

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

New readers are informed that this paper is an organ of the different organizations devoted to temperance in Canada combined with a fresh general newspaper, containing markets, family and Sunday-school reading, puzzles, pictures, etc. It is really without a rival for cheapness, as it aims to be peerless in other respects, and it is no wonder that it is rapidly achieving a gratifying amount of public support. Price fifty cents a year, or to clubs of ten, sent singly or in parcels, only forty cents. All who receive a copy would confer a kindness upon the publishers, as well as promote a good enterprise, by showing and recommending the paper to others. Address all orders JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

THE FIRST TEETOTAL PLEDGE.

Mr. William S. Van Deusen, of Alton New York State, writes us an interesting letter, to correct a statement made in the issue of April twenty-first, that the first teetotal pledge was drawn up by one Joseph Livesy some fifty years ago. We did not understand, however, that the statement questioned claimed more than the discovery of the first authenticated pledge on record in England, where the article we published had its origin. Indeed, any statement regarding first things in temperance must be taken in only a relative sense as regards both place and period, for total abstinence, and even organized society to maintain it are as ancient as any monument of antiquity that stands upon the earth. Bad consequences of using strong drink and good results of abstaining from it are set forth in the Old Testament both by precept and example as forcibly as in any book of the modern teetotal propaganda. The records of the Nazarites and Rechabites constitute the oldest of temperance journals and more useful ones, too, than the minutes of our "grand" bodies of this period especially when a year or two old. To return to our correspondent, he essays to tell us what he knows about a teetotal pledge that was drawn up about seventy-five years ago, and gives at the same time some cognate facts of very much interest. When he was a small boy about the year 1834 a temperance almanac was used as a reading book in the district school, and this peculiar text-book contained a statement that the first total abstinence pledge was got up by a doctor in the town of Moreau, Saratoga County, New York, and our correspondent's family removing to that town made the acquaintance of this temperance doctor, Billy I. Clark, and employed him as their physician. In 1858, at the church standing nearest to the old Mawny House, where the first pledge was signed, the half-centennial celebration of the event was held, when a little girl produced a long and interesting poem entitled, "Half a Hundred Years Ago." About twenty years ago, the Hon. Judge William Kay, of Saratoga Springs, pub-

lished a book, entitled, "Temperance in Saratoga County," which contained a detailed account of the movement, together with portraits of Dr. Clark and three of his fellow-townsmen who were present at the first reading of his pledge. One of these, as well as the doctor, is remembered by our correspondent as a venerable Quaker who must have reached nearly a hundred years of age. The doctor, too, attained advanced age, but was blind in his last few years.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

An influential and well-attended meeting was held in Moncton, New Brunswick, to organize for the enforcement of the Scott Act. Among those present were two liquor dealers, one of whom had just cleared out his bar in deference to the law. Good speeches were made, a prosecution committee was appointed and a fund started.

The *Press*, Woodstock, New Brunswick, records with pleasure that the Supreme Court of the Province has confirmed the convictions in several Scott Act cases appealed from that town, and adds:—"We trust we have now overcome about all the obstructions to the working of the Scott Act that can be invented by the members of the legal fraternity who have undertaken to champion the cause of illegal vendors of intoxicating drinks. The friends of that Act here have had to fight for every inch of ground they have gained, and now that the long desired decision of the Judges has been given, we trust an unceasing and uncompromising warfare will be kept up against those who persist in violating that law, until they will be forced either to quit the business, or 'leave their country for their country's good.'"

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Thomas McLurray, Agent of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario, organized a Division at Mount Forest on April 9th, with twenty-four members. The Rev. Donald Fraser, Deputy.

The quarterly session of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia just held at Stony Beach, Annapolis County, is described as a most enthusiastic and successful one. Mr. Burrell, G. W. P., presided. The returns were unexampled, showing more than thirty Divisions started during the quarter with over two thousand members. An autograph bed quilt, containing several hundred names, the work of the fair ladies of the neighborhood, which had been bought at auction by Capt. Bowman Corning, was presented at the close of the session to Mr. Jewell, Most Worthy Patriarch of the National Division of America, as a memento of his visit to the jurisdiction.

Mr. Thomas Hutchings, agent of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia, recently organized new Divisions as follows in Cumberland County:—"Dauntless," at Upper Salem, with twenty-five charter members; James B. Tuttle, W. P., H. W. Davis, R. S., Thomas J. Dyas, Deputy. "Maccan," at place of that name with forty-one charter

members; Herbert J. Harrison, W. P., M. B. Harrison, R. S., C. R. Elderkin, Deputy. "Mountain Home," Chignecto Mines, with thirty charter members; R. W. Pippy, W. P., Francis Burrows, R. S. A Division named "Longevity" has been organized at Jordan Falls, Shelburne County, by Mr. Isaac C. Crowell, Deputy, with fifty-four members; Amos Pentz, W. P., Allison Mullins, R. S.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Gospel temperance meetings are one of the institutions of Woodstock, a Scott Act centre of New Brunswick. The enemy cannot hold out against both law and gospel. Lately the St. Gertrude's Catholic Total Abstinence Society was resuscitated in the town.

After a temperance meeting little Carl sat in a brown study, and, when asked what was in his mind, thus addressed his aunt: "If I was as poor as a knitting-needle, and hadn't any more money than a hen has teeth, I'd never sell rum." Would that all boys looked at the business in that way.

Nearly thirty-two thousand persons signed the pledge and assumed the blue ribbon during a fortnight's mission in Belfast, Ireland, by the Irish Temperance League. Over fourteen thousand signatures were obtained in shops and offices. It is computed that in Belfast, out of a population of two hundred and twenty thousand, there are sixty-two thousand abstainers and forty-six thousand wearers of the ribbon.

In accordance with the memorials of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of the Province and of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Council of Public Instruction of Nova Scotia has ordered that Dr. Richardson's "Temperance Lesson Book" be placed on the list of prescribed books for the use of teachers, and recommended trustees and teachers to have its lessons taught the pupils of the public schools.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Reform Club Lodge, of Woodstock, New Brunswick, recently hired a train and paid a fraternal visit to Houlton Lodge, of Houlton, Maine. Upon the excursionists' arrival in the latter town, the two Lodges marched in procession under the British and American flags to Liberty Hall, where a splendid time was enjoyed.

TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

A REAL PROGRESS BUT MUCH YET TO BE DONE—WOMAN'S EXAMPLE.
(To the Editor of the Temperance Worker.)
SIR,—Knowing your interest in the temperance cause, I purpose jotting down for you a few indications that the work is really progressing in the old country. Large and enthusiastic meetings have been held in London and its teeming suburbs. The leading cities, towns and villages of the kingdom have also taken up the movement, and one striking feature is that every mission of which I have heard has been inaugurated by daily prayer-meetings, when

Christians of various denominations have united in recognizing the fact that the work is not man's but God's, and pleading for His blessing upon it. The evangelists, Messrs. F. and T. E. Murphy, have been holding very successful meetings at Manchester, where 2,500 new pledges were taken. Canon Wilberforce held a week's mission at Torquay, when 741 new names were added to the roll, making a grand total of 4,650; on this occasion the Duchess of Sutherland was one of many ladies who signed the pledge and adopted the blue ribbon. One very gratifying sign of success is that large numbers on becoming abstainers themselves immediately set to work to win others; if Christians had always acted thus, we should not have to deplore the large amount of ground still to be reclaimed. In my own town (Leicester) very many meetings are held both for children and adults; both in doors and in the streets; some of them are in connection with churches or chapels, and others are entirely undenominational, but all seem pervaded by the belief that it is high time to be up and doing. And so it is while it is possible to witness such a degrading sight as was seen in our streets last Saturday, a woman raving drunk, biting and kicking, and requiring two policemen to secure her. Indeed the drinking habits of the women of our town present the gloomiest outlook we have; a friend told me that she counted twelve young women following each other into a certain liquor vault in such quick succession that the door had not time to swing to. I have heard of more than one man breaking his pledge in consequence of his wife's obstinacy in continuing her 'little drops.' Of course there are many who pronounce our success to be more seeming than real, but besides the joy which many of us who work in the cause have of personally knowing men whose whole lives are altered, we have the following statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—"The spirit and wine duties in 1875-6 produced as nearly as possible twenty-three millions sterling, and if you add eight percent for the increase of population since 1875-6, the sum of £1,840,000, you will see that, if spirits and wine had been consumed last year as in 1875-6, the total revenue would probably have been £24,840,000. But the actual revenue from spirits and wine in the year 1882-3 was £19,840,000, so that if you take the population basis the consumption of wine and spirit duty has fallen off to such an extent as to be represented by a fall of duty of five millions sterling, and that the House will know represents more than 2½d. of income tax. If you include the diminished consumption of beer, you will find the decreased consumption of fermented and spirituous liquors in this country represents altogether almost 3d. in the £1 of income tax." *Per Contra*, there has been a steady rise in the duty on tea since 1878-9, when a great fall took place. In 1879-80 the revenue was £3,700,000; in 1880-81, £3,870,000; in 1881-2, £3,790,000; and in the year just ended, £4,200,000. We have therefore abundant cause to "thank God and take courage." E. G. W.
Leicester, Eng.

A TALE OF THE MARLBOROUGH SANDS.

BY ELIOT McORMICK.

Tom Kidder lay stretched upon the hay in the left of his father's barn, idly whitening a piece of wood with his new knife, and listening to the superior conversation of his latest acquaintance, Dick Jones. Tom had never been out of Scossett in his life—except once when he went to Portland—and had with deep interest the marvellous tales which Dick, who was a summer visitor down at the beach, had brought from Boston. The two boys were about the same age, but Tom regarded his friend with as deep veneration as though Dick had been Methuselah. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, the air was perfectly still and not very warm, and Dick, having exhausted for the time his stock of adventures, began to find the haymow too confining for his restless ambition.

"Say," he remarked, "don't you want to harness up the horse and take me down to the beach? It would be a nice afternoon for a drive, and I ought to be going home."

Tom looked a little uncomfortable.

"I don't believe I can do that," he said. "Father has gone off with the buggy and old Sam."

"So much the better," remarked Dick. "That leaves the other horse for you and me, don't you see? Only it's a nuisance that we shall have to take the wagon."

"But I can't," remonstrated Tom. "Father never lets any one drive Prince but himself, and never harnesses him to the wagon. I'll row you down to the ferry-pier, though, and you can take the train there over to Marlborough."

Dick curled up his lip in a disagreeable way, rising at the same time to his feet. "Thanks," he said, "but I guess I'll walk. Only I don't see how I can get up here very often if it is such hard work to get back. It isn't any joke, you know, to walk two miles through the heat and dust."

Tom was in an agony of mortification.

"Oh, I say, Dick!" he cried, "you know I don't want you to walk; let me row you down to the pier. The tide will be running out in ten minutes, and it will be an easy row. Or, stay here all night, won't you? and I'll row up to town and telephone down to the beach that you won't be home."

But Dick was quite inflexible.

"No," he declared, "I am not going to be drowned in the river, and I can't stay all night. I have got an appointment at six o'clock at the hotel. If you can't harness up Prince, as you call him, why, I'll have to walk."

"But he balks," faltered Tom.

"Balks, does he? Well, if there's one thing I'm more glad to get hold of than another it's a balky horse. Why, my dear boy, I know a trick that will cure the worst case you ever saw."

Tom hesitated. Had not his father said, only the day before, that if some one did not cure Prince of his balking the horse must be sold? What a grand thing it would be if he could take Prince out and bring him back cured! Deacon Kidder did not like Dick, as Tom very well knew, but if Dick should cure Prince the Deacon could have no reason for not liking him.

"How do you do it?" Tom asked at length.

Dick surveyed him with an air of surprise.

"How do I do it?" he asked. "Well, I guess that's my secret. May be you won't find out how when you've seen it done, but I'll do it all the same. Does he balk when you drive him?"

"I never drove him," said Tom meekly.

"Never drove him? Well, before I'd let a horse like that stand idle in my father's stable while my father was away, I'd know it. It's time you began, young fellow. You can drive him part of the way this afternoon."

Now, considering that the horse belonged to Tom's father, and that if either of the two boys had a right to drive him it was not Dick, this offer was net so magnanimous as it seemed. Indeed, it was what Tom himself, if he had not been dazzled by Dick's air of superiority, would have called impudent; but just now he was under a spell which blinded his judgment and made him willing to do things that at other times he would not have dreamed of doing.

"Well, I'd like to drive Prince," he admitted.

"Of course you would, and if you had any pluck you'd have driven him long ago. The idea of a fellow like you having to take that old cow every time you go out! Why, your father ought to buy you a light wagon and let you drive Prince out every afternoon. I dare say you could train him so that he'd go inside of three minutes. Come, let's go down and harness."

Tom still deliberated. He felt flattered by Dick's sugared compliments and enticed by his wily suggestions and stung by his contempt. Perhaps it was the contempt that decided him; for when Dick rather sneeringly remarked, "Afraid are you?" Tom with a quick, angry flush jumped to his feet and faced his friend.

"No, I'm not afraid!" he said. "I dare say Father'll thrash me for it; but I'm not afraid."

"Oh, he won't thrash you, if you bring the horse back cured."

"Well, I don't know," said Tom, reflectively. "Father wouldn't believe he was cured until he'd tried him himself; but we'll go down just the same and harness him."

Tom had not lived on a farm all his life without knowing how to harness a horse, but Dick, when it came to putting Prince in the wagon, did not display that proficiency which his somewhat boastful conversation had led Tom to expect from him. Tom, indeed, had to go over his work, straightening out the trace, readjusting the breeching-strap, and making things generally safe and sure. It was strange, he thought, that a fellow who knew so much about harnessing should not know more about harnessing them; but then, perhaps, that had always been done for him. At any rate, the job was now complete and they were ready to start.

"Which way did your father go?" asked Dick, as they got in the wagon.

"Oh, father went up to Lyman," said Tom. "We shan't meet him anywhere. Which road shall we take?"

"Let's keep down your road," returned Dick. "That will take us to the Ferry Beach, then we can drive along the beach to Marlborough."

"You forget about the quicksand," objected Tom. Dick threw back his head and laughed.

"Of all the ridiculous tales," he declared, "that quicksand story is about the worst I ever heard! Why, I drove over there the other day, and it was like a floor the whole way."

"A horse and wagon were swallowed up there once," observed Tom, soberly.

Dick's lip curled. "Oh, pshaw!" he said. "I don't believe a word of it. I'm not afraid."

By this time they were fairly on their way. The horse as yet had not shown the slightest symptom of balking, which, though it certainly made the drive more agreeable, left Tom without the excuse which he had been making to himself for taking the horse out.

"It's always the way," he said, gloomily. "If nobody wanted him to balk, he would be sure to do it."

"Who wants him to balk?" said Dick, flicking a fly off of Prince's flank with the whip. "I'm sure I don't; perhaps he'll gratify you coming back."

This possibility had not struck Tom before.

"Suppose he should?" he exclaimed.

Dick laughed. For the first time it struck Tom what a cold, disagreeable laugh Dick's was.

"Well, you'd have to get along the best way you could," he said, indifferently.

"And won't you tell me your trick?"

Dick smiled, and made no response.

There was a few minutes' silence while the wagon rolled swiftly along the road. However much Dick might be enjoying it the ride was already becoming to Tom a very unpleasant experience. The sense of his disobedience and of his father's displeasure, his fear lest the horse might balk when he should be alone, and his dread of the Marlborough Sands combined to make his situation extremely uncomfortable.

"Fine, isn't it?" remarked Dick at length.

Tom mumbled something which might have been either yes or no.

"It'll be finer, though," Dick continued, "when we get down to the beach."

This time Tom did not say a word, and they drove along without speaking until another turn brought them in sight of the Bay View House. In a moment more they had passed the house and crossed the rail-

way track and gained the hard surface of the sand beyond.

"Glorious!" Dick cried. "Reminds me of Nantasket!"

"Nantasket!" exclaimed Tom, indignantly; "there isn't another beach like the Marlborough in the world."

It seemed, indeed, as if Tom must be right. Far away in the direction which they were taking curved the hard level sand—so far, indeed, that the eye could not discern the end; and though it was high tide, there were yet a hundred feet between them and the rippling waves. They were leaving the Ferry Beach, as it was called, behind them, and were approaching the little river which marked the boundary of Marlborough Beach and concealed, as Tom had said the dreaded quicksands. Already they had crossed one or two little rivulets when Tom, who had been keeping a sharp watch, saw the glitter of a wider stream not far ahead.

"Now look out for the sands," he cried. "They're right along here where one of these inlets sets in from the sea."

Dick hit the horse with the whip.

"Oh, bother take the sands!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe there are any."

"Here it is!" cried Tom, excitedly, "right ahead—Dick, you shall stop!" and leaning over he grasped both reins and pulled up the horse on the brink of a stream about fifty feet wide, the appearance of which certainly gave no cause for alarm. The rushing water lurked the terrible power to seize and drag down those who might venture to cross it.

"Let go!" shouted Dick, angrily, tearing the reins away from Tom's hold. "What a fool you are! Don't you know that's the worst thing in the world to do? I'm going through here, quicksands or no quicksands. There's a wagon ahead that has been through, and where one man has gone another can go, I guess."

There was a wagon ahead,—that was a fact,—and, as the tracks showed, it had been through the stream. The marks of the wheels going down one bank were quite plain, and they were equally plain going up the other. Seeing that, Tom felt somewhat reassured and withal a little ashamed of his own haste.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it may be all right, but this looks just like the place."

"Of course it is farther on," said Dick mockingly, "if it's anywhere. I don't believe it's anywhere. Get up!" he cried, striking Prince again with the whip.

The horse, still obedient, started forward and walked cautiously into the river. Then, as he felt the water rising about his fetlocks, he raised his feet nervously and showed a disposition to stop.

"Get up!" said Dick again, with a snap. But Prince did not get up. On the contrary, he stood still. They were by this time a dozen feet past the water's edge; the water was rushing violently under the body of the wagon, and Tom noticed, to his dismay, not only that the body was nearer the surface of the water than it had been a moment before, but that the wagon tracks on the opposite side, at which they had aimed, were several feet up stream.

"It is the Marlborough Sands!" he cried; "and oh, Dick! we are going down!"

At the same moment, the man in the wagon ahead happened to turn around and discovered their perilous position.

"Whip your horse!" Tom could hear him cry; "for heaven's sake, whip your horse!"

Dick had already been whipping the horse, but whether the wagon was too heavy to be pulled out of the shifting sand, or the animal himself was contrary, they did not move an inch, except as the swift current carried them down the river, and the sand threatened to swallow them up. Already the wagon had sunk to the hubs of the wheels.

"Jump!" cried the man, driving back to the bank; jump now! It's your only chance!"

Dick threw down the whip and flung the reins over the dashboard. "I was a fool to trust myself to a balky horse!" he said.

"You'd better jump, Tom, while you've got a chance, and leave the brute to take care of himself. I'm going now."

With these words he clambered into the back of the wagon, coolly removed the second seat, tossed it into the river, and then jumped in after it. The seat served as a

buoy to keep him above the dangerous sands, and with a few rapid strokes he gained the shore which they had left. Without waiting to see how Tom came out of the scrape, he made his way up the stream, to where it might be crossed, and thence as quickly as he could go to the hotel.

Tom, meanwhile, sat hopeless and dazed. Rather than go back to his father without the horse he would go down with the wagon. It wouldn't be long, if he sat there, before he would be drowned. How terribly he was paying for his disobedience, and how ill prepared he was to die! The cries of the man urging him to jump fell on deaf ears. He could not jump and leave Prince to drown.

But need he leave Prince? A sudden thought roused him from his stupor. Leaning over the dashboard he cut the traces with two strokes of his sharp knife. Another stroke severed the strap that connects the saddle with the breeching; then, gathering the reins in his hands and stepping carefully on the shaft, he mounted Prince's back and hit him sharply with the reins. The horse, alive to the situation, plunged forward. Tom's feet pushed the tugs away from the shafts, and with another plunge the shafts dropped into the river. The horse stood free. Another plunge—the reins were not needed now to urge him—and his feet were extricated from the shifting bottom. Another, and Prince, quivering like a leaf, was scrambling up the farther shore. The whole operation had taken but a moment, but when Tom had leaped from the horse's back and looked around for the wagon he discovered with a thrill of horror that it had disappeared from sight.

"Well!" exclaimed the man, who had watched the proceeding with eager interest, "that was a smart thing to do, but let me tell you young fellow, you had a pretty narrow escape."

Tom's face had not yet regained its natural color, nor his voice its usual steadiness.

"Yes," he said, soberly, "I suppose I did."

"Horse balk?" inquired the other.

Tom nodded.

"Won't do it again," said the man, "no more'n you'll cross the Marlborough Sands again with a heavy wagon at a high tide."

"I guess I won't," said Tom. "I didn't want to do it to-day."

"The other fellow led you into it, did he? Well, you won't be led so easy the next time. Going up Scossett way?"

"Yes, said Tom; "I'm Deacon Kidder's son."

The man whistled. "Deacon Kidder your pa?" he exclaimed. "Land's sake! won't you get it when you get home? Guess I'd better step in and tell them how cute you saved the horse. You can ride up with me, if you like."

"Thank you," said Tom, "I'll be glad to ride up with you, but I'll tell father myself about—The fact is, I took the horse and wagon without leave, and I shan't feel quite easy until I've made it right."

"You'll get a thrashing," said the man, who seemed to be intimately acquainted with the deacon's peculiarities.

"All right!" said Tom cheerfully. "I'd rather be thrashed than feel mean."

"Well," said the man as he whipped up his own horse and the two started off, leading Prince behind, "so would I; but I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd take it out of that other fellow the next time I met him."

Tom laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "I don't want to take it out of anybody. I'm too glad to have got out of that place alive to feel mad."

"Well, you had a mighty narrow escape," said the man again, as though that, after all, was the chief impression which the affair had left upon his mind.

Did Tom get a thrashing? Well, I am obliged to admit that he did. He brought back the horse, to be sure, but then he had had no business to take the horse out; besides which he had lost the wagon. He bore the chastisement, however, very philosophically, knowing that he deserved it, and after it was all over told his father that Mr. Chase—John Chase, of Lyman, which Tom had discovered to be the man's name—had said that the horse would never balk again. The deacon was very incredulous, but as it turned out Mr. Chase was right. Prince never did balk again—except once when the deacon tried to drive him through the Marlborough Sands at low tide. Then he rebelled; and not all Mr. Kidder's persua-

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sions could induce him to take one step until he had been turned around, when he went willingly enough in the opposite direction. The credit for the horse's cure Dick Jones hastened to take to himself. "Yes," he would say, in answer to people's inquiries, "I drove him out one day, and he hasn't balked since." Unfortunately, however, he repeated this tale in the hotel office one evening when Tom's friend, Mr. Chase, whom Dick did not recognize, happened to be present. "Was that the day," Mr. Chase asked, quietly, "when you drove the horse into Marlborough Sands and then jumped out of the wagon leaving Tom Kidder and the horse to drown?" Dick flushed scarlet. "Tom needs't have stayed," he stammered. "Tom staid to look after the horse; and if you had been any kind of a man, you'd have done it, too." It was Tom Kidder who got the horse out, and if anybody cured his balking it was Tom Kidder who did that. Don't tell your story around here any more, Dick Jones. People might not believe it, you know." Dick took the advice, leaving the next day for Boston and never re-appearing in the place. Tom was not sorry when he heard Dick had gone. "Well, I'm glad of it," he said. "When he jumped out of that wagon it seemed as though a ray of light lit him up and showed what a mean little soul he had. People get experience," he added, meditatively, "in very queer ways. I am sure I never got so much in all my life as in that one moment on the Marlborough Sands."—*St. Nicholas.*

JOE GREEN.

A commercial traveller told me a touching incident relating to an old man who was employed on the Midland Railway. He said he had been booking clerk at one of the stations on the railway, and as such it was his duty to pay the men employed about the platform. One of these men, Joe Green, was a toper, and had been so for years; his regular habit was to spend the whole of his wages, eighteen shillings per week, in drink at a public-house near the station; he had a wife and family living in the town, but he never took home anything towards their support; and the mother had to provide for the children as best she could, by going out washing, charring, etc. He was a great trouble to the station master and those about him at the railway, and often endangered his own life and the lives of others by being drunk when engaged in his work, which was the care of the horse, and to shunt the trucks, etc., from rail to rail. The station-master had borne with him a long time, because he was an old servant, until he grew so bad that he could bear it no longer, and feared he should get into trouble by some dreadful accident happening through the trucks being left by Joe in the way of the regular trains. With this determination, he called Joe into his private office, and told him he must leave the next week, in consequence of his drunken habits. He talked to him kindly of his conduct, reminded him how he had neglected his duty, endangered the lives of the public and the property of the company, and of his neglect to his wife and family and home. Joe acknowledged it was all true, and as the master reminded him of his faults, he wept bitterly, like a child, so that his sobbing could be heard in the next office by the other men; he entreated his master to give him one trial more, and said if he would but give him another week's trial, he would not touch another drop of intoxicating drink again. The station-master said he would place no confidence in him, he had made similar promises before, but had always broken through them; but Joe pleaded but for one more trial, and the master at last consented. Joe took his wages as usual, went to the public-house and paid the score which they had against him for the week's drink, which, as usual, took all he had to pay, and left nothing for him to take home. He went to his work the next week, and kept his promise, but said nothing about the change to his wife and family. At the end of the week the booking clerk gave him his wages, and when he took them, a beam of joy rested on his countenance, and he held them in the palm of his open hand, saying— "Look here, master, this is all my own;

not one farthing of it belongs to old Smith at the public-house." "I said, "You don't mean that, do you?" He replied, "Yes, I do, and you will see what I will do with it to-night." I have said Joe never of late contributed towards the support of his family; and his poor wife got so used to his heartless conduct, that she never expected anything, and felt it all devolved on herself to provide for the wants of her poor children as best she could, though it would be but a poor provision she could make for them, and they were often half-starved. Well, when Joe got his money in his hand, and no claim for it from the publican, and no intention of spending it in drink, he felt the claims upon him at home, and the first thing he did was to buy a large market basket, and then go from shop to shop in the town until he had filled it with provisions—bread, butter, meat, potatoes, tea sugar, etc., etc.; and when he had got the basket well filled, he sent a strong boy with it to his cottage, himself standing at a distance waiting the effect. He told the boy to take it there, and say it was for Mrs. Green, and that there was nothing to pay. The poor woman when she opened the door, looked amazed, but said with an air of perfect resignation— "It must be a mistake; it can't be for us. There is another Green in the town. You had better take it there." So the boy came back again with the load to Joe, who said, "Why have you brought the basket back?" The boy replied, "The woman would not take it in; she said it must be a mistake. She never had such things sent, and as there was another Mrs. Green in the town, I had better take it there." Joe said, "Go back with it again, and tell her 'tis for Joe Green's wife, and she must take it." Well, he went back again with the basket but the poor woman was still doubtful if she ought to take it; she and her children wanted it had enough, she said, but such stores of provisions never came to them, and she thought it must belong to some one else. However she gave the boy permission to put the basket in the passage, and then she said if the mistake was found out it could be given up to the owner. Soon after, Joe himself came to the door, and when she opened it she was as much surprised at seeing him as she was at the sight of the provisions; for Joe had never been in the habit of coming home so soon, and when he did come home he was always drunk, and generally worse on Saturday nights than any other night. "Why, Joe," she said, "is that you? How is it you have come home so soon?" She drew him a chair, and poked up what little fire there was in the grate. "Why, how is it you have come home so soon, Joe?" "Ah," he said, "I have not been into old Smith's to-night, and thought I would come home and spend the evening with you." Well, she then began to tell him about the provisions in the basket, and she said she was sure there was some mistake; if she only wished they were for them, for she had nothing in the house for the family tomorrow, Joe could bear it no longer. He told her they were for them, that he had kept his money from the public house during the week, and this was some of the proceeds of it, and that he was sorry for his conduct in the past, and intended to mend his way for the future. It may be imagined how they rejoiced together. The following Sabbath was a Sabbath to that family better imagined than described. T. M. V. —*From Samuel Jarrold's "Visitor."*

THE SECRET CHEWER.

BY TITUS COAN, D. D., OF HILO, HAWAII.

On my arrival at the Hawaiian Islands in 1835, I found the dear missionary fathers and brethren debating the subject of the cultivation and use of tobacco in the native churches. The lines were then drawn as to form three parties. First the Radicals, who would burn the weed, root and leaf, and allow no Church member to have anything to do with it. Second the Conservatives, who would recommend all Church members to abstain from the cultivation and use of the plant, but not make it a subject of Christian discipline. Third, a small number who advised silence on the subject. They would say "Preach the Gospel and

convert the people, and let these little matters alone." It was afterwards found that some of this class smoked and chewed the weed secretly, and some pleased the native smokers by taking puffs from their pipes. During one of my visits as delegate to the Marquesas Islands, one of our Hawaiian missionaries there told me that a former delegate of our mission had made them trouble in this way: He chewed tobacco secretly, but a keen scented Marquesan smelt his breath, and on a certain occasion, when the delegate walked out, this savage followed him, and watched for his spitting. At length it came, and fell on a rock. The savage waited a little for the delegate to pass on, then knelt down and smelt the rock. The secret was out, and it spread like wildfire among the natives. They accused our Hawaiian teachers of guile and inconsistency in teaching them to abandon tobacco while our own ministers used it. And the missionaries in those islands begged me to see that no more tobacco consumers be sent them as delegates. In my labors among the people of Hilo and Puna I advised them earnestly to be temperate in all things, and to avoid the appearance of evil. I was careful in illustrating the commands and prohibitions of the law and Gospel, to be specific, and so to illustrate as to make their untutored minds understand what was right and wrong in heart and act. "Glittering generalities" will not do here. Our people must be told how to catch "the little foxes," and that "it is a sin to steal a pin." The result on the tobacco question was that hundreds of little patches of the weed were rooted up and destroyed; thousands of pipes were smashed or burned. And it is probable that 10,000 natives of this parish have promised to let the poison alone. Some played the hypocrite, of course; others forsook it for a season, and like many of our educated clergymen and other professed Christians, returned to it when appetite overpowered resolution. But many thousands of our church members held out to the last, and were faithful to their vows until death. Numbers are still living and they are our most reliable men in all that is good. But the great increase of example on the part of smoking and chewing clergymen and lay professors from other countries is demoralizing this generation of Hawaiians, rendering Church discipline difficult, our labors hard, and the simple, practical truths of the Gospel of little effect among the lovers of pleasure.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK
BY H. L. READE,
(National Temperance Society, New York.)
PART II.
LESSON II.—ALCOHOL IN THE FAMILY.—*Continued.*

What brings the greatest sorrow to a parent's heart?
The greatest sorrow comes to a parent's heart in the knowledge of the child's choice of an evil course.
What evil course is to the parent's sight fullest of danger to the child?
The evil course fullest of danger to the child is, the habit of using alcoholic drinks.
Why?
Because out of this habit the greatest and the deadliest evils grow.
How is this drinking habit usually begun?
The drinking habit is usually begun, by association with those who have themselves learned the sad lesson.
How do they accomplish their harmful purposes?
Their harmful purposes are accomplished by the example they set, and by the invitation given to drink with them.
What danger is to be always feared when one begins to drink?
The danger to be feared is, that the person who has begun will continue.
Why?
Because the second step in any downward course is easier than the first, and almost sure to be taken.
How can the crowning sorrow that comes to parents by the beginning of drinking habits in the child be avoided?
This sorrow can be avoided by the child's steadfast refusal to associate with persons who have formed the drinking habit, and by never tasting, except as a medicine, drinks that contain alcohol.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.
(From Peloubet's Select Notes)
May 20.—Acts 12: 1-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "The power of prayer." (1) Bunyan's Christian, in his fight with Apollyon, found his weapon, All Prayer, successful. (2) Prayer is like the telegraph operator's key, by which news can be sent, aid summoned, armies aroused, all the machinery of government set in motion. None of these things could he do himself, but he is connected with a vast system of power, which may be used through the little key in his office. So prayer can set in motion all the powers of the universe of God. Nature is arranged as the means of doing God's will, and the answer to prayer is oftenest through, not against, those laws. (3) So prayer is like the lever that turns on the steam in the engine, and can move a great steamship which a thousand men by direct act could scarcely stir. Or it is like the key which the little girl touched and exploded the rocks under Hell Gate, near New York city, a few years ago.

II. "The ministry of angels." Does the angel of the Lord encamp around my dwelling? Stephen is stoned; James is beheaded. The Christian's foot is dashed against a stone. The scarlet plague has come nigh my dwelling, and carried off the household pet. Where is the angel? Satan enters the heart of a man, and the life of an innocent school-girl is at the mercy of a murderer. Where was her guardian angel? A flash from the black cloud, and a good man breathes no more. Where was his angel? Reflect a moment. What is the ordinary course of our life? Is it full of daily accidents? Is it not rather crowded with daily mercies, unseen and unnumbered? Is not calamity occasional, not habitual? Then there is something higher than life, dearer than wealth. Your spiritual perfection is a nobler thing than these. It is that the angels are commissioned to aid in securing.—*Prof. Churchill.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 2. God will not always interfere to protect his servants from their enemies; note Christ himself, James, Stephen, all the apostles at some time in their lives.

2. But in some way even these sufferings are for their good and the salvation of men. The wrath of man shall praise him—the remainder he will restrain.

3. Bad men care more to please men than to please God.

4. Ver. 5. In time of need the Christian's power is in prayer, which moves the hand that moves the world.

5. Prayer should be, as here: (1) earnest; (2) definite; (3) united; (4) unceasing; (5) believing.

6. Ver. 6. God sometimes delays the answer of prayer, but he always answers.

7. The true Christian can be peaceful in the greatest danger.

8. Ver. 7. God answers prayer in unexpected ways.

9. The angels are ministering spirits to those who are heirs of salvation. We are not alone in the universe.

10. Our God is the ruler over all nature, all men, all powers.

11. Ver. 16. "We may stand and knock at men's hearts till our own ache; but no opening, till Christ comes. He can fit a key to all the cross wards of the will, and with sweet efficacy open it, and that without any force and violence to it."—*Flavel.*

12. We may well be astonished at the wonderful ways in which God answers prayer, but not at the fact that he answers.

13. Peter's release from prison is the type of the Christian's release from this earthly prison-house into the freedom of heaven.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We have to-day a prayer for help and its answer: (1) The need of prayer, vers. 1-4. The persecution. Why God did not save James. Peter's imprisonment. More troubles expected. (2) The prayer, vers. 5, 12. Where? How long? What qualities? The promises to prayer. (3) The answer to prayer, vers. 6-17. The ministry of angels, —the astonishment of the disciples. How God answers prayer.

ALCOHOL in beer is the same as alcohol in whiskey, and is just as harmful, only it takes a little more slops to wash it down.

The Weekly Messenger

SATURDAY, MAY 12.

ROADS.

A sage deliverance is the following one, attributed to a grand jury in Georgia:—"Bad roads, like bad whiskey, not only make bad morals, but, like bad whiskey, impose upon the people taxes, heavy, onerous, and if we only pause to contemplate them, perfectly appalling." If there is one matter upon which people nowadays are straying from sensible practices, it is the comparative indifference almost everywhere existing with regard to ordinary highways. Railways have so extended over every civilized continent that common roads have become local ways, and have therefore ceased in a large measure from being regarded as national concerns. Once a road was one of the most important cares of an emperor, and among the monuments of Imperial Rome none record the sagacity of their founders more than the mighty roads stretching across every country that ever the Roman eagles fluttered over. Now the opening up of a new road and its after maintenance is one of the petty affairs left to county and township boards, to be paid for by the people along their way, with whatever assistance legislatures may afford after almost every other public want is satisfied. It has become an easy task to start an agitation for a railway in a rural community, people generally being willing to make great sacrifices in order to have easy access by rail to markets and the centres of population. Too often has a town, village or farming township oppressed itself with taxes to subsidize a railway from which immeasurable benefits were anticipated, only to find when the line was in operation that its rates absorbed the cream of the profits upon home productions sent over it. Notwithstanding this, however, as well as other facts of a like nature which might be adduced, it would be folly to decry railways at this time of day, more especially as in the nature of things the power of oppression they undoubtedly possess ought to weaken accordingly as the countries through which they run develop wealth and are fully populated. It is not the depreciation of railways in popular estimation that is sought to be effected in these remarks, but that common roads might be restored, as they deserve, to a first position in public regard. Until modern invention brings swiftly-moving carriages to every man's door, an incalculable amount of convenience, comfort and solid wealth will depend upon the ordinary roads from the farming settlements to the towns and the railways. Bad roads involve serious wear and tear of horseflesh, gear and vehicles; much injurious jolting and weariness to all who ride over them, affecting health seriously and often for life, that being at the same time shortened, and are, moreover, more costly in the long run, from the ever-recurring necessity of repairs, than roads made good and durable and smooth in the beginning. It is probably the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, where railway projectors make considerable subsidies from the people along the proposed lines the conditions of their building, the railways have been determined upon beforehand and would be built anyway if they gave fair promise of a paying traffic. At all events capitalists ought to be allowed to build them entirely at their own charges, and if they are a necessity to the districts through which they are to run, the people will pay their share of the convenience soon enough

in freight and passenger tolls, the only legitimate method of direct taxation for railways levied on the public. Rather let rural communities devote surplus wealth to the perfection of their system of common roads, which are in these days a peculiar concern of theirs and by which they are judged to a great extent by travellers from abroad.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

Sunday last was the first anniversary of the murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin. On Monday Timothy Kelly was put on trial for the third time for those crimes, when Hanlon, one of his fellow-prisoners who had turned informer, confirmed the evidence given by Carey and Kavanagh, that Kelly was one of the four principals in the actual deed. Carey testified that every one of the Invincibles, except Brady, had offered to become informers and that he himself had been the last to do so. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has commuted the death sentence of Patrick Delaney, who pleaded guilty to complicity in the murders. Persons who have suffered from violations of the law in Ireland are receiving compensation; fifteen thousand dollars each have been awarded Lady Mountmorres and Mrs. Blake for the murder of their husbands. True bills for murder have been returned by the Dublin grand jury against Tynan, the long-wanted "Number One," John Walsh and P. J. Sheridan, who are all in America, and in regard to whom the question of extradition is still open. It is said the British Government had agents attending the Philadelphia convention and has agents also in every Irish political society in the United States and Canada. In bidding farewell to emigrants Earl Spencer said the Government were determined as far as possible to assist those desirous of seeking a new life in a new country, and one of the conditions of assistance was that families go as a whole and not broken up. Nine men were arraigned in Dublin a few days ago for conspiracy to murder, and James Mullett and William Mooney pleaded guilty. Lawrence Hanlon pleading not guilty was tried, convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. Two hundred members of the Patriotic Brotherhood suddenly left Crossmaglen on account of revelations that implicated them in unlawful acts, and about the same number fled from Belfast under like circumstances. Cardinal McCloskey, New York, is said to have been interrogated through the telegraph by the Papal Secretary of State, Rome, as to whether it was true that he had received Alexander Sullivan, president of the Irish National Land League of America, and demanding an explanation. An odd story comes from Russia, that the Pan-Slavists of the Empire—those who aim at union of all Slavic peoples—who are great haters of England as the most formidable antagonist of their ambitious aims, desire to place large tracts of fertile but uncultivated land in Turkestan, the Caucasus and Siberia, at the disposal of the discontented population of Ireland. Not out of love, for the Irish, however, it is said, but from the belief that such a scheme would hurt England, does the movement originate. Mr. Merritt, Consul-General of the United States in London, has for some time been acquiring information, through the consuls throughout the island, regarding the real condition of the people. According to the evidence thus obtained, it is published that the state of the distressed districts has been largely exaggerated, that famine has not yet been reached anywhere,

that relief sent from the United States three years ago is suspected in some quarters to have been misapplied. As to the latter suspicion, it is believed that some of the potatoes sent from this side were not even accepted, being inferior to the Irish article and were sent back to America. The distress is said to be magnified by the local poor boards, so as to procure outside contributions that will relieve the draught upon their resources. In view of all the information collected, Americans are cautioned to be careful in choosing the channels for the conveyance of their charity. Complaints are becoming common in American quarters on both sides of the water of the immense numbers of poverty-stricken Irish people being deported to this side, most of whom land in the United States. It is anticipated that a hundred thousand Irish will cross the ocean this year.

CRIME.

Mr. Wasson, army paymaster, had twenty-five thousand dollars stolen from him in a sleeping car in Texas.

John A. Neal, who has wealthy brothers in Boston, was murdered for his valuables in the Indian Territory, where he had gone for his health.

James Marriott, who stole seventy-five thousand dollars worth of diamonds in Paris, France, has been arrested in New York, the diamonds being recovered.

John Callahan, of Winchester, Massachusetts, while on a spree forced his three-year-old child to swallow a large quantity of liquor, producing convulsions and death.

William Wilson, who shot a murderer named Bailey when the latter tried to escape while being taken to justice, has surrendered to the authorities of Bismarck, Dakota.

Frank Mallon, a policeman, was shot dead in New York by Michael Sullivan, whom he had told to move out of a doorway. Sullivan is said to have been twice an inmate of an insane asylum.

A white man named Sawyer gave two Indians, of the St. Regis village on the St. Lawrence, poisoned liquor, and one of them died, the other was in a critical condition, and the murderer fled.

A well-known citizen of Chicago, T. M. Fulton, while drunk in a saloon, gave eighteen hundred dollars' worth of jewellery to a lounging for safe-keeping, and never saw jewellery or keeper since.

Some scoundrel misplaced points and signals on the railway at Truro, Nova Scotia, and thereby caused the wreck of a freight train with a loss of ten thousand dollars, the train hands saving their lives by jumping.

Upon local prohibition going into effect at Anniston, Alabama, a party of whites and blacks had a farewell carouse in a saloon, which ended in a fight wherein one man was killed and several were seriously injured.

George Shaw, clerk in a railway office in New York, ran off on April twenty-first with a thousand dollars of his employers, three or four thousand belonging to a church, and an uncertain amount borrowed from friends.

Amos Bailey, colored, in a fight with Joseph Cain, a prominent farmer of Summit, Missouri, caused the latter's death by fracturing his skull. Fifty armed men took Bailey out of the hands of the officers of justice and hanged him.

At Elgin, New Brunswick, on April thirtieth, a constable named Dryden was shot dead by another constable named Steeves, while the former was forcing his

way into the stable of the latter to seize, under a search warrant, a horse that Steeves had seized from another man for taxes a few days previously. The murderer was arrested and a coroner's jury laid the crime to his charge, but the sheriff's officers allowed him to escape.

An eccentric old man named Alfred Zinklett, living alone on his farm at Almond, New York, on leaving the house a few days ago set a gun so that anyone opening the door would be shot, as the boys and young men of the neighborhood had been in the practice of raiding his premises in his absence. A lad named Peter Tippincoot, aged fifteen, visited the place, sprung the trap, received the contents of the gun in his body and was expected to die.

Some time ago we gave an account of the murder of Mrs. Carlton, at Watertown, Massachusetts, with a paving stone, at her own door in early evening, the murderer escaping without being identified. Suspicion fell upon her husband, who is a liquor-seller in Boston, a belief going abroad that he had hired some ruffian to kill her. Late a man named Roger Amirault has been arrested in Nova Scotia for the murder and taken to Boston to be tried.

CASUALTY.

Thomas Daly, New York, fell from his roof while walking in his sleep, and was killed.

Over twenty business firms have been burned out in Union City, Indiana, and many dwellings suffered damage.

Fire, undoubtedly started by an incendiary, burned Tolinie & McMartin's furniture factory at Ridgetown, Ontario.

Six men were killed and a number injured in the Vale coal mines, Nova Scotia, by the breaking of a rope when they were being hauled up a slope.

A violent explosion of gas, supposed to have been ignited by a spark from a carpenter's pipe, occurred in the air shaft of a Wilkesbarre coal mine, killing two men.

While playing with his father's gun, at Plainfield, New Jersey, Edward Milliken fatally shot Thomas Blair, a playmate—another warning against leaving firearms in the way of children.

Powder accidentally ignited while shells were being filled in a Government powder magazine near Portsmouth, England, and an explosion followed, demolishing the building and causing the death of seven men.

Three little sisters were struck by lightning while playing under an umbrella during a light thunder shower, at Winona, Minnesota, and two aged nine and eleven were killed; the third was paralyzed in the side but likely to recover.

Earthquakes are reported under the same date from Tabreez, in Persia, and Helena, in Montana. The American one rocked a school house and scared the pupils; but the Persian was more terrible, destroying a great many houses with much loss of life.

The steamer "Grappler" has been burned off the British Columbia coast, and seventy lives lost—twenty whites, forty-eight Chinamen and two Indians. Twenty thousand dollars represent the value of goods and money lost. Accounts of the disaster by survivors are heartrending. The victims were driven by the flames to watery graves, and many who should otherwise have been able to save themselves were dragged down by struggling Chinamen.

BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

An extensive seam of bituminous coal is reported to have been discovered within ten miles of Victoria, British Columbia.

Five million bushels of grain were shipped east from Chicago last week, and the receipts of grain at that port continue large.

The demand for farm help in Ontario is unprecedented; the thousands of immigrants arriving in the country mostly go to the North-West.

A great strike of carpenters and masons is in progress in Berlin, Germany. The striking bakers in Vienna, Austria, have been engaging in violent riots, but put down in quick order by the authorities.

Terrible prairie fires are ravaging farming districts in Nebraska. A terrific hail storm has done much damage to crops near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This year's wheat crop of Wisconsin is estimated at twenty-four and a half million bushels. Crop prospects in Texas have never been finer than this season.

Before the Insolvency Court, Fathers McAvoy and Reagan, respectively the president and treasurer of the Augustinian Society, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, showed great ignorance of the condition of the institution. Gross bungling and irregularity had characterized the management of the Society's business. At its collapse large depositors were found to hold mortgages upon the property, while the poor working girls and working people generally—who doubtless entrusted their savings to the concern in perfect confidence on account of its connection with the Roman Catholic Church—were without security and likely to lose everything.

Nearly all the railway coal miners in Pennsylvania are out on strike against reduction. A strike of coal miners at Belleville, Illinois, for an increase is expected to spread to all the mines in the State. The bricklayers of Petersburg, Virginia, won an increase of seventy-five cents a day by striking. Complete failure has been met by the tanners of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in a strike for higher wages. Engineers on the Lake Shore Railway, Chicago, threaten to strike against reduction of pay. Six hundred laborers are striking for an advance in wages on the Minnesota and Manitoba Railway, and some who have returned to work have the protection of armed men.

An exceedingly hopeful view of the commercial situation is taken by the New York Chamber of Commerce in its annual report, which looks forward with cheerful confidence to a year of quiet prosperity for the entire country, to be amply shared by New York. Reports to a leading commercial journal of New York from the chief business centres indicate a fairly satisfactory and improving condition of general trade. Iron is still depressed, with steel rails firmer. One hundred and thirty-two failures in the United States last week are fifty-four less than the previous week, but thirty-six more than in the corresponding week of last year. Canada had twenty-five failures, a decrease of fourteen from the preceding week.

A REQUEST has been made to the trustees of the Brooklyn bridge by the New York aldermen, asking that the opening of that structure be upon another day than the twenty-fourth of this month, as that, being Queen Victoria's birthday, is offensive to most Irishmen. Respectable Irishmen will not thank those gentlemen for slandering them in such an utterly silly manner.

THE WEEK.

YELLOW FEVER is epidemic at Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the leader of the Southern rebellion, is now conducting an orange and grape farm of five hundred acres.

THE FIRST of sixteen daughters of a former Congressman of Maryland—reputed the handsomest ladies in the State—was married the other day.

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES has won in a chancery suit against the city of New Orleans, Alabama, getting judgment for nearly two million dollars including interest.

THE DEFENDERS OF PERU against the Chilians have suffered a bad defeat at the hands of the latter in a recent battle. Murders are increasing at a terrible rate in Chili itself.

MR. LINCOLN, Secretary of war, refused the Catholics permission to build a soldiers' church on the military reservation in San Francisco, and thereby gave much offence to some of that religion.

LORD DALHOUSIE is now mentioned as the successor to the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada. An ancestor of his was a Governor of old Canada and the greatest Viceroy of India.

SPRUCE TREES in the Aroostook lumber regions of the State of Maine are dying rapidly, in some townships three-fourths of the growth being dead. Old age is the only theory as yet presented as to the cause of this serious loss.

SURPRISE IS EXPRESSED in Georgia that the Democratic State Convention, called to nominate a candidate for the vacancy caused by Governor Stephens' death, adjourned without making the slightest reference to the departed statesman.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND MURDER are rampant in Havana, Cuba, the rabble population being armed with knives and revolvers. A desperate criminal organization called the "Navigos," which was originally composed altogether of negroes, is now being reinforced from the white desperadoes of the city.

A NEW TORPEDO SYSTEM operated from the shore, the torpedoes being under the control of the operators, was tried at Fortress Monroe lately. The results were satisfactory, and it is claimed all the harbors in the United States can be effectively defended by the system without interfering with peaceful commerce.

IN A PAPER read before the Medicolegal Society of Washington, upon "Insanity as a Defence for Crime," Mr. Corkhill, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, held that the criminals commonly called cranks should upon conviction of crime be sentenced and punished speedily, as their escape encouraged others of their class to commit crime.

COMMISSIONERS have been nominated by the New York State Government for the preservation of the scenery of Niagara Falls under the bill passed by the Legislature. A bill to prevent competing telegraph lines from combining was lost in the Assembly by thirty-nine to sixty-five—which makes little difference, as had it become law it would be next to impossible to carry it out. The Legislature closed its session on Friday of last week. On the closing day one of the meanest things ever heard of in such a place was attempted, being no less than to defeat a bill by stealing the original copy from the clerk's desk.

AT LATE ACCOUNTS the rebels in Hayti were getting the worse of the quarrel.

ALL THE SEVERE LEGISLATION recently devised against the illegal practices of the Mormons has proved of little or no use on account of the Mormon women, either through fear of persecution or attachment to the religion, declining to appear against their husbands in court. Lately, however, a woman in Salt Lake city has begun a suit against her husband, who had beaten her brutally, charging him with polygamy, and her sister and a fellow-wife are her witnesses. All but six of thirty-six children dying in Salt Lake in April are said to have been victims of the Mormon rite of "laying on of hands."

INVESTIGATIONS INTO PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS have become almost epidemic in New England since those set on foot by Governor Butler, of Massachusetts, were found to be disclosing more abuses than had ever been dreamed to exist in the midst of the most classic communities of the continent. Nothing more shocking could be divulged concerning the most barbaric country than the revelations of the Tewkesbury poor house, that was as much as anything else a mart for traffic in the bodies of the paupers whose death relieved from horrid cruelties and privations endured within its walls. Even human skins were sold out of the institution to the tanners. Some of the investigations started in other towns reveal an almost incredible amount of "man's inhumanity to man," little to be suspected at this period and in that place.

SALOONS IN DIFFERENT TOWNS of Iowa and Michigan are closed on account of the high license fees adopted as a check to the traffic. This mode of restricting drunkenness can hardly avail much, as it is likely at best but to reduce the number of stylish liquor shops, while low and lawless drinking places selling without license will increase, as the work of suppressing them will be left largely to those who have paid for license and who will not condescend to interfere with their poor fellow-tradesmen so long as they receive all the genteel custom themselves. A license law that makes leave to sell at any rate depend upon the formal support of an overwhelming number of the inhabitants of a district is the only effective one, and even then perpetual vigilance is necessary to keep the enemy under foot where license has been refused by the people. The principle of license is wrong, making, as it does, the community that grants licenses partakers in the unholy traffic.

MR. SARGENT, the American Minister to Germany, has been unpleasantly treated in connection with the pork question. A severe article in the *North German Gazette*, Berlin, a journal supposed to be the organ of Prince Bismarck, charged Mr. Sargent with doing all he could to make the United States Government retaliate upon Germany for the prohibition of American pork. An article was quoted from a German paper of New York, and attributed to Mr. Sargent, also passages from the Minister's despatch to his Government in regard to the pork prohibition, to prove him an "enemy to German interests." Mr. Sargent has made a satisfactory reply, denying that he knew anything about the article in the New York paper until after its publication, and pointing out that the offensive passages in his despatch were simply quotations from a paper published in Germany duly credited to it. It is not now believed, as it was at first, that the attack upon the Minister makes it necessary for him to resign.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has been urged by its Minister of Finance in Egypt, Sir Auckland Colvin, to reduce the amount to be paid annually out of the Egyptian funds on account of war claims. He thinks it would be wisdom to make the country's burdens as light as possible. Subordinate local officials in Egypt cannot be controlled by the constitutional checks devised for that purpose, and the brutal punishment of the lash has been restored by the Khedive's orders. Rioting has taken place at Port Said between Greeks and Arabs on account of some religious ceremonies, and several persons were killed and many wounded. The Greek church was protected by British troops and sailors, the Greek consul took refuge on a gunboat, and it is said a massacre of European residents was prevented by the landing of British sailors.

FRANCE IS SENDING fifteen hundred men to Tonquin to support its claims, no conquest being intended. One iron-clad, six torpedo boats, two gunboats and three transports for the above number of troops will constitute the expedition. Fifteen hundred troops are already at the seat of trouble. It is said to be considered certain that the French ultimatum will be rejected by the Anam Government, and as China supports the claims of its sister empire France bids fair to have on her hands a very serious and costly war in the Orient. German protection has been solicited by the Malagasy envoys against French aggression in Madagascar, and French papers publish a declaration, emanating from official sources, that, whatever treaties the envoys make with other countries, France will not allow anything to be done prejudicing her rights in Madagascar. A Government measure has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies providing for the reduction of interest payable upon certain national bonds from five to four and a half percent. This will cause loss to holders of the public securities affected, but the measure must have been regarded as equitable by the people's representatives, for it passes by a vote of four hundred to one hundred and seven.

THE RULERS OF EUROPEAN COUNTRIES can neither be persuaded nor terrified now, as of old they could be both, into taking instructions from Rome—not even in matters connected with the Roman Catholic Church, when they have any bearing upon temporal government. The German Government insists upon the right of being consulted in the appointment of Roman bishops within the Empire, and so does the Republican Government of Switzerland with regard to that country. Bishop Mermillod, appointed to the See of Geneva and Lausanne, was forbidden to enter upon his bishopric and he went to Rome for further direction. The Pope sent him back to Switzerland, but when he left Rome the Geneva Council at once issued a proclamation, repeating a former decree that Mermillod should not officiate in the See named, and declaring that the Council would defend the country against the encroachments of the Church of Rome. Of course if the Roman clergy abstained from meddling in political affairs no country pretending to freedom would interfere with them. The Roman Catholic religion has the greatest liberties in countries that have no official relations with the Pope of Rome. The French Council of State has decided the Government can stop the salaries of all clergymen, including bishops. Yet France was the main stay of the Pope's temporal power until it was broken in 1866.

SAVING TO GIVE.

Two young housekeepers who were school friends when girls were comparing expenses. The families and the style of living were the same; yet one spent \$15 a month less than the other.

"But how do you make it out, Sadie?" implored her friend, almost with tears in her eyes. "I am sure I economize every way I can think of, yet you have a nicer house and table than we have and on less money."

"There's only one way to account for it, Helen," said the graver of the two, a girl who had been trained to care-taking by a good mother. "I do my own work as you do, and looking back on our expenses for a year, I don't think one cent's worth of our supplies has been wasted, or that it failed of being turned to the best account. I know there has not been a stick of kindling, or a scuttle of coal burnt, or a pound of flour, or a bit of soap, that wasn't put to its best use, nor a shilling's worth of anything scorching, torn, or lost in the washing, and it all counts by the end of the year."

"But you must be all the time thinking of little, petty savings, that must narrow the mind in time, and I never could bring myself to that in the world. I hope I never should."

"Helen, you know my grandmother was one of the neatest, most economical souls ever made. She used to say that she could do a day's baking of bread, pies, and cake, and when all was made, the waste flour and scrapings would all go into the bowl of a spoon. It was true, for I've seen her mix and mould in the nicest way without, it seemed, strewing a grain of flour, or dusting the table. She taught her family this habit of nice dealing; and mother taught us, till it comes like second nature to be careful. You don't think every moment about being attentive to a visitor who calls, for it's easy and natural to entertain. You play an air on the piano without thinking, because you have practised it, or you are nice about your dress because you can't help it. But I have heard coarse, unrefined people say they never could abide to be always thinking of their manners or their clothes, for they were sure they never could attend to anything else if they did. Folks can narrow their minds by always thinking of one thing whether it is dress, or music, or how to save a few cents; but that is no reason why we should be afraid to be well dressed, or fine musicians, or good economists."

It is a great mistake to think that care or saving narrow the mind. Rather, they are the exercises in simple numbers which train it for the larger problems beyond. The motive for economy is what makes one's mind sordid, or the reverse. You want to spare that you may spend. Let me call one thing to your notice; that lavish, careless people are the very ones who are mean in quiet ways. The woman who disdain to save on her grocery bills, or to think whether a ton more coal is burnt in a season than is necessary, is the very one who will feel that she can't afford to subscribe for a magazine, or buy a book, but will borrow her neighbor's library books, and leave her to pay the fines for keeping them out over time, beside preventing her from drawing a new one, which is worse. She will allow, perhaps, a porter acquaintance to pay for carriage fare and lunches, instead of insisting on paying her own as she ought; she will let a plain sort of visitor come half a dozen miles to see her on business and go away faint and tired without offering the slightest refreshment; she is the woman to drive past poor Mrs. Martin hurrying over the long, hot walk to the station without five minutes to spare, and never think of offering the vacant seat in the carriage; and she will see Alice Hathaway's Christmas work at a stand-still looks for want of the right colors in silk, nor ever dream of giving her the old skeins left in her own basket. Small kindnesses do not occur to her.

You know Mrs. Reeves has the name all over town of being a close woman because she will not pay high prices at the shops, won't buy eggs at fifty cents a dozen for everyday cooking, or take turkeys at twenty-eight cents a pound when she can buy them for the farmers for eighteen pence. Her servant girls denounce her stinginess because she puts them on an allowance of fuel and provisions for the week's work, and looks after the soap and matches. She wears fifty-cent thread gloves whenever possible, instead of long Swedish ones at \$2.50, beside a score of other economies

which the other ladies criticise as beneath them. But the washerwoman in her kitchen Mondays always finds her big cup of hot coffee and sandwich ready at eleven o'clock when she begins to remember that she ate a cold breakfast at six o'clock, and walked two miles before work. Old Miss Clay, who lives by herself in lodgings, is always asked to stay to tea when she calls, and has some cold chicken or plum pudding put up for next day's lunch. Daddy Mills, who is left alone now his wife and daughter are dead, has his washing and mending done every week and his poor old clothes kept in good repair. Half a dozen families have their magazine and weekly newspaper sent them out of the money saved on soap, starch and matches alone, and every year Mrs. Reeves buys a rare book, or new picture, out of the saving on coal bills. On a limited income she sends her sister's girls to school, and gives them expensive lessons in music and painting. No wonder she wears darned gloves and, as I heard her hired girl tell out in the kitchen one evening, "never has a loaf of black cake in the house any more than if she was a washerwoman herself." She knows how to put the greater before the less.—*Walden.*

MAKING MEN OF BOYS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

It should not be expected that a boy will become a man, and be able to do a man's work well, without receiving a good deal of instruction from those whom he has naturally a right to look to for advice. But a great many farmers who are very particular about how their work is done seem to think that a boy ought to know instinctively how work ought to be performed. They have forgotten that they had to learn how to do things. To plough a field as it ought to be ploughed may seem a very simple thing to a man who has done that kind of work for years, until he has become so familiar with it that he has to give it no special thought, but the novice finds many things to learn.

He may have seen it done, but when he comes to try to do it himself he finds that seeing a thing done is one thing, and doing it well is another. Now the man who is wise will not scold and find fault with a boy for a failure of this kind, but he will exercise the grand virtue of patience, and explain to him wherein he failed. He will not treat the boy as if he were a man, or ought to know how to do such things as well as a man who has had experience, but he will make a pupil of him, and lead him in, step by step, until he has overcome each difficulty. By taking pains to explain things to him he will arouse an interest in the work, and the boys will be anxious for further knowledge.

Last summer I was on a farm where a man was hoeing potatoes. While I stood there, talking with him, his boy came into the field with his hoe. It seems he had never tried his hand at hoeing and "hilling up" potatoes, and he made poor work of it. Instead of showing him how it should be done, his father began finding fault, and finally ordered the boy to go to work at something else.

"Why didn't you show him how you wanted it done?" I asked.

"Hadn't the boy eyes?" asked the man. "If he can't get the knack of hilling potatoes when he sees it done right before him, what's the use of trying to teach him?"

Now, I differed with him there. There may not be much of a "knack" in hilling potatoes, but it evidently puzzled the lad, and a few hints, given kindly, would have helped him out of the difficulty, and the lesson would have been learned for all time to come. The man could have told him why he killed them, and explained the different methods of culture, and the boy's interest would have been aroused.

Farmers fail, as a general thing, to take the boys into their confidence sufficiently about the work to be done on the farm. They go ahead and plan, and all the boys are expected to do is to execute. It seems to me that the very best way to get along with boys, if you want them to do their best on the farm, or anywhere else, is to get them interested in what they are doing. This you cannot do if they feel that they are not considered of sufficient importance to be taken into your confidence. If you talk with them your boys will begin to feel that you consider them as little men, and

they will act like little men in nine cases out of ten, and surprise you by entering into the spirit of the work in hand with as much interest as you do. The way to make men of boys is to treat them as you would a man in many ways. Show them that you do not hold their opinions in contempt. Encourage them to act and think for themselves and let them feel that you trust them. It gives a boy a very manly feeling to know that a grown-up man considers his opinion worth something, and has faith in his ability to act without constant supervision. Put a responsibility on a boy's shoulders and he will be proud of it, and generally do himself credit in the way he carries it.

And when your boy has earned something don't put it all in your pocket, and none in his. Let him have spending money. You can advise him how to use it, but don't make him feel that all his work has been for some one else, and that he is to earn, but not spend. Talk with him about using money foolishly and sensibly, and show him wherein he can lay out his spending money to advantage, and he will not be likely to squander a great deal of it.

He will doubtless make some foolish ventures—he would be a peculiar boy if he did not—but these will be useful lessons to him quite likely. A boy can see wherein he does a foolish thing as well as a man can, and he generally profits by his mistakes. I have great faith in the boys. Treat them like men and they will not disappoint you in growing up to be men.—*Christian Union.*

ONE DROP OF EVIL.

"I do not see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," pouted Walter Kirk. "I know he does not always obey his mother, and smokes cigars, and once in awhile he swears, just a little. But I have been brought up better than that. He will not hurt me. I should think you could trust me. I might do him some good."

"Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink in it."

"O mother! who would have thought one drop would blacken a whole glass so?" "Yes, it has changed the color of the whole, has it not? It is ashamed to do that. Just put a drop of clear water in and restore its pure water."

"Why, mother, you are laughing at me! Not one drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty, will do that."

"No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's evil nature to mingle with your careful training, many drops of which will make no impression on him."—*S. S. Messenger.*

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

"Karl Marsh is sold into slavery!" said a man to me the other day.

"Sold into slavery!" I cried, "is there anything like that now-a-days?"

"Indeed there is," was the answer.

"Who bought him, pray?"

"Oh, it's a firm, and they own a good many slaves, and make shocking bad masters."

"Can it be in these days? Who are they?" I asked.

"Well, they have agents everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folks; but the names of the firm are Whiskey and Wine."

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation, and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town has not felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are sold and that is the end of it, sold to ruin sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, do make their escape; but the greater part are caught and go back to their chains.—*From Chatterbox.*

PUZZLES.



BREAKERS AHEAD.

Where is the head?

CHARADE.

My first I'm sure you do
Whenever you make a dress;
My second he must sing
Whose voice is a success;
My whole we often seek
If weariness oppress.

DIAGONAL.

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Cross-words.—1, Attentive to strangers; 2, despotic; 3, ignominy; 4, hostility; 5, thought or meditation; 6, pleasant; 7, inadvertence; 8, simile; 9, orderly; 10, stability. The diagonal is a supposition.

RIDDLE.

Five letters form a Roman's name who heard Paul preach of judgment. He trembled at the word. The two first letters spell the first, but we take fifty-nine to spell the other three.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.
My first is in day, but not in night.
My second in run, but not in walk.
My third is in play, but never in fight.
My fourth is in dumb, but not in talk.
My fifth is in June, but not in July.
My sixth is in plenty, yet not in supply.
My whole is a poet of such renown
England gave him the Laureate's crown.

2.
My first is in broad, but not in narrow.
My second is in house, but not in hovel.
My third is in drag, also in harrow.
My fourth is in tongs, but not in shovel.
My fifth is in verse, but not in rhyme.
My whole is a poet for every time.

CHARADE.

My first is a lake, you may see,
My second—how old you may be;
My whole is a danger an accident—well,
Now what shall we call it, can you tell?

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in house, but not in barn;
My second is in mend, but not in darn;
My third is in leaf, but not in stem;
My fourth is in stitch, but not in hem;
My fifth is in nose, but not in face;
My sixth is in step, but not in pace;
My seventh is in arm, but not in hand;
My eighth is in ocean, but not in sand;
My ninth in time-piece that tells us the hour;
My tenth the last letter of a beautiful flower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE—Mississippi
PARALLELOGRAM—
S E D A T E
O R I S O N
D E M A N D
ANAGRAMS.—1, Thomas Huxley, 2, Isaac Watts, 3 Horatius Bonar, 4, Edward Gibbon.
DECAPITATIONS.—1, Sash, ash, 2 Tape, ape, 3 Unit, nit, 4 Usage, sage, 5 Vend, end, 6 Vetch, etc.
ENIGMA.—William.

A STRANGE LIBRARY.

The most magnificent of the many temples erected to the honor and worship of Confucius is the one at Peking, which is frequented by the Emperor, and the high officers of the Government. Near to this temple is an immense pavilion in which is a throne from which the Emperor is accustomed to confer honors upon certain competitors who have successfully striven for the highest literary rank.

On two sides of this imperial pavilion, under two long corridors, are arranged about two hundred immense granite tablets each seven or eight feet high, and of proportionate width and thickness. On these are engraved the entire contents of the thirteen books which constitute the Chinese Classics. The characters are neatly cut on the two sides of the tablets.

It was found that, from changes in the spoken language and in the mode of writing, alterations were taking place in the written copies of the classics; the meaning of sentences was becoming uncertain, and at the same time there was a danger of some usurper, invader, or tyrant attempting to destroy the original laws which he had broken. This actually happened to the Chinese Classics so early as B. C. 221, when a prince of Tsin ordered every book to be burned. It was then thought it would give greater safety to these writings to have them engraved on stone: and this was done with the whole of the thirteen books.

This is without a parallel in any country, and is illustrative of the exceeding veneration of the Chinese for the writings of Confucius, Mencius and the other sages, and their anxiety to have them handed down unimpaired.

But many of the people are now accepting the teachings of Christ instead of those of Confucius, and He must increase while the latter must decrease; and the excessive regard of the Chinese for their ancient classics must give place to veneration and love for the revealed Word of God.

CIRCUMVENTING THE WOLVES.

BY AUNT FANNY.

"Well, children," said Uncle Phil, "your big brother Charley never dreamed when he was showing his skilful, swanlike manoeuvres in skating at the rink, that his beloved pastime would be the means of saving his life."

"Oh, tell us all about it!" cried Charley's small sister and brothers, Dora, Arthur, and Dick.

"He did not mean us to know, because he does not want to alarm us, but he wrote the account to a friend, who told it to me this morning; and I shall repeat it to

you, to show you how much depends upon coolness, courage, and quickness of wit in times of danger."

Little Dora climbed upon her uncle's knee, and the boys got as close to him as they could, and with three pairs of eager eyes fastened on his face, Uncle Phil began:

"You know that Charley was sent to the Northwest on business, and you know what a big fellow he is—twenty-two years old, and full of activity and courage. One bitter cold day he and three others were driving round the borders of an overflowed forest when Charley found that by skating through it he could reach a point twenty miles distant and catch up with his party again. No sooner thought of than done. He took his gun, fastened on his skates, and with a cheery Hurra! he was off at top speed.

are nearer, their hot breath reaching him, when—which! he darted around in a beautiful circle, and the shaggy wretches, carried irresistibly onward by their own tremendous impetus, dashed ahead in a straight line, while Charley glided off at a sharp right angle. With a united howl and that awful snap of their teeth, the next minute they found him out, crowded furiously on each other, turned, and were tearing after him again in their long, slouching, tireless gallop.

"Over and over again did Charley baffle them with his skating feat of the circle, and then away at right angles. Over and over, till the bold brutal creatures in their rage began to bite and snap at each other, and with howls of disappointment to waver and to wonder if this were not a ghost, a shadow of a man, a hungry dream of human flesh, which they

in their delight at the prospect of fighting wolves.

"Me want to 'kate, and fwite wooves, too," said little Dora.

"Ah, rosebud!" cried her uncle, holding her tight to his breast, "we must all take care that no wolves, two-legged or four, ever come near you. We must keep our little lamb safe at home."—*Christian Union.*

CONVERTED BY A TELEGRAM.

A young telegraph-operator in an English provincial town was anxious about his soul. But he could not have guessed that a message would reach him as it did. He had been sleepless all night, thinking of his need of a Saviour, and in the morning he went to his work with his heart uttering the publican's prayer. The sunny weather and beauty of Summer scenery did not engage him now, for he was longing after that peace of God which the Christian feels.

Absorbed with his desire, he continued to pray—"God be merciful to me a sinner," and was constantly repeating the words, when the click of the signal told him his office was called. He took his place at the instrument, and quickly and with unusual emotion spelled his message from "Herbert," at Windermere, to J. B., at Warkworth:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace."

Such a telegram as that the young man had never known to pass the wires before. It was sent to a servant-girl, who, in her distress of mind, had written a letter to her brother "Herbert," at the Lakes, but it proved a double benediction, for it came to the operator as a direct reply from Heaven to his prayer. He accepted it as such, and his faith saw and rested in the Lamb of God.

Meanwhile the golden telegram went to its destination, and brought peace to the anxious soul of the poor servant-girl. It saved two instead of one. And those words are living words still, and as potent to bless and save—not only two, but ten thousand times ten thousand.—*Christian Herald.*

IN ANSWERING the question, "How to have a revival in your school," William Reynolds once wrote; Pray for it; expect it; work for it; make it the one thing from this time till it comes. According to your faith be it unto you. Get every teacher in your school to pray daily for an outpouring of the Spirit on each class. Have a prayer-meeting of all teachers and scholars.



THE CHINESE CLASSICS ENGRAVED ON TWO HUNDRED TABLES OF STONE.

"Racing away, and enjoying it immensely, he reached the midst of the forest, when all of a sudden he came upon a hungry, howling pack of wolves! With a simultaneous clash of their sharp teeth, which sounded like the snapping of a hundred steel traps, they were upon him. Charles threw away his gun, tore off his heavy overcoat, and whizzed away for dear life.

"It soon became apparent to him that his swiftest speed would never leave the raging wolves behind. They were almost flying, the long black hair on their spines standing up stiff and savage; but Charley was a practised and splendid skater, and he also flew at a desperate speed, and he never lost hope or courage.

"On came the wolves full tilt, furious and ravenous. Now they

were finding at all points of the compass and losing again; while round and round went the skater, with a cool head, a keen eye, and clenched fists, working nearer and nearer the edge of the forest, till at last the clearing and the road became visible, and his blood-thirsty pursuers with furious howls of disappointment fell back into the thick of the wood."

"O—h!" sighed the little ones, whose eyes had been growing big and bigger with interest and fear. "We're so glad brother Charley got off safe!"

"Yes," said Uncle Phil; "and you boys had better practise all the fashionable figures in skating so as to be ready for the wolves, too."

"Oh, yes, yes!" shouted the boys, and straightway turned a summersault each on the carpet,

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 9th, 1882.

The opening of navigation has made matters a great deal brisker in the grain market. Prices remain firm, the business done being within quotations. We quote Canada Red Winter \$1.18; Canada White \$1.09 to \$1.13; Canada Spring, \$1.13 to \$1.15 as to quality. Peas are inactive at 95c to 98c. Rye 72c. Oats, 40c for May delivery. In Barley there is nothing doing.

FLOUR.—The flour market is very dull indeed. Holders are still nominally firm declaring that flour cannot be manufactured at the price offered. Despite this they are compelled to cut to make sales. Prices remain unchanged. Quotations as follows: Superior Extra, \$5; Extra Superfine, \$4.90. Fancy nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.80 to \$4.95; Superfine, \$4.50; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.15 to \$5.25, do, American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.10 to \$4.20; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$3.95; Pollards, 3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.35 to \$2.45; do, Spring Extra, \$2.25 to \$2.30; do, Superfine, \$2.15 to \$2.20; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Unchanged. Oatmeal, \$5.20 to \$5.50 for ordinary, and \$5.80 to \$6.00 for granulated. Cornmeal \$3.90 to \$4.10.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter. The market is still steady, prices being about a cent lower than last week. The trade is small and the only thing that keeps prices is said to be the unusual demand for fine grades from Quebec and lower ports. Eastern Township 23c to 25c as to quality, other grades a trifle less. Cheese new is selling at 12c to 13c nominally very little doing.

Eggs.—Are stiffer all around, quite a trade is being now done at 16c to 17c.

HOG PRODUCE.—A good local demand; at following prices:—Canada, short cut, \$23.50 to \$24.00; Western, \$23.00 to 23.25; Hams, city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard in pails, 14c to 15c.

ASHES.—Are also strong at \$5.25 to \$5.35 for pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supplies of butchers' cattle have been much more liberal this week, and prices are lower all round. There is, however, an active demand for shipping cattle and this helps to keep up the prices of the best butchers' stock. Late cablegrams report a considerable improvement in the prices of cattle in the British markets and this has helped to improve matters here. The best butchers' cattle were sold at 6c per lb, but pretty good steers and fat cows sold at from 5c to 5 1/2c per lb, while leanish animals brought from 4c to 4 1/2c. The supply of veal calves continues large, and the quality seems to improve of late, yet a considerable number of the offerings are too young and lean in flesh to make wholesome food, and have to be sold at low rates. There is a pretty good demand for good veal cutters, and prices of this kind range from \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. Sheep are still scarce and high priced, and a few have already been deprived of their fleeces. Prices of shorn sheep are from \$5 to \$8 each, and of the unshorn from \$6 to \$11. Live hogs are rather plentiful and sell at from 7 1/2c to 7c per lb. Milch cows are much more plentiful than for some months past, yet there is an active demand for all the best, which sell at from \$50 to \$65 each; while common good cows bring from \$30 to \$45 and small lean ones \$18 to \$25 each.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The more immediate and important duties of spring work on their farms prevent the farmers from coming to town, consequently the attendance at the markets is small. The prices of most kinds of produce continue without material change with the exception of good potatoes and eggs which have been advancing since the arrival of the shipping in the harbor. The apple trade is somewhat demoralized owing to the large quantities of inferior fruit which are being pressed on the market at low rates, yet the prices of choice kinds are higher. Butter is getting more plentiful and prices have a downward tendency. Pork is also lower priced. The hay market is moderately supplied and prices are firm, but straw is plentiful and declining in value. Oats are 95c to \$1.05 per bushel; peas \$1 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes 50c to 75c per bag; dressed hogs \$9.75 to \$10.25 per 100 lbs. Fowls, 15c to 18c per

lb; turkeys 15c to 18c do. Eggs, 17c to 25c per dozen; tub butter 20c to 25c per lb; print butter, 25c to 40c do. Hay \$9.50 to \$12 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw \$4 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

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GOOD TEMPLARS.

Grand Lodge of Ontario.

G. W. C. T.—J. H. Plagg, Mitchell. G. W. S.—T. W. Casey, Napanee. G. W. T.—J. H. Nixon, Toronto. Next annual meeting at Woodstock, Ont., the fourth Tuesday of June next. Grand Lodge of Quebec.

G. W. C. T.—W. H. Lambley, Inverness. G. W. S.—S. A. Lebourveau, Montreal. G. W. T.—R. W. Williams, Three Rivers. Next annual session at Sherbrooke in September. Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm, Truro. G. W. S.—I. J. Hingley, Oxford. S. J. T.—W. C. Smith, Conquerall Bank. Grand Lodge of New Brunswick.

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Next annual meeting in Chicago, the fourth Tuesday of May.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Pres.—Mrs. D. B. Chisholm, Hamilton. V. P.—Mrs. Tilton, Ottawa. "—Mrs. Cowan, Toronto. R. Sec.—Miss A. Orchard, Brantford. C. Sec.—Mrs. Rev. R. Fawcett, Scarborough. T.—Mrs. Brethour, Milton, Ont. Next annual meeting at Ottawa.

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

G. C.—Rev. John Kay, Waterford. G. S.—Raymond Walker, Hamilton. G. T.—Jeremiah Cornell, Lynden.

THE PRIZE FIGHTER'S TETHER.

Brief is the prize fighter's day. Sullivan has been going to the Russian baths when in New York to "wash the rain out of him," as the gossip there said; now he falls, not as the gladiator, from exterior wounds, but bled from within, where the lungs exclaim against his inhumanity to himself. No prize fighter ever came to anything. Morrissey left nothing and was saturated with disease. Henann knocked himself out of time in early manhood. Elliott was a thief and convict, and died in his boots while arrogating to himself the empty "championship of America." In the rebellion prize fighters proved to have neither endurance nor ordinary preservative sense. Ranken, the bully-giant of Philadelphia, was always in disgrace at the head of his company. Bradley, who beat him, never rose above a low sailor's groggery. Tom Hyer went around consumptive and superfluous all his closing years. But the tavern and dance house keepers who are the backers of these prize fighters, and pet them forward from puppydom to brutality, often live well and have their country places and bowlers, and stand in good credit with tradesmen. These are the men who ought to be sent to prison. When Joe Coburn came out of Auburn gaol he repentantly said: "Liquor has been my misery. I'll never drink it again—I'll keep a saloon."—"Gath," in N. Y. Tribune.

LAUGHING GAS.

An AUCTIONEER at a sale of antiquities put up a helmet with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the founder of Rome, but whether he was a brass or iron founder I can not tell."

A CLEVELAND MAN says the life, if played with force and resolution, is the best medicine for weak lungs. He will discover, one of these days, that an accordion, if played with strength and determination, would paralyze a deaf man.—Harlem Times.

A MAN went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife reading: "I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step."—Washington News.

A SCOTCH MINISTER, forgetting his spectacles, could not read the hymn, so he said, "My eyes are dim; I cannot see." The precursor immediately sang "My eyes are dim; I can't see." The minister explained, "I spoke of my infirmity." This was sung as the second line. The minister pleaded, "I merely said my eyes were dim." These words were sung, and he sat down, saying, "I did not mean to sing a hymn." When this line was sung the services closed.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.) LESSON VIII. (Acts 12: 1-1) MAY 20, 1883. HEROD AND PETER. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 5-8. (Revised Version.)

Now about that time Herod the king put forth his hands to afflict certain of the church.

And he killed James the brother of John with the sword, and when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also. And these were the days of unleavened bread. And when he had taken him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quarters of soldiers to guard him; intending after the Passover to bring him forth to the people. Peter therefore was kept in the prison; but prayer was made earnestly of the church unto God for him. And when Herod was about to bring him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and guards before the door kept the prison. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shined in the cell; and he smote Peter on the side, and awoke him, saying, Rise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And he did so. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed, and he wist not that it was true which was done by the angel, but thought he saw a vision. And when they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth into the city; which opened to them of its own accord; and they went out, and passed on through one street; and straightway the angel departed from him. And when Peter 11 was come to himself, he said, Now I know a truth, that the Lord hath sent forth his angel and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the perils of Herod, the people of the Jews. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together and were praying. And when he knocked at the door of the gate, a maid came to open; and when she opened the gate for joy, but ran in, and told that Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she confidently affirmed that it was even so. And they said, It is his angel. But Peter continued knocking; and when they had opened they saw him, and were amazed. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him forth out of the prison. And he said, Tell these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed and went to another place.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The angel of the Lord delivered them."—Ps. 34: 7.

TOPIC.—The Uselessness of Fighting Against God.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE CRAUELTY OF HEROD, vs. 1-6. 2. THE DELIVERANCE OF PETER, vs. 7-11. 3. THE SURPRISE OF THE DISCIPLES, vs. 12-17. Time.—A. D. 44. Place.—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The disciples were driven from Jerusalem after the death of Stephen, but in more quiet days, doubtless, many returned to the city. The city was still the abode of the theosophists. Josephus tells us that Herod Agrippa, now King of all Palestine, was a strict observer of the customs and ambitious to please the people. (v. 3) He would therefore be ready to take any occasion to persecute the hated Christians and win Jewish favor.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. HEROD THE KING—Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, by whom the babes of Bethlehem were slain. Matt. 2: 7, 8. Vexatious, persecutes. V. 2. JAMES—the son of Zebedee (Matt. 4: 21), called James the Greater, to distinguish him from James the Less. This is the first recorded death of an apostle. V. 3. PLEASED THE JEWS—a vile motive for so great a crime. DAYS OF UNLEAVENED BREAD—the seven days of the Passover festival, in which leaven was not allowed. Deut. 16: 1-4. V. 4. FOUR QUARTERS—four companies of four men each, forming the night-watch, each quarter watching three hours. AFTER THE PASSOVER—Revised Version, "after the Passover." BRING HIM FORTH—for execution. V. 5. WITHOUT CEASING—Revised Version, "earnestly." V. 6. BETWEEN TWO SOLDIERS—each wrist chained, according to Roman custom, to the wrist of a soldier. V. 7. ARISE—so Jesus arose a gridle in the deadly sleep of sin. HIS CHAINS FELL OFF—so Christ's power delivers us from the bondage of sin. V. 8. GIRD THYSELF—a gridle was placed about the body in walking. THY GARMENT—the mantle or outer garment. FOLLOW ME—so Christ prepares us for his service and bids us follow him. V. 9. WIST NOT—knew not. He could hardly believe his senses. V. 10. THE FIRST AND SECOND WARD—the wards, or divisions of the prison between Peter's dungeon and the street. IRON GATE—the strong outer gate. So Christ opens the prison to them that are spiritually bound. Isa. 61: 1. V. 11. NOW KNOW I—he had feared it was too good to be true. Now he knows certainly that he is released. THE HAND—the power. V. 12. MARK—the writer of the second Gospel, a companion of Barnabas (ch. 15: 37), and one of Peter's converts. 1 Pet. 5: 13. V. 13. MAD—out of her senses. They could not credit what they ought to have expected in answer to prayer. So we sometimes receive answers to prayer when we are not looking for them. The Lord's surprises are rebukes to our unbelief. HIS ANGEL—his guardian angel, some suppose; others, his ghost. V. 14. INTO JAMES—probably James the Less. WENT UNTO ANOTHER PLACE—he left Jerusalem to avoid the rage of Herod. This angel delivered Peter, but Herod suffered destruction at his hands. Acts 12: 23.

TEACHINGS:

- 1. Angels stand guard when saints are in prison. 2. Prayer has power to break chains and open prison doors. 3. There are souls in prison that may be released by prayer. 4. God sometimes gives answers even to "little faith." Matt. 14: 31. 5. The lowliest disciple may be, like Rhoda, the roughest for the blessing.

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