, 15c to 18c. Add 2c per lb. to all of the above for the jobbing trade. Cheese firm, little doing.—10c to 11c for August, and 13c to 14c for choice September and October; common grades, 7c to 9c.

Eggs.—Quiet at 24c to 25c per dozen for Hired and 27c to 28c for fresh.

DRESSED HOGS, \$8.40 to \$8.75 per 100 lbs.

DRESSED POULTRY AND GAME.—The season is about over. We quote:—Turkeys, 11c to 14c; fowls, 7c to 9c.

ASHES.—Pots, firm at 85 to \$5.05.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There was a larger supply of good butchers' cattle on the markets here this week, and prices of this kind are slightly lower than on last week, but are still considerably higher than they were two or three weeks ago. The price of rough and leanish cattle continues firm, as the drovers now find it profitable to have any such cattle as cannot be sold to advantage to butchers, afterward taken to the abattoir to be slaughtered and the best quarters are sold to advantage on the farmers' market. Superior steers and heifers sold at 5c to 5c per lb; large fat cows and fair conditioned steers at \$50 to \$60 each, or 4c to 5c per lb; rough steers and ordinary fat cows \$35 to \$45 each, or about 4c per lb, and lean stock 3c to 3c per lb. The sheep offered were all of common and inferior quality and sold at from \$3 to \$6 each. Milch cows are much more plentiful than for a long time past and although Lent begins early this year, when a greatly increased quantity of milk will be needed, prices of good cows have declined nearly 85 per cent. Receipts of horses, chiefly from Ontario, have been larger of late, but still not sufficient to supply the active demand which the presence of so many American buyers in the city causes.

FARMERS' MARKETS.

The farmers are not coming to market in such numbers as might be expected when the condition of the roads is so favorable. Oats and hay, are the only products that are offered freely, yet the prices of oats are firm, but hay continued to decline slightly. The supply of potatoes is not large owing to the prevalence of cold weather and this helps to keep up the prices, but there is a pretty general feeling that the prices of potatoes will be lower later on in the season. Packed and lined eggs are somewhat lower priced, but fresh-laid eggs are very scarce and dear. Tomany-coals are offered in large quantities and sell at about 20c per peck. Dressed poultry continue very scarce and high-priced. Beef quarters have advanced fully \$1 per 100 lb during the past week and ordinary hindquarters of bulls and lean cows bring 7c per lb. The hay market is largely supplied and on some evenings a number of loads have to sleep over to the next day. Prices range from \$5.50 to \$10.50 per 100 bundles but the most of the sales of pretty good hay are made at \$8.50 to \$9.50 do.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16th, 1883.

GRAIN.—Following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, \$1.13 1/2 Jan., \$1.13 1/2 Feb., \$1.15 1/2 March, \$1.17 1/2 April, \$1.17 1/2 May. Corn 66c cash, 67c Jan., 66c Feb., 64c May. Oats, 47c cash, 45c Jan., 46c Feb., 46c March, 46c May. Rye, Western, 81 afloat. We quote: Canada, in bond, no sales; State, 71 1/2 to 72c. Peas—Canada field, 85c to 90c; green peas, \$1.35; black-eyed Southern, \$2.90 per two bushel bag. Buckwheat, 75c.

FLOUR.—Low Extra, \$4.00 to \$4.50; Superfine, no sales for Spring, \$3.40 to \$3.70 for Winter; Western Spring Clear Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.70; Poor to Choice Fancy, \$5.20 to \$5.40; Straight Extra, \$5.50 to \$6.00, up to \$6.35 for Choice, and \$7.25 to \$7.55 for Choice to Fancy; Patent Extra, \$6.25 to \$7.40; Choice Fancy Family Extra, \$6.40 to \$6.75; Buckwheat Flour, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per 100 lbs. Sales 250 bags.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.50 to \$6.50; Coarse, \$5.75 to \$7.00 per bbl. Cornmeal, Brandywine \$3.75 to \$3.90; City Sacked, coarse, per 100 lbs, \$1.20 to \$1.22; Fine white, \$1.40 to \$1.45; Fine Yellow, no sales. Corn flour, \$4.25 to \$4.75. Grits \$4.25 to \$4.75.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$22 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$18 to \$19; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$17; 50 lbs. or medium feed, \$16.50 to \$17; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$16.50 to \$17; rye feed at \$19 per ton; barley feed, \$22.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, per lb, prime, 14c; fancy, 14 1/2 to 14c; timothy, \$1.85 to \$2.05 per bushel; domestic flaxseed, \$1.28 to \$1.30; Calcutta linseed, \$1.80 nominal.

BEEF.—Market quiet but steady. We quote: \$12.00 for plain mess; \$13.00 for extra mess; \$12.50 for plate; \$14 for extra plate; \$25 to \$27.50 for city extra India mess and \$15 to \$15.50 for packet.

BEEF HAMS.—Steady market at \$18.00 to \$19. Small sales.

BACON.—The Chicago market prices are, loose long clear, \$8.75; short clear, \$9.25; short rib, 9c per lb; shoulders, 6.50c; boxed clear, 9c per lb; short clear, \$9.50; short rib, 9.25c; shoulders, 6.75.

CUTMEATS.—Sales still reported small. We quote: 9c to 10c for pickled bellies; 8 to 8 1/2c for pickled shoulders; 11c to 11 1/2c for pickled hams; 9c for smoked shoulders; 13c to 13 1/2c for smoked hams.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hogs at 8c to 8 1/2c and market pigs at 8c.

PORK.—Higher prices all round. \$18.50 to \$18.87 1/2 for new mess; \$14.50 for extra prime, \$18 to \$19 for family.

LARD.—Speculative market with slight advance. We quote 11c for Western steam, and 10c for city.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine, sales not so brisk, 11 to 11 1/2. Oleomargarine, 9c to 10c; sales of 400 bbls.

TALLOW.—Sales large and market strong, sales at 8c to 8 1/2c for prime; not quoted for packages.

MEAT STOCK.—Western heavy wethers, 6c to 6 1/2c per lb; Jersey and near-by, 5c to 6c. Spring lambs, 6c to 7c. Live calves, State, fair to prime, 8c to 10c; Jersey, 5c, 10c to 10 1/2c; butter-milk fed, 5c to 6c; grassers, 4c to 4 1/2c. Dressed veals, from 10c to 11c for poor to fair, to 13c to 14c for choice.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF IT!

We can live longer without food than we can without sleep; we can live longer than we can without air, and we can live much longer in pure air than we can in an atmosphere that is vitiated by all sorts of poisons. Great stress is just now being laid upon the necessity of good ventilation for our houses. We run wild for fear of sewer gases and elevate our offended olfactory nerves when the pretended "odorless" excavator passes; indeed, we grow more and more sensitive in our organizations day by day and generation by generation. But while making all this ado about the peculiar and specific odors which have been mentioned, we make little of smoking a pipe or a cigar, whose subtle odors penetrate and poison the atmosphere of every room in the house after our wives and our little ones have gone to sleep. We do this without once thinking that we may be thus implanting seeds of disease in their lungs far more fatal than those we have been at such great pains to exclude. Let us remember that pure air is more essential to health than even wholesome food.—Saturday Avon.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

The price of the *Weekly Messenger* is 50 cents. Every person who sends us a subscription to the *Weekly Messenger*, not his own, entitled to retain ten cents and send us forty cents; or, if he send us the full amount (fifty cents) he will receive any two of the pictures named in the following list:—

1.—THE INFANT MOSES. This beautiful and elaborate picture by De la Roche shows in the foreground Moses, a chubby little babe, lying in his cradle with eyes wide open, and looking seriously, as if before them were passing all the events of his future history. If the original Moses were but his, as interesting in appearance as this picture represents him to be, it is no wonder that his father took such an interest in him, just behind the grate and half hidden in the folds that are growing on the bank, stands his sister Miriam, looking earnestly across the river.

2.—THE BULLS CALL AFTER THE BATTLE, is a scene of a different nature. On an eminence in the field where the battle had been fought, is the fugleman of a cavalry brigade hearing the call of themselves, respond and gallop into line, some of them with horns blowing the call to form into line. It is a touching picture—and an actual counter-part of the real thing.

3.—LASSING WILD HORSES is another exciting horse picture. The herd of wild horses are dashing through the snow, led by a man and a woman, who are throwing the lead as around the necks of some of them. There is life in every line of this picture.

4.—SIMPY TO THY CROSS I CLING. This is an old favorite. Most of our readers have seen it in one form or another. The cross surrounded by a flood of light, and the figure of a man with a turned face full of hope, the waves dashing against the rock on which the cross stands, and the dark head pulling away the line of rope, but that might have been a sinners' foot, holding to the cross as it is secure—safe above the waves.

5.—HARBOR SCENES AT NIGHT. This is one of the most striking of all. It cannot be described. The play of light and shadow is exquisite.

6.—AT HOME IN CAPTIVITY. This pair of pictures represents the orang-outang first, in his native jungle as he comes an animal as well as imagined, and in his cage in the menagerie having a grand riot. This pair of pictures will just suit the boys.

7.—AFTER DUCKS. This represents an Irish sparrow dashing through the reeds after a duck and making a very pretty picture.

8.—GOING TO SCHOOL is a very pretty picture of a Norman's pet and girl dressed in the picturesque costume of her country with books and basket going to the school.

9.—PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS. This excellent portrait we presented last year to subscribers of the *Witness* on certain conditions.

THE WEEKLY WITNESS.

This is a weekly newspaper that should be generally read. Its price is but \$1 a year; three subscriptions in one envelope 50c each; four subscriptions in one envelope 75c each; ten subscriptions in one envelope 70c each. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

TO GET RID OF RATS.—How to get rid of rats and mice, surely; as I know by repeated experience. Prepare lime for whitewashing the cellar, and put into the quantity of lime water sufficient for covering a cellar a large piece of copper—as large as two fists; dissolve well, and let withwash with it. No rats or mice will return to the cellar, and it makes the cellar sweet and healthful, destroying any malarial influence. I repeat it every year, as a preventive of all these troubles. I cover not only the plastered wall, but all wooden closets and partitions, and even the coal bins, with the lime and copper water.

TO CLARIFY BEEF DRIPPING.—Put the dripping into a basin, pour over it some boiling water, and stir it round with a silver spoon; set to cool, and then remove the dripping from the sediment, and put it into basins or jars for use in a cool place. Clarified dripping may be used for frying and basting everything except game or poultry, as well as for pies, &c.

COFFEE PUDDING.—One cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted into the flour; one teaspoonful salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, beat in the eggs, then lastly the flour. Bake in a buttered mold, turn out upon a dish; cut in slices and eat hot with liquid sauce.

APPLE SHORT-CAKE.—Make a short-cake as usual, with a tablespoonful of sugar added. When baked, break open or cut with a hot knife, and spread with nice fresh butter, then with thick sauce made of stewed sour apples well sweetened. Put together again, and set in the oven five or ten minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful ginger. Roll as soft as possible and bake quickly.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those whose subscriptions expire at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV. [Acts 3:1-11] THE HEALING POWER. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 68.

Now Peter and John were going up into the temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour. And a certain man that was lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they carried daily at the door of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask aims of them that entered into the temple; who seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, expecting to receive something from them. But Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but what I have, I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk. And he took him by the right hand, and raised him up; and immediately his feet and his ankles were received strength. And leaping up, he stood, and began to walk; and he entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. And all the people saw him walking and praising God; and they took 10 knowledge of him, that it was he which sat for aims at the Beautiful Gate of the temple; and they were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him. And as he held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Then shall the lame man, leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.—Isa. 35: 6.

TOPIC.—Christ the great Healer.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE HELPLESS CRIPPLE, VS. 1-3. 2. THE MIGHTY NAME, VS. 4-8. 3. THE WONDERING WITNESSES, VS. 9-11.

TIME.—A. B. 30, not longer after the last lesson.

PLACE.—The temple in Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The closing scenes of our last lesson represent the condition of things in the early church at Jerusalem at least for days, perhaps for weeks or longer. Our lesson to-day is an account of one of the many wonders and signs done by the apostles." (Acts 2:43) In those days. It is recorded because it was the occasion of a sermon by Peter which was followed by the first attack made upon the infant church.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. INTO THE TEMPLE—the disciples still attended the temple service while they also met by themselves for the worship of the ascended Lord. NINTH HOUR—three o'clock in the afternoon; one of the three stated hours of prayer, and the time of the evening sacrifice. V. 2. LAME—see ch. 4:22. LAM'D DAILY—where he could beg of people passing in and out, as is common in the East. CALLED BEAUTIFUL—probably the celebrated gate of Corinthian brass described by Josephus, about seventy-five feet high and sixty broad, the folds of the gate covered with thick plates of silver and gold. V. 4. LOOK ON US—just what Jesus says to the poor helpless cripple. "There is life for a 10-0-0." NUM. 21: 9; Isa. 45: 22. V. 5. SUCH AS I HAVE—something better than silver and gold, and what these could not buy. V. 6. IN THE NAME—by the power. Jesus wrought miracles in his own name; the apostles in Christ's name. RISE UP AND WALK—the cripple had his part to do, as well as Peter. V. 7. LIFTED HIM UP—Peter not only spoke the healing word, but also reached out the helping hand. We are to do both. V. 8. LEAVING US—with the effort came the strength to obey. The effort proved his faith, and the effect the power of Jesus. When he commands his word is power. Try to obey and strength will be given. IMMEDIATELY—not a gradual but an instantaneous cure; not partial, but complete. Jesus never does his work by halves. V. 8. ALL THE PEOPLE SAW HIM—if Christ has healed you, let it be known. V. 10. THEY KNEW there could be no mistake or deception. V. 11. HELD PETER AND JOHN—clinging to them in grateful joy. So, while the rejoicing convert gives all the glory to God for salvation, he still loves the one whom God has sent to him with the blessing. THE PORCH THAT IS CALLED SOLOMON'S—a portico supported by pillars in the court of the temple, along the east wall of the temple.

TEACHINGS: 1. Those who love God will love the house of God. 2. Silver and gold are not the greatest or best gifts. 3. We may do good without being rich. 4. Christ can make the weak strong. 5. Great blessings should lead to gratitude and public thanksgiving.

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