

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Three weeks remain in which workers may strive for the prizes and commissions of our "Autumn Competition." It is not useless for a beginning to be made even now by those who have either not seen the offer before or had an opportunity to take advantage of it. Those who began early will be finding their ground pretty well worked over now, and three weeks' work in new territory may yet overtake them. This paper has from the start made its way almost wholly upon its merits and the kind recommendation of its early readers, and the result is not at all a despicable one. While we feel assured it would continue to make steady progress in the same manner, we yet desire to multiply its circulation largely by the beginning of its third year on the first of January next. Although the amounts of money which take the prizes may, as in the last case, be less than the amounts gained by the workers, yet we hope that so many will engage in the competition as will make the scheme profitable on the whole. Readers who cannot take time to canvass for subscribers may be able to give their friends, near or far, who would not otherwise obtain it, a chance to see and judge the paper's merits for themselves. Send subscriptions or orders for sample copies to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

### TEMPERANCE AND LONG LIFE.

It has been asserted often within recent years that total abstainers stood better in the statistics of insurance companies, as to longevity, than drinkers. This is established now in black and white by the reports of the United Kingdom Mutual Assurance Company, a concern that sixteen years ago divided its risks into two sections—one admitting only those who did not drink and the other those who did. The result of the first fifteen years of the experiment was to show a saving of 28 percent in the temperance section over the ordinary plan, and the report for the sixteenth year shows a net gain of 32 percent over the usual mortality. The amount of the saving thus effected by the Company has been paid back to the teetotal policy holders, to whom it rightfully belongs. Abstainers have therefore the opportunity of being insured for about a third less cost than if they had to share in the losses accruing through the use of strong drink by others. Other insurance companies are likely to be compelled to follow this example, for temperance people will surely, when they ascertain the facts, not go on helping to pay losses traceable to other people's drinking habits. It would be more than any company could withstand, to lose its best risks and have its worst remain upon its hands. An insurance paper, calling attention to this matter, logically urges that, besides refusing to share in the burden of insuring drinkers' lives, temperance people should demand that liquor sellers and liquor users should be made to "bear the whole expense of punishing crimes and meeting damages

caused by drink, including a proper financial provision for those who are widowed and orphaned by the traffic."

### WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The last regular meeting of the Montreal Union, held this week, proved an interesting and a busy one. Of the gospel temperance campaign of a few days carried on in the city by Mr. Forbes, of England, it was reported that three hundred persons had signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon of remembrance. A resolution was introduced to admit gentlemen as associate members upon payment of fifty cents. The "lords" are not expected to attend the meetings, but to give financial help to the institution. Since the last meeting the action resolved upon then respecting communion wine had been taken, by sending to every Protestant paper in the Dominion a circular, containing three well-tried recipes for making unfermented wine for sacramental purposes, with a request to publish it. Hitherto four thousand copies of the tract, "The Object of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union," had been distributed, and it was resolved to have printed three thousand more. Four hundred names were incidentally mentioned as the membership of the local Union. Arrangements were made for the forthcoming Provincial Convention of Unions to be held in this city on the 16th of October, and it was announced that Mrs. McLaughlin, of Boston, a prominent worker in the movement, was to deliver a series of lectures at the time of the session. Miss Dougall spoke in terms of happy anticipation of a lecture expected to be obtained from Miss Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary of the National Union, as she passes through the city on her way to the Convention in Ottawa. Her efforts in the cause date from the women's crusade in Ohio in 1873, and she is very popular wherever she has been working. The blue ribbon was adopted as the badge of the Union, and badges were distributed at the close of the meeting.

### FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

Albert McKee, of Ottawa city, trying to sober up after a spree, took an overdose of hydrate of chloral and died.

In a drunken quarrel on the street in Toronto, Ellen Menny dangerously wounded Mrs. Kelly on the head with a blunt instrument.

A man was found dead in a lane at Greenfield, Ontario, the other day, a bottle of whiskey in his pocket explaining the hard character of his deathbed.

John Hughes, of Montreal, was working on the Canada Central Railway near Thwaites, Ontario. He got drunk and wandered away, and the next heard of him was when his body, much decomposed, was found in the woods.

Mr. Joseph Medill, a Chicago journalist, before the Senate Labor Committee, said the chief cause of the poor condition of the

laboring classes of America was their improvidence. Four hundred millions were spent a year for strong drink and about two hundred millions for tobacco and useless amusements.

A gunner at Quebec was enticed into a sailors' boarding house and dozed with liquor, and woke up aboard a vessel under way for a voyage to London, his military uniform replaced by sailor costume. His remonstrances proving futile, he jumped overboard and swam to a boat that he espied not far from the vessel.

William Scott, of near Hornellsville, New York, sold some property, for which he received one thousand dollars. He fell in with two strange loafers, and went about drinking with them and making a display of his money. About midnight his dead body, bearing marks of violence, was found beside the track of the Erie Railway. A coroner's jury returned a verdict that he had been killed by the cars, but it was since noted that the circumstances all disprove this. A strange part of the story is that a brother and a sister, living in different parts, each dreamed on the night of his death that they saw William being murdered and robbed in the woods.

### TEMPERANCE NEWS.

In Ohio nightly meetings marked by great enthusiasm are being held as the day approaches for the election on the prohibition amendment to the constitution.

Since the enforcement of the closing of saloons in Ottawa at eleven o'clock the fact is noted that the streets after that hour are almost deserted and drunken wayfarers are very scarce.

A movement to prohibit the sale of liquors along their line is proposed by the directors of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, Ontario. Fatal accidents to men in liquor have of late been rather frequent along the line.

ONE HUNDRED DELEGATES assembled in Leeds, England, on Saturday last to the Convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor presided. An executive committee was formed as follows:—President, Thomas Power O'Connor; Vice-President, Joseph Biggar; Secretary, J. Redmond, Treasurer, James O'Kelly; Messrs. Healy, Justin McCarthy and Sexton. A reporter was discovered among a small audience that assembled in the galleries, and forthwith all not members of the Convention were cleared out. The programme of the meeting was kept private, but the sentiment of the Convention had some vent in a public meeting in the evening, at which the President presided. Mr. Sexton said the large audience reminded him of the proverbial greater Ireland beyond the sea, and made it seem as if Irishmen had taken peaceable possession of the British Isles. He said his hearers were the children of emigrants who left Ireland in tears, and solemnly asserted that the day had come when the elect of the Irish race would assemble on College Green.

Mr. Biggar said Irishmen were not afraid of a Tory Government. They might profit from the foreign wars that a Tory Government would bring. Resolutions of the usual patriotic sort were passed, also one denouncing mob violence and reproaching certain journals for hounding Protestants on to outrages. This, of course, had reference to the risings of Orangemen which prevented League meetings being held in different places. The boat was on the other foot then, and it was in order to denounce practices that the agitators had cherished when they thought them to be to their own advantage.

AN EXHIBITION of agricultural and industrial products, exclusively the raising and making of Indians, was held on Friday and Saturday of last week, on the Iroquois Indian reservation at Caughnawaga, on the bank of the St. Lawrence River, within sight of Montreal. The farm products were for the most part very fine, and the handiwork of the Indian women displayed ingenuity, taste and skill in high degrees. That Indians can become farmers and conform to civilization otherwise was proved by the exhibition, which is not going to be the last of the kind. A brass band, composed of Indians from the Onondaga reservation, Syracuse, New York, was universally admired on the occasion, both for the fine appearance of its members and its excellent music.

CIVILIZED BARBARITY is as hard-hearted as the original kind to be found among the lowest races of earth. Lately three brothers in Kentucky—Samuel, William and Thomas Rogers—were together transacting business connected with their father's will. Samuel thought his brothers were about to draw their weapons, and, being quick as well as cowardly, in an instant shot them both down. Both were reported dying when the news was sent. Samuel is President of the Farmers' Bank, Carlisle, William is a St. Louis lawyer, and Thomas a large farmer.

A STATUE OF GERMANIA costing over a million marks was unveiled by the Emperor of Germany on the 28th September, on the Niederwald, a mountain in the neighborhood of the city of Rudesheim, on the River Rhine. The statue bears an inscription containing these words:—"In memory of the unanimous and victorious rising of the German people and the re-establishment of the German Empire, 1870-1871." Vast throngs of people participated in the accompanying demonstration, and at night towns, villages and places about the Rhine were gorgeously illuminated.

A FEARFUL HURRICANE swept over San Domingo on September sixth. Half of the town of Asua was destroyed, and many sailors' bodies washed ashore attest a terrific blow at sea. On the island cattle were killed in large numbers, and the stench from fish cast up by the waves was intolerable.

THE REV. DR. HINKLE, an Episcopal minister in Cleveland, Ohio, is causing excitement by Roman Catholic proclivities.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING.

Never was a little maid-of-all-work more excited than Anne on the night on which her mistress was expected home from Torquay. A secret—quite a great secret—had been burning a hole in her heart ever since Monday, and to-night she expected this secret to result in something grand. Anne felt that the days of poverty for the family were over; the days for scraping and toiling were at an end. The uncle from Australia would give her mistress everything that money could buy; he must be a very rich man indeed, for had he not given her a sovereign? Whoever before had even dreamed of giving little hard-worked Anne a sovereign? It meant unheard-of wealth to this childish soul of sixteen; it filled her with delight, had, carefully put away in a little gingham bag, it lay golden and warm now against her heart.

But Anne's honest little heart had another and less selfish cause for rejoicing. It was she who was bringing this uncle and niece to meet again; but for her prompt interference Daisy and her great-uncle would never have discovered their relationship; but for her the uncle, so blessed with riches, would not have known where to seek for his niece. In a big place like London was it likely, was it at all likely, that they would meet? No, no, he would look for his poor dead sister for a while, and then go back to Australia, and perhaps give his money to some one else. Anne felt that the family owed her a great deal; but she had full confidence in them, and felt sure that in their rise in life they would not forget her. Missis could keep plenty of servants now she would have a cook and a housemaid, and probably some one to help in the nursery. This was what a family whom Anne thought immensely wealthy, did in a house just round the corner. In that case she, Anne, would be promoted to the proud position of head nurse—head nurse with wages—well, say wages as high as £13 a year. Even to think of being raised to so dazzling a height made Anne's head a trifle giddy. On the strength of it, and all the riches in prospect, she became quite reckless in proposing missis's tea. She put out the best table-linen, and all the silver the house possessed, and she filled a great dish with water-cresses, and had hot buttered scones and a seed-cake and eggs—rather fresh for London—and finally half a pound of sliced ham.

She was standing contemplating her well-laden board when the cab drove up, and out stepped her master and mistress and little Harold—Harold looking white and thin even yet, but still with an altogether improved expression on his little face. Anne was so excited, knowing all that was to come, that she caught Harold up in her arms and kissed him, which proceeding he bore with more patience than appreciation. Then ensued bustle and confusion and pleasant excitement. Charlotte Home felt so well and rested from her change, her husband was so delighted to have her back, and little Harold was so manifestly better, that Anne flew about nearly wild with delight. "They'll be a dead, dead happier by-and-by, and 'tis 'till long of 't' Anne," she kept whispering to herself.

And now, tea being over, and Harold tucked up comfortably once more in his own little cot in the nursery, the small maid began to be devoured with impatience for the expected ring. It came at last; Anne with her own hands unfastened the door, showed the rich uncle into the dining-room, and danced up-stairs to find her mistress. Charlotte Home was unpacking a trunk in her own room.

"What do you say, Anne? A gentleman is down-stairs, and wants to see me? But I am so dreadfully busy. What does he want? Do you think he has come about the drawing-rooms? They will be vacant next week."

"I don't think 'tis about the drawing-rooms," answered Anne as demurely as she could speak. "I haven't put no card 't'up yet. Please, 'em, he looks a most benevolent gentleman, and he axed for you, yer 't'own self, 'em, most partic'lar 'bout."

"I wish he had not come this evening, everything is in such confusion. Anne, are you sure your master is out?"

"Yes, 'em, sure and certain; and of you

please, 'em, it wor fur you as the strange gen'tleman axed."

"Well, I suppose I must go down. He may have heard of the drawing-rooms through Mr. Hinton, and it would not do to lose a good lodger."

Charlotte went to the looking-glass to smooth her hair. She felt travel-stained and dusty; she was only a worn, pale-looking woman at the best of times. She ran down-stairs, and Anne's heart beat as she heard the dining-room door shut behind her.

Mr. Wilson—Sandy Wilson as he preferred to be called—had got himself up with due care for his interview with his niece. He had a perfectly new and shining broad-cloth suit on, a diamond pin was in his necktie, and a very massive gold chain could be seen dangling from his vest pocket. His full face, always florid, was now flushed with extra color from agitation. Yes, Daisy might be dead, but the next best thing was to see Daisy's child. When the door opened he came forward eagerly with outstretched hands. A pale, slight, cold-looking woman had come in. He drew back in dismay. She showed but too plainly by one swift glance that she thought him a stranger, and a vulgar one. He owned to himself that he looked at her with a kind of shock. This Daisy Wilson's daughter! This pale, dark, thin woman, the child of that little, bright, curly-haired, golden-headed sister, whose face was as the sun, whose gay, rounded figure he had seen fitting before his eyes during all the weary years of his exile? It could scarcely be possible. Perhaps it was not possible?

"I have come to see Mrs. Home," he began.

"And I am Mrs. Home," answered the distinct, quiet voice.

No, there was no hope; his Daisy's daughter was not in the least like her. Well, she was at least her child. He must take what comfort he could out of the relationship without the likeness.

"You are Daisy Wilson's child?" he said, and now again his hands were outstretched, and the smiles had returned to his face.

But Mrs. Home, completely in the dark, rather startled than otherwise, made no gesture of welcome. Her hands were not held out, her lips remained unsmiling.

"My mother's name was Wilson," she admitted. "Yes, it was Daisy Wilson. I did not recognize it at first, as of course she was never called it to me."

"Ay, ay, likely enough; but she was never anything else to me, just always little bright Daisy Wilson. I thought I'd find her before me, something as she used to be, a bit stoutened, perhaps, but not greatly altered. I have pictured her for the last six-and-twenty years just as I saw her last, the bonniest bit of a thing the sun ever shone on."

"You knew my mother then?" said Charlotte.

"Knew her, lass, knew her! good heavens, what next? Did Daisy never speak to you about me? I don't believe it. Before I left it was Sandy, Sandy, from morning to night. It was not in her to forget. Tell me, lass, did you never hear of your mother's big brother, Sandy Wilson, who went to Australia?"

Charlotte's eyes began to dilate.

"My mother often spoke of this brother," she said slowly. "My mother would have liked to have met you had you known him. She never fretted for any one so much, except when my father died. My mother's brother is dead for many, many years. They are together now."

"In spirit, lass, in spirit, I doubt not, but not otherwise. Why, is it possible you don't know me? Aren't you prepared? Did not your little lass tell you? I am your mother's brother. I am alive as you see; I am Sandy Wilson."

"You!" Charlotte looked at him half incredulous, half pained; but then a sudden joy came over her, she forgot the vulgarity in the love for her dead mother which still shone out of those honest blue eyes. She glanced up again; those eyes were her mother's eyes; instantly they acted as open sesame to her heart. She held out her own hands now and her eyes filled with tears.

"Forgive me, Uncle Sandy, if you are indeed he. I did not know you, I could not know you; I have believed you dead for many, many years. But you have a look of my mother. She would welcome you to-night, so I must in her name."

"You will kiss me in her name, my lassie? Ah! that's good; 'tis long since I kissed one of my own. Yes, I've come back. I never did die, you see, though I knew that the report had reached England. I let it be, I did not trouble to contradict it."

"But it was wrong of you, Uncle Sandy. You said you loved my mother, and that report of your death gave her terrible pain."

"I am sorry for it, lass; I never guessed about the pain, though I might have thought of it, sweet soul; but I knew she was married to a very rich man. I was poor, so poor as to know what hunger meant, I thought she could do without me. I went up to the bush and stayed there until I had made my fortune. After a time I got accustomed to knowing that every one in England would think me dead. I used to laugh in my sleeve at the surprise I meant to give Daisy when I walked in rich some day. Well, well, what an old fool I made of myself! I never once thought of her dying. She is dead, and I am left; there's no one to welcome me back, after all."

"She has been dead for over six years now; but come to the fire, uncle. I welcome you in my mother's name and my children will love you. Now you must sit there and I will ring for Anne to bring in some tea."

After this the uncle and niece talked together for some time. Anne brought in the tea, and looked at them with eyes rendered round and large from excitement. They both nodded to her, for both felt pleased. Uncle Sandy had discovered that his niece had a voice like her mother, if not a face. It was delicious to him to sit so close to his own flesh and blood, and Charlotte who had heard of Uncle Sandy during all her early days, who had seen her mother's eyes filled with tears when she mentioned him, felt now that for her mother's sake she could not make enough of this newly recovered relation. His rough, honest, kindly nature was finding its way too, very straight, to her heart. There was nothing innately common or vulgar about Uncle Sandy. Charlotte was a keen observer of character, and she detected the ring of the true metal within.

"To think I should have mistaken my uncle for some one going to see after the drawing-rooms!" she said after a pause.

"Ay, lass, you looked fairly dazed when I came up with my hand stretched out hoping for a kiss," he said; "but no wonder; I never reckoned that that little maid-servant of yours would have told you nothing—nothing whatever. But what is that about drawing-rooms? You don't mean to tell me that you, Daisy Wilson's child, let lodgings?"

The color flew into Charlotte's pale, proud face.

"We do not need all the room in this house, so I generally have some one in the drawing-room," she answered—"the drawing-room and the bedroom beyond."

"Are your rooms free now, Charlotte?"

"No; but in a week they will be."

"Suppose you let the old uncle have them? I will pay any rent you like to ask. The fact is, I have lost my whole heart to that little Daisy of yours. I want to be near the child. I won't spoil her more than I can help."

"Then I was called down to my drawing-room lodger," answered Charlotte with a faint smile.

"Yes, and I don't expect he'll want to leave in a hurry. The fact is I have been so utterly friendless and homeless for such a number of years, that it is nearly as good as finding Daisy to be with her child. But, my dear lass, you will forgive a frank old man asking you a frank question. It's all moonshine about the house being too big for you. These houses are not so very monstrous, to judge by the looks of them. You have three children, so you tell me; if you let two rooms you must be a bit crippled, put as good a face on it as you will."

"We also want the money. The want of the help this brings in, in the matter of rent, is our true reason for letting," replied Charlotte. "You see, Uncle Sandy, my husband is a clergyman—a clergyman and curate. Such men are never over-burdened with money."

Sandy Wilson had small, penetrating, but very bright blue eyes; they were fixed now earnestly on his niece. He took a glance round the little parlor where they sat. He was an old Australian, accustomed to bush

life, but even he noticed how threadbare was the carpet, how poor and meagre the window-curtains. Charlotte herself, too, how thin and worn she was! Could those pale and hollow cheeks mean insufficient food?

"How old are you, niece Charlotte?" he suddenly demanded.

"I was twenty-five my last birthday."

"Forgive me, my lass, you look very old for that; I should have taken you for thirty. The fact is you are poor. Nothing ages like poverty. And the greater fact remains that it was full time for old Uncle Sandy to come home and prove himself of some use in the world."

"We are poor," answered Charlotte; "we certainly are very poor. But poverty is not the greatest of troubles."

"No, but it puzzles me why you should be poor. When I left my little sister, she had been married about three months to that rich old Mr. Harman. He seemed devoted to her. He had surrounded her with wealth; and he assured me when I came to bid her good-bye, and she put her dear arms round my neck, that my little darling should never want for anything. He was a good old man, ages too old of course for my bright little Daisy. But it seemed better than leaving her as a governess. It was my one comfort when parting with Daisy, to feel that she could never want for anything that money could get her."

"My mother has told me that during my father's life she lived as a rich woman," answered Charlotte.

"That means she did not afterwards. Did the old gentleman die bankrupt? I don't see how he could, for he had retired from business."

"No, my father died a very wealthy man."

"Then he did not leave her well-off? You don't surely mean to tell me, Charlotte Home, that that old man dared to do anything but leave a large sum of money to your pretty young mother and to you? Why, he told me with his own lips that he would make most ample provision for her."

At these words Charlotte's white face grew yet whiter, and a piteous look of terror came into her eyes, but all she said was—

"Nevertheless, after my father's death we were poor."

"Oh! the scoundrel! 'Tis well he's out of Sandy Wilson's power. To think of my Daisy not profiting by his wealth at least. How much did he leave to your mother, Charlotte?"

"Nothing." "Nothing!" Here Uncle Sandy sprang to his feet. "Mr. Harman left my Daisy nothing—nothing whatever! Then he did die bankrupt?"

"No, Uncle Sandy, he died rich."

"And her name was not mentioned in the will?"

"No."

"Ah! there was a will. Have you seen it?"

"No; why should I? It all happened long, long ago."

"And your mother never saw the will?"

"I don't think she did."

"Then to whom, may I ask, did he leave all his wealth?"

"You forget, Uncle Sandy, that my father was married before. He had two sons by his first marriage. These sons came in for his fortune. They were—they said they were sorry for my mother, and they settled on her one hundred and fifty pounds a year for her life."

"Ay, I suppose you have got that pittance now?"

"No, it was only for my mother. When she died six years ago it ceased."

Sandy Wilson began to pace up and down the little parlor.

"Nothing left to Daisy. Daisy's name not mentioned in the will. Brothers sorry—pretend to be. Give my Daisy a pittance for her life—nothing to the child. Charlotte," he suddenly stopped in front of his niece, "don't you think you are a good bit of a fool?"

"Perhaps I am, Uncle Sandy. But I never recognized the fact before."

"You believe that story about the will?"

"I tell you the tale as my own mother told it to me."

"Ay, Daisy was always too credulous, a foolish little thing, if you like. But you—you are of different metal. You believe that story?"

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"You do not believe it?"

"If you will have it so, I do not believe it."

"Ay, my lass, shake hands on that. You are not a fool. Oh! it was full time Sandy Wilson came home. Sandy can see to your rights, late as it is in the day."

"Mrs. Home was silent. The old Australian was stamping his feet on the hearth-rug. His face was now crimson from excitement and anger."

"Charlotte," he repeated, "why don't you speak to me? I have come back to see to your rights. Do you hear me, niece?"

Charlotte put her hand into his. "Thank you, Uncle Sandy." Then she added, "You can do nothing. I mean you can take no legal steps without my knowledge and sanction."

"Well, it is not likely you will withhold your sanction from getting back what is your own. Charlotte, where are these half-brothers of yours? Why, they were a good bit older than Daisy. They must be old men now. Where are they, Charlotte? Are they alive?"

"They are alive. I well tell you about them to-morrow. I want to think to-night."

"And so do I want to think. I will run away now, my dear niece. I am staggered by this tale, perfectly staggered. I will look in to-morrow evening, and you shall tell me more. Ay, I guess they never reckoned that Sandy Wilson would turn up. They thought with the rest of you that old Sandy—sharp old Sandy was in his grave, and they said to themselves that dead men tell no tales. If I remember aright, your father told me I should be one of the trustees to my sister. He did mention it; though just like me, I never thought of it until this minute. Is it likely that he would speak of trustees if he meant to cut off that poor darling with a shilling? Oh! it's preposterous, preposterous. But I'll sleep over it. We'll think how best to expose the villains!"

"Uncle Sandy, you will promise me one thing: you will do nothing until you see me again!"

"Well, child, I can scarcely do much. I don't want to be long away from you niece Charlotte. I'll look in to-morrow, about six o'clock. See that little Daisy is up, and introduce me to your husband. Oh! it was plain to be seen that Sandy Wilson was wanting in this country. Bless my old heart, what a Providence is over everything! Oh, the scoundrels! But Sandy will expose them. My Daisy cut off with a shilling!"

(To be continued.)

THE OPIUM HABIT.

Opium demands emphatic recognition. It is made, as you know, from the white poppy. It is not a new discovery. We read of it three hundred years before Christ but it was not until the seventeenth century that it began its death march, passing out from the medicinal and the curative, and by smoking and mastication becoming the scourge of nations. In the year 1861 there were imported into this country 107,000 pounds of opium, but last year 533,000 pounds of opium. It is estimated that in the year 1876 there were in this country 225,000 opium-consumers; but I saw statistics yesterday that said there are probably now in the United States at least 500,000 opium-consumers. The fact is appalling. Do not think that they are merely barbaric Asiatics who go down under that stroke. Read the great De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He says for the first ten years it gave him the keys of paradise; but it takes his own powerful pen to describe the horrors consequent. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, after conquering the world with his pen, was conquered by opium. The most magnetic and brilliant lawyer of this century fell a victim to its stroke, and there are thousands of men and women—but more women than men—who are being bound, body, mind, and soul, to this terrific habit.

There is a great mystery about some families. You do not know why they do not get on. The opium habit is so stealthy, so deceitful, and so deathful. You can cure a hundred drunkards easier than you can cure an opium-eater. I have heard of cases of reformation, but I never saw

any. I hope there are cases of genuine reformation. I have seen men who for forty years have been the victims of strong drink thoroughly reformed; but the opium-eaters that I have seen go on and go down. Their cry in the last hour of life is not of God, nor for prayer, nor for the Bible, but for opium. Perhaps there are only two persons outside the household who know what is the matter—the physician and the pastor; the physician called in for physical relief, the pastor called in for spiritual relief; but they both fail.

Oh, man! oh, woman! are you tampering with this habit? have you just begun? are you, for the assuagement of physical distresses or mental trouble, making this a regular resource? I beg you to stop. The ecstasies at the start will not pay for the horrors at the last. The paradise is followed too soon by the pandemonium. Morphia is a blessing from God for the relief of sudden pang or acute dementia, but was never intended for prolonged use. And what is the peculiar sadness of it is, it comes to people in their weak moments. De Quincey says, "I took it for rheumatism." Coleridge says, "I took it for insomnia or sleeplessness." What do you take it for! For God's sake, do not take it too long.

What is remarkable, they are going down from the highest and the wealthiest classes, and from the most fashionable circles of New York and Brooklyn—going down by hundreds and by thousands. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in Chicago. Over 20,000 opium-eaters in St. Louis. In the same proportion, that would make over 70,000 in New York and Brooklyn. The clerk of the drug store, says, I can tell them when they come in. There is something peculiar about their complexion, something peculiar about their nervousness, something peculiar about the look of their eyes that immediately reveals them." In some families chloral is taking the place of opium. Physicians first prescribe it for sleeplessness. Then the patient keens on because he likes the effect. Whole tons of chloral are manufactured in Germany. Baron Liebig says that he knows one chemist in Germany who manufactures a half-ton of chloral every week. There are multitudes being taken down by this habit. Look out for hydrate of chloral. But I am under this head writing chiefly of opium. It seems to me there ought to be ten thousand pulpits turned into quaking, flaming, thundering Sinai of warning against this plague narcotic. The devil of morphia in this country will be mightier than the devil of alcohol. But repentance and hashesh and opium and chloral shall not have all the field to themselves.—Sunday Magazine.

FAITHFUL TOM.

The Rev. Charles Garrett the president of the Wesleyan Conference says: "I once went into a house—the house of one of my foremost friends—and there was a bright eyed boy to whom my heart was especially drawn. I said to him, "Tom, I wish you would be a teetotaler." His father spoke up at once, and said, "Mr. Garrett, the only thing I don't like about you is your teetotalism." I replied, "I believe you, sir, are incorrigible, but Tom is not. Let me have him!" The father replied, "Well I will do anything you want." "Then," I replied, "just let me have the chance of making him a teetotaler. Will you be a teetotaler?" The boy looked to his father for approval, who said, "You may, Tom, if you like; but mind, Mr. Garrett, he shall be the only one in the family." "But here is William; let me have him too." "Oh! no," was the reply; "it is all very well for children, but William is in business, and he must be a man." They went their way. Tom was firm and faithful. I knelt with Willie when he found mercy. I went home with him from the sanctuary when his eyes were red with weeping. His father poured out a glass of wine, and the lad took it into his hand, and said, "Mr. Garrett, this is a good creature of God. My father always told me so. I wish you would have a glass. You are killing yourself with work; but if I can't do anything else, I will drink to your health." What was the result? The last time I met that father he was in London, and then I heard that that beautiful home where that event had taken place, had been broken up by the drunkenness of that very William. That lad had been in prison, and he was now transported, and Tom, the

little bonny boy who was allowed to be a teetotaler, was keeping the family. Let fathers, then, set an example their children might safely follow. Fathers often declare that they would die for their children. There is no need to die—let them live for their children.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

October 14.—Sam. 7: 3-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Divine power. (Ver. 12) "The Lord helped us." I can myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered "You need the power." "I need power?" I said to myself; "why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about "anointing for special service," set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, and there came a great hunger into my soul, I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for 14 years. I can only say that God that revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand. I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted, I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience, if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.—Dwight L. Moody, in Address at Glasgow.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. The fruit of years of labor may be reaped in a day.
2. One sermon may bring out the results of many.
3. Convictions must be followed up immediately. "Now."
4. True repentance must precede all thorough reformation.
5. The prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
6. A revival of religion excites a revival of opposition.
7. Israel was punished with the absence of the ark, the Philistines with its presence.
8. Consecration is followed by victory.
9. A godly fear leading to trust in a divine power, results in victory; a superstitious courage leading to self-confidence, results in defeat.
10. Better piety without the presence of the ark, than the presence of the ark with impiety.
11. Effective help is divine help.
12. Ascribe the glory of deliverance to God.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Notice the results of faithful religious instruction. (1) Repentance (ver. 3); (a) a determination to put away strange gods; (b) fix the heart upon the Lord; (c) serve him; (d) to the exclusion of all others "only." (2) Works meet for repentance (vers. 4-8). An assembly, fasting, prayer, trust in Samuel's intercession. (3) Immediate victory (vers. 9-12). The Lord led Israel followed, and ascribed the glory of God.—Golden Text. (4) A lasting peace (vers. 13-17). The war against the Philistines. Samuel judged Israel.

A LITTLE GIRL in the city of Washington, thirteen years old, is so enslaved by her appetite for beer that they cannot trust her out on the street alone.

DO WHAT YOU ARE BID.

It is related of a man who stands very high in this country that once, when he was young and poor, seeking a situation in order to make a living, he went into a rich man's office and inquired if he wanted to hire a boy. The rich man, who was sitting at his desk, leaned back, looked at the weakly little child before him, and quizzically asked, "Why, what can a little fellow like you do?"

"I can do what I am bid," was the reply promptly and respectfully yet decisively.

The man was so pleased with the boy's answer and manner that he hired him at once. The little fellow was diligent, honest, and faithful. In course of time he became a clerk, then book-keeper and partner, and is now rich and respected by all.

Boys, be willing to work, and to do what you are bid cheerfully and promptly. Be faithful and diligent too, and you, also will succeed in life.—Child's Paper.

Question Corner.—No. 19.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. Into a darkened world, Behold, as this I came; But blinded men their darkness loved, And called not on my name.
2. Thy name is poured forth As this; its fragrance shed Shall draw us, that we ever may By Thee henceforth be led.
3. Lo, smitten for our sins, From this sweet waters flow, And ever, through our desert life Beside us still they go.
4. Into that Heavenly Fold The only way am I, Enter by this—and, sheltered, safe, In pastures green, you'll lie.
5. Before the Lamb in robes of white, In every hand a palm, With mighty voices, the ransomed shout This keynote of their Psalm.
6. As this—for us, within the veil, Lo! Christ the righteous stands; For those who sin He pleadeth there, Lifting up holy hands.
7. Abide in this—ye, nourished thus, A fruitful branch may prove, Keep my commandments, so shall ye Continue in my love.
8. Suffering for us—the Holy One— Christ left us this, that we May follow in His steps, who bare Our sins upon the tree.
9. That Israel of old might live This in their need was given, Type of life-giving, living Bread For men sent down from Heaven.
10. As this—shall He who's Jesse's root, For all the people stand, To it shall all the Gentiles seek From many a far-off-land. A helpless man is sinking Beneath tempestuous waves; In my initials you will find His cry to Him who saves. Each son of Adam's race Must turn with that same cry. To him who came to save the lost And give them life on high. He waits with longing heart— Freely his life he gives— Oh! take it from his pierced hand, Who takes it ever lives.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE CORNER NO 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.—(1) 2 Sam. 20: 19; (2) Ishb'beroth, 2 Sam. 21: 16; (3) Doeg, 1 Sam. 22: 19; (4) Eleazar, the son of Dodo, 2 Sam. 21: 10; (5) Benaiah, 2 Sam. 20: 21; (6) After numbering the people, 2 Sam. 24.

BIBLE STUDY.

Balsam, or Balm of Gilead; Josephus; the Queen of Sheba; Jericho; Bruce; Balsam; the Sultan Selim, who conquered Egypt and Arabia in 1517 Constantinople; Jeremiah viii, 22.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

## A PARENT OF VICE.

Many very wise maxims have been riveted upon the minds of young people through the medium of head lines in their copy books at school. But though these bits of boiled-down wisdom, often concentrating the result of ages of observation and experience, are written scores of times in the laborious effort to acquire skill with the pen, it is to be feared that not until the pupil grows up does he take the lesson well to heart, and then too often when it is forced upon him by his own sad experience or by painful observation of the careers of the companions of his school-days. This is not due to perversity in youth, but rather to the fact that the function of the young mind is chiefly to acquire knowledge from observation instead of reflection. To teach a child moral principles by rote as a parrot makes small impression upon its mind, and the instruction must be made practical to it by the recitation of examples known and supposed, as well as by patient and regular explanation of whatever useful maxims or information may be incidentally conveyed in the ordinary lessons. One of the truest and, if its warning be heeded, most useful maxims ever uttered is the familiar copy-book head-line, "Idleness is the parent of many vices." The lives of multitudes who have failed of their early promise together with the records of crime furnish perpetual and lamentable proof of the terse old saying. How seldom is to be seen a steady, industrious workman, who has been used to toil from his youth, looking forth from a criminal dock or the gloomy recesses of a prison cell. Then, even when you do find a person who has generally been busy fallen into evil courses, there seems always to be more hope of his reformation than that of a lazy and useless member of society. It even seems to be the fact that the worker does not so readily succumb to the effects of dissipation and irregular habits of his leisure as the idler. Certainly the former makes a greater effort to maintain self-respect and to resist progress downward than the latter. Young people allowed to run wild and freed entirely from all obligations to make a useful disposition of their time are simply being let go to ruin by the quickest means and the shortest way, more particularly when they have any money to spend. These things have been strongly forced upon our attention within the past few days, as we listened to a father bewailing the fate of his boy, shut up in goal to await trial for a serious act of robbery, his guilt being undoubted. In lamenting the evil propensities of the lad, his father said he had always been treated with indulgence and given a liberal allowance of spending money. That was just it; he was allowed to spend money freely before he had learned to prize it through the necessity of earning it, and as a matter of course he acquired expensive tastes and habits of idleness that brought him to the commission of crime. Not that growing children should be subjected to severe toil, but they can be trained from a very early age to industrious habits. Innocent play is not idleness, but on the contrary the best play is apt to make the best worker with either hand or head. It is not amusements that demand activity and cleverness and afford healthful exercise to the juvenile frame which children should be debarred from, but rather habits

of lounging and prowling, which lead to every vice and prepare for an idle and dissolute and altogether worse than useless life. Still, the discipline of real work—whether in the office, store, shop or farm—must divide the time with mere amusement in the child's early years to make it grow up in usefulness to the best advantage. European royal families show wisdom in this respect that it would be well if American people would as readily learn as they take after royalty in matters of fashion. Most princes, and princesses too, are brought up in strict discipline and useful occupation of their time, and made to acquire some useful profession or business, as well as subjected to severe training in the ornamental arts. Every male member of the Imperial family of Germany has to learn a useful trade, and just look at that noble group of the Emperor and three heirs to his throne in lineal descent—four generations living at once! What a contrast does it present to the very common spectacle in the New World of a rich sire leaving his name and wealth to sons bred in idleness and luxury only to have the one dishonored and the other squandered.

## AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

France seems to have fallen into the fatuity of getting into hot water with the whole world, one day through the foolish ambition of her rulers and the next by the mad freaks of a portion of her people. Her latest misfortune in this respect has arisen out of gross insults given by a Paris mob to King Alfonso of Spain. The king had been on a brief tour through the continent, and he was so well liked by the Emperor of Germany as to have conferred upon him by that monarch the honorary distinction of a colonelcy of the Uhlan regiment at the close of the German military manoeuvres. When King Alfonso arrived in Paris on September 29th the President and Cabinet were at the station to receive him. There was also a mob on hand, which hooted and hissed the king on his appearance, and cried, "Down with the Uhlan King!" The disturbance continued through all the streets leading to the Spanish Embassy, where the king alighted. President Grevy afterward apologized for the action of the mob, but notwithstanding this the king absented himself from the dinner prepared in his honor and cut his stay in Paris short. Great indignation exists in Spain over the insults to her king, and even those who a few years ago connived at giving him similar treatment at home have taken the foreign affront deeply to heart. It is expected that the Government will demand of France a public, official apology, and ask for diplomatic remonstrances against the indignities from the German Embassy in Paris. Dissensions are reported between the President and the Cabinet of France, and also among the Ministers, over the affair. M. Wilson, a son-in-law of President Grevy and who lives with him, is charged with having been one of the instigators of the disturbance, his motive being spite at the Cabinet. Memoranda had, it is said, been presented to the President by Ministers, accusing Wilson of conduct unbecoming his position, and also of having furnished official news to his own paper before the matter appeared in the *Official Journal*. King Alfonso personally has profited by the affair, for his popularity has been much increased by it. From the border line to the capital his progress was a continuous ovation, the peasantry thronging every station and making enthusiastic demonstrations of welcome. On his arrival

in Madrid the whole city turned out to welcome and honor him, and a reception he gave in the evening—to which he desired none should be refused admission—was attended so largely by all classes as to crowd all the saloons of the palace. Respectable French papers are strong in denunciation of the action of the mob, and among the excuses offered are that leading Frenchmen have been similarly insulted by the same class, and that in this case the demonstration was intended as an expression of disapproval of the Cabinet rather than of ill-feeling against their royal guest.

IT IS USUAL to elect the senior alderman of the city of London to the position of Lord Mayor. As he is expected to extend hospitalities to distinguished visitors to the city, preside over the important assemblies of citizens, and give a banquet during his term to the Cabinet, his position is one of great importance socially and demands a man of means as well as of cultivation and character to fill it. This year Alderman Hadley's turn came, but his appointment, which was announced a few days ago as having been made, met with much opposition. It was said against him that he was a bachelor and therefore the Mansion House would be without a lady to grace its hospitalities, and that having engaged lately in doubtful speculations he was not in financial standing becoming the position. The result of the opposition was that Alderman Fowler was elected the other day in the place of Alderman Hadley, the proceedings in connection with the act being very stormy. In addition to the above faults charged to Alderman Hadley, the other aldermen say that he neglected his aldermanic duties.

MRS. ANANDIBAI JOSHEE, of Serampore, Hindostan, a Hindu lady of the highest caste, is in Philadelphia to enter the Woman's Medical College as a student. She says she is the first Brahmin lady who has ever left India and that her departure created a commotion. Her action will not, however, she thinks, cause her any caste humiliation when she returns. The principal Brahmins will meet and absolve her of the transgression involved. It is her intention to take the full course of four years and then return to Serampore to practise. She thinks a few other Brahmin ladies may follow her example, but hopes that before many years they shall have colleges at home to obviate the necessity of women going abroad to acquire a medical education. Her cousin has gone to London for a similar purpose to hers. Mrs. Joshee's husband is postmaster at Serampore, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants on the Hooghly River, in the Presidency of Bengal.

THREE THOUSAND ORANGEMEN paraded in Omagh, Ireland, on Saturday, and passed resolutions denouncing the Irish National League as a body of treasonable conspirators, condemning the Government for inaction and expressing their own determination to oppose the designs of the Irish agitators, whom they charged with trying to excite discontent and outrage for selfish purposes.

A PANIC was started in the Academy of Music, Fall River, Massachusetts, Saturday night, from the bursting of a calcium light. Only the coolness and efforts of actors and employees prevented a mad rush of the two thousand people present for the doors.

TORONTO, ONTARIO, shows an increase in taxable property, this year over last, of over three and a half million dollars, the assessed valuation of the city being something less than sixty-six million dollars.

## THE WEEK.

FORTUNE-TELLING has become so rife in Ottawa as to be accounted a nuisance, and the police have undertaken its suppression.

INFECTIOUS JAUNDICE of a typhoid character is an epidemic that the doctors of Naples, Italy, have had to take vigorous measures to stamp out.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA for the year ending June 30th last exceeded the expenditure by seven million dollars, which represents the amount the people are taxed beyond the country's requirements.

A LEGAL DECISION just delivered places the Western Union Telegraph Company in the position of a debtor to New York State in the sum of six hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars for taxes.

IN ROUND NUMBERS the imports of Canada for August were worth ten and a half million dollars, and duties collected amounted to two millions. The exports were not much short of ten millions in value, of which over eight millions represented home productions.

THE TROUBLE BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA still hangs fire, owing, it is believed, to the French Cabinet trying to postpone decision until it has an opportunity of consulting the Legislature.

AN EXPLOSION in the rocket factory of the British Arsenal at Woolwich, on September 24th, caused widespread consternation and scattered missiles far and wide, but only two lives were lost. About ten thousand dollars' damage was caused. The rapid explosion of thousands of rockets on the ground and in the air reminded veterans of hot besieging operations.

A SUIT FOR THE BALANCE ON A NOTE given the Star Kidney Pad Company in payment of its goods was lately lost in Toronto, the jury giving as the grounds of its verdict that the sale was made under false representations and that the pads were worthless.

MISS LULU GREEN, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, educated in a St. Louis convent, having become a nun, her mother is angry, claiming the girl was enticed away, and threatens to give public lectures upon the subject.

CASSAMICCOLA, so recently ruined by earthquakes, had a subsequent quaking a few days ago, in which no lives were lost. The official report of the great earthquakes referred to, for the whole Island of Ischia, shows that 1,990—ten less than two thousand—were killed and 374 injured.

FIVE TOWNSHIPS in Tipperary county, Ireland, have been proclaimed under the Crimes Act on account of the prevalence of outrages therein.

WAGES OF LUMBERMEN in the Ottawa district for the ensuing season will be very much lowered, as operations are to be greatly reduced. \$30 a month and board have induced many lumbermen to go to the Michigan woods.

THE DEATH is announced of the Rev. E. F. Hartfield, late moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States.

DAILY NEWSPAPERS in New York and other great cities are lowering their selling price.

UNITED STATES EXHIBITORS received 27 of 5,223 awards at the Colonial Exhibition at the Hague, capital of the Netherlands.

**GREAT FOREST FIRES** have been raging near Santa Cruz, California, placing the city in some danger.

A **DISEASE** of a strange and deadly nature is thinning out the hogs in Big Miami Valley, Ohio.

**ED. R. HARRIS**, a well-known citizen of Chicago, became insane over the prospects of exposure of his keeping two wives in different places, together with financial troubles.

**MR. CROTTY**, a landlord, was, after several previous attempts, shot dead on September 28th, at his residence, Kinnury Park, County Mayo.

THE **WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION** of Des Moines, Iowa, intends to march to the polls at the coming election with a procession of children with banners and temperance songs, and also promises free lunch to voters for prohibition.

THE **BOILER** of the steamer "Colorado" bursted the other day just as she left Buffalo, New York, wrecking the upper part of the vessel. Two of the crew were killed, two missing are supposed to have been blown overboard, nine persons were seriously injured and the loss on the vessel is \$70,000. Boiler explosions on land and water have been fearfully prevalent of late, suggesting poor inspection and incompetent handling.

**COMMERCIAL REPORTS** to a leading New York agency represent the dry goods trade as maintaining fair activity, and grain and provisions on the declining side owing to large supplies and small home and foreign demand. Failures show a decrease as compared with the previous week and the corresponding week of last year, but an increase over that for the year before last.

BY THE **EXPLOSION** of a barrel of gunpowder in a wine shop in Madrid fifteen persons were killed and six injured. Why the article was kept in a wine shop is not related.

**ENGLAND IS TO HAVE A VISIT** from the King of Greece.

**DR. S. VANHEYDEN** shot himself dead at Winfield, Long Island, on September 15th, on account of disappointment at not recovering his position in the French army, and on the 19th his commission arrived from France.

**JOHN OLIVER**, a wealthy merchant of Slingerlands, New York, has fallen a victim to the too common practice of trying to go on board a moving train, the casualty occurring at Cobleskill September 17th, death ensuing in five minutes.

THE **SALVATION ARMY** is forbidden to operate in the Department of Savoy, France, under pain of expulsion.

A **REPORT** has reached London that Suleiman Pasha, lately appointed Governor of East Soudan, has been murdered by Arabs.

THE **HEADS OF CAPTAIN RIVIERES** and of thirty soldiers killed with him, while making a sortie from Hanoi in the Annam affair, have been recovered by the French.

**LAST WEEK** Miss Knight, daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, was married in St. Paul's Church to Mr. Aitken. The great bell rang for the first time on the occasion of a marriage, and this was the third wedding that took place in St. Paul's since 1758.

**AN OLD MILL** in Menard county, Illinois, mentioned in all Lincoln's biographies, which was built in 1829 by Shicky Greene, who took Abraham Lincoln into partnership, was burned on the 23rd of September.

THE platform of the Republican Convention of Maryland, which has nominated Mr. H. B. Holton for Governor, asks that laboring men have equal rights with capitalists to make peaceful combinations for their own protection and secured in their rights by law.

**BERNARD GALLAGHER**, who was acquitted in the dynamite conspiracy trials in Glasgow when his brother, the doctor, was convicted and sentenced for life, was lately sent, by order of a Brooklyn court, to the Inebriates' Home in Fort Hamilton.

**ONE FINE QUALITY** attributed to the Zulus of South Africa is a readiness to forgive and forget. They bear no malice to the English for having humiliated their country and king, but accept all as the fortune of war.

THE **BOILER** of the steamer "J. S. Robinson" exploded at Albany, New York, on September 28th, instantly killing the captain, George S. Warner, and the fireman, William Cleary, and blowing the engineer, Fred Tinslar, into the water along with several of the deck hands, all of them receiving severe injuries. Captain Robinson, of an adjacent vessel, was blown from his pilot house on to the wharf and badly hurt. Surrounding marine property, on shore as well as in the water, was damaged to some extent.

**GEORGE THOMAS**, of London, Ontario, fled when it was accidentally discovered that he was keeping two wives unknown to either of them or to the public. He won his first wife by jumping into the water to save her life when the man to whom she was engaged stood upon the bank.

**CORNELIUS ALLES**, aged twenty, son of the Rev. Peter Alles, of Waterloo, Ontario, was lately shot dead at a drug store in Detroit, Michigan, where he was employed as a clerk. The murderer escaped, leaving no clue to his detection. It appeared that the victim was called up about midnight to compound a prescription and then assassinated.

A **CLAIM HAVING BEEN MADE** of exemption from the Chinese prohibition on the part of Chinese born in Hong Kong, on the ground that they were British subjects, the Supreme Court of California has decided that the birth of a Chinaman in Hong Kong does not make him a British subject.

A **SPLIT** in the **KNIGHTS OF LABOR** is imminent on the question of free trade and protection. The fact that there are enough free traders in such an organization to create a division proves that free trade principles are beginning to revive in the United States.

IT HAS BEEN decided by the Treasury Department that hemlock bark is not dutiable at the United States customs.

**MR. STANLEY**, the African explorer, has written to the British Association, urging that Great Britain should assume the protectorate over the Congo region. It is reported in Lisbon, Portugal, that a British commissioner is on the ground to acquire for Great Britain the territory obtained by Mr. Stanley on the Upper Congo. According to the London Times M. De Brazza has failed in his mission of securing acquisition, for France in the Congo territory, and adds that the King of Belgium, with magnificent liberality, opened the Congo to the world and to the world it must be kept open.

**ABOUT THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS** were taken at the gates of the Toronto Exhibition this year, from four to five thousand in excess of last year.

IT IS SAID the Princess of Wales is getting deaf and that the best aurists cannot suggest a remedy.

IN HIS **NEXT REPORT** the Postmaster-General of the United States is expected to take stronger grounds than ever in favor of the establishment of a postal telegraph, and also to urge the institution of a postal savings bank such as Canada has.

A **STORY LATELY TOLD** of heirs of William Bradford, first Governor of the Plymouth Colony, having discovered that a large amount was left by that worthy in the Bank of England is denied on the authority of the chief accountant of that institution.

UPON THE **REASSEMBLING** of the British Parliament the agitation over the Suez Canal will be resumed. It is asserted that under French management mail packets of France are given an advantage of twenty-two hours on the average over English steamers in getting through the Canal.

**SITTING BULL**, the famous Indian warrior, is said to be received into the Roman Catholic Church at Fort Yates, Dakota, but the ceremony had to be put off indefinitely on account of him being unable to decide which of his two wives he would keep.

OWING TO THE **DISCOVERY** of fraudulent land entries, the United States Secretary of the Interior will recommend that the pre-emption laws and the timber culture act be repealed.

**MR. FRED DOUGLASS**, the venerable colored orator, has made a speech at Louisville, Kentucky, in which he urged his brethren of race to organize for securing their rights and a status of equality in fact as well as in name in the country. They must elevate one of themselves to be Vice-President, or to a seat in the Cabinet, and then their equality would be established. He also complained of Negroes not receiving public offices, but it has been pointed out that they hold more offices in the nation, in proportion to their number, than white people.

A **TICKET-SELLER** aged eighteen at a museum in the Bowery, New York, became infatuated with the fat woman on exhibition there, and was publicly married to her on the stage of the museum. His father had applied to the authorities to have the marriage prevented, but they would not interfere.

**JOHN WOLTZ**, keeper of the largest jewelry store in Winnipeg, Manitoba, is charged with defrauding the Imperial Bank of \$13,000, and has been released on bail. Norman S. Andrews, an official of the Bank, was induced to make heavy advances to Woltz, and when he discovered that he had been victimized he suddenly made his escape to the United States. He was included in the indictment with Woltz.

A **SMALL FIND** of revolvers, bayonets and cartridges has been made in the sewers of Cork, Ireland, by the police.

A **DANISH POLAR EXPEDITION** sends home accounts, in which Esquimaux are given as authority that the Greeley expedition had returned south to Littleton Island, and that two of its members were dead. The Danish expedition reached anchorage in a fjord newly found by the Esquimaux on the east coast of Greenland, at a higher point than that reached by any other vessel since the fifteenth century. After an unsuccessful attempt to gain a fjord farther north the expedition returned to Reikjavik.

**GENERAL B. F. BUTLER**, Governor of Massachusetts, has been nominated for a second term by both the Democratic and the Greenback Conventions. The Hon. Geo. D. Robinson is the Republican nominee.

AT A **MEETING** held in Philadelphia to hear a lecture from Mr. P. J. Sheridan, in aid of what is called the "Martyrs' Fund," resolutions were adopted favoring the use of explosives in the fight for liberty in Ireland.

**TWO DUELS** were fought in Paris, France, in one day recently, one between Frenchmen and one between Japanese. One touch of barbarism there made two diverse races kin.

IN THE **PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION** of O'Donnell, the murderer of Carey, before the London Police Court, the wife and son of the murdered man gave an account of the crime. O'Donnell had worked himself into intimacy with Carey and his family, and upon shooting him twice went up to his wife and said:—"Shake hands, Mrs. Powers; your name is Carey, isn't it? Don't be hard on me; I was sent out to do it." O'Donnell's main trial is not expected to take more than a day. An Irishman in Birmingham says he saw James Carey in 1867 shoot and kill Constable Mackenna in that city, and that he can produce reputable witnesses to confirm his story.

**JOHN A. FEENEY**, as he names himself, is under arrest in New York as a dangerous lunatic. Imagining that the British Consul was publishing charges against him of crimes committed in Ireland, he went to the Consulate, and when his complaints were laughed at he fired a revolver twice at random, without hurting anyone.

**ELLA HILL**, aged fourteen, Seymour, Connecticut, shot herself dead because her stepmother would not permit her to wear a new dress. Precocity and firearms are dangerous possessions for children.

AN **INFERNAL MACHINE** made like a lump of coal was placed on board the steamer "Dessalines," while she was being got ready at Philadelphia to go to Hayti for the use of the Government. When, however, it was understood that an American crew would take the vessel out the machine was removed; but it is said the boat will never reach Hayti.

**SYDNEY WEATHERBE**, aged nineteen, son of Judge Weatherbe, of Nova Scotia, was lately shot dead by the accidental discharge of his gun, caused by it falling off the thwart of a boat as he was going aboard.

**MARGARET GAUNT**, who lived in a hut near Erie, Pennsylvania, lately died at the age of ninety-six. She left documents establishing an annual indemnity to the Gaunt family, for the unjust execution by burning at the stake of her great-great-grandmother. This act was done under the notorious Judge Jeffries, during the reign of James II, the offence charged being the sheltering a conspirator in the Rye House plot. The Gaunts in England have been looking for the documents in question for many years, and a nephew of the lady just died was astonished by coming into their possession upon crossing the sea for that purpose at her request. By this time the back indemnity will have amounted to about two million dollars, and the young man is confident the papers will secure the amount. Even if the claim is not recognized by the British Government, the papers will be of much value as historical documents. William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was a witness of the execution of the woman above-mentioned.

## FINDING THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Old "Aunt Janie" lived all alone in the great city of London. She was very poor, besides being infirm. Long ago want had entered her dwelling, and she often had a hard struggle for her daily bread.

One day, as she was sitting alone in her comfortless, half empty room, eating her scanty crust, her attention was attracted to a singular outline on the beams of the wall. These walls had been whitewashed by her own hands, not long before; and until this moment she had never discovered it, but to-day it looked surprisingly as if there had been a square opening in one of them like a door, now carefully closed up. Old Janie's eyes were dimmed by age, and it is not to be wondered at that she had never noticed it before, and yet, perhaps, this was the precise moment when the surprising revelation was to be made to her, who can wonder? for I am telling you a true story.

She examined it closely, for she remembered, as a child the fearful days of the Revolution, when no property was safe and she bethought herself that faraway in these troublous days some rich man might have concealed a treasure there—money, most likely—and fallen a victim to the cruel war before he had time to remove it; or, perhaps, one of the saints to whom she prayed daily had preserved it there, to sweeten the evening of her days!

For the first time she tapped with her finger, and the boards returned a hollow sound. With a beating heart poor Janie tried to remove the panel, and, after some difficulty, she succeeded in doing so, when lo! instead of the gold and silver she had expected to see, she found only a damp book, mouldy and very old. She was so terribly disappointed that she was just ready to replace the boards and leave the book to crumble away, but, what if there should be some bank-notes, after all, hidden between the leaves, or, at any rate, valuable papers. But she could find nothing; it was after all only a book, and a mouldy one at that.

But what sort of a book could it be, hidden away so carefully; there must be something uncommon about it. So she wiped it off as well as she could, in spite of her vexation, and sat herself down to see what it was about, for old Janie had been taught to read in her childhood.

Instantly her eyes fell upon the words, "Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; not yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" The words that she read appeared to her so sweet and precious, so comforting that she read on and on, during the whole day and into the night, forgetting to eat, and not wishing even to sleep.

The next morning she sat down again to this musty old book, the words of which were sinking into her soul, and making an ever deepening impression there, and, as she opened, she read, "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved"; and again, as she turned, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

What joy! Her little chamber looked no longer desolate. She had found companionship at last, even that of the "King of kings," whose gracious words were like streams of blessedness flowing in to her lonely heart. Her food, which so long had seemed the bread of tears, now came to be like bread from heaven, for her heart, through much tribulation, had at last learned to know a Saviour's love.

She cleaned and bound the book as best she could, which, you all know now, was the Bible, that Book of books, the "Pearl of Great Price," and it was to her as meat and drink, by day and by night. From it she had learned the great lesson of life, even in the last days of her pilgrimage, and only waited for that blessed time when she should enter into the joy of that Lord, who had so mysteriously revealed himself to her, and who, when the bitter trials of her life

were all passed, would welcome her among the innumerable company of the redeemed. You ask me what became of the book? It is now in the hands of an aged pastor, to whom, in her last hours, she confided its history, and bequeathed it as the richest legacy she could have to bestow. The volume was so old as to date back to the time of the Huguenot persecution. No one ever knew its history, but God used it, then and there, to save a soul from death. Truly, His ways are wonderful and past finding out.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## "HOWBEIT."

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

David, the man after God's own heart, was suddenly drawn into sin. He seems so far as we can see, not to have any misgiving or uneasiness in regard to his sin, for when Nathan, God's prophet, comes to him with a story which but allegorized his own actions, he does not catch the meaning, but exclaims, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die!"

Yet, when Nathan shows him his sin in its true light, he cries out, "I have sinned against the Lord," and at once comes the declaration of mercy, "The Lord, also, hath put away thy sin."

But then follows a word that should stand out as a terrible warning to the young—"Howbeit." He is forgiven, but the consequences of the sin must follow.

Young people, especially your boys, are often taught that they can "sow their wild oats," can be careless and heedless, can associate with the unbelieving and the impure, and yet, by the mercy of God, they will be stopped on their downward career, and be as pure and happy as if they had never known such habits and associations. It is false. The "howbeit" of sin must follow though God, in his infinite mercy, may change it into a blessing. There is the "howbeit" of memory. Do you wish your past to be full of sweet, pure, pictures? The only way is to choose the good and pure in youth.

There is the "howbeit" of health. The man who yields to every whim of his appetites, who cannot resist the temptations of youth, may not be lost. He may, by God's grace, become a power in the church and do much good, but the strong, healthy body that he might have had cannot be his—he must pay the penalty of his excess.

There is the "howbeit" that goes on into another life—a life dearer than your own. Perhaps, as in David's case, the child is taken—happy little one! But ah, bitter punishment yet, perhaps the child inherits the weakness the father yielded to so long, and the son goes down to a drunkard's grave because of his father's sin!

Would you escape such an awful "howbeit" in your life, my boy reader? The only safe way is to choose this day to be pure, and true, and God-fearing. Remember, it is not enough to know the good, it is not enough to love the good. You must choose it; that alone will make it yours, and will insure you happy memories, a pure, vigorous body, a fearless outlook into the future.—*Am. Messenger.*

## LITTLE JOHNNIE'S WORK.

Johnnie is a great sufferer and has to use a crutch. A few days after Mr. T. E. Murphy came to Belfast, last April, Johnnie went into a shop in High Street and signed the pledge and put on the bit of blue. As soon as he had donned the blue he asked for five pledge papers to take home with him to get filled up. After about an hour's absence he took them back signed, and requested twelve more. During the afternoon of the same day the little brother and sister of Johnnie went to the shop, he was too tired to go himself, and excitedly said—"Johnnie has got a woman who drinks to sign one of these papers. Please will you send him some more as these are all used. Every day for nearly five weeks he either went himself or sent his little brother and sister to get cards filled and the "bit of blue," until he got two hundred and thirty-one pledges. As soon as it was known in the district where he lives that Johnnie had pledge papers, a great many people went to his house to sign the pledge. The work he did soon told upon him. He was so prostrated by it that he had to keep

in bed for a week. Some of the cases he visited are very interesting. He went into a house and asked a man to sign the pledge and take the bit of blue. The man was not willing to do so and offered him a chain if he would go away. Johnnie would not take the chain. What he wanted was to get the man to become a teetotaler. After persevering for some little time, the man consented to enrol his name, and up to the present has remained faithful to his promise. Johnnie went to a house near his own, and asked a man, if he would please join the Blue Ribbon Mission, urging as a reason that he would be far happier if he did so. The man was not at all inclined to give up his little drop for any one. Not at all discouraged at this, Johnnie talked and reasoned with him, until he said that he would, and at once commenced to write his name, but to Johnnie's dismay the pen broke in two (we must suppose it was an accident.) The man for the moment seemed quite relieved, doubtless thinking that he was delivered from the boy's talk for a little while at any rate. But not so; Johnnie went home as fast as he could, and got his own pen, and lest the man should break that also, he put another one into his pocket, saying to himself, "I fancy I shall get him to sign this time." Johnnie knew how to obviate a difficulty. He got the man's name, who, thank God, has been faithful to his colors from that time until now. A man gave his little boy some money and sent him to buy a bottle of porter. On his way to the public-house the child remembered that he had a few days before taken the pledge from Johnnie, and that he ought not to buy the porter. He stood a moment on the street thinking about the matter, when off he went to a sweetie shop and bought a bottle of lemonade, which he brought home and gave it and the change to his father, saying, "this will do you far more good than the beer, and besides I can not buy beer now father, because I took the pledge last week with Johnnie. The lad put it in such a nice way that instead of his father being angry he sent for two pledge papers which he and his wife signed, and are truly thankful for Johnnie's influence over their little boy. In this way has dear Johnnie been working with great success. During his visit among the people if he came across anyone who did not attend church or Sunday-school, he earnestly entreated them to do so. The great secret of Johnnie's success is prayer. He is a devoted lad. Both his parents sympathize heartily in the work in which their invalid boy takes such delight. He prays frequently that God may enable the pledge-takers to keep their vow, and that God would give them grace and strength to resist every temptation to take strong drink.—*Irish League Journal.*

## DUST ON THE COVER.

A clergyman in Ireland was preaching to his congregation upon the text, "Search the Scriptures." In the course of his sermon, while admonishing his hearers of the guilt and danger of neglecting the Word of God, he quoted a passage of a divine, in which he speaks of the Bible as sometimes having enough dust upon its cover to admit of the brief but appalling scriptural expression, "damnation," being written legibly thereon.

A young lady, a member of the congregation, was struck by the peculiar force of the expression used, and spoke of it upon her return home. Her brother, a young man who had on that day causelessly absented himself from the public service of the sanctuary, overheard her, and it pleased God that the words—or rather the startling thought which they suggested—should go home like an arrow to his heart. He hurriedly withdrew from his chamber, took down his Bible from a shelf, and looked at it; there was dust upon the cover. With trembling finger he traced, half unconsciously, the appalling phrase which the preacher had used. There it stood, distinctly legible. He read it, he repeated it, he burst into a flood of tears; and falling upon his knees, with streaming eyes and heaving breast, he besought the God of whom that neglected Bible testified, that He would mercifully pardon this grievous sin, and give him grace to neglect it no longer.

The seeds of consumption, unknown to himself and unsuspected by his relatives were lurking in that young man's constitution at the time destined to be speedily and

fatally developed. And during the weary days and sleepless nights which were long appointed him, that heretofore neglected Bible was his solace and his stay; and when death came, it found him bearing triumphant testimony to the blessed fact, that the God whom it reveals was his God, and the salvation which it promises his salvation—his joy and his portion for ever!—*Friendly Greetings.*

## ONE'S OWN VINEYARD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

I wish somebody would tell my little brown-eyed neighbor, one of the best Sunday school teachers I know, devoting hours every day to her Bible study, regular at teachers' meeting, faithful in visiting her large classes in their homes, full of zeal for missionary societies and mothers' meetings, that her own two little boys, well clothed and fed and disciplined, knowing their commandments and catechism, their creed and the multiplication-table—were starving for Bible stories and bed-time stories, and mother-chosen tales and Mother Goose rhymes. "Mamma never has time to sit and talk to us," they say drearily; "she is so busy."

There is a story in our family that is almost too sad to bear telling, though it is, now a story of the past: Fifty years ago my mother and her cousin Ellen married, and settled in the same town, belonging to the same church. Twenty years afterward they were both mothers of large families, mostly boys. In those twenty years, cousin Ellen had been a public benefactress; she was a sort of head deacon in the church, and all of its temporal interests seemed in some way under her care; ladies' societies were rarer then than they are now, but she established, and managed successfully, a sewing-society, to educate young men for the ministry; she persuaded the elders to establish, "from house to house prayer-meetings," and she kept them alive; she taught in two Sunday-schools, sang in the choir, helped to nurse all the sick (rich or poor), and, when earthly needs were over, nobody was so often asked to prepare the dead for their last homes as dear, tender unselfish cousin Ellen.

My mother loved and admired her enthusiastically (and who did not!) and constantly compared her own (as she called it!) unfruitful life with this dear friend's, lamenting her inability to do likewise. But her own and her husband's sense of what was due her large family of children, increased by several nephews of his and hers, obliged her to decline any very active share in society work, all Sunday-school teaching, and all "extra" church services. "I am an unprofitable servant," she cried; "I have had all my cares and duties, and yet does ten times as much for church and neighbors." Then one day my father made one of the few harsh speeches on record against him: "Stick to your boys," he said; "Ellen's are roaming the town!"

So my mother put her whole self into her home work. All that she had of education and accomplishments, all that our limited means allowed of beauty and culture, all the entertainment she could make or compass went to brighten and bless our home. From that home went forth ten boys—sons and nephews—and several daughters and in not one single instance did the blessing of God fail to crown that mother's labors, virtue and piety accomplishing their blessed results in children and children's children.

And the other story, of cousin Ellen's boys, who, father said, were roaming the town—it is almost too sad to tell! One after another, she saw them destroy soul and body with drink, until only two remained to follow her to the grave.

Let us not attempt rashly to say what made all this difference; but, oh, let us follow that mother who "stuck to her boys!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

BOILED SALMON.—Wash a thick slice of salmon, weighing about a pound, put it over the fire in salted boiling water, and boil it gently for fifteen minutes; then drain it, and serve it on a folded napkin laid on a hot dish. A little cream or melted butter, lightly seasoned with salt and pepper, may be served with it; or a little lemon juice. If the physician prescribes it.—*Juliet Corson.*

## GULLING THE PELICAN.

The seagull has two prominent characteristics, wit and impudence, which it exercises for its own benefit at the expense of its fellows. It is not at all nice in its choice of victims, but practises its rogueries with regard only to its own safety and profit. If the victim be small, then force alone is resorted to to obtain the coveted object, which is always something to eat; if strong, then wit is brought into play; and if stupid, then impudence accomplishes the same result. Nor is the gull unaware seemingly of the ludicrousness of the part it so often plays of making others do the work it ought and can do itself, as may be seen in its dealings with the pelican.

The brown pelican though its numbers have been greatly lessened, is still plentifully found along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and in Florida especially may be encountered without difficulty. It is indefatigable in two pursuits—first fishing and then eating.

It is a ponderous, clumsy bird, with a body as large as a swan's but with enormous wings which enable it to fly with ease and power and almost with grace. The head, which is almost all bill, is not pretty, but, what is better, it is eminently useful, for it combines fish-spear and lunch-basket in one. The upper part of the bill terminates in a hook which is fatal to a fish, and the lower part is hung with an elastic pouch into which the captured prey are deposited until desired for eating.

As it has large webbed feet and swims well, it catches a great many fish, just as the ducks do; but it also has a very picturesque way of capturing its finny prey. It sails majestically over the water at a considerable height above it, glancing sharply about for victims in the transparent element below, until, catching a glimpse of one favorably disposed for capture it launches itself straight downward, and with bill projecting and wings folded cleaves the air like a bolt, transfixing the fish and by the impetus of its fall disappearing under the water, to return to the surface, however, with all the buoyancy of a cork, and with the quarry comfortably tucked away for future reference.

Having labored earnestly in this way until its pouch is full, the pelican seeks a long low ledge of rocks, and there in company with his fellows takes up his position in solemn earnestness to enjoy the fruits of his toil. A skillful toss of the head shoots a fish from the reservoir into the throat, and a gulp sends it on its way into the stomach. A little time for the pleasurable sensation of digestion, and again the head is tossed. And so the game is played with

regularity by the whole grotesque line. The long heads are sometimes turned about and rested on the shoulders pointing backward, or more frequently are held pointing vertically downward.

Although a large and clumsy creature the pelican is not necessarily stupid; but by dint of frequent tossing of the well laden pouch it becomes at once gorged and dull, and then is the golden opportunity of the gull.

He impudently alights upon the very head of his victim, and waits patiently until the pelican receives warning from within that

dence of enjoying the trick very little less than the booty.

It might be supposed that the pelicans would learn wisdom in the course of time, but they do not seem to have done so yet, for day after day along the coral reefs of the Florida coast may be seen long lines of gormazing pelicans entertaining gulls in this way.—*Scientific American.*

## THE VIRTUE OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

In one of the boarding schools situated in a densely-populated

had been made at one of the neighboring confectioners, and the young donors laid their offerings blushing and in childish fashion, without a word, before their teachers. Both were alike astonished, but the gentleman managed to stammer out some thanks. The young lady's delight was more lingering, and she, blushing, inquired what she had done to merit such kindness. For a time no response was made, until at last a chubby boy on a back bench chirruped out, "Cause you're aye smilin' Miss." It was a day of smiles after that.—*Ex.*



GULLING THE PELICAN.

another fish is wanted. Up goes the bill, open gapes the awful mouth, out shoots a doomed fish—not into the ready throat, however, but into the waiting bill of the gull, which has adroitly twisted its head so that it can see all that is exposed of the pelican's internal economy, and has snatched the morsel and flown with a wild scream of laughter to eat it at its leisure, if indeed a gull ever had such a state of being.

The pelican is almost too stupid to know that it has been robbed, but the gull gives every evi-

district of Glasgow, Scotland, on the morning immediately succeeding the short vacation at the New Year time, the young lady and gentleman teachers at the head of the "infant" section were made the delighted recipients of a present from their young charges. The gifts, which were entirely unlooked for, consisted of two of those highly ornate short-cakes, with appropriate sentiments in sugar which we were all as children familiar with, and which as "old fogies" we do not entirely taboo. The purchase, doubtless,

## A PLUCKY BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

The Rev. Mr. Ladd, sent about two years ago by the American Missionary Association to make arrangements for establishing missions in the region of the Upper Nile, gives the following account of an adventure with a snake on his way down the river. "Doctor and I were sitting on the bridge seeing what we could see, when I discovered a huge snake in the water swimming slowly and trying to cross the river. I rushed for the shot-gun, and although we had almost got beyond range, gave him both barrels with good effect. I jumped into the small boat with a number of men; the steamer put about and we went after that snake. As we neared him, however he began to show signs of life, and Doctor, fearing he might get away, fired two shots at him with the rifle from the bridge. The second ball struck, but glanced, leaving not the slightest trace of a mark, but stunned him so that he turned over on his back. We picked him up and found that we had got hold of a boa-constrictor. As soon as he was landed in the boat he came to again, and made it lively for us. His strength was something remarkable. He ran his head a little way under a board, and six men pulling with all their might and main could not get him out. He came out when he got ready, but then we had a rope around him, and hauled him on deck. There was a scattering of the crowd then. We choked him to death, cut his teeth out, and put him away. He came to life again, and broke one of the supports of the water-jar. Then Ibrahim stood on that snake's head till he was dead. We hung him up. He came to life again and nearly got away. Then we beat him on the head with a club till he was "as dead as a door nail." He came to life again! No use! We determined to conquer him this time, and proceeded to skin him. This was too much for him, and he concluded to remain dead. He measured 9 ft. 6 in. in length, and 11½ in. around. I have preserved the skin and hope to have it stuffed. The sailors will eat the flesh."

## COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 3, 1883.

In the local grain market there is very little stir. Values are nominally higher, but still there is but little business doing. We quote—Canada Red Winter \$1.22 to \$1.24; White \$1.16 to \$1.18; Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Chicago, No. 2, in bond, \$1.05 to \$1.06; Corn, 61c, in bond; P. & S, 95c; Oats, 33c; Barley 56c; Rye 65c to 67c.

**FLOUR.**—The flour market is very quiet and somewhat easier. High grades are in slightly better demand at rather easier prices. Low grades are nominally steady, but in small demand. We quote—Superior Extra, \$5.70 to \$5.75; Extra Superfine, \$5.50 to \$5.60; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.90; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.50 to \$5.75; do., American, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Fine \$4.25 to \$4.35; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$4.00; Pollards, \$3.60 to \$3.75; Ontario bags, (medium), \$2.65 to \$2.70; do. Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.65; do., Superfine, \$2.25 to 2.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.45.

**MEALS unchanged.** Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated, \$5.75 to \$6.00.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**—Butter.—The market is tolerably active, and there is a fair demand for best qualities. We quote.—Creamery, August makes 20c to 21c; do. September makes, 22c to 22½c; Eastern Townships, straight dairies, 16c to 18½c; do. fall ends, 20c; Morrisburg and Brockville, nominal, none offering; Western, poor to good, 12c to 14c; do. finest selections 15c to 17c. (Cheese—early makes 9c to 10c autumn makes, 10c to 11c, as to quality.

**Eggs.**—Receipts are light and prices are rather higher than last week, fresh stock fetching 22c. We quote—20c to 22c as to quality and freshness.

**HOG PRODUCTS** find a fair sale at the following prices:—Western \$14.50 to \$15.25; Hams, 14c to 16c; Bacon, 13½c to 15c; Lard, in pails, 11c to 11½c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 9c.

**ASHES** continue very dull at \$4.90 to \$4.65 for Pots.

## NO TIME.

A man of business was so engrossed with his cares that he would not rest even on the Sabbath. Half of that day he spent over his accounts; the other half in a ride into the country. Monday morning found him unrefreshed, but still driving on after the world as fast as ever.

"Have you heard of the death of Mr. Danson?" asked one of the party at breakfast.

"No; is he dead? Well, it is very different with me; I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die." Soon after, having passed into another room, he fell dead on the floor.

He must take time at last. There was no returning to his farm or his merchandise. His business he left behind him in the twinkling of an eye. But the great work of life was undone.—*Friendly Greetings.*

THE REV. RICHARD CECIL had a rich hearer who, when a young man, had solicited his advice, but had not for some time visited him. Mr. Cecil went to his house one day, and, after a friendly salutation, addressed him thus: "I understand you are very dangerously situated." Here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, sir." "I thought it probable you were not aware," said Cecil, "and therefore I have called to warn you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for it is the road by which the devil leads thousands to destruction." This was spoken with such solemnity and earnestness that it made a deep and lasting impression.—*Morning Star.*

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## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

## LESSON 11.

(1 Sam. 7:13-17.)

Oct. 14, 1883.

## SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12, 13.

3. And Samuel spoke unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.

4. Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only.

5. And Samuel said Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord. 6. And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there. We have sinned against the Lord. And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpeh.

7. And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

8. And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Canst thou cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines.

9. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord; and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

10. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel; but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel.

11. And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came unto Bethcar.

12. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

13. So the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coast of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel.

14. And the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored to Israel, and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines, and there was peace between Israel and the Amorites.

15. And Samuel judged Israel all the days of his life.

16. And he went from year to year in circuit to Bethel, and Gilgal, and Mizpeh, and judged Israel in those places.

17. And his return was to Ramah; and there was his house; and there he judged Israel; and there he built an altar unto the Lord.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. 7:12.

## TOPIC.—National Prosperity.

**LESSON PLAN.**—1. NATIONAL REFORMATION, VS. 3, 4. 2. VICTORY OVER ENEMIES, 7-12. 3. PEACE AND PROSPERITY, 13-17.

## LESSON NOTES.

V. 3. SAMUEL SPAKE UNTO ALL THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL—his words were full of encouragement, as well as of rebuking. Their idolatry was the cause of their being oppressed. V. 4. DID PUT AWAY—they made their repentance practical by restoring the pure worship of Jehovah.

V. 5. DREW WATER, AND POURED IT OUT—in token of their humiliation and repentance. SAMUEL JUDGED—hitherto he had acted only as a prophet; now he became a judge. V. 7. THUNDERED—THEY CONSIDERED this assembly as the signal of war. WENT UP AGAINST ISRAEL—to crush at once the rising spirit of rebellion. V. 8. CLASH NOT—Samuel had declared to them his purpose to pray for them. V. 9. OFFERED IT FOR A BURNT OFFERING—having made atonement by sacrifice for the sins of the people, he offered his prayer. V. 10. THUNDERED—with terrific peals following one after another, so that the enemy were panic-stricken, thrown into confusion, and fled. V. 11. URBEN—that is, below. BETHCAR—the site of the place is not known.

V. 12. SET IT—up a memorial. EBENEZER—the stone of help; a grateful acknowledgment of the Lord's help. The Lord always helps those who trust in him. V. 13. FROM EKRON—the chief and most northern of the Philistine cities (Josh. 11:3). UNTO GATH—another of the five principal cities of the Philistines.

V. 14. FROM EKRON—the chief and most northern of the Philistine cities (Josh. 11:3). UNTO GATH—another of the five principal cities of the Philistines.

V. 15. FROM EKRON—the chief and most northern of the Philistine cities (Josh. 11:3). UNTO GATH—another of the five principal cities of the Philistines.

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V. 25. FROM EKRON—the chief and most northern of the Philistine cities (Josh. 11:3). UNTO GATH—another of the five principal cities of the Philistines.

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V. 27. FROM EKRON—the chief and most northern of the Philistine cities (Josh. 11:3). UNTO GATH—another of the five principal cities of the Philistines.

## THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

## AUTUMN PRIZE COMPETITION.

## A FINE CHANCE

—To—

## MAKE MONEY

—AND—

## Help a Good Paper Along!

Not dismayed by the comparative failure of our August competition we offer our friends another opportunity to earn a good commission and win handsome prizes by working for this paper. Newspaper publishers must have their harvest times as well as farmers, and as the publishers of this paper have been sowing copies of it broadcast over this continent for twenty months past they now look to having the seed spring up and add many thousands to the subscription list. To this end laborers are required and none can possibly suit better than those who have been kept well-informed of the passing events of the world through its news columns, and benefited and entertained in various ways by its other departments—all at less cost than the readers of any other weekly newspaper. It is with confidence, therefore, that we repeat, with slight modifications, the offers made for our "August Competition," the result of which is doubtless a surprise to the prize-winners, as in a country of hard-working people money is rarely made with such facility.

## OUR NEW OFFER!

The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents a year, and will be given for the remainder of this year for ten cents. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for a year may send **TWO DOLLARS** and keep **FIFTY CENTS**, and anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for the remainder of this year may send us **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** and keep **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS**. **SEND AS MANY AS YOU PLEASE**, keeping fifty cents for every five yearly and twenty-five cents for every five for the remainder of this year. This advice would seem to be necessary in some cases, as in last competition most of the competitors stopped short at the point when they earned the smallest commission—that for five subscriptions.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest

## AMOUNT OF MONEY,

**TEN DOLLARS**; to the second, **FIVE DOLLARS**; to the third, **THREE DOLLARS**; to the fourth, **TWO DOLLARS**, and to the fifth, **ONE DOLLAR**.

Still further, to every one who sends us **TWO DOLLARS** we shall send a pre-

sent of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times.

## BEAR IN MIND!

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

Everyone who secures five subscriptions earns a commission.

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

The competition will end on the last of October.

## REASONS AND HINTS!

For a paper of the price of this one a very large circulation is necessary to insure the enterprise being a profitable one. There is no doubt it would obtain a paying patronage in the course of time, without any special efforts such as these prize competitions, as its subscription list has hitherto been built up altogether by people taking it upon sight for its many good qualities. A list of over seven thousand, obtained simply by sending copies of the paper at a venture to people, and by the kind aid of readers in asking their friends to subscribe, is an achievement that is not common in journalism and justifies us in the hope of great results from our friends all over the Continent entering a competition for prizes in working for the *Messenger*.

In addition to the material inducements offered them, those who enter the lists of our workers have the assurance that they are doing noble service in displacing ignorance with intelligence and bad reading with good.

## DIRECTIONS.

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

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

The last letters sent in the competition must be mailed not later than the 31st of October.

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

## JOHN DOUGALL &amp; SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE,

MONTREAL, P. Q.

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