

Weekly Messenger

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The Weekly Messenger

THE SOUDAN WAR.

It might have been supposed that the Mahdi would be encouraged and excited by the news of Britain's quarrel with Russia, but that does not seem to be the result. In fact, the latest reports are that the rebels are neither in as good a condition or in as good spirits as they were before. They are said to be not very strong in numbers, and the people of Berber and other places are described as dissatisfied with the Mahdi's laws. They have heard of the just treatment of the natives by the advancing white men, and consequently are anxious for the success of the British troops.

There have been some fatalities at Suakim, but the loss of life was caused not in open fighting, but in silent and secret attacks. On the night of March 11th, the Arabs made an assault on the enclosure where the garrison keep their guns. In answer to a challenge the rebels replied "friends." They then swarmed into the zareba, overpowered the pickets and attacked the guards, but hearing men landing from the gunboat they decamped, carrying away their dead and wounded, except the body of their leader, Abdul who was Osman Digna's standard bearer. Six British Guardsmen were killed and seven wounded. In repelling the attack the outposts fought heroically. Hand to hand encounters were frequent. In one instance five English soldiers bayoneted fifteen rebels. When disabled by wounds in the legs they fought in a kneeling position, firing as long as any strength remained.

During the night before, hostile Arabs stole into the British camp and stabbed an Indian sentinel to death. These Indian troops—a regiment of Sikhs,—are already doing good service. On being sent to repel an attack of the Arabs, they were splendidly handled and showed admirable coolness and steadiness. The skirmish was hot, but the Arabs were repulsed, leaving many of their dead upon the field. The casualties among the Indian troops were few. The Arabs became panic-stricken when they saw swarthy Mohammedans chasing them in British style, delivering their fire with such precision as to make every shot tell.

A later despatch says that an actual mutiny has broken out in Osman Digna's camp. Deserters to the British lines bring terrible tales of suffering among the Arabs, and say Osman Digna is only able to maintain his authority by a system of cruelty and terrible severity.

There have been reports that Kassala has fallen, and that the garrison has been massacred, but as yet there is no confirmation of the news.

Zobehr Pasha, a former "slave king" of the Soudan, has been found to be in secret league with the Mahdi and plotting against the Egyptian and British authorities. He and his two sons have been arrested and taken on a British warship to Malta where they will be kept as prisoners.

The last item of news about the Mohammedan rebellion which we have to communicate to our readers this week, is that the Mahdi's emissaries are trying to stir up the people of Arabia. By revolutionary placards, in the Red Sea towns opposite the Soudan coast, the Mahdi tells the people to drive out the Turks, saying that he will soon come over and lead his hosts to Mecca, where he will be acknowledged as "the Prophet" by displays in the sky!

THE CHINESE WAR.

There is still a lull in the quarrel between France and China. As neither country likes war, there ought to be some way of putting an end to it; but there is no sign of peace yet.

A British steamer, the "Glenroy," was recently seized by the French fleet, for having lead in her cargo. The French claim that lead is "contraband of war," and hold it until the question is settled—though they have released the ship.

The Chinese correspondent of the London Times gives an account of the French way of proceeding in this war—a way by no means creditable to a civilized nation. He says:—"Since the 5th of January the French have been constantly engaged in the destruction of small craft, not only of junks from the mainland—which might be carrying contraband of war—but of fishing and trading craft, boats carrying firewood, dung, peanuts and charcoal. In fact, the hundred and one forms of small craft used by the Chinese to gain an honest livelihood have been shot, shelled, blown up, burnt, torpedoed, sunk or scuttled along the coast. The survivors of their crews have been kidnapped and sent to Kelung to work the French batteries. We have seen these mighty ships, among them the *Triumphante*, pursuing a little junk laden with dry fish, firing big guns, and round after round from the machine guns in the tops, at the poor junkmen. Hundreds of junks have been thus destroyed and the greatest misery has resulted." The correspondent adds that, of the kidnapped boatmen, many through illness, caused by denial of food and water, became unable to work. The French soldiers then stuck bayonets into them to make them move, and if that failed, the sufferers were shot. The correspondent's informant saw seventeen shot, some through the forehead, some through the ear, some through the breast, their only fault being inability to work from want of food.

GIGANTIC IMPUDENCE.

Central America has been the scene of an almost laughable attempt, on the part of an ambitious man, to carry out a scheme something like that which Napoleon Bonaparte tried in Europe eighty years ago—to bring unwilling nations under his own power. The story is told in telegraphic despatches.

On March 5th, President Barrios, of Guatemala, declared in the assembly that Central America should constitute one republic, and that he would assume command of all the military forces of the various states. The declaration was accepted by

Honduras, but rejected by San Salvador, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Guatemalan forces began immediately to march against San Salvador. The people in the latter republic rose as one man to resist the invasion, and on the 11th, Guatemala ceased hostilities. President Barrios, however, tried to obtain by "cheek" what he could not get by force. He sent a request to President Zaldivar that San Salvador should appoint two commissioners to proceed to Guatemala with power to treat in the present crisis. Whether this request will receive any attention is not yet known.

Meanwhile, President Zaldivar telegraphed an account of the situation to President Diaz, of Mexico, and asked him to use his influence to prevent bloodshed. President Diaz promptly sat down upon the ambitious Barrios, sending him this message: "Your telegram of 7th, announcing your determination to declare Central America one republic, and assume yourself the command of all forces thereof, has been received. This declaration has been made by your assembly only, and has been rejected energetically by your sister republics. These circumstances have created such antipathy to your course among Mexican citizens that my Government will be obliged to take immediate action to prevent the execution of your threat against the sister republics of this continent."

President Barrios has not yet submitted to the inevitable, but if he tries to interfere with his neighbors again he is likely to be taught that he is not a Bonaparte.

WILL RUSSIA FIGHT?

This has been a most exciting week. As last week came to an end, the war-cloud seemed blacker than ever, and it was thought that a collision between Russian and Afghan troops might have actually occurred. Now, however, a sort of understanding has been come to, by which neither side shall advance from its present position, and the international commissioners are to proceed with their work of laying down the frontier. It is just now believed that Russia is really desirous of peace. The *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which would not be allowed to print any such opinion without the Russian government's approval, says:—"The negotiations between Russia and England still continue. They are conducted with the firm desire to avoid a warlike collision, and upon the profound conviction that it is to the interest of both countries to reach a solid settlement of the present dispute, one that will firmly establish peace and substantially strengthen the good relations existing between the two."

The fact seems to be that Britain—in spite of all her other difficulties—is prepared for a war with Russia, while Russia is by no means prepared for a war with Britain. The London Times says that Gen. Kamosoff's force threatening Herat is not supposed to exceed 8,000 men. The British force in and about Quetta which can be poured into the Herat valley in a few weeks is estimated at 26,000. The Sikhs, Punjabies, Pathans and Ghoorkas, who are the

most warlike races in India, are eager for military service, and are devoted to British rule, and can be drawn on indefinitely for recruits. The Turkomans, on the other hand, are smarting under the Russian yoke, and in case of war would cause Russia great trouble. The Afghans receive an annuity of \$600,000 from the Indian Government, and any increase will fill them with fight. Besides, as the New York Herald points out, "Russia is beset with domestic foes. If the Czar should lead his men into Asia, who can say that his throne might not fall in his absence? Every rumor of defeat would strengthen the Nihilists. Every hardship of the campaign would feed the discontent of the army. No, Russia cannot afford to fight. For the first time since the Crimean war England has her at a disadvantage."

There is already a small force under British colors right on the spot where the fight is likely to begin—for Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner, sent two months ago to define the frontier, has with him an escort of 200 Bengal Lancers and 200 Punjab Infantry, with a number of Royal Engineers. These would be of value in leading the Afghans, and the engineers are already instructing them how to fortify the cities of Herat and Penjdeh, which would be attacked first by the Russian invaders.

Both nations are actively preparing for war, and the lull may be only a truce before hostilities actually begin. Britain will insist on Russia withdrawing her troops from Afghan territory; and Russia will need to be considerably afraid of the consequences of refusal before she agrees to Britain's demand.

KANSANS IN EARNEST.

A telegram from Atchison says that "the double-ribbed, ironclad, copper-plated prohibition law passed at last session of the Kansas Legislature went into effect on Saturday. Dispatches from various points indicate that the saloon men are divided as to what stand they will take. Some are defiant, but others have gone out of business. In Atchison the County Attorney, who, under the new law, is a whole Grand Jury all by himself, gave notice that all saloons or wholesalers of liquor doing business on and after Monday, March 23rd, would be prosecuted under the law. It is believed that this action will settle the saloon business, so far as the city is concerned. The managers of the different railway and transportation companies have issued circular letters calling the attention of their agents to that section of the new law which provided that any officer, agent, or employee of any railway, express company, or common carrier, who knowingly delivers any intoxicating liquor to any person in the State shall be fined from \$100 to \$500 and imprisoned from thirty to sixty days. This has resulted in the stoppage of liquor shipments. People along the Missouri line will not suffer much, but those in the interior have been employing the week just passed in laying in large stocks of ardent liquors in anticipation of thirsty days to come."

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"So you have settled down in the country? What do you do with yourself there? What becomes of that wonderful amount of surplus energy that made you the most untiring of city pleasure-seekers?" said one gentleman to another, as they met by chance in a crowded car on the Hartford and New Haven Railway.

"I am town superintendent of schools, and put my surplus energy into that," was the laughing reply.

"Paying business!" said the first speaker, dryly.

"Yes," said his friend, speaking more earnestly now. "I hold that any business pays that promotes the good of the rising generation, and I need not tell you that, however petty my duties may seem, I try to fulfill them conscientiously. If the world is to be regenerated, it is my opinion that it is to be done through the children."

There was a little more chaffing, and then, somehow, the subject of discipline came up, and I picked up my ears, hoping to get a practical suggestion for the *Journal*, and this is what I heard:

"A scholar who will not behave, and study, without a whipping, will not do so with one."

"There I differ with you," said the superintendent of schools. "I do not advocate indiscriminate whipping, but I think a judicious punishment sometimes works wonders. Let me give you a case in point. When I was a lad, there was in our country district school two unruly boys, Obed Mason and Austin Perkins, who were as hard to manage as a couple of half-broken colts. They were idle, rough, noisy, wide-awake youngsters who would not study themselves nor let any one else do so, if they could help it, and, term after term, they broke up the usefulness of the school."

"Mainly through their pranks the school got a bad name. Teacher after teacher made a failure there, and after a while it came to be a hard matter to find a teacher who, for ordinary wages, would undertake that school."

"At this juncture, a new superintendent being appointed, he persuaded a lady friend of his wife's, who was teaching a select school in the village, to leave her work there to her sister while she came out to solve the distracting problem as to what should be done with the 'meadow school,' the superintendent agreeing to pay her extra wages from his own pocket."

"We were all a little in awe of this lady, whom we knew well by reputation, and were charmed by her sweet, quiet demeanor. She gave us but two rules, and these she said were to be obeyed implicitly."

"We were not to whisper, nor to communicate without leave nor with leave, about our books or anything else, and we were to have perfect lessons."

"The scholars, with the exception of the two young rebels, obeyed willingly, well pleased with the novelty of quiet in the school-room. They at once openly violated the whispering rule, and, as usual, their lessons were far from perfect."

"There was no trifling to begin with. The two boys were kept after school the first day until their lessons were recited perfectly, and were told that they could not go out at recess the next day. 'That is your punishment for whispering,' said the teacher."

"You lose one recess for the first offence, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on. After all the recesses in the term are used up, as they will be by Friday night, if you keep on whispering, I shall whip you for the next offence; and when I say I shall whip you, I mean exactly what I say; there will be no child's play about it. It is impossible for me to watch you and scold you continually. I have told you the penalty. If you break the rules you do so with your eyes open."

"The next morning, when the little silver bell on the desk was struck for recess, both the unruly boys started for the door, but there the teacher met them, ruler in hand, and, dismayed by her resolute air, they returned to their seats. They continued to whisper, however, and Friday night the teacher announced that Obed and Austin would go out no more at recess during the term. 'If they whisper on Monday,' she added, 'she put her big ruler in the desk and turned the key. I shall be prepared to administer the promised punishment.'

"On Monday morning the school was

hardly called to order before Obed said, in a loud whisper, 'You'd better keep quiet, Aust, or you'll have that rattan tingling about your legs before you know it.'

"Come out on the floor, Obed," said the teacher, without the least show of excitement. The big boy did not move, but sat back in his seat with a grin, as much as to say, 'Touch me, if you dare!'

"The young woman laid the rattan upon the desk and walked with a quick, firm step up the narrow aisle. She wasted no words, seizing the stout lad by the collar of his jacket, she twitched him out of his seat and dragged him over the top of the desks to the floor. Then, before either he or the scholars had recovered from their surprise, she tingled his legs with the rattan until he howled with pain."

"This is for the first offence," she said, filling her lungs and speaking in her usual voice. "I 'double up' as I go on, you know. Take your seat now, and get your lesson. I shall take up with no imperfect or indifferent work."

"There was no more whispering after that, and there were perfect lessons at every recitation."

"Mrs. Perkins called at the school-house next day to ask the teacher to excuse Austin's offences for the first week, and let him begin new, going out at recess with the others, on condition that he should obey the rules for the remainder of the term."

"Impossible!" said the teacher. "I never trifle in that way with my pupils. He has forfeited his recesses for the entire term. I shall not hesitate to punish him for any disobedience in the future."

"Mrs. Perkins, who was a woman of wealth and a leader of society, was indignant that a request of hers should be disregarded, and straightway took her son out of school."

"Obed clamored to be allowed to leave also, but his father said 'No. If you have not sufficient respect to behave in school you will never have enough to behave anywhere else. You are at just the right age to make a man or a nonentity in the world. If this lady has the tact to help you to make a man of yourself, I shall be very glad.'

"Obliged to go to school, obliged to get his lessons, not allowed to whisper, Obed was soon surprised at himself over his newly-awakened interests in his studies. The recess hour was the time of trial, when, at every session, he was tempted to break in upon the now thoroughly-established rules of order and make a rush for the door."

"Perhaps the watchful, intelligent teacher saw the struggle in his face, for, soon, one morning, she went to his desk, while the other boys were out, and gave him a short, interesting article in a newspaper to read. He was fond of reading, and she saw that he was pleased and interested."

"In the afternoon she carried him paper and pencil, and asked him to write out what he could remember of the article read in the morning. He acquitted himself so well that the exercise was kept up day after day. He grew to be very apt at this kind of writing, and it soon became a general exercise, most of the scholars preferring it to their recess."

"That young woman remained in that school for three consecutive terms, and many of her pupils at that time do not hesitate to say that it was the turning-point in their lives that started them in the right direction toward becoming, in their several vocations, useful men and women. When she returned to her select school, several of her pupils followed her there. Obed Mason went into a printing office to learn to set type. An opening at the West came to him. He went, and is now an editor and a prominent and a rising man again."

"On a recent visit to his native town he called on his old teacher and said, 'I came to thank you, personally, for conquering me, and then showing me what I could do. That twenty minutes' reading and writing exercise taught me to frame paragraphs and put my own thoughts into words; and I seldom write an editorial that I do not recall those pleasant recess-times in the old red school house.'

"When he asked for his old chum and school-fellow, Austin Perkins, he learned that he was killed in a drunken fight at a low public house, one winter night, and was found dead in the snow the next morning."

"He was a brighter, quicker, and a better scholar than I," said Obed. "What a mistake it was in his mother to take him out of school that time! It was the turning-point in his life, as it was in mine, and a lack

of discipline at the proper time ruined him."—*Journal of Education.*

"OLD TEN DOLLAR."

BY C. E. R. PARKER.

"What was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" or "Who was 'Old Ten Dollar'?" I fancy some of my young friends may inquire, and perhaps will be not a little astonished when I answer that "Old Ten Dollar" was a cow, and I will tell you how she came by such a curious name."

We children lived in a small farming town in the State of New Jersey. Our family was among the first settlers there, and our home (as I look back upon it now after many years of life's clouds and sunshine) seems almost like the garden of Eden for greenness and beauty and quiet peacefulness."

We had neighbors of every description; some thrifty and industrious and careful managers, keeping their farms and cattle in good order, and their families were respectable, God-fearing people. But many were thriftless and careless and slovenly about everything, and among this latter class was poor Peter Long. Everything about his farm was unutterably shabby. His fences were always falling down, his gates off the hinges, his barns open to the weather, and his cattle the most forlorn, uncared for creatures, who had to look after themselves all the year round."

One morning, my brother Tom, sister Matty and I were strolling about with no particular object in view but to enjoy the lovely springtime just coming back to us after a long and dreary winter, and as we proceeded on our walk we found ourselves approaching the wretched premises of Peter Long, and we noticed standing near the barn, as if trying to get the benefit of a little sunshine on her shabby back, the most forlorn looking cow our eyes ever rested on."

She was originally of a respectable dun color, I have no doubt, but "the color was all done," as the Irishman would say. The hair was most all rubbed off her back, her hide was dingy and unsightly in its uncleanness and ugliness, and yet the poor creature had a kind, pitiful look in her large soft eyes as she watched us coming near. We plucked small handfuls of the new grass and gave it to poor bossy, but we had not moral courage enough to pat her with our hands, as we might have done to a more reputable-looking beast."

Presently old Peter caught sight of us and drew near with his shuffling feet, and we bade him good-morning as we stood looking at the wretched cow."

"Poor critter, isn't it?" he said. "She ain't good for nothing, and never will be; and yet she is not an old cow—not seven year old yet. I can't keep her, and I don't want to kill her," he added.

"She looks as if she did not have half enough to eat," spoke up honest T. V., in his straightforward way."

"Well, she never will, I guess," answered Peter with a sigh. "She has her chance at the vittles with the rest of the critters, but she don't grow no fatter."

"How would you like to sell her?" I ventured to ask hesitatingly.

"Sell her! Why, nobody wouldn't want her, of course. I would sell her fast enough if I had a good offer. I will let you have her for ten dollars, young man, and perhaps you can make a cow out of her."

"A cow out of her," exclaimed Tom; "why, she is a cow now, I suppose, though a very poor one, to my idea of cows."

"Yes, that's so," said Peter. "She is a cow by name and she is a cow by nature, and yet she ain't no cow at all, according as I look upon critters. You don't want to buy her, do you, Thomas. I say you may have her for ten dollars."

Well, we children looked at the disreputable beast thoroughly, over and over, and then we put our heads together to discuss ways and means, and finally we told Peter we would think about it, but we should have to go home and talk over the matter with our parents and see if they would allow us to make the purchase, and told him that, any way, he might drive the cow over in the morning and let them all have a look at her."

Our account of the poor animal did not seem at all satisfactory to our father, but we pleaded very hard, and told him that we had money enough between us to pay for the cow, if she could be our own and belong to us all three together."

The wretched-looking animal was driven over early the next morning. Peter had

rubbed her up a little, but she looked forlorn enough. Neither father nor mother thought her at all prepossessing, but finally father said we might buy the cow if we were able to pay for her, but on condition that we took care of her ourselves. He said that she might have the same food and pasture with the other cows through the summer, and if we succeeded in making a cow of her we were entitled to all the profits from her, selling the milk and butter, and might divide the proceeds between us three. Jerry should see to her at first, and afterward Tom must learn to milk her, as he was head proprietor, and Matty and I must be dairymaids."

So we bought the cow. The ten dollars were paid down very cheerfully, and the unattractive animal became our property. We christened her "Old Ten Dollar," and she never knew another name."

You could hardly believe how rapidly she improved under the treatment she received from us all. Jerry scrubbed her down and made her clean and presentable, soon she began to put on a respectable coat of hair, and before the fall she was a decent-looking cow as any on the farm. She was very gentle and kind, and seemed to appreciate the loving care of our hands, she knew her name and would follow us like a pet dog. Tom soon learned to milk, and sister Matty and I were dairymaids; we bought bright tin pails and pans and a small churn, and we made butter and sold milk, and "Old Ten Dollar" became really valuable property."

The next spring we raised a pretty calf which was born to "Old Ten Dollar," and which did her mother great credit, and became a fine cow, and after a while we each had a cow of our own and "Old Ten Dollar," between us. We were really getting to be very prosperous farmers, and in time sold not only milk and butter, but cattle of our own raising, and made our business not only self-supporting but quite remunerative. And when our brother Tom was grown up, father set off a certain part of the farm as his portion, and the greater proportion of the dairy stock upon the farm were descendants of the "Old Ten Dollar" family of different generations."

But the dear old home is broken up now, father and mother have passed to their heavenly inheritance, and we children aid have homes of our own. Thomas keeps up his place in the country for a summer residence, and a very beautiful home it is too, and his children and his children's children still love to hear him tell the story of "Old Ten Dollar," and the name has been retained as a familiar enduring name among the sleek soft-eyed cows of his dairy farm.—*Illus. Chris Weekly.*

BIRDS' NEST SOUP.

Every one has heard of the famous Bird's Nest Soup, which is such a luxury among the Chinese. We give on another page a picture of the birds which build the nests and the nests themselves. The birds are a kind of swallow; they inhabit the coast of China and neighboring countries, and build their nests on the walls of the caves along the shore, sticking them against the flat wall just as our chimney swallows do. The nest is about the size of a goose egg, and is like isinglass. For a long time people did not know how these were built. Now we know that they are made of a substance that comes from glands inside the bird's own mouth."

The nests when brought to market are of three qualities. The new nests, in which no young ones have been reared, look clear like pure gelatine and almost white; those of the second quality are of a dingy, brown color and look generally dirty; and the third are those in which the little ones have been reared, and are all stuck over with feathers and covered with filth of all sorts. The soup in which the nests are used has a gelatinous look and feeling, somewhat like melted jelly, and is considered by the Chinese a very great dainty. Of course the best soup is made from the nests of the first quality, but we fear that in this, as in other things, the second and third qualities are not entirely ignored."

TRUSKY FRITTERS.—A good way to use up bits of cold turkey is to cut them in pieces of uniform size, if possible; make a batter of milk and flour and an egg, sprinkle pepper and salt over the cold fowl and mix with the batter, fry as you do any kind of fritters in hot lard, drain and serve hot. This is a good breakfast dish.

"DECENTLY AND IN ORDER."

BY THE REV. W. WYE SMITH.

I have just come home, this wet day, from Toronto, and, as I cannot stir outside, I must go into the history of a Jew, as a Toronto merchant gave it to a friend and me this morning. We were talking of Christian character, and the merchant said: "I never was so surprised as with M—, a travelling dealer—a peddler, if you choose so to call him—a Jew, and the most Jewish looking Jew I ever saw. He was in here with his pack, and after showing some of his samples, he was doing up his pack with such exceeding care and neatness that I could not help taking notice of it, and said to him: 'You take great pains in doing up your things very neatly.' 'Yes,' he said; 'I do all things decently, and in order.'"

The merchant was surprised to hear a New Testament motto from a Jew, and said to him very pointedly, "Where did you learn that?"

The peddler looked up with a calm smile, and said: "I learned it dot vere. I learned, 'Coom unto me all ye dot labor and are heavy laden, and I will gif you rest;' and vere I learned, 'There is no older name gifen under heafen among men whereby ye can be saved.'"

"Oh!" said the merchant, "I am delighted to hear you say so. I did not know that you were a Christian." And then he was anxious to learn something of the history of this son of Abraham. He said when he was young he lived in London. He always had an admiration for a true Christian character. He saw a difference—in truth, integrity, and kindness—between those who were Christians, and those who only called themselves so. And this thought, this admiration, wrought in his mind, though he said nothing about it to any one; but secretly he made this resolve, "When I get older and marry, I will marry a Christian woman." Time passed on, and though he did not marry, he came to New York. There he was engaged in some way of dealing, and boarded in a house where the man and his wife were church-going people, and where there were other boarders, none of whom, however, seemed to be Jews. He went to the synagogue on Saturday, and on Sunday he stayed in his boarding-house and did nothing. He could not do business, and he said "he would not be seen on the streets among the loafers." And he felt sometimes very dull and "lonesome." So he said to the landlord, one Sunday evening, "I feel very lonesome when you go out, I have no body to talk to me. I will go with you to church." "Oh, no!" said the man, afraid that what he would hear might only provoke greater hostility on his mind toward Christ and his doctrines; "you are not going with me to church. You had better not go." "Yes," said he, "I will go with you. You will let me go?" So he went with him to Dr. R—'s church. The Scripture read that night was no other than that read by the Ethiopian, and commented on by Philip—the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Mr. M— paid the most devoted attention to the reading and the exposition. When he came home, he said to the man of the house: "I read that chapter in my Hebrew Bible, and I find it is the same as I heard to-night. If my Hebrew Bible is right, and Dr. R—'s English Bible is right, then Isaiah saw the Messiah coming, not to be a great king, but to suffer for men's sins." And from that point he went on, till he found Christ precious to his own soul, and offered himself for membership in Dr. R—'s church. On the day he was received into fellowship, Dr. R— said to his people, "I have a pleasing surprise for you—to-day I am about to give the right hand of fellowship to an Israelite, a heathen, and a Roman Catholic. They come from all quarters to worship the one Saviour."

"And did he remain unmarried?" I asked of the merchant. "No," he said, "Mr. M— married; when I know not; but he married a Christian woman, a Gentile." I am sure his pastor will be pleased to hear of him still adorning the doctrines of God his Saviour. And there is one thought I would like to insist on, in this connection, and it is this; the value of Christian example and character. Those Christians in London will never know in this world how the eyes of a young Jew—one of the most unlikely people in the world—were on them, and how he was noticing their conduct and words and spirit; and though, perhaps, he would have resented any words addressed to him on religious subjects, the

Spirit of God was using the daily influence of their lives to give the first impulse toward Christ of a spirit ill at ease with itself, and hungry for something it did not possess. We may not be eloquent, we may not be influential, we may not have many opportunities, but we can "live" Christ, and, so living, be a means of leading and blessing others.—S. S. Times.

JOHN SAUNDERS' MISTAKE.

John Saunders, a cartwright in a small way of business at Hillwood, had long since given up attending any place of worship. He had formerly gone to the Forest Chapel, and he had been a scholar in its Sunday-school. Mr. Evans, the minister, had been very hopeful about him with regard to the best things, but for the present his hopes had been sadly disappointed.

This is how it all happened. John thought himself very badly used in regard to a matter of business by Mr. Allen, who also attended the Forest Chapel. He told his story to Mr. Evans, and Mr. Evans tried to put things straight; but he did not succeed. Mr. Allen was quite as sure that he was in the right as John was that he was in the wrong; and Mr. Evans could not take upon himself to judge between them.

Mr. Evans was very sorry that John should leave the chapel, and he did all he could to persuade him to remain, but it was of no use. "No John said, 'not he; he was not going to a place where a man went who made such a big profession of religion and who had used him so shamefully.'"

It is always a bad thing when, without a very good reason, a man breaks away from the place of worship where he has attended nearly all his life, and especially when, like John, he breaks away in a bad temper. It is often a long time before he settles anywhere else, and sometimes he never settles at all.

After leaving the Forest Chapel, John went on a Sunday first to one church or chapel and then to another; but he did not find one of them quite to his mind. Either he did not care about the minister, or he did not like the people, or the singing was bad, or something else was wrong. So it often came to this, that on a Sunday morning he could not make up his mind where to go, and in the end he stayed at home. By and-by he gave up going anywhere.

But the Sundays hung heavily, and John did not know what to do with himself. Of course he could not open his shop and work, and though he was fond of reading, he could not read all day. When it was fine weather he strolled into the country; but then the weather was not always fine. When it was fine he did not care to go by himself, and the company he found was not of the right sort. At length, not a Sunday came which did not find John in the public-house. Of course he went on other days as well.

This kind of thing is sure to bear its fruit, and very bad fruit too. John's home was no longer the happy home it had been. His wife got disheartened, some of his children, following his example, began to neglect both Sunday-school and chapel, and John's business fell off. He was on his way to ruin.

Happily, however, something occurred which, by God's blessing, brought him to a better mind.

A friend and former companion of John, who had left the town some years before, came back again. Like John, George Walters had been a scholar in the Forest Chapel Sunday-school, and after he had ceased to be a scholar he had continued to attend the chapel. When he returned to Hillwood, he went to the old place, and one of the first things he did was to look-out for John; but John was not there.

The first evening Walters had at liberty he went to see John, but John was not in. He had gone out not long before to the Green Dragon.

Walters sat down with Mrs. Saunders for a few minutes, and he saw at once that all was not right. Mrs. Saunders did not tell him of her husband's altered life. Two of the children were there, and she was wise enough not to say anything against John in their presence; but as Walters went away, however, she told him in a low voice where she thought John might be found. Walters, however, did not care to go and seek him there, but he left a message for John, asking him to go to see him the following evening at his own house.

John went and the two men exchanged very hearty greetings. Of course they had a great deal to say to one another of what had happened to themselves and to old companions and friends since they had met. At length Walters, who in the meantime had heard a little about John, told him in how he had looked for him at chapel, and how sorry he had been to miss him.

This opened the way for John to tell how it was that he had left.

"And where do you go now, John?" asked Walters.

"Well, George," replied John, "it is of no use going about the bush, it is not often I go anywhere. The fact is, I got so disgusted with what Allen did to me, that I did not care to go where he was; and then I've heard such a lot of things since of the same sort, that I made up my mind to have nothing more to do with religion or religious folks."

"That's a pity, John," said George, "and I think it is a mistake. Now would you mind answering me a question or two?"

"Well, what?" asked John.

"How many people, do you think, go to the Forest Chapel?" or rather, how many went before you left off going?"

"I don't know," replied John; "Maybe five hundred."

"Then," asked George, "out of that five hundred how many could you name who wronged you, as you think Mr. Allen did—you or anybody else?"

"Well," replied John, after a little thought, "I can't say I could name anybody just at this moment."

"And of those other professing Christian people you spoke about as having done wrong," asked George again, "how many do you think you could name?"

"Oh, I can't tell," replied John, "half-a-dozen, at least."

"Half-a-dozen out of how many? I suppose out of ever so many hundreds?"

John was silent.

"Now, is it fair," asked Walters, "to judge religion by the half-dozen or the dozen who dishonour it, and take no account of the hundreds who, though still not perfect, were honest and true?" And even though most of the people you know who profess to be religious were not what they ought to be, would that make the Bible and the Gospel false, or would that render it needless for you to seek salvation?"

John had evidently nothing to say to that.

"How much did you lose by Mr. Allen, John?" asked Walters.

"Every penny of twenty pounds," replied John.

"Well," said Walters, "that's a lot of money, and yet I suppose you did not think it enough, but took all the money you had in the house and threw it away."

"What do you say?" asked John. Walters repeated it.

"Nay," said John, "you know better than that. I was not such a fool."

"I did not think you were," replied Walters; "but have you not been throwing away what was worth a deal more—your peace of mind, your immortal soul? And then what harm you have been doing your family, by setting them such a bad example. If your children all go wrong, John, who will be to blame?"

This was plain speaking; but it was said so kindly that John could not take offence. He hung down his head for some minutes, and then he said, "Well George, it's true, I have been a fool."

They had a good deal more talk together, which we have not space to repeat. Enough if we tell the result. Under the influence of his friend, John went back to the house of God, and forsook the public-house. It was a hard struggle for him to get on his feet again in regard to his business, but he did it. His children are turning out well, and Walters hopes and believes that he has sought and found salvation.—Buds and Blossoms.

THE KITCHEN.

Last in the thoughts of many, the kitchen should come first in the thoughts of all who wish to keep house successfully. Far from being an unimportant factor in the comfort of the family, it plays a part really superior to the parlor. Yet how much is lavishly spent to make that room beautiful and attractive in houses where the kitchen is damp, dark, small, and insufficiently supplied with conveniences for doing the housework.

See to it, friends, that the kitchen utensils are whole, in good order and handy to use. If you cannot have the new chair, the dainty vase, the longed-for rug for the drawing-room, have at least enough spiders, sauce-pans, pots and griddles for the easy preparation of the meals. Let the kitchen be well-lighted and cheerful, with a painted floor if possible, or a bright thick oilcloth. Have one strong, large table, and a couple of smaller ones, with chairs that are comfortable as well as serviceable. I believe in making the kitchen an inviting place, and in keeping its appliances up to the times, just as a farmer insists on having the latest labor saving contrivances in his fields and barns.

Far too many women spend their energies wastefully in "making things do," after the things in question are worn out and fit for the junk-shop. This is mistaken economy.—Christian Intelligencer.

A FATHER ROBBING HIS DAUGHTER.—"I never knew a liquor-seller's money to stay in his family a generation, however much the man may have made by his trade. I once knew a publican who had a large fortune, made through selling whiskey. He became a confirmed drunkard, and his fortune soon vanished, and he was glad to get an allowance of a pound a week from his friends. He had one daughter, an invalid, who, through the kindness of some friends, was living at the coast, and was supported by some Christian ladies. After it came to her father's knowledge that she received money from these ladies, his visits were very frequent. He would go over to her bedside, on pretence of speaking to her, and put his hand under her pillow where he knew the money was kept, and always succeeded in carrying her little store away with him. When drink gets the mastery over any one, it makes its slave regardless of doing any dishonorable and heartless act."—English Paper.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER.

This commander was distinguished in several ways. First by his age. He was eighty years old before his chief battles began. Next, by his exploits. By a succession of these he almost destroyed one nation and organized another. Thirdly, by his weapons. His only visible instrument in achieving these victories was a piece of wood. Fourthly, by his mistakes. Before he was asked, he wanted to run; when he was asked he could scarcely be persuaded to move. Lastly, by his disinterestedness. He willingly gave place to a successor who, in one most important respect, was to do more than himself. Give the name of this commander; and justify all that is said of him here.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. A village near Jerusalem, often visited by our Saviour.
2. The name of a bold and dauntless prophet.
3. That period when Solomon admonishes all to remember their Creator.
4. The place where a king sought the assistance of a witch.
5. The name of a coppermith mentioned in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy.
6. One of the sons of Methuselah.
7. An exceedingly strong man mentioned in the Old Testament.
8. The Israelitish king who besieged Tirzah.
9. An ancient city of Italy.
10. A young man who was restored to life by the apostle Paul.
11. The name of a cave where David hid himself from Saul.
12. The king who caused Daniel to be put into a den of lions.
13. One of the numerous articles that Solomon brought from Egypt.
The initials constitute a call to duty.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 4.
1. JERUSALEM. 2 Sam. 21, 22.
2. JOHANNAN AND ABIBAZ. 2 Sam. 17, 17, 21.
3. 1. THOS. Acts 16, 8, 9.
4. In Ephesus. Acts 19, 23, 27.
SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.
LADBECCA, ACHAZ, KORAH, ELI, OLIVES, FOIL GOSHER, ABEL, LEAZUTH, ISHMAELITES, LEVITES, EDED, EGYPT.—LARK OF GALLILEE.
CORRECT ANSWERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM ALBERT JOSSE-FRENCH, GEORGE GARBUIT AND LILLIE A. GREENE.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

A FEARFUL MURDER.—One of the leading physicians in London, Dr. E. Sykes Thompson, speaking at a gathering in Lord Brabazon's house lately, stated that one in every twenty-five deaths in that city was directly caused by drink, and that indirectly one in seven was due to the same cause. That is, no less than eighteen percent of the Londoners die of liquor!

LIQUOR-SELLING on Sundays is still allowed in England, but it is doomed to the same prohibition that now applies in Scotland. We notice, by the bye, that in an address to a conference of workers in Manchester, on the 16th February, Mr. Thomas Linton, Public Prosecutor, for Edinburgh, described the working of the Sunday closing measure in that city, and said that not only had the result been approved by the citizens, but few, if any, of the publicans themselves would now desire any change.

THE HON. NEAL DOW has formally joined the National Prohibition party of the United States. At the Presidential Election he supported Mr. Blaine, as the Republicans had pledged themselves to give the legislation required to drive out the illegal liquor-selling in the large towns of Maine. The pledges have been broken, and the "Father of Prohibition" has washed his hands of a party which was once the party of progress; that title can now be only given to a third party, that of Prohibition and Purity.

"THE ONLY ENEMY that Britain has to fear is Drink." That was said by the late Prince Leopold. His brother, the Duke of Connaught, presided at a temperance meeting in Meerut, India, in January, and said that he abstained altogether from alcoholic liquor in the short Egyptian campaign, and his experience in that hot, trying climate convinced him of the advantages of having done so. Many a free liver was invalidated even during that short space. His Royal Highness said he, in common with other senior officers, was only too painfully aware that half, nay, three-fourths of the crimes of the army were due to drunkenness, that they regretted it, and all military authorities concurred in desiring the happiness, contentment, and thriftiness of all ranks, and their establishment in civil employment on discharge.

A "FASHION" TO BE CRUSHED OUT.—A recent writer in the *New York Tribune* says: "There has been a good deal of talk about drunkenness in Washington society this winter. There is no doubt that there has been a great increase in the direction of society drinking in the last five years. The punch-bowl has become one of the institutions of society. There is hardly a reception, afternoon or evening, where the punch-bowl is not found. Places where there are no punch-bowls are voted slow." Again, says the same writer: "This punch is drunk at receptions indiscriminately by young and old, without regard to sex. The young people are the greatest patrons, perhaps. Warmed up by the exercise of the dance, the young people rush to the punch-bowl to satisfy their thirst. It is not an uncommon sight to see young gentlemen drink five or six glasses, nearly a pint, of this strong mixture. I have seen young ladies drink from two to three glasses of this punch."

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Bills to reduce the capital of the Banque du Peuple, and of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, have been referred to a sub-committee of the House of Commons. Mr. Belleau, M. P. for Levis, has been deprived of his seat by the Supreme Court; the Chief Justice said that the grossest bribery seemed to have prevailed in the election. Mr. Guillet, M. P. for West Northumberland, has been unseated for the same reason.

When the Public Accounts Committee was discussing the question of Secret Service money, Sir John Macdonald gave some interesting information regarding the work of the preventives in averting threatened attacks on life and property by dynamiters and other lawless individuals. He stated that information had come to him of numerous intended outrages, all of which with the exception of two had been checkmated by timely warning from the Government. These two exceptions were the cases of the blowing up of the Quebec Parliament buildings—of which he had received warning, but had neglected to put the Quebec authorities on their guard, believing that no one could have had evil designs in that quarter,—and the case of the dynamite outrages at Halifax, of which he had given warning, but the warning was disregarded. The Quebec explosion, he said, was carried out by one of the men who attempted to murder Phelan in New York city subsequently, and was therefore clearly the work of Fenians. He presented statements showing that the whole expenditure for the secret service account for the year has been about \$30,000.

THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT has established tea shops in Allahabad, Agra, Aligarh, Bareilly, Cawnpore, Fyzabad, Lucknow, Meerut, and Salarampore with the view of counteracting the use of spirituous liquors among the natives, and the Lieutenant-Governor has granted a sum of money to further the undertaking. That is all very well so far as it goes. But suppose a hungry tiger was tied up within reach of one side of the street, what would you think of the government that tried to keep curious people from going too near the wild beast by putting a horse on the other side of the way for them to look at? Why not kill the tiger?

"CITIZEN," writing to the *Boston Journal*, points out that publishers are bringing out many physiological books with special reference to the temperance question. "As with arithmetics or histories, some of these books dwell more upon one phrase of the subject and some upon another. All agree in one essential statement—alcoholic drinks are not healthful or safe beverages."

A MEDICAL PROFESSOR.—Dr. W. L. Reid, lecturer in the Western Medical School, Glasgow, affirms, from twenty years' experience, that the chief cause of the widespread immorality in the large towns is the too prevalent custom among young men of all classes of partaking of alcoholic drinks as beverages.

A KEEN BLADE.—"As to the Rum Power we have enlisted for the war, we shall not cease until the making, the selling, and the drinking of the liquid damnation are entirely prohibited in the land."—*Toledo Blade*.

WHEN THE PRINCE OF WALES has finished his trip through Ireland, on the 4th of May he will open a great International exhibition for inventors, in London.

A WAVE OF FIRE AT SEA.

The bark "Innerwick," during a voyage from Yokohama to Victoria, B. C., had a terrible experience on Feb. 24, the report of which excited much discussion in shipping circles. On that day about five o'clock in the morning, when the vessel was in latitude 37, longitude 70.50, the sky suddenly changed to a fiery red. All at once a large mass of fire appeared over the vessel. It seemed to waver a moment in space and then fell into the sea, about fifty yards to the leeward. It struck the water with a great hissing sound, the shock causing the bark to quiver from stem to stern. The masts creaked ominously and the ship lurched. A towering mass of white foam was then seen rapidly approaching the vessel. The bark was struck flat aback, and before there was time to touch a brace the sails filled again and the roaring white mass could be seen passing away ahead. Another sheet of flame than ran down the mizenmast. From the rigging of the mast strands of sparks poured forth, and the strange redness of the sky lasted for twenty minutes. During all the time the sailors were appalled. There was not a speck of white or blue or black in the sky; all was a fiery red. When this faded the atmosphere took on a yellow tinge. Then it changed to blue and finally faded away in a mist. Suddenly the sun came up, and in an hour was dancing on the waters. The captain could give no explanation of the phenomenon. The mass of fire seemed to be 40 feet long and 20 wide.

An old sea captain, referring to the phenomenon, said to the *New York World's* reporter who writes this account: "I had a similar experience some years ago, while off the coast of Norway. It was in the fall of the year, and a more beautiful and calm sea one could not wish for. Our sails were flapping listlessly, and all on board shared in the general laziness which seemed to pervade the atmosphere. For some time the sea had been iridescent with phosphorus, floating and sparkling with the quiet ripples. Slowly the mass collected together, extending for half a mile around the ship, looking exactly like a sea of fire. Then the fire worked its way up our anchor chain to the bow of the boat, thence to the bowsprit, up the rigging to the foremast in a straight column to the sky. It was a sublime sight. The sky was red for half an hour. I think the experience of those on the "Innerwick" was the same as mine, the strange sight being the result of phosphorus on the water."

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Here is a true ghost story, at last! On the road leading from Egremont, Mass., to Mt. Everett is a house which was once the home of a sea captain, who was murdered by the insubordinate crew of his ship. After that event, on stormy nights, his wife and daughter used to be disturbed by sounds of creaking cordage, flapping sails, clanking chains and other nautical sounds, which seemed to come from the garret. Above all the rest of the noise and turmoil, whoever was down stairs could hear angry voices, groans and cries for help. A great many people used to gather in the house on stormy nights to hear the unaccountable and alarming racket in the garret, but no one ever had enough courage to open the garret door and try to solve the mystery on such occasions. At length the widow and her daughter abandoned the house, the windows and doors of which were then boarded up.

All of this took place fifty years ago, and but few who have seen the ruined house know its singular history. A few days ago

a Mrs. Melius, a granddaughter of the old captain, living in Lowell, received a letter from a sailor from a South American port who says that he was on the ship with her grandfather on the night when the latter was killed. He says that the captain wanted him to go to Egremont and tell his wife and daughter that he had been murdered, and that enough money was buried in one corner of the cellar to keep them in comfort all the rest of their lives. The sailor went to Egremont as he had promised, but resolved to have the money in the cellar for himself. By an ingenious arrangement of chains and other available material he originated and kept up the supposed supernatural tumult which had driven the captain's widow and her daughter away from home. He then made a successful search in the cellar for the money, which he took with him to Peru. Remorse and the probability of immediate death induced him to write this letter of explanation to Mrs. Melius.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE of a hunter near Jonesboro, Maine, last week, led to fatal consequences. John W. Feeny and Colby Pest, his son-in-law, had been at work during the winter lumbering, and, having finished the season's work, the two men were breaking camp. While this was in progress Pest says he saw a large wild-cat. He took his rifle and started in pursuit. For some time he could not see the animal, but kept close on its trail. At last he saw what he says he supposed was its head just appearing above the underbrush. He fired and heard a groan. Hastening to the clump of underbrush he found his father-in-law dying from a wound in the forehead caused by the ball from Pest's rifle. Feeny, he says, never spoke after the shot, and he cannot conceive how he came in such a place. All who know Pest say he is an honest, good-natured fellow.

"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM," says somebody. At a collision at Spayten Duyvil, in January 1882, an Emigration Commissioner named Ulrich was injured and lost his baggage. He sued the New York Central and Hudson River Railway for damages. The company pointed out that Mr. Ulrich was travelling on a "free pass," on which it was expressly stated that he forfeited all claim in case of accident. Nevertheless, the company has lost the case! The passenger had bought and paid for an extra ticket for a seat in the Drawing Room Car, and though that car belonged to a different company it was drawn over the railway company's track and for its benefit; so the Court of Common Pleas at New York has decided in Mr. Ulrich's favor.

In most civilized countries it is usual to have the verdict before the sentence. This form of trial, however, does not satisfy the mad impatience of this "free continent." For instance, three negroes were arrested at Troy, Tennessee, last week, charged with being implicated in a murder at Montgomery, near the State line, in December, and while under guard at Union City the same night a mob of 100 men overpowered the guards, took out the prisoners, and hanged them just outside of the town. Their corpses were found in the morning suspended from a tree.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has raised the customs duties on grain, and the bakers have accordingly put up the price of bread, so that the people are savagely complaining of the increased difficulty of living.

THE EMIGRATION from Ireland last year amounted to 76,000; that is 40,000 less than in 1883.

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THE WEEK.

THERE WERE very heavy storms of wind and hail in Texas last week. Buildings were unroofed and many animals were stunned.

THE FIRM OF POPE, COLE & Co., at Baltimore, has failed, with liabilities of \$1,100,000. Speculation in Arizona copper mines is said to be the cause of this disaster.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has set aside \$100,000 to provide an income for the family of the late General Gordon.

JAMES STEPHENS and some other leading Fenians and dynamiters have been arrested and expelled from France.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC BISHOPS were going to attend a conference at Rome; but the Pope has told them to wait till after the visit of the Prince of Wales.

GERMANY AND BRITAIN once more seem to be on quite friendly terms. As one sign of the reconciliation, the Prince of Wales and his brother the Duke of Edinburgh are both going to attend the Emperor William's birthday festivities.

THE POPE is getting into a quarrel with the Russian government; he has very decidedly objected to the expulsion of the Catholic Archbishop of Wilna.

THE TWO MEN now on trial in London for connection with the dynamite explosions are trying to prove that they were somewhere else at the time. Mr. Stephen J. Meany, one of their lawyers, has come out to New York for evidence.

A FAMOUS HOLSTEIN COW, "Echo," for which her owner refused \$25,000, died the other day at Attica, N.Y. She had the largest milk record in the world, and one of the three male calves to which she gave birth on the 4th is to be sold for \$5,000.

A COURT OF ARBITRATION has already decided that Chili must pay \$200,000 to Peru for damage done in the recent war. The President of the court, however, has been withdrawn by the Emperor of Brazil, as Chili accused him of unfairly deciding against her in every claim.

THE BRITISH HOME SECRETARY has prepared an extradition bill which authorizes the Government to amend all British treaties for the purpose of securing the surrender of persons charged with murder, a malicious wounding or conspiracy to murder a ruler, sovereign, or member of any royal family; also persons charged with the illicit manufacture or storage of explosives.

A STRANGE AND SUDDEN DEATH took place the other day in Washington. A son of one of the professors at Columbian University had asked a party of young men to spend an evening with him; when they came they found their friend's corpse. It was learned that the deceased, who was employed in the Patent Office, had been in the habit of indulging in cigarettes excessively and inhaling the smoke. Two physicians held a consultation and after investigation decided that this practice had exercised a depressing effect upon the action of the heart and had hastened death. "Aortic regurgitation" was given as the primary cause of death, and it had been increased by the indulgence of the deceased in the inhaling of cigarette smoke. Everything possible was done by the physicians for their patient, but his constitution had been too surely undermined, and in his last days he was unable to rest quietly in bed, but maintained a sitting position.

PNEUMONIA is creating great havoc in New York; no less than 781 persons have died from that disease in the past six weeks.

A SCHEME is on foot for a railway along the Niagara river between the Falls and the Whirlpool, under the high bank on the Canadian side. Public opinion in Toronto is strongly against spoiling the scenery by any such work.

A TRAFFIC MONK, in Paris, has been sentenced to death by the guillotine, for the murder of Madame Ballerich.

SENATES are making an unusual stir in the world. The Senate of Canada, a body which deliberates on applications for divorce and some other matters, has allotted seats for the reporters of two Toronto newspapers, but no others. One of the excluded press-men says:—"There is no reason given for this new departure and very few reporters will be inconvenienced by it, because they seldom find anything in the Senate proceedings worth recording!" Another Senate, that of Texas, has been the scene of a quarrel between two of its honorable members—Davis and Houston; they were done with words, and were just going to use their knives and pistols, when the Lieutenant-Governor came in and stopped them. The Illinois Senate, meantime, is drawing its pay for doing nothing. Messrs. Logan and Morrison are candidates for the position of United States Senator from this State, and neither can get the required majority.

ABOUT \$157,500 has been subscribed in Germany for a national present to Bismarck on his 70th birthday.

THE EDITOR of a paper in Paris called *Land and Liberty*, who had been inciting people to murder and robbery, has been sentenced to two years imprisonment.

THE FENIANS have for some time had their headquarters in Paris,—but now they are said to be moving to the capital of Belgium or of Switzerland. Detectives are watching them in case any try to cross to England.

A GREAT SENSATION has been caused by M. Andrieux, formerly Chief of Police in Paris, publishing a book of his "Recollections." He says that Gambetta, when Prime Minister, got up bogus conspiracies among the Anarchists, and even started a Communist paper, called the *Social Revolution*. The editor, who was a police spy, had meetings of dynamiters in his room, which was connected by telephone with that of the Chief of Police.

TWENTY-FIVE CHINAMEN have taken a voyage across the Pacific, only to take another. On arriving at San Francisco they found that they could get on shore neither there nor in British Columbia, where they had intended to go.

MR. S. S. COSANT, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is still missing; but a New York jeweller says he saw him lately in Jacksonville, Florida.

THE MORMON POLYGAMISTS are having rather hard times. If the law continues to be strictly enforced, the detestable practice is expected to give up the ghost before many months are out. Brigham Young's successor, President Taylor, is reported to have fled; he could not be found when the United States marshals searched his house.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, on his way to a meeting in London to promote the memorial to Gordon, had a narrow escape. One of the horses got frightened, reared, and fell over on the carriage, breaking the front of it in. The prince got out of the wreck without serious injury, and walked the rest of the way.

TEA AND INDIGO crops in India are suffering from want of rain.

THE ICEBERG SEASON is not yet far advanced, and it is rather surprising to hear of a monster berg being passed by the steamer "Sidonian" which arrived at Boston on Friday from England. By this time the floating mountain must have drifted right into the great highway of transatlantic commerce.

A MEMBER of the Nova Scotia Legislature has moved a resolution in favor of secession from the Canadian Confederation.

CHOLERA is reported to have again appeared at Toulon, and the city is stated to be in as bad a state as in last July, when such havoc was created by the disease.

OUR NEIGHBORS south of the line are just now breathlessly waiting to see whether the new Democratic President will turn out Republican office holders—postmasters &c.—and put members of his own party in their places. So far, the prospect is that he will make no removals except for inefficiency or neglect of duty.

THE INDIANS in North-West Territory are dying in large numbers from a singular disease, the first symptoms of which are stiffening of the knees and joints, from which death soon follows. Chicken pox and diphtheria have taken off many more, and they are in a generally starving condition.

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL of Kingstown, where the Prince of Wales will land in Ireland, is going to present him an address of welcome, and the loyal minority of the Dublin Council will perform the duties refused by the boorishly inhospitable majority.

THE AUSTRALIANS, though they have sent soldiers to help the Mother Country in the Sudan, have not got over their annoyance at the British government for not annexing the Samoan Islands, which have now been taken by Germany.

A TIGHT-ROPE WALKER named Leoni has made one trip too many. Crossing a street at Stockton, California, he fell and broke his neck.

MR. PARNELL has published a "manifesto" advising his followers to "maintain an attitude of reserve" when the Prince of Wales visits Ireland. He says that "the visit is inopportune while the unspeakably indecent coterie remain in possession of Dublin Castle." This is undoubtedly treasonable. The Dublin City Council, by a vote of 41 to 17, has rejected a motion to present an address of welcome to the Prince.

THE WIFE of Deacon S. S. Brown, of Gowanda, N.Y., has come into a fortune of \$40,000,000, her share of the estate of Lord Townley. He died more than fifty years ago; Mrs. Brown is descended from a daughter whom he disowned for marrying a poor man.

THE SAGACITY OF THE DOG was fully exemplified a couple of days ago at the barns of the Car Company in Stillwater. Mr. George M. Seymour's dog Moe was put in the barn with Mr. Seymour's horse, Mr. Lemon having some repairs done to his rig. This was an unusual place for the dog to be, and when the five o'clock whistles blew the dog became restless, as it was time to get to their own stable. He gnawed the halter off close by the stall, and seizing it in his mouth he took the horse toward the door, which was open, and would have gone home had not the barn-tender caught them, and he had much difficulty in getting the horse away from the dog. The dog showed clearly that he knew the horse should be at their own barn, and not at that of the Car Company.—*St. Paul (Minn.) Globe.*

A FEARFUL DESERT.

General Colsten, formerly of the Egyptian General Staff, speaking of the difficulties in the way of General Gordon's rescue, gives a dreadful picture of an African desert. The Arabs, he says, divide their deserts into two kinds. The first is *el jebel* or *el berry*, meaning mountain and wilderness. In this kind of desert there is more or less vegetation, always very scanty, but yet it is there that the Bedouins roam and raise their flocks and camels. Gazelles and other game are also found. The desert between Berber and Snakim is chiefly of this kind. The other sort is called the *atmoor*, and it is impossible to imagine anything more barren and desolate. It is literally nothing but sand and rocks. Not a bush, not a blade of grass ever grew there, and consequently no animal life at all, not even insects. They are like oceans which you cross on your "desert ships," but where it is death to tarry. The ostrich and the hyena cross them swiftly by night. These atmoors are generally from eight to ten days across, with one group of wells in the middle. Such is the Atmoor or Shigre, which I crossed in nine days and that of Koroko in seven (two days less than the usual time.) Only one group of wells is found halfway, which is called *moora* (bitter.) None but camels and Bedouins can drink its water. Travellers always carry enough Nile water to last them across. It is the only desert where no guides are needed, for the track is perfectly marked by the skeletons of camels and cattle, which as I counted them average sixty to the mile on the best parts of the trail, and four hundred on the worst. Thousands of camels and oxen perish there yearly. The latter are driven from the Upper Nile, scantily watered once in forty-eight hours on the march, and a large proportion of them die on the way. The hyenas and vultures, which are the only denizens of the atmoor, pick their bones clean before the next morning, and the fierce sun-blast dries the hide and bones, so that the stench of carrion never taints the desert air.

HOW AND WHAT TO EAT.

Dr. E. W. Lambert gave a lecture the other evening in the Young Men's Association Hall, New York, on the very interesting question—"What and how to eat." "Our great trouble is," said the Doctor, "that most of us eat too much and too fast of food not needed by our systems. Most of us eat what tickles our palate rather than what nourishes our minds and bodies. A laboring man who does hard, muscular work all day, needs a large amount of nitrogenous food to make good his used-up muscle, but the business man or clerk who is housed all day and has little or no exercise should not overload his stomach with a lot of stuff for which he has no need, and which wears out his digestive apparatus. A good old writer early in the seventeenth century had 'Work your jaws' as a motto for those who would be healthy, and he was right. Avoid railway restaurants where the sign 'Ten minutes for dinner' tempts the traveller. A man goes in there and eats more in ten minutes than he can digest in eight hours. Study and worry at meal time must be avoided; to dine with an entertaining friend is a help to good digestion. And for the sake of your stomach keep quiet after dinner. Eat what agrees with you, be jolly at dinner, don't eat too much and you will be happy."

ALAS, POOR REYNARD! His cunning does not always save his neck. Here is a tragic story from the West Chester Record of Pennsylvania. "On Wednesday William Eachus drove from West Chester to the Roberts farm, in West Goshen, at which place he has a wood-leave. While walking around looking for a place to locate a bridge across a creek Mr. Eachus was surprised to see a fox hanging from a limb of a tree directly over the stream. Upon a closer inspection it was found that the fox's head was firmly held in a fork on the limb. It is Mr. Eachus' supposition that Reynard attempted to cross the creek during the recent freshet, and while so doing ran his head directly into the fork, and in consequence was drowned. When the stream had returned to its natural size the fox and limb were left several feet above water, swinging in the breeze. The animal was well preserved and the brush in the future will adorn one of the lead horses of a team.

BREAD VERSUS BEER.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I wish you would go over to the Silver Springs mill block, and distribute this package of leaflets," said Parson Crane, meeting his co-worker in the temperance cause, Mrs. Hawse, just around the corner from the post-office one early autumn afternoon.

The stoutly-built, rosy-cheeked young woman took the leaflet and looked it over. "Can it be true," she said, "that there is really so little that is nourishing to the blood in a glass of beer, and yet to hear Carl Strasbrad talk to the new emigrants as they come in here, you would think it was beer first, and bread if you had the means to get it."

"But few understand these things as they really are," said the minister. "I wish Carl Strasbrad was obliged to read this leaflet aloud to every customer who presented himself at his brewery door for the next quarter. Do not forget Carl when you go over to the block."

"Would not some one else do better for him than I can?" asked Mrs. Hawse hesitatingly.

"Why?" asked Mr. Crane in surprise. "I have never before known you to be back-wood in taking up any duty that came a your way."

"Very true, sir, but you see this thing is different. I came over in the same ship with Carl, and then I drank the beer myself. I knew no better until I was so fortunate as to fall in with kind Christian people, who took an interest in helping me by God's grace to become a useful citizen of this beautiful country. And then I was converted, and the Holy Spirit came and took His abode in my heart, and has ever since been clamoring me to keep to the right, and to take up any work for Him that came to me and try to do it, not in my own strength, but in His. And now if I go to Carl's, he may say to me some things that it will not be pleasant for me to hear. Yet, if you think it best, I will go at once."

In answer to her pastor's kindly nod and smile, she took the little package of leaflets and turned down a side street.

Two or three hours later she entered Parson Crane's study a good deal excited.

"That terrible Carl!" she said, "he was as sour as his coarsest kraut. He said I ought to be heartily ashamed of myself, scattering those printed lies as thick as leaves from the Black Forest, around among the Germans in this borough, and me German! He took me by my shoulder and set me out of his shop, and indeed, sir, I had to go quick to keep the door from swinging against me as he slammed it in my face, and, sir, he said some very wicked words, as he declared that neither you nor I should again set foot on his premises."

"But he read the leaflet?"

"Oh yes, sir, and the truth in it made him angry."

"That is one good point gained. I will not fail for one day, of sending him through the post-office, some bit of temperance literature."

The parson was as good as his word, not a day was allowed to pass that some attractive book, card, paper or leaflet treating upon the evil of intemperance did not reach the counter of the brewery, and the brewer himself being fond of reading could not, as he said to some of his customers, resist seeing what new form they found in which to present their living nonsense from day to day.

The teachers in the public schools of the borough were all temperance workers and united in carrying on a Band of Hope to which many of the scholars belonged, and in which most were interested; for among young people such interest is always contagious.

Some of the scholars were learning pieces to speak at the Band, and soon the young Strasbrads became interested and began to entreat their parents for permission to join.

"You may go, just once, to hear your classmates speak," said Carl reluctantly. "It is natural enough that you should wish to hear them. If you were to speak I am sure now I should like to hear you myself."

To Carl's surprise the boy and girl came home in great excitement, each with a poem that they were desired to commit to memory and to recite at the next Band meeting.

They set about learning them at once, and the parents became so interested and so anxious that the children should acquire themselves with credit, that when the evening came around Mr. and Mrs. Strasbrad were fain to go to see and hear for themselves that their own Carl and Jennie were as smart as other children.

They spoke so well that a temperance dialogue was given them to learn. Carl was so flattered that he made no opposition, although he had said he would have no more such nonsense. After drilling the children he must go to hear the dialogue recited, of course, and by that time he was interested in all of the Band exercises; he allowed the children to become members, and it came to be a regular thing for him to sit just within the door an attentive listener to all that was said at the meetings.

"A body learns a good many little things here, after all," he would say as if in excuse for being present, and sometimes he would add, "Then, too, it is amusing to see what fools the temperance folk do make of themselves when all they are doing is not carrying a feather's weight in any direction, only perhaps to amuse some such fellows as I am. The town voted for license, don't you see, in the face of all this opposition?"

"We do not expect to convert such hard customers as you are, Carl," said the minister, one night, catching the words, "but we want to start the young people in the right way."

"The old way is good enough for Carl," said Mrs. Hawse, who was passing, distributing leaflets as usual. "Carl wishes for nothing better than he has known. There is where he is not like me. I came to the new country to get all the good I could, in all the different ways I could. I am not one of those who want America just Germany over again. If we want all the ways of the dear old 'faierland' we had better go back, but, please, let us go back better, and not worse than we came. I know right well that I and my children are better off here than we have been elsewhere, but Carl will not admit even that; all he wants is to just go on brewing beer and making drunkards as long as he lives, and he wants his children and grandchildren to follow the business after him, and he forgets what is said about 'he that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips'."

Now Carl, with all his faults, was a sensible fellow, who believed his Bible and wanted his children brought up properly, and as for not appreciating that he was better off in America than he had been in Germany that was all non-sense, and he went away muttering:

"I should think that woman wanted to advertise me as one pig foot peer makes."

The next evening as the pastor was busy at his study table little Carl was ushered into the room.

"Father wants you to come to him quick," he said, "as quickly as you can."

"Is he ill?"

"No sir, only in his mind he is sore distressed, and indeed, sir, I do think he is wishing to make his life a better one."

Very soon the pastor stood beside the suffering man.

"My heart burns me!" he said. "I know and feel that I am in the wrong way, but how can I ask Jesus to take my burden—and still go on with the brewery? And my family, I must support."

"A bakery is greatly needed," said parson Crane, and a bakery Carl's brewery immediately became.

Carl and his family are all happy, prosperous working Christians to-day. They have a good influence over the German families who come to the borough.

"It is a war between bread and beer," says Carl, "but bread triumphs for no matter I used to tell them, it is bread and not beer that is the staff of life, and as I make the bread and keep it for sale I get hold of them first. And this has all come about because the temperance people here were all fearless workers, persistent in doing their duty in a kindly Christian spirit."

At the next annual borough meeting, greatly through the influence of Carl and his followers, the vote was for "no license," as the Christian temperance workers accomplished what money and political influence had altogether failed in.—*Church and Home.*

IN THE FAR NORTH.

"Why did the survivors survive?" This question was addressed by a friend of the *Companion* to Sergeant Fredericks, one of the six men of the Greely expedition who lived to return home. He had just been to visit his family and friends in Ohio, and looked the ideal survivor; ruddy and robust, packed full of muscle.

He looked puzzled at the question, and so our friend explained a little.

"What I mean," said the questioner, "is this. There were twenty-five of you, all picked men, and you were all subjected to the same hardships. You had about an equal chance for your lives. Why were you six the survivors?"

The sergeant sat silent, as if thinking the matter over. Then he said, "It was our minds that did it. We kept our spirits. We wouldn't give in, but kept talking and telling cheerful stories, and making believe that we had no doubt about our rescue."

That was a very good account of the matter so far as it went, but it did not explain why those six were better able than the rest to keep up their spirits. A few days later, the same friend had the great pleasure of conversing with Major Greely himself, to whom he proposed a similar question.

"What kept you up, Major Greely?" (He is major by brevet, and army etiquette requires that he should be called by his brevet title.) "You are not stronger than the other men, and you had already seen a good deal of hard service. Why did you pull through, when stronger men gave out?"

The answer of Major Greely in substance was this: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I had to live, anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men and fulfil the object of the expedition. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, so acute were my sufferings, but in fact I had too many things to attend to."

This was Major Greely's view of the matter. Some days later, our friend read in the *Boston Journal* another explanation, much more simple if less romantic. "Of the nineteen men who perished," said the *Journal*, "all but one were smokers, and that one was the last to die. The survivors were non-smoking men."

Upon referring to Major Greely, we find that the paragraph, though not exactly true, yet contains a great deal of truth.

Of the six who lived to see their country again, all were men of the most strictly temperate habits in every particular. Four of them never used tobacco. The two others would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige friends, smoke a cigarette or a part of a cigar. They took no tobacco with them among their private stores, and cared nothing for it.

Of the nineteen who perished, the large majority were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who had been in former years a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by previous habits of excess.

We do not doubt that the non-smokers and non-chewers on this expedition had a positive and very great advantage over their comrades, because tobacco acts as a stimulant upon the digestive powers and it is the nature of stimulants first to excite, and then to weaken. The excitement is temporary; the weakening is permanent.

Every one must have noticed how uncomfortable a smoker is after dinner until he begins to smoke. The reason is that the languid digestive powers (made languid by frequent stimulation) are waiting to be roused to exertion by the accustomed stimulant. We have not the slightest doubt that men subjected to just such a trial, having to subsist upon shrimps and seal-skin, would die about in the order of the strength of their digestive organs.

The sum of the matter is that all the virtues, mental and moral, tend to strengthen our hold upon life, and all the vices to lessen it.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY.

We abhor extremes. We protest against the wholesale denunciation of Sunday-school literature, and against the gradually growing disposition to shut up the library in the Sunday-school. If the church will undertake to provide a good library of religious and secular reading for all classes of its people, from the oldest to the youngest, we shall present no objection to closing up the Sunday-school library, but until the church does this we must look to the school for the provision of wholesome literature which may be read both on Sunday and on week days. The tendency to supplant the library by weekly papers is also unwholesome. Thousands of our homes lack good libraries. The Sunday-school has always provided for these homes. The price is as much needed to-day as ever, as the increase of weak, pernicious literature in the shape of pictorial and juvenile papers, boys'

weeklies, girls' and boys' magazines, young men's papers, Police Gazettes, Day's Doings, and a brood of corrupt and corrupting weeklies and monthlies besides, render it absolutely necessary that the religious instructors of the youth of America shall place in their hands, under the auspices of the church, good reading matter both secular and religious. We plead for the re-opening of the closed Sunday-school libraries, and for the enlargement of those already accessible.

The church should not merely take collections to aid in this, but an annual appropriation should be made to keep the library and circulating libraries, or should be kept constantly increasing, adding from week to week the new and best books which are published.

We are well aware that the cry of "trashy literature" will be raised wherever the Sunday-school library question is discussed. No more unjust and silly outcry was ever heard against any institution.

We protest against a substitution of weekly papers for Sunday-school library books. Let us have both, but we must not give up the books. Let every Sunday-school place in the hands of every pupil each Sabbath one or two good library books, a good weekly paper, written and printed in a style which the most fastidious can not reject.—*S. S. Journal.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peabody's Select Notes.*)

March 29.—Acts 20: 17-36.

REVIEW.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.—Paul's review of his ministry.—Acts 20: 17-36.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.—Acts 20: 24.

TIME.—The lessons of this quarter extend over three years and two months of Paul's life, from May 28, A. D. 57, to Aug. A. D. 60. Paul was 55 to 58 years of age. The Gospel had been preached for 30 years, from the day of Pentecost, May, A. D. 30.

TERRITORY.—The Gospel had been preached in the larger portion of the Roman empire east of Rome. It had a foothold in Europe, Asia, and Africa. There were churches in the leading cities.

PERSONS.—Paul and his companions, especially Luke, Timothy, and Trophimus, Agabus the prophet, Philip the evangelist, and his daughters, James the apostle, Eutychus the sleepy hearer, Felix, Claudius, Lysias, Festus, and Agrippa.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.—Paul has completed his three great missionary journeys. (1) From Antioch through Asia Minor and return, A. D. 48-50, two years. (2) From Antioch through Asia Minor, into Macedonia and Greece, and return through Jerusalem to Antioch, A. D. 51-54, three or four years. (3) From Antioch through Asia Minor, three years in Ephesus, to Macedonia and Greece, and return to Jerusalem, A. D. 54-58, four years.

THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY.—This quarter begins with Paul completing his third missionary journey. He had just been driven from Ephesus, where he had had a most successful ministry of three years. He proceeds through Macedonia to Greece. After three months at Corinth he returns towards Jerusalem, where he arrives in May, A. D. 58.

EVENTS.—These may be called up by the places noted on the return journey.—Eutychus at Tiron, the address at Miletus, the warning at Tyre, the prophecy at Cesarea, the mob at Jerusalem, followed by the rescue, address, plot, and escape to Cesarea.

PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS CONVERSION is twice given in this quarter, and may be used for practical instruction. One scholar might tell the story.

PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS MINISTRY, as related to the elders of Ephesus. The characteristics of Paul, his earnestness, faithfulness, tenderness, hopes, unselfishness, desire for the salvation of men, are all shown here, and give many practical lessons.

LESSONS.—Let the scholars suggest (1) the truths that seem to them most clearly taught by these lessons; (2) the duties enforced.

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THE SECRET OF IT.

Olive Meeker was a womanly, helpful child of ten years. Her mother said she was her "right hand," for she was always close by to help when she was needed, and could always be depended on; for whatever she did was done just as well as she knew how to do it, whether people were looking at her or not.

"She is no eye-servant," her mother said. "I can rely upon her as I could upon a woman."

What a reputation for a little girl to have! I have seen so many children who would never think to help mother at all unless she asked them, and then would object, or pout, or fret—or if they did what she asked, would take no sort of pains to do it well—that when I became acquainted with Olive I admired and loved her.

At one time I was visiting her mother's house. We were expecting company and were all very busy getting ready. Mrs. Meeker had given Olive and Crissy, my little daughter, permission to go into the garden and cut flowers to fill the vases and decorate the rooms.

"Go now," she said, "while Arthur is asleep, and there will be no trouble."

But they had not cut half the flowers they needed before a cry reached them from the nursery.

"That's a sign," laughed Olive.

"A sign of what?" asked Crissy.

"Why, that there is no more cutting and arranging flowers for me. Didn't you hear Artie?"

"The little nuisance!" said Crissy. "Let him cry, I would not go."

"Mamma is busy, I must go," said Olive, and away she ran. She tried to hush the little fellow in the cradle, for I could hear her singing little baby-songs in a low, soft tone, but he would not be kept down, there was no sleep in him.

"He always seems to know when I want him to sleep for any particular reason," she said afterward, good-naturedly; "I think he smelled the flowers this time."

So, finding it was useless to try any longer she took him out of the cradle, washed his face and brushed his hair, and took him down to the piazza. Crissy had brought in the basket of flowers and was putting them up in bouquets, and Olive longed to help her. She put Artie down on the foot stool and gave him his playthings, but nothing would satisfy him but flowers, and when she gave him a handful of flowers, the little tyrant looked as cross as before.

"Poor little thing! I guess his teeth hurt him," she said; "I must try to amuse him."

I watched the child to see if her good nature would hold out. It never for a moment failed. I knew she wanted to be beside Crissy at work with the flowers, but she gave it all up to take care of that cross baby, and she did not fret at all, notwithstanding his fretting and spiteful ways. She was as bright and sweet as the roses and lilies themselves, and tried to please her baby-brother until mother came and took him away.

"Thank you, darling," mamma said when she carried him in, and Olive smiled and looked so happy.

Then I talked with the little girl. "You wanted to be at work with the flowers didn't you?"

"Oh, yes'm," she answered, "but that was nothing. Mamma says that babies are worth more than flowers, and then you know we want him to grow sweet tempered, and we can't if we are cross with him."

"I noticed you spoke very low to him I should have spoken loud."

"Mamma says the crosser he is and the louder he cries, the more careful we should be to speak softly; that's to teach him, you know. He takes lessons from us every day and we must give him only that sort we want him to learn. That is mamma's doctrine."

A very good doctrine. I wish all the little girls who had to help mother and amuse baby sisters or brothers would take lessons from Olive and her mother.

But I learned the secret of Olive's helpful happy ways later one day when I was talking with her mother.

"Why, Olive is a little Christian," said Mrs. Meeker. "She loves Jesus, and tries

to please him in all she does." Ah! that is the secret of it. I see it all now.—S. S. Victor.

been apprenticed to a carpenter, ran away. As he was a skilled workman and his services were of value, his master was extremely angry, and declared that he would punish him to the full extent of the law, if he should ever return.

The widow who was only a stepmother to this boy—was most anxious and troubled at the boy's delinquency. She tried to appease the wrath of the master, but in vain. Knowing of her little property, the man finally offered to cancel the articles of apprenticeship if the widow would give him her little store of twelve pounds, all that she had between herself and poverty.

This offer the honorable woman consented to accept.

Soon after this criminal liability had been

He became miserly. Soon he allowed himself no comforts and subsisted in the cheapest possible way. For more than fifty years he lived, hoarding, and feverish for more gold. All through these years he gave no sign that he ever thought of returning the twelve pounds to the woman across the water, to whom he owed filial respect and gratitude.

Finally the result of his excessive work showed itself in inflammatory rheumatism. For seventeen years he lay on his bed, writhing under the pain this disease inflicts. Still he gave no sign of grateful obligation to his mother, or made any effort to restore the money.

But the day of summons came. He had lived to a most advanced age. With senses dulled towards God and man, by his habits of covetousness, he died and passed on to meet his earthly record in another world.

A search was instituted for his heirs. The stepmother had long been dead. All of his own brothers and sisters were dead. Of his half brothers and sisters—children of the woman he had so wronged—three were living and among them the fortune of the miser was justly divided. It amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars.

The lawyer in whose hands the property had been placed, had the curiosity to reckon on the interest on the twelve pounds for the years which elapsed before it was returned to the family. At the high rates of interest then prevailing, the sum was found to approximate so nearly to the amount which was distributed among the heirs as to excite his surprise, and to cause the question, "Was this simply a coincidence?"

Unwittingly the man had worked and pinched and saved only to pay a debt which he never meant to pay. He had illustrated a truth that is not always apparent to human vision.

Injustice may do its wretched work and triumph in its wrong. But sometime and somewhere, in this life, or in the eternity that awaits with solemn portent all human events, the wrong will be brought to light, and justice will be done. Neither moral law nor physical law can be violated, with God and right to uphold them, and the violator escape penalty.—*Youth's Companion*.

TO COOK POTATOES.—The bowl in which the potatoes are mashed should be warmed by pouring hot water into it, letting it stand till heated through, and then wipe dry. Mash the potatoes fine with a masher, then add for eight or ten potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt and beat it well with a silver fork. Then add three or four tablespoonfuls of milk, according to the moisture of the potatoes, and beat thoroughly. It will beat very easily and be light and white, and a very different article from the "cement" often manufactured. Later in the season when potatoes are likely to be minus their mealy quality, they should be peeled and put into cold water for an hour, then steamed until done, and mash in the same manner. Don't press the potato into a vegetable dish and put it into the oven to keep warm. The dish should be warm and the potato heaped lightly upon it and carried directly to the table. An old cook once said, "Biled taters should allus be baked or steamed!" And I think she was more than half right.—*Ex.*

REST in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psa. 37: 7.



BIRD'S NESTS FOR CHINESE SOUP.—(See page 2).

cancelled, the boy appeared, not to help the woman who had sacrificed so much for him, not even to thank her for her noble act, but to demand the single sovereign, the sole property left by his father. As it was his legal right, the widow gave it to him. He immediately left England for America, leaving his abused mother to fight poverty as best she could, and was never heard of by his English friends again.

A CASE OF RETRIBUTION.

A New York attorney relates the following incident:

Nearly a hundred years ago a Yorkshire peasant died in England, leaving a widow and eight children. Four of the children were children of a former wife. His only fortune was a single sovereign. His wife, however, had a little fortune of twelve pounds, received from her father.

Soon after the husband's death, the oldest son, who was eighteen years of age, and had

Upon arriving in this country, the boy immediately found work at his trade. He was covetous, and his ambition was to accumulate money. He worked for it as few men ever worked. He took no rest. It was as though a demon urged him day and night.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—Psa. 37: 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)
studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XIII—MARCH 29.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the martyr's, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.—Acts 20:24

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 20:1-8.
W. Acts 22:1-29.
Th. Acts 24:1-13.
Fr. Acts 24:14-27.
Sa. Acts 25:1-12.
Su. Acts 25:13-27.

QUESTIONS.

- I. TIME.—At what date do the lessons of this quarter begin? Over how many years do they extend? How old was Paul at this time? How many years had the gospel now been preached?
II. TERRITORY.—In what countries had the Gospel gained its footing? Name some of the principal cities where there were churches?
III. PERSONS.—Name the leading Christians who are connected with Paul during this quarter? With what other persons did he come in contact?
IV. MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.—How many great missionary journeys did Paul make? How long was he gone on each of them? Trace them out on the map.
V. THE RETURN OF THE MISSIONARY.—On which of the latter journeys did he find Paul at the beginning of the quarter? How long had he been on it? Where had he spent most of his time? Where do we find him in our first lesson? Trace on the map his journey from Corinth, and give the leading dates? At what time did he arrive at Jerusalem?
VI. EVENTS.—What took place at Troas? What did Paul do at Miletus? What warning did he receive at Tyre? What at Caesarea? What occurred at Jerusalem? What trial was laid against Paul? How did he conduct it? Where? How long and in what circumstances was he at Caesarea?
VII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS CONVERSION.—HOW MANY TIMES DOES PAUL relate the story of his conversion? Give a brief account of his life. What lessons can you learn from this story?
VIII. PAUL'S REVIEW OF HIS MINISTRY.—At what place did Paul give an account of his life of preaching the Gospel? Before whom? What do you learn from this of Paul's spirit of his earnestness? His faithfulness? His boldness? His wise conduct? What were the principal reasons on which he proceeded? Why did he never forsake Paul so long?
IX. LESSONS.—What are some of the chief principles you learn from Paul's life and work? From Paul's Epistles? From Acts?
X. THE UNAMIALE.

Of all mortals none are so awfully self-deluded as the unamiable. They do not, any more than others, sin for the sake of sinning, but it may be doubted whether, in the home when all should be unweary to the eternal day, there will be revealed a lower depth than the hell which they have made. They inflict tortures with an unmeasuredness almost worthy of spirits of light. The spirit sinks under the prospect of the retribution of the unamiable, if all that happens be linked for eternity—if there be indeed a record of every chilling frore, of every querulous tone, of every bitter jest, of every insulting word—of all abuses of that tremendous power which a God has ever mind. The throbbing pulse, the quivering nerves, the wrung hearts that surround the unamiable—what a cloud of witness is here! The terror of moments who should know no fear—the vindictive reactions of dependents who dare not complain—the fastness of heart of life-long companions—the anguish of those who love—what an array of judgments is here! The unamiable, the domestic torturer, has leaped wrong upon wrong, vice upon vice, through the whole portion of time which was given into his power, till it would be rash to say that at any others are more guilty than he.—Harriet Martineau.

ABE LINCOLN'S "CERTIFICATE."
A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln, some years before he became President, as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:—
"Years of the 19th Inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. —, and know his circumstances first of all, he has a wife and lady; together they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has no office in which is a table worth \$1,500, and three chairs, worth say \$1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole which will bear looking into.
Respectfully yours, A. LINCOLN."
WHY THE MOON'S A "SHE."
"Why do you suppose the feminine is used in speaking of the moon?" asked Rosalinda Murphy of Miss Emeralda Longfellow.
"Because she is so beautiful, I suppose," replied Emeralda, who is on the shy side of thirty-five.
"So it's because there's no fining out how old she is?" replied the lunatic.—Tears Siftings.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, March. 17, 1885.

The English grain markets are weaker, owing to the better political outlook. Corn is dull. Red winter wheat is quoted at 68 1/2 to 74 0; Canadian peas, 5s 11d.

The local grain market is stagnant and prices continue almost nominal. We quote: Canada Red Winter, 92c to 93c; White, Winter, 90c to 91c; Canada Spring, No. 2, 90c to 91c. Peas, 72c to 73c; Oats 82c; Rye, 60c to 62c; Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 53c to 56c per bushel.

FLOUR.—This market is dull and without change. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$4.05; Extra Superfine, \$3.90; Fancy \$3.75; Spring Extra \$3.65 to \$3.70; Superfine, \$3.40 to \$3.45; Strong Bakers, (Canadian) \$4.00 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers' (American) \$4.50 to \$6.00; Fine, \$3.25; Middlings, \$3.00 to \$3.05; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.90 to \$2.00; do., Spring Extra, \$1.80 to \$1.85; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Patent, \$4.10 to \$4.15; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.30 to 2.35.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—There is no change in either the butter or the cheese markets. We quote:—Butter—Creamery, 18c to 21c; Eastern Townships, 14c to 18c Morrisburg and Brockville, 11c to 15c; Western, 9c to 14c, as to quality. Cheese.—Fine to fancy full makes, 10c to 11 1/2c, as to quality and size of lots. The public cable remains at 57s.

Eggs are in fair demand at 20c to 21c for fresh stock, and 14c to 16c for lined.

Hog PRODUCE show little change. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.75; do., Short Cut, \$16.00; Canada Short Cut, \$16.25 to \$16.50; Hams, city cured, 12 1/2c to 13c; do, green, 9c; Lard, in casks, Western, 10c to 10 1/2c; do., Can. 9 1/2c; Bacon, 11 1/2c to 12c; Tallow, common refined, 6 1/2c to 7c; Dressed Hogs, \$5.50 to \$5.75 per 100 lbs.

ASHES are rather firmer at \$3.85 to \$3.90 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of beef cattle has been rather small of late, and though the demand is slack during the Lenten season, prices are higher. The best butchers' cattle sell at from 1 1/2c to a little over 5c per lb.; fat cows, rough steers and good bulls 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c; do, and leanish stock at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Good calves have been rather scarce and bring higher prices, but all other kinds are dull of sale at from \$3 to \$6 each. The offerings of sheep are not large, but frozen mutton is unusually plentiful and cheap. Both live and dead hogs are declining in value; the former sell at about 6c and the latter at from 5 1/2c to 6c per lb. Common and inferior milk cows are plentiful and cheap, but really good cows are scarce and pretty high priced, ranging from \$55 to \$85 each.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The cold and stormy weather, together with badly drifted roads, have caused a considerable decrease in the attendance of farmers at the markets, and prices of oats and hay are higher. Frozen meat is still very plentiful, and is being pressed on the market at very low rates; especially is this the case with mutton, which can be bought by the carcass at from four to five cents per lb., and in some cases for even less. There are no changes in the prices of butter and eggs, except that fresh laid eggs have been very scarce of late and prices are higher. Oats are 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 70c to 80c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50; do; potatoes 35c to 40c per bag; turkeys, carrots, and beets, 40c to 70c per bushel; onions 75c to \$1.00, do; cabbages 75c to \$1.00 per barrel; butter 14c to 50c per lb.; eggs 16c to 40c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$3.75 per barrel; dressed hogs 6 1/2c to 7c per lb.; mutton carcasses 4c to 5 1/2c; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 10c; do; fowls 8c to 12c; ducks 12c to 15c; hay \$6.00 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 88 1/2c April; 89 1/2 bid May; 91c bid June. Corn, 49 1/2 bid March; 50 1/2c April and bid June; 50 1/2c May; 51 1/2c bid July. Oats, 37c March; 36 1/2c April; 36 1/2c May; 36 1/2c June.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat, Superfine, \$2.75 to \$2.85; Low Extra, \$2.95 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.65 to \$4.65; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.20; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.75. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.30; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$4.40; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.60 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.00 to \$3.15; West India, sacks, \$3.35 to \$3.60; West India, barrels, \$4.65 to \$4.70; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.75 to \$5.25; Patent \$4.55 to \$5.65. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.65; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.10; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.00. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.25 in bris; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter (new)—Creamery, ordinary to fancy 20c to 30c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 21c to 28c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 11c to 22c. Cheese.—State factory, faulty to selected, 8c to 12 1/2c; do, light skins, good to choice, 7c to 9c; Ohio flats, ordinary to prime, 3c to 10 1/2c; Skims, 1c to 3c.

Eggs.—State and Pennsylvania, in bris, 22 1/2c; Western, poor to fancy, 20c to 22 1/2c.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

About the middle of the night, as Dr. Hare was sitting dozing in a chair opposite Lord March's bed, who had fallen asleep, the door of the room gently opened, and a figure in a white cloak and military hat walked up to the bed, drew the curtains quietly aside, looked steadily for a few seconds at the pale countenance before him, then leaned over, stooped his head, and pressed his lips on the forehead of Lord March, heaved a deep sigh, and turned to leave the room, when the doctor, who had anxiously watched every moment, beheld the countenance of Wellington, his cheeks wet with tears. He had ridden nearly a mile that night, alone, to see his favorite young soldier, the son of his dearest friend! He then returned to his bed-chamber, having first made every inquiry respecting the sick and wounded, and given such orders as were necessary. Does this betray a want of feeling in the Duke? It ceases no comment; the fact speaks for itself.—Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir G. T. Napier.

ENJYMENT!

Scene—High street, Montrose. First Montrosian to old acquaintance, home from Glasgow for auld Yule festivities: "And how do you like Glasgow?" Second Montrosian: "Oh, well enough! It's a gude enough town." First Montrosian: "I should think it was! Rare place for entertainments of all kinds! Many more opportunities for enjoyment than Montrose—eh?" Second Montrosian: "Ah, weel, I dinna ken; I've just been as drunk in Montrose as ever I was in Glasgow!"

A NEW FORM OF ANGLOMANIA.

Miss Georgina—"I want some banjo strings, and must have the very best. You'd better give me some English ones." Englishman: "I'd like to know if American cats don't have as good—ahem!—internal arrangements as English cats?"—Life.

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