

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 4, 1884.

No. 40.

## The Weekly Messenger

### THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

The weather for several weeks past has been rather variable, terms of very low and very high temperature following each other in succession, accompanied by more than the usual number of cyclones. In some localities heavy rains have done considerable damage to late cereals, while in others prolonged drought prevails to such an extent that live stock are suffering severely from want of water and short pasturage. The corn crop is now beyond the risk of danger from frost, and will realize to the full all the earlier anticipations as to large quantity and superior quality. In most of the large cities the supply of fall vegetables seems to be unusually abundant and turnips, beets, and cabbages have scarcely ever before been sold at such low prices. The prices of butter have taken an upward start, owing to the discovery that in some of the European countries, especially Ireland, the quantity produced has been much smaller this season than usual. The numbers of cattle and hogs that are being brought to market are less than usual at this season of the year, and this helps to keep up prices; but there is little doubt that greatly increased supplies, and of better quality, will be offered later on in the season, as the farmers are giving an extra amount of food to their fat cattle and hogs this fall. The digging of potatoes is nearly completed, and the product is large, of superior quality, and remarkably free from rot.

A splendid grain harvest is reported from Britain, and the farmers are rejoicing. The weather has been grand for wheat.

### INFORMERS REPENTING.

Patrick Cole, an Irish informer, who gave evidence against thirteen men who were recently convicted of the murder of Mrs. Smythe, now declares that his evidence was false, and that he was well paid by the prosecution for swearing to what he did. Whether or not there is any truth in this, remains to be seen.

As to the statement of Thomas Casey, and Anthony Philbin, two other informers, who declare that their evidence was false, being wrong from them by threats of the Crown officers, the Lord Lieutenant has made a searching inquiry into the whole matter, and has given the result in a letter to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, who had called the Government's attention to the matter. Lord Spencer finds that no such threats were made, and that, at any rate, statements cannot be readily accepted from men who confess themselves perjurers. But he also points out that Myles Joyce, who was hanged, and the other prisoners now undergoing punishment, were proved by three unimpeached and independent witnesses to have participated in the murder.

Another thing that Lord Spencer might have said is that these informers naturally

fear that, unless they do something to discredit the Government, their countrymen will treat them as the informer Carey was treated.

### THE WAR IN CHINA.

Affairs in China seem to be still in a very uncertain state. The French Government cannot make up its mind what to do. It is almost suspected that the Cabinet is divided. Probably we shall hear more after the 14th of October, as the French Chambers have been called to meet on that day to express their opinion.

Although one report says that the Empress of China has decided to conclude a peace with France, Admiral Courbet is reported as saying that China will never yield till a French army marches upon Peking, the capital.

The French have stopped and searched two British trading steamers in the China sea, and great irritation is felt. It is not likely that the British will lose their temper; they are as much amused as irritated at the insane language used by French newspapers. But the French would themselves like nothing better than an excuse for opening a quarrel with Britain, that is, they would like it till the fight has fairly opened, when they would probably awake to acknowledge their insanity.

One of the leading French newspapers says that 4,500 of the troops in Tonquin are sick. Chinese troops are threatening various points. According to another paper, the attempt to enlist native "Black Flags" to help the French has been a great failure. Only 75 men accepted the gaudy uniforms and rusty guns offered, and they are afraid to leave their fort for fear of being shot.

Meantime, the French government is finding out that war costs money. Two or three million dollars will be needed for the Tonquin expedition, and the Minister of Marine wants \$13,000,000 to arm the iron-clads now building to protect the French "colonies."

THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE is composed of various nations which hate each other very heartily, and two of these just now seem to be all ready for an open quarrel. The Kingdom of Croatia, situated in the south-west corner of the empire, touching the Adriatic Sea, was in 1849 declared independent of the Magyar Kingdom of Hungary, in reward for the help of the Croats in putting down a Magyar rebellion against Austria. But in 1860 the Austrian Government compelled them to unite with Hungary. The local diet, or parliament, persisted in declaring its independence; but in 1868 the Austrians so tampered with the elections as to get a diet of members favorable to the union. Now, however, the Croats have had another election, and have returned a large majority of members fiercely opposed to the union with Hungary. What the diet will do remains to be seen. At present, 55 percent of the Croatian taxes go to Hungary, the remainder being spent for local concerns.

THE EARL OF RIFON is returning home to England this fall, and will probably be made a duke,—this honor being given in consequence of his distinguished services for four years as Viceroy of India. It is reported that he will be made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as Lord Spencer is likely to retire soon. Lord Ripon is not in good health, but his appointment would probably be a wise one. He is a Catholic, and the Irish are, of course, all the more provoked to hate their government because its head is usually a Protestant. Some Protestants will probably object for that very reason. But they protested when Lord Ripon was sent to India, saying that he would turn traitor to the Queen if he could serve the Pope by doing so. Their fears have proved groundless. Lord Ripon has proved himself an impartial administrator in India, and he is likely to continue so if he is sent to Ireland.

THE REV. DR. WOODROW, President of the Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary, has expressed his opinion that the evolutionists are right in believing that the creation was gradual, man's physical nature being developed from that of lower animals. Eight of the directors agreed that this was not inconsistent with perfect soundness of faith. The other three directors, however, are going to bring the matter before the Synod. It all depends on what they mean by "soundness of faith." Many of the most pious Christians and orthodox theologians openly declare that they are not concerned with this question; that the evolution of man from the lower animals may have taken place or may not, but that it does not in the least alter the fact of God's having created all living creatures, as told in the book of Genesis.

AT THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT'S last session, the largest number of petitions received for any one bill was 6,128 for the Sunday closing Bill, with 584,517 signatures. No petitions were presented against the bill, yet it did not pass, owing to the obstructive tactics of Mr. Warton. This individual amuses himself by placing his "block" on almost every bill that comes before the House of Commons. No bill can be discussed after midnight if a single member records his objection; and few bills except important government measures can be reached before that hour. His constituents have just had a public meeting at which they resolved to ask for a government enquiry into the state of Mr. Warton's mind, in consequence of his extraordinary conduct. He "blocks" in such a wholesale way that once he included among the obnoxious bills one that he had himself proposed.

BELGIUM is still in a very critical condition. The mass of the people are enraged at the new law which re-establishes clerical instruction in the public schools, and riots have taken place at several places. Some have even gone the length of posting bills on the royal palace, with the inscription *maison a louer*, (House to Let). The mayor of Brussels, however, has given some good advice to his friends in the Liberal cause. He points out that they have a constitution-

al form of government, and can turn out the present majority when voting day comes round again. The mayor also wisely remarks that if the people of Belgium began to fight among themselves, their greedy neighbors—France and Germany—would at once step in and swallow up Belgium.

NEWS FROM EGYPT.—The *Times* has received part of the diary of its correspondent in Khartoum, Mr. Power. He says that up to July 29, they had lost 700 men, killed by the besieging rebels General Gordon had had continual battles with them, and large numbers of them had been slain. Mines had been laid in all directions, and exploded under the rebel armies. On July 30th the town had been besieged for five months, and could only hold out two months longer. Gordon was paying his soldiers with paper money. The British Government has now sent him \$2,500,000 in gold. The steamship "Ocean King," with the Canadian *voyageurs* on board, has passed Gibraltar on her way to Egypt.

THE SCOTT ACT Campaign progresses in a most lively fashion. Two counties will vote for or against prohibition on the 9th of October—Simcoe in Ontario, and Stanstead in Quebec. The united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry will vote on the 16th, Peel on the 23rd, and Bruce and Prince Edward on the 30th. Two attempts will be made to repeal the Act—in Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 16th, and in York, N. B., on the 30th. The prospect is very bright for victory in at least a majority of these contests, provided in all. The liquor men of Toronto are disgusted; they are talking of breaking up their organization and letting the retail rum-sellers fight their own battles.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the author of an admirable "History of Our Own Times," and well known also as a Nationalist member of Parliament and a novelist, has made a speech in favor of establishing an Irish literature. It certainly seems a pity that Irish and Scottish Gaelic should die out for they are among the oldest languages on the earth, and much fine literature has been composed in them. But there is no doubt that the brotherhood of mankind will be more promoted the fewer different languages are in common use.

THE WINTER CARNIVAL at Montreal will be repeated, in an improved form, next February, if Montreal's citizens are willing to subscribe plenty of money beforehand for the expenses. There should be little doubt of their willingness, seeing the immense sum of money which the last carnival brought into Montreal and left there.

A HUNTER named William Janeway was nearly killed the other day at Beaver Brook, N. Y., by a heron which he had wounded. The bird laid open his face and destroyed one of his eyes with its beak before he could strangle it.

THE AGITATION against the House of Lords goes on briskly all over Britain. It is said that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh are both going to vote for the Reform Bill in the House of Lords.

## HE CARETH FOR US.

If I could only surely know,  
That all these things that tire me so  
Were noticed by the Lord,  
The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
The noise, the weariness, the strife,  
What peace it would afford.

I wonder if he really shares  
In all my little human cares,  
This mighty King of kings,  
If he who guides through boundless space  
Each blazing planet in its place,  
Can have the descending grace  
To mind these petty things,  
It seems to me if sure of this  
Blent with each ill, would come such bliss  
That I might covet pain—

Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt,  
That Thou dost compass me about  
With sympathy divine,  
Thy love for me once crucified,  
Is not the love to leave my side,  
But waiteth ever to divide  
Each smallest care of mine.

—Selected.

## THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Locking On.")

## CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

By this time every boy in the class wanted to know about Peter. Reuben had been placed in one of those trying classes where not a boy studied his lesson; and of course he hadn't. He never dreamed of such a thing; so they were all ignorant together, but all eager to hear. Then began the story of the night ride on the lake, with hard rowing and contrary wind, and one walking on the water, of whom the sailors were afraid at first, and to whom Peter tried to go and almost failed. It was a new story to Reuben; in fact, almost all Bible stories were new to him. He was very much interested; forgot that he was a stranger, and asked questions with such eagerness that the teacher found it a pleasure to teach.

But out of all this came something strange. When the last hymn was sung, and the prayer was offered, and the scholars were crowding out, this new teacher laid a small gloved hand on Reuben's shoulder, and said in a voice that he never forgot: "I'm glad to see that you are a Christian, my boy."

That was Reuben startled indeed. The blood rushed over his face away to his forehead, and he turned and gazed on her with astonished eyes.

"Ma'am?" he said at last, not knowing what he ought to say.

"I am glad that you love the Lord Jesus and look to him for help, and have found him able and ready to help you."

"Oh, but," he said in great confusion, "that is a mistake. I don't know much about him, and I don't belong to him at all."

"Is it so?"  
And Reuben felt his cheeks grow hotter over the sound of disappointed surprise in her voice.

"I'm so sorry. I thought since you knew where to go in trouble, you surely must be one who followed him. Don't you think you ought to be a Christian, my boy?"

"I don't know what a Christian is," he looked full in her face and spoke the words gravely enough. He knew almost nothing about these things, and had wondered over them a good deal, especially since he had known Miss Hunter.

"A Christian is one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and tries to do as he says."

"I don't know much about what he says, and as to loving him, why, I never thought of it before."

Reuben was always honest, so now he spoke his exact thoughts.

"One thing he says is that everybody ought to make up their minds to obey his directions all the time."

"That might'n be easy to do."

"No, sometimes it isn't; in fact, it can't be done at all, without his help, but he is always ready with that. And the beauty of it is, the only safe way, and the only happy way, is the one that he points out."

"Then I shouldn't think it would be hard to mind him."

"Not after we once decide the thing. Will you decide it now, Reuben?"

Reuben was startled. What a plain question this was! And the lady looked right at him with bright earnest eyes and waited for his answer.

"I don't know," he said at last, looking down.

"Are not you a boy who always tries hard to do just as he says he will?"

"Yes'm." He didn't hesitate a minute over this answer. He felt so sure of his promises.

In fact, he prided himself on doing just that.

"I thought so. I wish you would promise to do this thing."

"But I can't, you see; maybe it is a promise that I couldn't keep; and I don't want to make any such."

"No; but you can certainly keep this if you choose. Won't you be willing to take my word for that?"

No, Reuben wouldn't. He did not say so, but he looked down, and looked troubled, and seemed not at all ready to answer, and the lady waited.

"Well," she said at last, "will you promise this: That you will think about it all the rest of this day; that as much as you can you will keep from all other thoughts, and just give your mind to this?"

"To what?"

"To decidin' g whether you will take Jesus Christ for your master, and obey him in every little and great thing all the rest of your life."

"Yes'm," he said, after another minute of hesitation. "I will promise to think about it."

Then she reached forth her hand and took his little brown one in it for a moment, and smiled and said: "Thank you. I can't help thinking you are a true boy, with good common sense, and I'm not afraid of the way you will decide, if you only think."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## REUBEN TAKES TWO PRISONERS.

Then Reuben walked home with Grace Barrows. She chattered like a magpie, but Reuben was quiet.

"What makes you so still?" she asked him at last.

Because he had something to think about, he told her.

"What is it! Oh, I know! you are thinking about going home to-morrow, and getting the folks, and coming back, and riding on the cars, and moving every thing. You have a lot of things to think about."

"No," said Reuben, with a grave face. "It would be easy enough to think of all that; but I mustn't do it to-day; you see I promised I'd attend to something else."

"Promised whom? What must you attend to?"

But Reuben did not choose to answer any of these questions; instead, he began to inquire about her class in Sabbath-school; what sort of a teacher they had, what they talked about, and how much she had learned.

"Oh, we didn't talk about anything much," said Grace. "Only a little about Peter, and some about Jesus. Miss Pason didn't tell us anything to remember; at least, I don't remember it, if she did. You had the best teacher in the school, Reuben. Everybody says Miss Parker is the best teacher in our school."

"I believe it," said Reuben sturdily; then he was quiet again. He did not seem to himself to get on with his thinking. How was he ever to do it if this chattering little girl stayed by his side.

When they reached home it was not much better. Mr. Barrows laid aside the newspaper he was reading, and began to talk to Reuben, advising him as to what train to take and planning for him how soon he could get back.

All the while Reuben sat with a grave, thoughtful face, wondering how he was to keep his promise. He tried to think just what he had promised; to keep as much possible from thinking about anything else but the question whether he would belong to Christ or not.

"But I don't know how to belong to him," he told himself; and then remembered in the next second that it made no difference; he must decide whether he would belong; after that he could find out how to do it.

"Anything gone wrong with you?" Mr. Barrows asked at last, with a kind smile, seeing Reuben so quiet.

"No, sir," said Reuben. Then Gracie came to the rescue.

"He has something to think about, papa; something he promised to decide."

"Indeed, what is that?"

"I don't know, papa; it is a secret, I think; but Reuben promised to do it."

"Promised whom?"

"The teacher I had to-day," said Reuben, seeing that Grace was not going to answer for him.

"Yes; and papa, it must be a good promise, for Miss Parker was his teacher."

"I dare say it was," said Mr. Barrows, looking curious. "Do you need any help about it?"

"No," said Reuben slowly, looking very thoughtful; he had nearly said yes; then he remembered that it was something to decide. How could anybody help him to decide a question like that? After it was settled, he might need a great deal of help, but not before.

You would be surprised, perhaps, to know how that promise troubled Reuben all the rest of the day; he could not get away from it, and he could not seem to settle the question. He wished for Beth; things always seemed easier and plainer when he talked them over with Beth. But then he remembered that she knew nothing about this matter.

Then he looked over at Gracie; she was a little girl to be sure, but a very sensible one; he wondered whether she had ever made such a promise as this, and settled the question. She was reading her Sabbath-school book; he didn't like to disturb her.

Presently she looked up and spoke:

"I don't believe I like this book; it is for grown-up-people."

"How do you know?"

"Why, it is all about folks being Christians; telling them how, and why they ought to be, and all that."

Reuben was astonished; how strange that Gracie's book should be about the very thing of which he had promised to think.

"Does it say there that folks needn't tend to such things until they grow up?"

"Why, no," said Gracie slowly and thoughtfully. "No, it doesn't; it says that little bits of children ought to be Christians; but I don't see how they can."

"Why not?"

"Because they can't be sober all the time, and think about dying and going to heaven."

"Does it say there that when folks are Christians they must be sober all the time, and think about dying and going to heaven?"

"No," said Gracie; and this time she laughed. "But then grown-up folks who are good do, I suppose."

"I don't," said Reuben positively. "I know some good folks who think about their work, and about making nice times for other people, and they look pleasant, and laugh and talk." He thought of Miss Hunter. "What is being a Christian, Gracie?" This, after waiting for her a little and getting no answer.

"Why, it is being good."

He shook his head.

"No, it isn't; it is just loving Christ and trying to mind him."

"Well, don't you have to be good before you can do that?"

"Do you have to be good before you can love your father and mother?"

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing again. "But that is different. Why, Reuben, Christian people are good people."

"Yes, I suppose they grow good; they would have to, of course, if they tried to mind Jesus; but they don't have to be good before they can love him, according to all that I ever heard of."

"No," said Gracie, "of course not; I didn't mean that. People can't be good, of course, until they get new hearts; and they won't get them without asking Jesus, and they wouldn't ask him if they didn't love him a little, I suppose."

Reuben turned towards her eagerly; he knew very little about this matter. He was not sure that anything had been said to him about a new heart; maybe that was something to attend to before he could decide.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked to her.

"By what?"

"By getting a new heart."

"Why, I mean just that. Jesus can give folks new hearts, and he does, of course before they are Christians."

"How can he? Hearts are inside of us, How can God take them out while we are alive and give us new ones?"

"Why, Reuben Stone! don't you know what I mean? Of course our hearts are not taken out of us! But Jesus puts new thoughts in them; makes them over in some way, so we can like to do things that before we didn't like to. I don't know how he does it, but I know that is what a new heart means, and you've got to have one before you can be a Christian."

"And you get it for the asking?"

"Yes," said Gracie confidentially—he had been so taught—"you get it for the asking; and then you are a great deal happier than you ever were before; and you like to pray, and read the Bible, and go to church, and all that; and you aren't afraid to die."

"Have you got one?"

"Why, no?" and this time she blushed a little as well as laughed. "What a queer boy you are! I told you I thought it was for grown-up folks. How can little girls think about such things?"

"But little girls might have to die. The other day when Samson was running away with you, he was going straight toward the lake, and it wasn't frozen over then, and he might have tumbled you in and drowned you."

"Don't," said Gracie. "It makes me shiver all over;" and she hid her face in her hands.

Pretty soon she ran away to her mother and told her that Reuben Stone was the queerest boy to talk she had ever heard of in her life.

Then Reuben, left alone, went on with his thinking. Grace had certainly given him several reasons why he ought to decide this question. He thought she was a queer little girl to know so many reasons why it would be nice to be a Christian, and know just how to become one, and yet would rather wait until she was grown up.

"I don't believe I would," he said to himself. "I'd like to begin now. It's hard work, I suppose. All new things are hard to do, and some old ones; but it would be nice to feel that you wasn't afraid of anything. Then there's lots of places where a fellow needs help; and He helped me once. I know a few things. I know I'll have to read the Bible; I don't like that very well, but I should if Gracie knows what she is talking about, and I got that new heart."

Before him on the table lay a little bit of a blue-covered book not more than two inches wide, and hardly three inches long. Reuben stretched out his hand to it, then drew it back. Hadn't he promised to think of nothing but this question all this day? Still, it might be something that would help him. He would just glance at it. *Heavenly Manna* was the name of it. Reuben didn't know the meaning of "manna," but the word "heavenly" seemed to fit the subject, so he looked inside, and found it to be a little book of prayers and promises, dated to suit the days of the year. Of course the most natural thing in the world was for him to turn to the date of the day, and look at the verses. He could hardly believe his eyes. How very strange! These were the verses:

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you."

"There's the prayer, and there's the answer," said Reuben thoughtfully. "The thing is now for me to do it."

But for some reason that he did not himself understand, he did not do it. He knew something about Satan, but he did not, after all, know what an enemy he was, nor how frightened he was about this afternoon's work; nor how anxious he was to keep the boy from deciding the important question once for all. If he could only get him to thinking of something else! Reuben wondered a good many times in the course of that day, what could be the matter with his mind. It was so determined to think of everything but the question. He came back to it again, and again, because his promise called him; but it did not hold him steadily to the work. And so it happened that when the day was gone, and Reuben was ready to lie down in his bed, he said to himself with a sigh:

"Well, I've done my best, anyhow. I never knew it was so awful hard to keep thinking of the same thing. Nothing has come of it, either. I don't decide. Why

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don't I? It's queer, now, but I can't tell why I don't. Gracie made me think she was a goosie for not deciding. I suppose I'm a goosie. I wonder what mother thinks! She must have had this question to decide ever so long ago. Maybe she is at it yet."

"A feeling came over the boy that he wouldn't like to be so long settling the matter as his mother had been, supposing she was still thinking about it. Then why didn't he kneel down then and there and ask Jesus Christ to take him? He didn't know what kept him from that, but Satan knew very well, and laughed in triumph when the boy went to sleep without praying at all."

"In the middle of the night Reuben opened his eyes, looked about him in the darkness, and wondered what noise that was that he heard. He raised himself on one elbow and listened. There were certainly people talking. It couldn't be that the family were just getting still for the night, for Reuben knew by the darkness that the moon was gone, and he knew it must not set until after eleven o'clock. It did not be about midnight. But the talking was growing more distinct:

"Where can that confounded key be, anyhow?"

"He always bangs it by the sink. I've seen him do it fifty times when I've been here with milk."

"Well, he didn't do it the fifty-first time, anyhow, for it ain't here. I've felt all around."

"You better not talk so loud. First you know somebody will hear us."

"Somebody can't. That's Rupert's room over the kitchen, and I told you before we started that he was five miles away, out in the country. Shut that door! I'm going to risk a match."

All this Reuben heard as plainly as though he was in the kitchen. It took him much less time to hear it than it has taken to tell it, and all the time he was thinking fast.

This was the way it looked to him: Somebody was in the kitchen hunting for the key to the barn. They either meant to steal Samson altogether, or run away with him for a stolen hide that night. Another thing he knew, that he was the last one who had the barn key, and he hung it across the room from the sink, over behind the closet door. He had come to the sink to hang it up, and Hannah had said: "You can't get here now; put the key on the hook behind the door; Rupert does sometimes."

How did those fellows get into the kitchen? The door was open for he had heard the order to shut it. He knew something about that, too. He could see himself sitting by the kitchen window, and Hannah asking him if he wasn't going to bed to-night, and saying she was going to look up now. Then he had said with a sudden start:

"O, Hannah, the kitchen key is up-stairs in my room! You gave it to me this morning, you know, to unlock the wash-room door, and I carried it up there. I'll run and get it."

And Hannah had answered: "No, you needn't. I'll slip the bolt. It's better than the key, anyhow."

But she must have forgotten to slip the bolt.

Now, how did he come to be in the room over the kitchen, hearing all this? Why, Mrs. Barrows had said just before he went up to bed:

"It's bitterly cold to-night. Reuben, I think I will send you to Rupert's room to sleep. That little north room where I put you is pretty cold, and it is nice and warm in the kitchen chamber. Rupert won't be back until to-morrow night."

So Reuben, though he said that he did not mind the cold, and the little north room was splendid, went off well pleased to the hired man's comfortable quarters, and rejoiced that Rupert had been given a holiday, and had gone into the country to see his mother.

That was the way he came to be the last at the barn, and to know about the key.

Don't you know how fast people can think? All this flashed through Reuben's mind with the speed of lightning. And he took time to think how strange it was that all these little things that seemed to have nothing to do with it at all, should have happened, one after another, so that he knew the whole story. More than that, he knew what he meant to try to do. To go down the front stairs and knock at Mr. Barrows'

door, and carry on a conversation with him, would be very likely to warn the thieves, if they were thieves, and they acted like it. Then they would slip away with whatever they chose to carry, and no one would be the wiser. The family might think he dreamed out the whole story. And perhaps the thieves would come the next night and carry out their plans. He would do no such thing as that.

He slipped out of bed and pushed up his little window. Below him was the roof of the outer kitchen, or shed; easy enough for a sure-footed boy like Reuben to let himself down to that, and swing off to the coal-box below, and from there to the ground. What then? Why, then he had the kitchen key in his hand, and the visitors had shut the door. What was to hinder him from slipping around and making them prisoners, by turning the key in the lock? The windows he knew were secured by strong shutters, the fastenings of which had a trick of not opening save for those who knew how to touch just the right spring. Gracie had amused herself for fifteen minutes on Saturday, by watching him try to find the secret of that spring. Reuben thought of that as another little thing that had been planned to fit this night's work. He was out of the window like a cat, not even waiting for clothes; waiting only to get the key from the little table where he had brought it and laid it when he went to the north room for his jacket. Why he brought the key back with him he did not know. He was down now on the frozen ground. It was bitterly cold, and his little shirt was none of the warmest. He wished he had wrapped himself in a quilt, but that would have hindered his quick, light steps perhaps. His bare feet made no sound on the snow, and in a minute more he stood before the kitchen door, key in hand.

Could he find the key-hole? Would the key slip in easily without noise? What if the fellows inside should hear him? He should rush to the door and open it, and seize him, and choke him before he could cry out!

(To be Continued.)

THE TEMPERANCE CARD.

BY J. K. BLOOMFIELD.

Many beautiful Christmas and New Year's cards, with various devices suited to the holiday season, had been sent forth on their mission of love or friendly remembrance; and Clara Mowitt thought herself especially favored with a choice variety. One, however, she carelessly tossed into a box apart from the others. It was very delicately tinted, with rose-buds and sprays of forget-me-nots encircling a white card, upon which were printed the words: "Drink not wine nor strong drink."

"I wonder if it was not Will Morris who sent it to me? He's so peculiar." And with an indignant toss of her proud, beautiful head, she threw the card down. More gently, though, she again took it up and reread the words: "Drink not wine nor strong drink," then placed it in a separate box.

Anything from Mr. Morris had to Clara a peculiar charm of its own, and she could not, even now when so indignant, quite destroy the temperance card. Still she mentally added: "If Sue Granger, or Hugh Vaughan should find this card among my more elegant ones, what sport they'd make of Will Morris. They already call him Mr. Prim and Mr. Over-Particular, and would get up some new name by which to ridicule him. I must admit, though, he is a little peculiar and strait upon religious matters, and upon the subject of temperance half cracked. I wonder if he meant it as a hint? And can he really suppose, because I now and then take a glass of wine or champagne at dinner or at a party, that I am at all likely to need this warning from him? Ridiculous!"

And Clara Mowitt gave a scornful laugh. Evidently, she had been and was still deeply nettled over receiving such a silent reminder or warning against the danger of her indulging in the wine cup. As the weeks passed by, however, the event was forgotten. With the hidden card lay buried the earnest admonition.

Gayest among the gay was Clara for the remainder of the winter. She attended party after party, and ball after ball, opera and theatre, too. Late hours and late suppers were freely indulged in by this gay

butterfly of fashion. Twice had she, with a subtle magnetism, when raising a glass of wine to her lips at a party, involuntarily turned to encounter a pair of dark eyes from the opposite side of the supper table resting upon her with a look of grieved sadness. And once, after such an entreating look there came warning words from Mr. Morris and an angry retort from Clara, then a coolness that grew apace until the once true friends became wholly alienated from one another.

"Miss Mowitt, are you to attend the charity ball next week?" asked Mr. Hugh Vaughan one evening when he, with some other friends, met at the Mowitts', to discuss the last party, and plan for fresh excitement.

"Oh! certainly, we must all, 'for sweet charity's sake,' deck ourselves in calico and attend this ball."

"I should really like to know how much money is expended to get up a ball of this kind, dress, carriage hire and all, and what the real profits are," said an elderly lady, seated a little apart from the merry group discussing the charity ball.

"Why, Aunt Maria, we don't count the individual cost in attending the ball; only the general expenses for ball room, heating, lighting, etc., and the profits out of these expenses. Last year they were considerable. We would probably go somewhere or do something that would cost us more than our cambric dresses for the occasion."

Aunt Maria gravely shook her head. She was not used to city ways, or helping the poor by getting up a charity ball; and Clara, she was pained to see, had become too self-willed and independent to patiently listen to what she considered downright old-fashioned, foggy notions as to right and wrong, so she quietly went on with her soft crochet work, which was to add to the warmth and comfort of a poor invalid friend.

Evening engagements were now pressing so rapidly upon Clara Mowitt that even her gay, volatile spirits became overwrought, and she was conscious of feeling somewhat jaded on the night of the charity ball. Going to her father's side-board, she poured out a full glass of sherry wine and drank it down as one accustomed to such indulgences. Again, an hour or two later, while impatiently waiting for the carriage and her escort, she took something a little stronger, with the half-apologetic words to herself:

"I declare, I'm tired out, and yet must look my very best this evening, for Hugh Vaughan, I'm sure, is upon the point of proposing to me, and father has given some pretty strong hints of late of having hard times to meet his notes, and of my going through the woods and picking up a crooked stick after all. What a fuss, to be sure, he did make over this cambric dress, or rather the bill sent in by the dressmaker—a paltry sum he would hardly have given a second thought to a while ago. If he is really on the verge of ruin, as he says he is, I had better prepare to leave the sinking ship."

Heartless words, as heartlessly uttered by one so wedded to gaiety and so demoralized by the effects of late hours and strong drink that she scarcely realized what she was saying of one whom she was in duty bound to love and reverence. Alas! Clara Mowitt, though possessing naturally a kind heart and pleasing disposition, had so long, as only daughter, been allowed to have her own way in all she thought likely to administer to her pleasure, that she had become more haughty and self-willed than she was at all aware of until she began to reap the fruits from the seeds of her own sowing.

Beautiful and attractive, she had somewhat coquetted with those who would have been true to her. And now, fancying that she had acted her part well in drawing the talented and wealthy Mr. Vaughan within her chains, she thought that all she had to do that evening was to appear in her most gracious mood for him to willingly surrender heart, hand and fortune to her. How her eyes sparkled, and how bright and witty she was! More than one remarked upon her brilliant appearance that evening. But why is it that Mr. Vaughan does not pay her more than ordinary polite attention? Clara is anxious, excited, and unconsciously at supper drinks glass after glass of champagne as it is handed to her by the various gentlemen in waiting.

The ball was drawing to a close; many had already left, and Clara was in the cloak-room, when her friend, Susie Granger, came up to her with flushed cheeks and whisper-

ed: Clara, dear, wish me joy. While in the conservatory awhile ago Mr. Vaughan claimed me as his own."

Clara uttered a few conventional words, while a reckless bitterness filled her heart such as words can but poorly express. The truth was that Mr. Vaughan, though greatly admiring Clara Mowitt, and for a time hesitating between the varied charms of the two intimate friends, was so forcibly struck this very evening with what he had casually observed before—Clara's too great love for wine, champagne, and even whiskey punch—that it roused grave doubts in his mind as to her proving a safe and prudent wife for him, and in settling the question against her, he turned to the less brilliant but more reliable Susie Granger.

Clara had a sort of premonition of this from some little event of the evening, but instead of its acting as a check upon her, that very night on reaching home—to drown grief and mortification—she again went to the side-board, where she was accustomed to turn for imaginary strength, and poured out for herself a glass of strong B. urbon. The craving for wine had taken hold of her unawares some time previous, and now nothing but the strongest whiskey, which she took in secret, could satisfy her.

With some remains of her former pride, Clara tried to hide this terrible falling from her friends, though they all noticed that some great change had come over the once brilliant and richly dressed young lady. A few of her most intimate friends who had observed her penchant for Hugh Vaughan, and his attentions to her, attributed her haggard looks and indifference to her personal appearance to disappointed love. Others, again, to the reports of her father's failure. Still, as their style of living was not altered much, this could hardly account for her peculiar looks, and strange, flighty acts.

Poor Clara! she had never given her heart to God, or learned to turn to and rely upon him for spiritual strength day by day; and now as the craving for drink becomes stronger and stronger, and she has difficulties in obtaining it, the restraint over herself before others is cast aside, and the terrible fact is revealed that Clara Mowitt is most of her time under the influence of liquor. Oh, how her friends grieve over her, and what misery and degradation she at times herself experiences!

One day when her heart was filled with remorse, and she was turning over her boxes in search of something, the temperance card, "Drink not wine nor strong drink," turned up in view.

"Oh, that I had minded your warning voice!" exclaimed Clara, as she caressed the once despised card and pressed it to her burning lips. "You were indeed my truest, best friend, Will Morris, in sending it to me. But how I scorned your gift and your gentle words of entreaty. Would that I had taken heed to them in time; but it is too late! too late now for me to be saved!"

Well might this emaciated wreck of her former self exclaim, "Too late! too late!" Clara, it was reported, was in a decline—dying of consumption, but those who knew the real facts of her rapidly failing health gave a shudder and took the warning to themselves that one must "touch not, taste not, handle not;" strong drink, if he would escape a like end; that it is the first too free indulgence in the social glass that gives an acquired taste for stimulants, and that, when once taking hold of the system, the battle to overcome the craving may be almost in vain, and the soul finally perish with the body, since we are assured "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."—Church and Home.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER thinks that "Christians ought not to meet in elegant places of worship, occupy comfortable seats, keep Sunday-schools for a select few, and virtually say, 'I thank God I am not as other men,' and leave the world around lying in wickedness, with little or no effort to save it. 'Who hath made thee differ from another, and what hast thou that thou hast not received?'"

THERE are just two sides to a prohibition question; a right side and a wrong side. It is hardly probable that the saloon keepers, gamblers and other criminals are on the right side. If you are with them, look well to your footing.—The Levee.

## The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.

A PRUSSIAN HOTEL-KEEPER named Sievert recently sold out and left. The purchaser contracted not to take possession before a certain time; when he did so, he found six bodies in the cellar. These were six guests whom Sievert had murdered for their money. The murderer is believed to be in America, and detectives are after him.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**—The directors of the Whittington Life Assurance Company, of England, add their testimony to the ever-increasing mass of evidence of the physical advantage of total abstinence. In declaring a bonus for the policy-holders, they find that the lives of the teetotallers compare so favorably that they have earned, on an average, 25 percent more bonus than the moderate drinkers.

IN CALIFORNIA in 1882 there were nearly 7000 votes cast for the Prohibitionist candidate for governor. On next 4th of November it is estimated that the vote will be at least 28,000. Immense progress is being made in this State. *California Pluck* says: "Viewed from any light you wish, depend on it, two years from the present time Prohibition will be a factor in the State election that will make the old parties tremble in their boots."

**A CUSTOMER NO LONGER.**—Another victim to the accursed cup having died the other day, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a teetotal barber volunteered to call upon the publicans with whom deceased had spent all his money, in order to secure for him a decent burial. At night the barber intimated to a large crowd that he had called upon twenty-one publicans and managed to raise the magnificent sum of four shillings and three pence sterling. Liquor trade papers, please copy.

THE SUPREME COURT of Canada has just had before it a most important question,—whether or not the License Act passed last year by the Federal Parliament is unconstitutional. All the provinces claim that it is, for the license system is under control of the various provincial legislatures. The Federal Government claims that it has that right, because it has been decided to have the right to grant a prohibitory law, (the Scott Act) to those localities which vote for it. By all appearances, the judges are going to decide against the Dominion and in favor of the provinces. As the Dominion Act would very largely reduce the number of drinkshops, its demise will be a pity.

**WATER VERSUS WHISKEY.**—A New York car-driver, in conversation with a passenger the other day, said:—"I've tried liquor and I've tried cold water, and I must say that cold water takes the cake every time. I used to be what you might call a hard drinker, but I've turned over a new leaf. The first thing I do in the morning is to take a good big drink of cold water. It serves as my eye-opener. While I'm on the car I get a drink at the end of the route. I don't know how to explain it, but it keeps me as warm as toast all day long. Some of the men drink hot tea or lemonade. The men who prefer whiskey are the men who complain most of the cold every time."

**A SENSELESS HABIT.**—Speaking of sun-strokes, the *Lancet* says: "The causes of sunstroke are several. Thus, while we trace the continuity of cause and effect, best after direct exposure to the solar rays, we cannot

ignore the fact that mere excessive summer heat, intensified and aided by confinement in small or imperfectly ventilated spaces, is equally effectual to the same end. Various circumstances predispose to isolation. Prominent among these is the common and generally senseless habit of using stimulants to quench thirst. The loss of the body by heat is chiefly water. The rational object of drinking in summer is therefore simply to make good this loss with as little stimulation of tissue as may be. Such stimulation tends to raise temperature by needlessly provoking chemical change, and is, therefore manifestly prejudicial. He who would enjoy fresh air and sunshine without fear of injury should dress, eat, and drink as lightly as possible."

**AN HONORABLE DISTILLER.**—Mr. Quintin Hogg is a great philanthropist in London, England, and a great sugar-planter and distiller in Demerara. He has been speaking at a public meeting about the drink-cause, which he sees every day in the course of his ragged school work. Yet a Demerara paper, the *Georgetown Argosy*, remarks that if Mr. Hogg had been honest he would have told the meeting something like this.

"I export about 4,000 puncheons of rum, more or less, every year, and as it is about 40 percent over proof when I sell it, the quantity it makes when it is offered to the public may be calculated at 6,000 puncheons. Taking each package to hold about 100 gallons, this gives 600,000 gallons; and calculating each gallon to hold six bottles, this gives 3,600,000 bottles; and calculating that one bottle of rum a day will keep an industrious drunkard in fair staggering order, I find I am able through my business as a rum distiller, to keep close on ten thousand drunkards in a fuddled state, every day in the year. But, if all my rum were consumed in one day, I could make every individual in London drunk!"

The *Argosy* justly remarks that Mr. Hogg should either give up manufacturing rum and drunkards or retire from the temperance platform, and give an instance of another Demerara planter who made the sacrifice involved by the former course:

He, like Mr. Hogg had reason to abhor the rum trade. He had seen the evil effects of rum drinking, in all their hideousness, and he determined he would never drink spirits, or take any act or part in its manufacture or sale. The export of rum was one of the branches of his firm's business; but the account sales of the rum consignments had no interest for him, for not one farthing of profit on them was ever carried to his credit as a partner in the firm. Here was consistency.

**A TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT** has occurred between St. Louis and Chicago. The engine of a passenger train broke down, and a freight train ran into the rear car. The train came down in torrents and the wrecks caught fire; a hole had to be chopped in the roof of the sleeping car, and the passengers pulled out in their night clothes.

**A DESPERATE FIGHT** between the Germans and the Russian peasants of a Russian village has ended in eleven deaths. The Germans are much disliked, as they have come in, like the Jews, and have beaten the Russians themselves at making money.

THE TRANSVAAL BOERS are making more trouble by invading neighboring territories occupied by peaceful neighbors. Great indignation is felt in England, and mass meetings in Cape Colony have protested against the rapacity of the land sharks.

**A TORONTO BAR-KEEPER**,—so the story runs,—has fallen heir to \$100,000, with interest for fourteen years, during which he has been away from his English home.

THE PROPOSED BABY show in Paris has been prohibited by the police authorities.

## THE WEEK.

THE HON. G. H. C. LEIGH, a member of the British Parliament, and son and heir of Lord Leigh, has lost his life by falling over a precipice in the Big Horn Mountains, Wyoming. He had been missing for eight days when his body was discovered.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' eldest son, who is now generally called Prince Edward instead of Albert Edward, is said to be an exceedingly bright and manly fellow, cleanly in morals and tastes. Parliament is likely to be asked to vote him an income of \$50,000 a year next session.

CARDINAL MANNING, who is now more than 76 years old, is in somewhat poor health. He has been a hard worker in the temperance cause, as well as in the affairs of his own church.

PRINCE ARTHUR and his wife—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—it is thought, will come through the United States next year on their way home from India.

KING TAWHIAO is now on his way home to New Zealand; he takes with him copies of by-laws and regulations for the establishment of good Templar Lodges among his Maori subjects.

THE STUDENTS OF KIEFF UNIVERSITY, in Russia, have been forbidden even to assemble in groups for fear they should form conspiracies against the government.

AN EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE has done considerable damage to Vienna Town Hall. This was in return for the execution of two Anarchist murderers.

TWO GERMAN GENTLEMEN have been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment with hard labor for disobedience to orders. Like all Germans, they were subject to military duty, and their offence was that they refused to ride in the same cattle cars with ordinary soldiers, but telegraphed a remonstrance to the Emperor.

A VERY USEFUL ACT, passed at last session of the British Parliament, came into force in England and Wales on Wednesday the 1st of October. Among other clauses intended to keep down the cost of municipal elections, is one prohibiting the use of licensed-liquor premises for committee or public meetings. Any violation of this law is to be punished by a fine of \$500.

THE LAW OF IRELAND compels any locality where landlords or others are murdered or injured in body or property to pay compensation to the victim. A number of districts having refused to pay the sums awarded by the courts, many cattle have been seized. A more serious state of things exists at Limerick, where the town council refuses to pay the tax for extra police service.

THOUSANDS OF WORKMEN are out of employment in Lyons, France, and they are asking the government to give them work.

GENERAL CACERES, who was defeated, recently, in his attempt to upset the government of Peru, declares that he will go on with his proceedings.

A GUNBOAT belonging to the British Navy, called the "Waip," has been wrecked on the north-west coast of Ireland. The vessel sank, and only six out of about 70 men were saved. The officers are blamed for mismanagement; but, of course, an enquiry will be held.

IT IS EXPECTED that the French Minister of war will resign, because of differences with the Prime Minister.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD has sold his Irish estates, and is going to live in England. His hunting parties had been attacked by the peasants. The question is whether the new landlords will be any better than the old.

SMALL POX has broken out in Pesth and Trieste, and the Austrians are considerably alarmed.

THE FAMINE IN BENGAL is becoming serious, and the natives complain that the government's help is not sufficient.

A MONTENEGRIN ship, laden with arms, has been seized by the Turkish authorities. Montenegro, which is now an independent kingdom, demands satisfaction.

A BOY SIX YEARS OLD, has been murdered at Ottawa, Kansas, by his two half sisters, aged 12 and 14.

GEORGE AND ANDREW BUCHANAN, president and secretary of the Newcomb-Buchanan Distillery Company at Louisville, are believed to have fled to Canada.

THE CUBAN GENERALS, Marceo and Gomez, are now in Florida, and are arranging an expedition which is to absolutely make Cuba independent.

THE FRENCH have occupied Passindore Bay, in Madagascar, and have built a fort there.

LORD ROSEBERY, one of the most hard-working and liberal-minded Scotch statesmen in or out of the House of Lords, has been thrown from his horse, causing a fracture of the collar bone.

THE CZAAR has killed one stag and fourteen wild boars during his visit to Poland, and he is said to be so much in love with the sport afforded by that unhappy country, that he is going to have a special shooting residence put up there.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON, the singer, met with an accident while riding in London. She is not very seriously injured.

FOURTEEN political prisoners in Russia have just been sentenced to hard labor, and one has been condemned and hanged. A commission is going to try similar cases at Archangel, on the White Sea, where a number of officers are among the accused.

MR. GRESHAM, Post-office secretary, is now stated to have succeeded the late Mr. Folger as Secretary to the Treasury.

AT PETERSBURG, Virginia, prayers for rain were offered in the churches on Sunday.

SECRETARY LINCOLN has decided that colored men can enter the signal corps of the United States.

THE HON. S. S. COX, belonging to the Tammany party, will probably be the Democratic candidate for Mayor of New York.

THE LOGAN NATIONAL BANK, at West Liberty, Ohio, has suspended; the cashier had lent nearly all the available funds to one firm.

INSURANCE COMPANIES are refusing to issue policies on lumber at Cleveland, as it is certain that incendiaries are around the lumber yards.

THE VILLAGE OF ALTON, situated on a hill in Pennsylvania, has been seriously damaged by a terrific cyclone.

A VIOLENT STORM is reported from Dayton, Ohio. Floods were caused, and houses were damaged by the lightning and wind.

A NEGRO has been hanged and tortured by a lynching party near New Orleans, for horse-stealing. It has since been discovered that he was innocent.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

In a former number of the *Weekly Messenger* we gave portraits of four of the most distinguished scientists then visiting this continent. This week we give four more. The likenesses, published by arrangement with the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly*, New York, are all very good, though Sir William Thomson and Professor Bonney both show increasing signs of age.

William Thomson was born in Belfast, Ireland, in June 1824. His father, the late James Thomson, LL.D., was appointed professor of mathematics in Glasgow University, and William entered college there when only eleven years old. He afterwards went to Cambridge University, gained high honors there, and at the early age of twenty-two he was made professor of natural philosophy in Glasgow University. He has held that position all these thirty-eight years, and has won fame and titles by the original and useful character of his experiments and discoveries. Among his electrical discoveries is one that allows telegraphic messages to be sent with very little battery power—which greatly lengthens the "life" of a submarine cable. His researches on the subject of heat have also been extremely valuable. It was when the Atlantic cable was finished,—1866, that Professor Thomson was knighted.

William Boyd Dawkins, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, was born at Welshpool, in Wales, on the 26th of December 1838. Having passed through Oxford University, in 1862 he entered the British geological survey. He was appointed professor of geology in Owen's College, Manchester, in 1874. He is best known as the author of "Cave Hunting; Researches on the Evidences of Caves respecting the Early inhabitants of Europe." He gave a series of lectures four years ago to the Lowell Institute, at Boston. He was a member of the scientific committee that examined the French and English coasts, to see whether the two could be connected by a submarine tunnel. He was in favor of the tunnel, but for military reasons the work has been stopped.

Edward Burnett Tylor was born near London on the 2nd of October 1832, and was educated at a school of the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers. He has devoted himself to the study of the history and languages and civilization of the various races of mankind, and has written much on these subjects.

The Rev. Thomas George Bonney, was born on the 27th of July, 1833. His ancestors came over from France centuries ago, when the Protestant religion was forbidden in that country. Most of his recent forefathers have been clergymen, and he occupies quite a high position among English preachers. He has no charge, however, and he is professor of geology at University College, London. He is permanent secretary of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

A word of personal description may be interesting to our readers. Sir William Thomson is a spare man, though not short. He stoops somewhat, and appears to be short-sighted. In spite of the profound character of his studies, he has a good deal of humor. Professor Dawkins is a quiet, neatly built man, of average height. Dr. Tylor, while gentle and amiable in expression, is tall and erect,—a man of very commanding presence. Professor Bonney is of medium height, and of rather a quick and nervous manner. He is a great worker, and his physical strength has been tested by many a long climb among the Alps.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN of North America have been holding their congress at Toronto. They have been welcomed by some of the principal public men of Ontario.

SIX FISHING VESSELS were destroyed by recent gales on the Labrador Coast, and many people are starving.

THE HUNGARIAN REICHSTAG had its sessions opened by the Emperor on Monday. His majesty expressed a hope that no European conflagration would occur.

THE EARL OF AYLESFORD'S English estates have been sold by auction, bringing nearly \$500,000. The Earl of Romney bought one estate, of 905 acres, for \$120,000. Lord Aylesford, whose wife deserted him some years ago, is living on a cattle ranch in Texas.

GENERAL MIDDLETON has held a very successful review of volunteers at Halifax, N.S. A sham fight took place between two divisions.

THE INSURANCE men talk of increasing their rates in Toronto because of the deficient fire-alarm service. The city authorities are sending to Montreal for advice, as that city has a very fine fire alarm system.

ALTHOUGH THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT has thrown every obstacle in the way of the Socialists, prohibiting all their meetings, they have contrived to come together, and have nominated 144 candidates for the coming general elections. They show their own strength and announce their opinions by making remarks at meetings held by other parties.

ALL ANARCHISTS are now to be expelled from Switzerland, by a decree of the Federal Council.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE!—It is now stated, as an "open secret," that W. H. Vanderbilt, the New York money-king, was hard pinched for cash when he recently sold his famous trotting horse, "Maud S.," for \$40,000; and that he was hard pressed because General Grant could not repay \$150,000 which young Grant's partner had stolen. That seems only a flea-bite to a man who reckons his fortune by hundreds of millions; but owing to the unfortunate speculations of his sons, the father is believed to have lost twenty or thirty million dollars.

AN EPIDEMIC of embezzlement has fallen upon Hungary. The officials of several orphan asylums, having found to be short \$32,000 in their cash, were arrested and released.

THREE MEMBERS of one family at Blyth, Ontario, have been found guilty of killing the head of another family, with whom they had a feud. The verdict was one of manslaughter. The father—a man of sixty—and one son have been sentenced to twenty years hard labor, and the other son to five years.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN has set apart "the Wood of Arden," on Staten Island beach, for the use of churches, Sunday-schools, temperance societies and other moral and religious organizations.

JOHN RAESIDE, of Illinois, has been arrested, charged with forging great pedigrees for inferior horses which he sold. Application is made by the Clydesdale Association, of Scotland, to have him extradited and tried in that country.

ITALY'S CUSTOMS REVENUE has fallen off by about \$8,000,000 owing to the trade being damaged by cholera.

A VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE has been felt at Santiago, the capital of Chili.

A FEW MORE COACHMEN are reported to have married their masters' daughters.

NAPLES, GENOA, and other cities of Italy, still suffer terribly from the cholera. Since the outbreak in Toulon this year the disease has destroyed 7,974 lives of Italians; 5,798, of Frenchmen, and 360 of Spaniards. Six cases of cholera have occurred at Algiers, among the passengers of a steamer from Cochin China.

SEVERAL HUNDRED CONVICTS have been killed during a revolt in the gaol at Mandalay, Burmah.

UNEMPLOYED MINERS, in want of food, are making raids on the stock farmers at Sharonee, Ohio.

AT ZEITOUN, away in Syria, the public bazaar and 400 houses have been destroyed by fire, causing much distress.

GREAT PRECAUTIONS are again being taken to keep dynamite out of England. Detectives cross with every steamer from France.

A CLOUD-BURST at Pachuca, Mexico, on the 27th, destroyed about thirty human lives, besides many cattle and much other property. The Amalgamating Works were wrecked, and a quantity of silver was lost.

THERE ARE NOW 162 Indian schools in the United States, with an average attendance of 5,977. Congress will next year be asked for \$1,366,000 for these schools.

A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION on Sunday broke a number of windows in the Council House at Salisbury, England, but did no other damage.



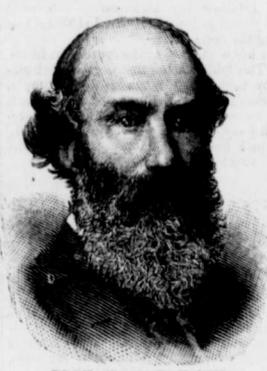
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON,  
of Glasgow.



PROF. W. BOYD DAWKINS,  
the Cave-Hunter.



DR. E. B. TYLOR,  
the Anthropologist.



PROF. T. G. BONNEY,  
the Association's Secretary.

THE KING OF SPAIN is believed to be incurably diseased, and all sorts of plots are on foot in case of his death. Some want to bring back Queen Isabella; others want to betroth the King's infant daughter to the son of Don Carlos, (who claims the Spanish throne for himself,) and have a regency till the young couple are old enough to marry.

ANOTHER BIG FIRE at Lachine has swept off sixteen houses.

AN ADVENTUROUS LADY belonging to New York, Miss J. C. Welton, while ascending Long's Peak, in Colorado, has been frozen to death. A young man was with her as a guide, but a fierce snowstorm overtook them; the lady became quite exhausted, and while the guide went for help she was frozen to death.

THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY and Artistic Association has been holding its seventh annual Congress at Brussels. Senor Lorres Caeido, ambassador from San Salvador to France, presided; the regular president, M. Krascioka, is now a prisoner in a German fortress.

THE YOUNG PRINCES, sons of the Prince of Wales, are going to publish an account of their voyage in the "Bacchante."

A WELL KNOWN JOURNALIST has eloped with the wife of an English nobleman, and detectives are tracking them.

MR. FAWCETT, an Ontario banker, has failed—chiefly, he thinks, because of dullness in the cattle trade. His liabilities will be \$800,000 or \$900,000, but he is confident that he can pay dollar for dollar.

WHO BANGED SUSIE'S HAIR.

Susie Burke came in from the garden one warm summer afternoon, with her little scissors in one hand and a lot of paper dolls and doll's clothes in the other.

"Why, Susie!" exclaimed her mother. "What in this world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Susie Burke, what ever possessed you to cut your hair like that?" exclaimed Helen, her elder sister.

"O-o-h! What will papa say? He just hates bangs!" put in Harry Burke, Susie's brother.

"How could you do such a thing, my child?" asked Susie's mother, with looks of mingled astonishment and displeasure.

Susie's face grew red and she looked ready to cry. She put her hand uneasily to her forehead, across which the soft dark hair, which was usually combed smoothly back, fell in a very irregular line. It was easy to see that the "banging" had been done by no practised hand.

"I didn't do it, mamma," said Susie.

"You didn't do it? Who did, then?"

"I don't know, truly, mamma."

"Why, Susie, how can that be possible?" said mamma.

"Why, Susie Burke, what a story!" exclaimed Harry.

"Hush, Harry! Don't accuse your little sister of telling what isn't true. Where have you been all the time since lunch, Susie?"

"In the arbor in the garden, cutting out dresses for my dollies," said Susie, holding up what she had in her hand as evidence of the truth of her words.

"All the time?" queried mamma.

"Yes, all the time. I haven't been anywhere else."

"And you didn't cut any of your hair, not the least little lock?"

"No, not the least little bit. I knew papa wouldn't like it."

"Did anybody come into the garden while you were there?"

"I didn't see anybody, mamma."

"Well, if that isn't a mystery!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"It's awful hard to believe, I think," said sister Helen.

"We must believe it. Little Susie has never been known to tell a lie. Whatever any of my children tell me, I shall believe is true, till they have clearly proved their words untrustworthy," said mamma, firmly.

"But how could such a thing be?" argued Helen. "Her hair is cut all jagged, exactly as a child would do if she tried to cut it herself, and yet she didn't do it, and don't know who did it."

"And she asked papa the other day if she might have her hair banged, just like Nellie Eastman's," said Harry.

"I didn't do it, truly, truly, mamma," was all poor Susie could urge, while she nestled closer within the encircling arm whose close clasp seemed to assure her of defence against the displeasure and distrust of all the world.

"We shall have to wait and see what papa will say," said Mrs. Burke, after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Susie.

"Will you tell him I didn't do it?"

"Or consent to its being done?" cross-questioned Helen.

"I didn't even know it was done till just as I got up to come in," Susie declared. "I thought something felt odd, and I put my hand up, and it was all cut so."

"This was a mystery indeed. Nor could papa solve it, though he questioned his little daughter even more closely than her mother and sister had done."

"We must believe that she speaks the truth, because she has earned a character for truth," he said at last. "I should be sadly disappointed and grieved if I found I couldn't depend on the word of a child of mine. Go to mamma, and let her make the cutting even, Susie. Since I must submit to seeing you with your hair banged, it must be done in better style than that."

"I'm sorry, papa, since you don't like it. Will you kiss me?" said Susie, lifting her shorn head timidly.

Her father stooped and kissed her. "You needn't feel badly when you're not to blame, my child. I believe you; though it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

It remained the most incomprehensible thing for a week or more. Then, one morning, soon after breakfast, they had a caller—two callers, in fact—Mrs. Lake, their nearest neighbor, and Rollie, her youngest son, a merry rogue of ten or eleven years.

The boy looked shy and shamefaced, and kept as much out of sight behind his mother as possible, while she explained the reason of her call.

"I have just found out that this boy of mine has been guilty of a very naughty trick," said Mrs. Lake. "I thought you ought to know, as Susie might be blamed unjustly. I brought him here that he might confess. Now, Rollie, tell Mrs. Burke."

"I cut Susie's hair," Rollie blurted out, with his eyes fastened to the floor.

"But how? It has been the greatest mystery to us! How could you do it and Susie not know it?"

"Oh she was asleep!" said Rollie. "I found her there in the arbor, leaning back, with a paper doll in one hand and the scissors just dropped on her lap from the other, and I just thought I'd bang her hair. I'm ever so sorry, and won't never do so again," said Rollie, penitently.

"Did she get much blame for it?" inquired Mrs. Lake. "I couldn't think how you could help believing she did it, however she might deny it."

"We couldn't understand it at all," said Mrs. Burke, "but we believed Susie, though everything seemed against her, because the child never yet told us a lie.—Joy Allison, in Youth's Companion."

THAT LITTLE FABLE.

BY MRS. J. MCNAIR WRIGHT.

"I saw a disgusting sight just now," said Mr. Lucas as he entered the house; "I saw little Terry Smith marching along, cigar in mouth, and young Phil Tompkins with his cheek stuck out with a quid. Don't let me see one of my boys at such work. Tobacco is ruinous to boys!"

"Oo 'mokes!" quoth little Nell, laying down her dolly.

"Oh!—why—I'm a man, pet; it's different."

Mrs. Lucas smiled to herself over her work. Fred was busy studying. He looked up presently.

"Father, I'm coming on fine in Latin I got out this fable in ten minutes. Let me read it: *Cancer dicebat filio*—a crab said to his son: *Mi fili, ne sic*—my son, do not always walk with crooked steps, but walk straight. *Cui ille, Mi pater respondit*—to whom he replied: My father, right gladly will I follow thy commands—*si te prius idem facientem videro*—if first I shall see you doing the same thing—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Mr. Lucas. "This fable teaches that youth is instructed by nothing so much as by example. Harriet, give me that pipe and tobacco-box, and we will have a little bonfire. Henceforth I say to my boys not 'go' but 'come.' I hope I know my duty as a father, and want to do it."—Banner.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 12.—1 Chron. 22 : 6-19.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. David's love for his son. Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy were saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him: "Did you not color that a little, when you said that all the expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be left to drift uncaared for to the ruin which is so near at hand, but "My boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man, is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.—The Christian.

II. Preparation for the coming of Christ's kingdom. I know the obstacles, but I know as well the power behind! I do not see success as yet, but I know that it is coming. So I do not see the cathedral as yet, when I go into the confused quarry-yard and see there the half-wrought stones, the clumsy blocks that are by-and-by to be decorated capitals. But when at last they are finished in form and brought together, the mighty building rises in the air, an ever-during psalm in rock. I do not see the picture yet, when I look upon the palette with its blotches and stains and lumps of color. By-and-by, when the skilful brush of the painter has distributed those colors, I see the radiant beauty of the Madonna, the pathos of the Magdalene; I see the beauty of the landscape spread out upon the canvas, with meadow and hill and winding stream, and the splendor of the sunset crowning the whole. I do not see yet the perfect kingdom of God upon earth, but I see the colors which are to blend in it. I see already the half-chiselled rock out of which it shall be wrought; and I am not going to despond now, when so much already has been accomplished.—R. S. Storrs.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. When God has a great work to do, He raises some one up to do it.
2. When we have a fitness for a work, that work will be ready for us to do it.
3. Vers. 11-17. The qualities needed for doing God's work,—God's blessing and help, readiness to work, wisdom, righteousness, courage, and hope.
4. Courage is needed (1) because there is conflict with ourselves; (2) there is resistance to evil influences of others; (3) antagonism to popular customs.—Hammond
5. Ver. 14. "And thou mayest add thereto." Great things have been prepared for us, as there were for Solomon,—books, schools, colleges, government, inventions, ideas, etc. Each of us should add thereto, and make the world better for those who come after us.
6. Vers. 17-19. God needs not only the gifts of the rich and the great, but the gifts of all. The blessings have come to all. Let all give for the Lord's work.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Every scholar, even the smallest, should have part in God's great work of redeeming the world and building God's spiritual temple. To-day their attention should be called to this great work, and the practical help they can get from the preparation for building the temple at Jerusalem. The subject may be preparation for God's work. (1) Preparation of the worker. Note the qualities David wishes for his son; also the joy a good son is to his parents. Each person must do his own part in God's work, some preparing while others build. (2) Preparation of materials. First, by David. The great gifts needed; consecrated wealth. Second, by the people. All should have a part, and all will be blessed by giving according to their means.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

See that your child never leaves any task half done or slovenly finished; and therefore give not too many tasks. Thoroughness is the corner stone of success. There is no place in the world now for sloveners, who know a little and only a little of everything under the sun. There is always an honorable place for those who can do any kind of honest work in the best manner. Show the child from the experience of others, that little or no progress is made by spasmodic and intermittent effort. The world is now so advanced and competition so keen that genius must ally itself with patient, persistent work, and with the deftness which comes only from continuous practice. The young are prone to dream of what they will do in the future. The history of others proves that they will never do much, unless they are doing their present work thoroughly. They do not realize this, and mere arbitrary assertion of the fact usually makes but slight impression. Biographies of successful men, whether read from libraries or furnished from your memory of neighbors, establish the truth in their minds, and such biographies should be freely read by children.—Rev. E. P. Roe, in American Agriculturist for August.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

First.

When solid and golden
And sweet, I'm delicious;
But often my color's
A matter suspicious.

Second.

The housewife pursues me,
As if 'twere a duty;
But many a scientist
Dwells on my beauty.

Whole.

On sunshine and honey
I'm ever a feaster;
And sometimes men call me
An emblem of Easter.

CROSSWORD-ENIGMA.

My first is in down, but not in up;
My second in tumbler and also in cup;
My third is in steep, but not in high;
My fourth is in heat, but not in dry;
My whole very often gets into your eye.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE.

- 1. Take an abbreviation denoting an assemblage from the faculty of voluntary agency, and leave a race of people.
2. Take a sip from to imagine, and leave to set.
3. Take to fume from a vessel, and leave to transport on the water.
4. Take a quagmire from a bird (species of warbler), and leave a plant of the genus juncea.
5. Take a term sometimes applied to the weather department from likely, and leave competent.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

- 1. Curtail a masculine ornament and leave an animal; behead and leave a part of the head.
2. Curtail a Scottish title of nobility and leave a retreat of wild animals; behead and leaving something essential to life.
3. Curtail a color and leave a part of the face; behead and leave a light.
4. Curtail a royal possession and leave a bird; behead and leave an orderly arrangement.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

TWO WORD CHARADE.—Aretic circle.
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.—L-air-d, Lasso, L-ear-d, L-ey-o, G-ran-t, K-a-a, P-ier-t, R-ou-t-e.
NONSENSE RHYMES.—Dau-ds, Rhone, Rhine, Rhone, Dreibler, Seize.

HINTS.

Keep to the right.
Never put on your gloves in the street.
A lady usually bows first to a gentleman.
Never aspire to be what you are not.
Such a disposition will keep you in a suds of aggravation and disappointment continually.
Rarely linger on the street to talk, as you obstruct the passers by. Turn back and walk with your friend, if you desire to converse.
A gentleman always opens a door or a gate for a lady, and lets her pass before him. No matter if she is a stranger; he shows her the same politeness.
Be simple in your habits; allow your wants to be few; you will have more time for improvement, more money for useful purposes, and a much more healthy body and vigorous mind.
Never yawn, anywhere, without covering the mouth with the hand. We observed a pretty girl in blue velvet, crossing Boston Common. While we were looking at her she opened her mouth wide in yawning. Her beauty and good manners disappeared together.
A gentleman lifts his hat to every lady acquaintance, and to every gentleman if he has a lady with him. It is a growing and delightful custom for men to lift their hats to other men. This is practised in Norway, the most polite country we have ever seen.
Avoid smoking or chewing tobacco in the presence of ladies—indeed, do not smoke at all. It is a most filthy and wasteful habit.
But, if you will not reform in this particular, have enough manly courtesy to refrain from so selfish a habit when in the presence of those to whom it is offensive.—Min-enaha.

GARIBALDI.

A quarter of a century ago Italy was divided into a number of petty states, and governed by the Pope of Rome, and nearly a dozen kings and dukes, each independent of the others, but all controlled to a greater or less extent by France and Austria. Some of the rulers were tools in the hands of the governing powers, who were of course interested in the continuance of the existing system of government, or rather *mis*-government. For more than a dozen years, Italy has been a united people—the whole peninsula governed by one king—growing in power and prosperity, and as free from foreign control as the other powers of Europe.

One of the men instrumental in bringing about this union, was General Garibaldi, a man who occupies, in the Italian mind, a position somewhat similar to that which Americans accord to Washington.

Giuseppe (or Joseph) Garibaldi was born at Nice, in July, 1807. His father was a seafaring man, owner of a small vessel, and young Garibaldi, after much urging by his parents to prepare for the priesthood, was at last permitted to adopt the same pursuit his father followed. He became a skilful navigator, and at the age of twenty-three was in command of a vessel. Promptness and energy, traits that afterwards distinguished him, were prominent at this time.

About 1833 he became acquainted with Mazzini and other Italian patriots who were desirous of making Italy free, independent, and united. Always hating tyranny and oppression, his love of his native country now took deeper root, and became the leading motive of all his actions. He was ready to aid in any insurrection, or to strike a blow anywhere in the cause of freedom. He participated in an unsuccessful revolt at Genoa, in 1834, and saved his life by escaping to France. Not daring to return to Italy, he again became a sailor.

After a few voyages on the Mediterranean, he sailed for South America, landing at Rio Janeiro. Here he led a varied life—engaging in commerce, assisting in a revolt, commanding a privateer, captured, imprisoned, tortured, wounded and, after his release, buying a drove of cattle, which he took to Uruguay to sell. At Monte Video, he taught mathematics in one of the city schools; and also sold goods by sample for an enterprising merchant. Such business was rather tame for a man of his tastes, and when Buenos Ayres made war upon Uruguay, Garibaldi joined the army of Uruguay, eager for action. His military skill was duly appreciated, and he was soon chief in command of the entire army and navy of Uruguay, and carried the war to a successful close. The grateful country offered him a considerable tract of land for his services, but he declined the reward.

In 1847 the Italians rose against the Austrian power, and Garibaldi hastened to Italy to take part in the struggle. He fought in several actions, achieving much renown, but the revolt was speedily put down by the greater power of Austria. He then went to Rome and took command of an army there, and bravely held the city several

weeks against the troops of the Pope, who were assisted by the French. He withdrew from the city and escaped to Genoa, passing through territory occupied by Austrian troops, who made every effort for his capture. His remarkable adventures and hair-breadth escapes would form an interesting and romantic chapter, were there space to relate them. Many of his comrades were captured and executed, and his wife, who accompanied him, died from the hardships of the journey. Italy again became unsafe for the warlike patriot, and he escaped to Sardinia. He then made his way to Gibraltar, and Morocco, and Liverpool, and at last reached New York. For a year and a half he made soap and candles on Staten Island. He revisited South America, and commanded a vessel sailing from Peru to China. Returning to New York, he made a voyage to England and back. In 1854 he once more set sail for Italy. He purchased the half of the rocky island of Capraera, a mile from the coast of Sardinia, and established a home for himself and his children, and remained there until the Franco-Italian war broke out in 1859.

Joining the Italian forces, he conducted a guerrilla campaign against the Austrians, in which his quick and unexpected movements greatly harassed them, and his reckless bravery made him well nigh invincible. After the two great battles of Magenta and Solferino, peace was concluded without bringing about Italian union. The dominion of Victor Emmanuel, however, was extended over Northern Italy.

A revolt now took place in Sicily, and Garibaldi hastened thither, with eleven hundred followers. Sicily was under the dominion of the king of Naples. Garibaldi soon met and defeated a Neapolitan army three times as large as his own, and in three months, after many battles, possessed himself of the whole island. After this he crossed the Strait of Messina and invaded the kingdom of Naples. His army was increased by additions from the disaffected inhabitants until it numbered twenty-five thousand or more. His progress toward the kingdom of Naples was a triumphant march, and he entered the city amid the wildest enthusiasm of the citizens. A month afterwards he defeated the Neapolitan army in a

tured, and sent home to Capraera. Escaping, he renewed the contest, and was again defeated. In 1870, he assisted France in her sad conflict with the Prussians, and conducted a campaign in the Vosges Mountains with bravery and credit. The next year he was elected a member of the French national assembly, but declined the honor, and again returned home to his rocky island. Growing old, worn and weakened by wounds, disease and hard service, his sword was laid aside, to be girded on no more.

He was chosen to the Italian Parliament in 1875, but he did not make a successful legislator. He was granted a pension, yielding an annual income of about ten thousand dollars, and his last years were spent at his own home, receiving friends and visitors, writing invectives against tyranny and misgovernment, and managing his domestic affairs, which were not altogether free from crookedness. He died June 2, 1882.

While we can thus speak so highly in his praise, yet he had some qualities that we can not but condemn. He was true and devoted in his love of his country. Yet some of his campaigns were rash and imprudent, and



GARIBALDI.

bloody battle, and became master of the whole kingdom. King Victor Emanuel had also entered Naples from the north, and Garibaldi immediately gave up his authority and his army to his sovereign, who thus became king of the whole of Italy, except the Papal States. This campaign, short and decisive, lasting but five months, was the most important in its results of all the campaigns conducted by Garibaldi, and on this his real claim to his country's gratitude must rest.

He now retired to his home in Capraera, but two years later we find him leading an army to attack the city of Rome. In a skirmish he was wounded and captured, and afterward returned to Capraera. In 1864 he visited England and was received with considerable enthusiasm; but, receiving a hint from official circles that his presence was embarrassing to the Government, he suddenly returned to his island home.

In 1866 he was again fighting the Austrians in Venetia and the Tyrol. Next year he organized another invasion of the States of the Church, hoping to make Rome the capital of Italy. He was defeated, cap-

did the cause of Italian union more injury than good. His hatred of tyranny developed, in his old age, into a bitterness against lawful restraint, and many of his letters contained unreasonable and unjust criticisms on very proper acts of government. Some of his writings were suppressed by his friends from very shame. Even the Paris Communists of 1870 received a letter of sympathy from him.

He early imbibed a dislike for the priesthood, and was unceasing in his condemnation of popery. His enmity against the priests grew into a disbelief in any religion; and he became at last an avowed infidel, glorying in his disbelief in God. It is sad to think that a man so desirous of human freedom, and so devoted to his country, whose patriotic example and influence were so distinguished, should yet be so far astray in matters of such importance, and that his lamp should go out in obscure darkness.—*Church and Home.*

The rising of the tied—turning out to build the fire and cook the breakfast.

HOW THE LEAK WAS MENDED.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Uncle Timothy!"  
Uncle Timothy looked up from the shoe whose sole he was vigorously hammering. "Why, bless you, John, if I'm not glad to see you, man alive!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, jumping up so suddenly that his last went one way, taking the shoe with it, his hammer went another, while his spectacles fell into the water pail close by.

There stood Uncle Timothy grasping the arm of his favorite nephew, John, as if he were a pump-handle, and the day being hot, and Uncle Timothy being dry, the pump-handle was worked with emphasis. "Set down, John, and tell us how the folks are," said Uncle Timothy. "You have come to make me a visit, and have time enough to tell me all I want to know."

John was telling about "the folks," when Uncle Timothy said: "What's that? Thunder, I do believe, rollin' down old Bear Mountain! We shall catch a rain now. There it is comin' down the mountain."

Come it did, furiously. Soon the water began to drip down from the ceiling.

"Uncle Timothy, your roof is leakin'."

"I know it, John; I know it. I will just put this pail under that 'ere."

"Why don't you have the roof mended?"  
"Well, John, carpenters, you know, do charge so! Let 'em, they'd make a forenoon's work of it stoppin' up that 'ere hole, and I don't seem to have the extra chink. Fact is, John, it costs suthin' to live in this world, and it keeps a feller poundin' all the time."

Here Uncle Timothy took up his work and began to ring out a series of responses to the thun er rolling at nine-pins overhead. In the course of his visit John noticed that every forenoon Uncle Timothy would leave his shop, step across the yard to his house, bring out an immense yellow mug, and passing to a saloon in the neighborhood, bring home a mug full of beer.

"Ah!" thought John, "I see how it is that the roof is not mended."

The next day a surly, growling wind brought rain that began to pour early in the morning.

"Uncle Timothy," said John, after breakfast, "could I borrow that mug I see in the closet?"

"Oh! sartin, sartin."

Uncle Timothy was not going to his shop very early that day, and John knew it, business at another part of the town calling him away. When he returned it was about eleven o'clock, and his beer-gawing visited him.

"Where is my mug?" said Uncle Timothy, going to the closet. "Oh! John has it. Well, I guess I'll let my beer go this forenoon."

The rain was still dripping when he passed from his house to the shop. John was standing in the door.

"A wet day, nephew," said Uncle Timothy, "and there is not much hope given by the clouds."

Here he looked up, and there on the shop roof, covering the leak, he saw his old yellow beer-mug! For a minute Uncle Timothy gazed in silence. Then he broke out:

"Thank ye, John; I'll take the hint."

It was the last day Uncle Timothy owned a beer-mug. It was the last day that roof leaked, for it was soon mended with the beer-money he saved.—*Watchman.*

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, who was present at the recent meeting of the Episcopal church convention held in Philadelphia, in speaking of the battle with intemperance, said:—We may have as many free churches as we please; we may open as many free libraries as we please, but so long as the demon of intemperance haunts our homes, our churches will be useless—sermons useless—efforts of laymen useless. What he hoped to see was a thoroughly organized system of temperance.

IF THE PUBLIC drinking places of England were placed side by side, in a straight line, they would extend a distance of 700 miles.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON II.

Oct. 12, 1884. [1 Chron. 22: 6-19] DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-19.

6. Then he called for Solomon his son, and charged him to build a house for the Lord God of Israel. 7. And David said to Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my mind, and I will give thee rest from all his enemies round about; for his name shall be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days. 8. But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars; thou shalt not build a house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight. 9. Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest; and I will give him rest from all his enemies round about; for his name shall be Solomon, and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days. 10. He shall build a house for my name; and he shall be my son, and I will be his Father, and I will establish the throne of his kingdom over Israel for ever. 11. Now, my son, the Lord be with thee; and prosper thou, and build the house of the Lord thy God, as he has said of thee. 12. Only the Lord give thee wisdom and understanding, and give thee care concerning Israel, that thou mayest keep the law of the Lord thy God. 13. Then shalt thou prosper, if thou takest heed to fulfil the statutes and judgments which the Lord charged Moses with concerning Israel; be strong, and of good courage, dread not, nor be dismayed. 14. Now, behold in my trouble I have prepared for the house of the Lord a hundred thousand talents of gold, and a hundred thousand talents of silver; and of brass and iron without weight; for it is in abundance; timber also and stone have I prepared; and thou mayest add thereto. 15. Moreover, there are workmen with thee in abundance, hewers and workers of stone and timber, and all manner of cunning men, for every manner of work. 16. Of the gold, the silver, and the brass, and the iron, there is no number. Arise, therefore, and do, and the Lord be with thee. 17. David also commanded all the princes of Israel to help Solomon his son, saying, 18. Is not the Lord your God with you? and hath he not given you rest on every side? for he hath given you round about, as he said, I will be with thee, and I will be with thee, and the Lord is on thy side. 19. Now set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God; arise, therefore, and build the sanctuary of the Lord God, to bring the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and the holy vessels of God, into the house that is to be built to the name of the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord be with you. -1 Chron. 22: 36.

HOME READINGS.

- M. 1 Kings 1: 36-38 The Conspiracy Devised Against David's Son.
T. 1 Chron. 22: 1-9 David's Charge to Solomon.
W. Ps 122: 1-9 The House of the Lord.
Th. 1 Chron 29: 20-30 David's Death.
F. Ps 89: 1-14 Declare His Glory with His Church.
Sa. Ps 96: 1-13 Declare His Glory.
S. John 4: 5-24 Spiritual Worshipers.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Solomon's Work. 2. David's Preparations. 3. The Prince's Part.
Time - B. C. 1015. Place - Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

1.-V. 6. HE CALLED FOR SOLOMON - not long before his death. V. 8. THOU HAST SHED BLOOD - it was not fitting that he who had been a man of strife and war should build a house for God's sanctuary. V. 9. A MAN OF REST - whose reign should be a time of peace. SOLOMON - the name means peaceful. (See 1 Kings 3: 1.) V. 10. HE SHALL BUILD - see 2 Sam. 7: 13, 14, and Lesson III of last quarter. V. 12. THE LORD GIVE THEE WISDOM - our next lesson will tell us how this prayer was answered.
11.-V. 14. IN MY TROUBLE - in the midst of war and troubles from his foes and his children. A HUNDRED THOUSAND TALENTS OF GOLD - this talent of gold is estimated at \$3,280. A THOUSAND THOUSAND TALENTS OF SILVER - \$3,280,000. BRASS - copper and tin alloy. NO NUMBER - an unlimited supply. ARISE, THEREFORE - the means are provided and God will work with you.
11.-V. 17. THE PRINCES OF ISRAEL - the leading men of the kingdom. V. 18. REST ON EVERY SIDE - God had given them victory, peace, a good name. V. 19. SET YOUR HEARTS - make it your great concern to serve the Lord in all respects, as well as to build the temple. If the heart is engaged for the Lord, the head, the hand, all, will be employed for him.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God selects his servants for the special work he would have them do.
2. That he opens their way before them and helps them in their work.
3. That his promised presence should give us strength and courage for our work.
4. That we should be ready both to pray and to work, and also to give for God's service.
5. That the more God has done for us the more we should do for him.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 30, 1884.

There is no change in the state of the wheat market, excepting that there is less doing than there was last week generally. Prices are unchanged and as they have undoubtedly got down to about the cost of production, it is hoped that they will go no lower. The Chicago Tribune states that the average price of wheat in Chicago is about 65 cents per bushel and the average yield is 15 bushels. The value of one acre of wheat in Chicago is therefore \$9.75. Of this the railway and commission men take \$4.35 leaving \$5.40 for the farmer upon the same authority, the cost of seedling harvesting etc., is, even in the west, not less than seven bushels per acre, so that at present prices the western farmers are paying \$1.60 per acre for the privilege of raising wheat. If it costs the western farmer \$7 per acre to raise wheat it must cost the Canadian farmer \$8 or \$9, but even if it does he is far better off than if he was a few hundred miles further from the seaboard, as he is still getting from 75 to 78 cents for his wheat. No wonder wheat is low here. Indian wheat is now selling upon the English market at 98 cents per bushel.

Chicago is a little stronger than was this time last week. We quote; 7 1/2 Oct.; 8 1/2 Nov.; 8 1/2 Dec. Corn has been steadier and is a little higher. We quote at 78 Sept.; 56 1/2 Oct.; 46 1/2 Nov. There is absolutely nothing to say about the local grain market. We quote: -Canada Red Winter, 85c to 87; White, 80c to 87c; Peas, 80c to 82c; Oats, 35c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn, to 69c.

FLOUR - Prices are about steady, sales are still small, so business still continues very dull. We quote: Superior Extra, \$4.20 to \$4.25; Extra Superfine, \$4.05 to \$4.10; Fancy \$4.00; Spring Extra \$3.90 to \$4.00; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$5.00 to \$5.10; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Spring Extra, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.70.

DAIRY PRODUCE - Cheese is unchanged, with a brisk market, and is quoted as follows: 9c to 9 1/2 July, August 9 1/2 to 10 1/2. Butter is still dull. We quote: -Creamery, 23c to 24c; Eastern Townships, 17c to 21c; Western, 15c to 16c. Eggs are selling at 16c to 17c as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote: - Western Mess Pork \$20.50 Hams, city cured, 15c to 16c; Bacon, 13 1/2c to 14c; Lard, western in pails, 11c to 11 1/2c; do., Canadian, 10 1/2c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$4.00 to \$4.10, for Pots.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Large quantities of farm and garden produce are being brought to the city markets, and though the demand is pretty active, yet the prices in most cases have a downward tendency. Oats, peas and beans are abundant, with prices tending downward. Potatoes and all other roots are plentiful and sell at moderate prices. The fruit market is still glutted with apples and tomatoes, but the quality of the offerings is not very good. Poultry, dead and alive, are getting plentiful, and prices are declining. There are no changes to note in the prices of dairy produce. The supply of hay is irregular; on some days there is a scarcity, when the prices are run up to over \$9.00 per 100 bundles for the best, after which there is a glut, and prices decline to their former level and sometimes a little below that. Oats are 80c to 90c per bag; peas, 90c to \$1.00 per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do.; potatoes 40c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 60c per bushel; cabbages 12c to 35c per dozen heads; butter 17c to 35c per lb; eggs 17c to 30c per dozen; apples \$1.50 to \$2.50 per barrel; pears \$4.00 to \$12.00 do.; tomatoes 20c to 30c per bushel; young turkeys \$1.00 to \$1.50 the pair; dead geese \$1.40 to \$1.75 do.; fowls 70c to 85c do.; spring chickens 35c to 75c do.; ducks 60c to \$1.00 do.; hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There is still an active demand for good steers to ship to Britain, and prices of this sort continue firm, but all other cattle are dull of sale and prices have a downward tendency. The butchers seldom pay over 4c per lb. for their cattle, while much the greater number are bought at from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. The proportion of lean stock and hard looking bulls is not now so large as formerly, but there is not much demand for this kind of meat and prices continue low, and in some cases not over 2c per lb., live weight. Cattle shippers are paying from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb., and would pay more for superior large steers were they to be had. The supply of sheep and lambs is pretty large, but not many of them are really good, and the price of good lambs continues pretty high, or from \$3.50 to \$4 each. Common lambs sell at from \$2.50 to \$3.25 each, and small lean ones at \$1.50 to \$2 each. Sheep sell at from \$3.50 to \$5.50 each. There is an active demand for good veal calves, and pretty high prices are paid for any that come up to the requirements of the best butchers. Live hogs are again more plentiful and lower in price, or from 6c to 6 1/2c per lb. Milch cows are not plentiful, but there is not much demand for them and prices are unchanged.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1884.

GRAIN - Wheat, 88 1/2c October; 90 1/2c Nov.; 92 1/2c Dec.; 94 1/2c Jan; 100, May. Corn, 59 1/2c October; 58 1/2c Nov.; 51 1/2c Dec.; 48 1/2c Jan. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 31 1/2c Sept., 31 1/2c Oct., 32c Nov. Barley, nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR - The quotations are as follows: Superfine, \$2.40 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.90 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.70 to \$4.65; Straight (full stock), \$4.30 to \$5.50; Patent, \$4.60 to \$6.15. Winter Wheat - Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.85; Low Extra, \$2.90 to \$3.50; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.95 to \$5.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.45; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.15 to \$3.55; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.10; barrels, West India, \$4.65 to \$4.70; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.60; South America, \$4.50 to \$4.65; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.60. Southern Flour - Extra \$3.25 to \$4.50; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.25; Patent, \$5.35 to \$5.60. Rye Flour - Fine to superfine, \$3.00 to \$3.75.

MEALS - Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in brls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

SEEDS - dull. Clover 7 1/2c to 8 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.65 to \$1.75; Flaxseed \$1.41 to \$1.42.

DAIRY PRODUCE - Butter - we quote creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 31c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 26c; Welsh tubs 18c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 6c to 24c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to full cream, 4c to 12c. Ohio flats, fair to choice, 6c to 10 1/2c; Skims 4c to 3c.

THE OTHER MAN.

The following incident in the life of a distinguished Welsh preacher may be read with great profit. It would be well for us all, if like him, we did not go about the duties of life "without the other Man." A noted preacher was being waited for on the hills of Wales. The time had elapsed, the preacher was in the town, but not on the hillside. The people were impatient, and the host of the preacher sent a message to tell him that the occasion was complete, and the people ready and earnestly expecting him to come. The messenger went. The messenger came back again, and said: "I do not know what is the matter, but the chamber door is locked. I heard voices within. I listened, and I heard the preacher say: 'I will not go unless you go with me.' He is talking to some other man. He wants the other man to come, and unless that other man will come, he says he will not appear among us to day. What is to be done?" The host understood the case. He said: "All will be well presently." And so it was. The closeted preacher unlocked the door, came out with an invisible companion, one like unto the Son of man, and old Wales, accustomed to the noblest religious eloquence that ever fell from human lips, was never more deeply stirred and vitally thrilled than when that man spoke in the power of that other Man, and revealed the kingdom of God to an expectant and thankful people. -Episcopal Recorder.

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THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at No. 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, and J. D. Dougall, of New York, and John McLaughlin Dougall of Montreal.