

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. III.

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No. 10.

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

In press, campaign tracts, as follows:—No. 2, Sir A. T. Galt's speech on prohibition from a political economist's point of view; No. 3, a synopsis of the Scott Act, showing the steps required for its adoption; No. 4, the Rev. Mr. Brethour's speech on the success of the Scott Act in Halton; No. 5, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens. No parcels will be sold of less than a hundred tracts, the price of which is twenty-five cents. Address JOHN DODGALL & SON, Montreal.

THE CAMPAIGN MESSENGER.

During the Scott Act campaign a liberal portion of this paper will be devoted to assisting the side of right, and workers are urged to make use of it both by sending it messages from the field and extending its circulation. Reports of the working of the Act where it is in force will be gratefully received, as being of supreme importance in the contest. Often the least troublesome but still effective way to keep us posted will be the sending of newspapers with references to the campaign or the working of the Act marked with pencil. Or, better, cut out the article and paste it on a sheet of paper with notes of your own. Address papers and communications to "JOHN DODGALL & SON, publishers *Weekly Messenger*, Montreal."

THE BATTLE FOR THE RIGHT.

In this number of the *Weekly Messenger* appears a large budget of Scott Act campaign news. Much of it consists of very strong evidence of the value of that law in constituencies that have had it in operation for some time. The accounts from Prince county, that so lately repeated its verdict by an increased majority for the Act, as well as those from Westmoreland, are remarkably encouraging and must stimulate the temperance workers throughout the Dominion who have entered upon a campaign to secure the benefits of the measure in their respective districts. These reports are all the more striking from the fact that in both the counties named the Act was very negligently administered up till a period after its constitutionality was affirmed by the Privy Council of the Empire. Leaving out of question the remaining difficulty as to responsibility for the enforcement of the law, the fact is being daily made more patent to the whole country, through reports in the press, that it takes very little application of the Scott Act to bring on mortal throes in the traffic at any particular spot. Another thing is becoming very observable, and that is that the people are not in favor of licensing hot-beds for the propagation of intemperance. While the Dominion License Act was welcomed in many temperance circles for its very stringent provisions, and proved a grievous disappointment to the interest in whose behalf it was ostensibly projected, yet it is viewed with dismay in regions where it threatens to supersede more familiar as well as more restrictive laws. Indeed, energetic measures being taken in some constituencies to en-

force the Scott law and in others to procure its adoption are in great part traceable to horror of returning to a legalized traffic involved in the carrying out of the Dominion license measure. It is of the utmost importance to the temperance cause in this country that our local option law should be adopted as nearly as possible to a universal extent, at the very earliest practicable date and as nearly as may be simultaneously in all the districts where it is feasible. This advanced measure owes its existence largely to the fact that temperance people were able to show that a fair use had been made of provincial restrictive measures. So a most convincing evidence of the ripeness of the country for absolute prohibition will be the general adoption and execution of the local option prohibitory enactment. Let not, then, any community or person shirk responsibility in the struggle now fairly inaugurated by the Dominion Alliance. Procure and distribute all kinds of literature bearing upon the question, circulate petitions and sow the seed for a heavy harvest of ballots for the Act in the ensuing autumn. You cannot begin too early to canvass for votes, as every recruit now gained, particularly if you infect him with your enthusiasm, is equal to two or half a dozen on polling day.

CAMPAIGN NEWS.

ACTIVE EXERTIONS are being made by the Good Templars in the Scott Act campaign in Leeds and Grenville, Ontario.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS collected in fines from Scott Act violators had been placed in bank up to a recent date in Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

TEMPERANCE WORKERS in Yarmouth, N. S., are making good use of the two or three local papers, in appealing to the electors to vote in the Scott Act on the sixth of March.

LATE REPORTS from Glengarry county, Ontario, indicate great enthusiasm in the Scott Act campaign. A crowded meeting was lately held in Martintown, and after several stirring addresses a resolution was passed, unanimously pledging the support of those present to the Scott Act. Committees were appointed at the same time to prosecute the campaign.

A THREATENING LETTER was lately received by the Warden of Westmoreland county, N. B., arising out of the re-appointment, as constables, of Messrs. A. Bulmer and John E. Ford, who have been very active in carrying out the provisions of the Canada Temperance Act in Sackville. Although not ornamented with skull and cross bones, the letter intimated that the Warden would be dealt with in the "Irish way."

A FLESHERTON, Grey county, Ontario, correspondent gives encouraging reports of the spread of temperance sentiment in that locality. During the campaign to carry the Dunkin Act in that county, he says, the Sons of Temperance worked hard, but seemed to think when the victory was won

that they might rest upon their oars. Lately, however, there has been a revival of energy on the part of Flesherton Division. It gave a public entertainment, "well-flavored with temperance morals," to raise funds for the purchase of an organ. A Scott Act agitation has been begun in Grey.

A GRAND MEETING of residents of Monton, N. B., was lately held, at which leading gentlemen, including Protestant and Catholic clergymen, delivered addresses, all in favor of maintaining and enforcing the Scott Act. Electors present were urged to sustain the Town Council in the action taken of placing \$1,000 in the estimates for the current year to enforce the Act. A few days ago the Stipendiary Magistrate of this town issued a proclamation dismissing the fifteen policemen and civic constables from office for neglect of duty in not enforcing the Scott law. However, the Marshal was advised, upon consulting with the Mayor and Police Committee, to take no notice of the proclamation, as the Magistrate had no authority in the matter.

MR EDWARD STORR, County Secretary of the Good Templars, in Carleton, Ontario, has sent us a copy of a resolution passed by the County Lodge at its last meeting, also similar deliverances from public meetings in Carp and Richmond village, in favor of having the Scott Act submitted to the electorate of that constituency. The following is the resolution of the County Lodge:—"Resolved.—That this County Lodge, believing that the time has fully come when action should be taken to submit the Scott Act to the electorate of the County of Carleton, we would advise that at the earliest date possible a convention be held in the county to consider the question; also, that the Executive of this County Lodge do issue the call and arrange for the holding of said convention immediately." Our correspondent informs us that up to the date of his letter, Feb. 4th, seven public meetings had been held in the county, at six of which resolutions in favor of submitting the Act were passed.

THE TRIUMPH in Prince County, P. E. Island, in voting down the petition for the repeal of the Scott Act was not a mere snatch verdict, for, whereas the majority for the Act at its adoption in 1878 was 1,544, that against repeal was 1,874—a gain of 330 in five years. A statement made by a clergyman as to the effect produced by the Act in this constituency having been impeached, Mr. Rogers, of Amherst, N. S., comes forward with the figures from the Inland Revenue returns, which prove that during the three years of half-enforced Scott Act the consumption of liquors over the whole Province was reduced one-third. A correspondent of the *Witness* writing from Freetown, Prince county, on the victory, calls upon the people's representatives at Ottawa to make a note of it and act accordingly, or else "prepare mansions for themselves while they may, as we do not want any McCarthy license laws on P. E. Island and we will not have any." This correspondent in a subsequent note says he attended a large meeting at Sum-

merside, called by the Alliance, to devise ways and means of enforcing the Act. All appeared determined the liquor traffic must be suppressed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Moncton Times* at Shediac, Westmoreland, N. B., defending the Scott Act, cites instances of its effects in that place:—"We have had a license system, under which there has been abundance of liquor. And if a man wanted, he could buy, give away, throw away or get drunk on every day in the week. Under a license law murders have been incited, lives thrown away, prospects and fortunes dissipated through drink. A fortnight ago there were over a dozen rum shops openly selling liquor here, as openly as tea is sold. To-day there is no open bar, and different men have told me they could not buy a drop in the place. On Saturday many men went home sober who have not done so for a long time on that day. One old man "who always got drunk when he came to Shediac," went home without a drop on Saturday, but the air was blue with profanity. Men who said that it could not be stopped, now say, "Well, there is a great change, isn't there?" The streets are safe and quiet at nights, instead of being traversed by dozens of shouting, yelling, more or less intoxicated persons. What has brought about this difference? A license law? No, the "non-restrictive," "unlimiting," "non-regulating," "ineffective" Scott Act.

SHEFFORD COUNTY ALLIANCE, Province of Quebec, held its second annual meeting at Waterloo on the 11th of February. Mr. H. L. Robinson occupied the chair, and there was a goodly attendance of the clergy and other prominent men. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President—H. L. Robinson; Vice-Presidents for the different municipalities—Rev. W. B. Longhurst, Granby Village; W. L. Bowker, Township of Granby; Hon. G. G. Stevens, Waterloo; C. W. Curtis, L. H. Lawrence, Shefford; W. K. Knowlton, J. R. Bridge, South Stukely; A. T. Lawrence, North Stukely; M. Auger, M. P., Ste. Pudentienne; Wilder Bartlett, W. L. Davidson, North Ely; Nathan Darby, James Oberne, Jr., South Ely; Charles Willard, Milton; Bradley Smith, South Roxton; H. H. Prouty, Roxton Falls; Secretary—Treasurer, C. H. Parmelee. It was resolved to undertake to raise \$100 for the family of the late Rev. T. Gales, Granby and Waterloo each being apportioned \$50. Messrs. Noyes and Darby were named a committee to prepare a synopsis of Temperance legislation and also to report upon the state of public opinion in the county in relation to the passage of the Scott Act. The next quarterly meeting is to be held in Waterloo on the 15th of May. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which short, practical addresses were delivered by Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay, Rev. W. Hooper and Messrs. J. P. Noyes and E. D. Lawrence.

BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF IMMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION, at Ottawa, Mr. Lynch, of Danville, advocated the establishment of a Government dairying office.

"YE DID IT NOT TO ME."

MATE, 25: 45.

I sat and gazed upon my sultry home;
All pleasant things were there—
Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing sounds
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
The sunbeam glanced and quivered
Through the many colored pane,
And the marble floor at the open door
Mirrored it back again.
The flowers blushed in beauty,
The birds sang forth their glee;
I looked and listened, and I thanked my Father
That 'twas all for me.

And then I thought of One who had been here,
In days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world He made—
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God,
Despised and poor!
I thought of him when first his infant form
Needed a resting-place, and there was none:
The King of heaven was waiting to be housed—
Earth's dwellings had no room!
I thought of him upon the mountain-side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon his loneliness;
For Jesus had no home.

I thought 'nd thought, until my gushing heart
Gronned forth its longings:
"Oh! had I been there,
What tender ministry, what fostering care,
Wouldst thou have known,
Thou blessed One!
What kindly words,
What thoughts and deeds of love!"

The hot tears gathered fast;
I laid me down and wept.
Was it a breeze that stole into the room,
So like a voice?
That came quite close—close to my burning brow—
And whispered, "Why not now?"
It came again; I brushed the tears away,
And, as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard Him say,
"But why not now?"

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,
And close behind that door a broken stair,
And then a low, dark room.
The room is bare;
But in a corner lies
A worn-out form upon a hard straw bed,
No pillow underneath his aching head;
A face grown wan with suffering, and a hand
Scarce strong enough to reach the small dry crust
That lies upon the chair,
Go in—for I am there!
I have been waiting wearily in that cold room,
Waiting long lonely hours,
Waiting for thee to come.

"There's a low quiet corner in a green churchyard
Where deep, sad shadows lie,
And sound of passing feet goes seldom by:
I want thee there.
In that still place, beside a new-made grave,
A woman has been weeping all day long.
None marked her where she sat,
And now 'tis getting late,
And stars are coming out—
Beautiful stars! my stars
That used to gaze on me at Olivet.
The chill night dews are creeping through her frame,
She dares not venture back from whence she came:
She needs a home!
I call for thee, and waited,
But thou didst not come.
I want thy pitying tears, that fell just now
Upon the jeweled slab, to fall upon her cheek;
For tears can speak.
Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,
And leave me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,
Where to and fro, all through the busy day,
The sorrowing and the poor
Have found their way,
And now for very weariness
His eyes are closed—
Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked long-ingly

On many a ghastly spectacle of woe,
Looked into depths where loathsome miseries lie,
And never wept mere idle sympathy.
The heavy hand has fallen by his side,
The strong, brave hand
That waited my command,
And then did deadly battle with the foe;
That never flinched from any task
To which I called;
Be the way smooth or rough,
My bidding was enough.
Go in and look;
For tears have dropped upon the open book!
That heart is burdened,
Burdened for my sake:
Thou, in thy thoughtless ease, wilt let it break!

"'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,
I called two willing servants to my feet;
I took them by the hand, and said to each,
'I shed my blood for thee;
Lovest thou me?'
And then I gave him work,
Large work within my fold.
He had no earthly store
Wherewith to feed my poor:
It mattered not, I'd given me my gold.
Where is it now? Look at that pallid brow
Sunken in its weary sleep;
The furrows are too deep;
They tell the tale of many an anxious grief—
Not his but mine!
Whence comes the wasting of that haggard cheek?
The guilt is thine.
He gave me all his time and strength and health;
I took it, and then asked thee for thy wealth—
Thy given wealth—asked that it might be free,
Held in thine open hand for him and me.
Then came the years of conflict and of toil,
The days of labor and the nights of prayer;
Souls perishing in sin,
Few hands to fetch them in;
The hungry to be fed,
The naked to be clothed,
The outcast and the poor
Gathering about my door.
I wanted money, and I wanted bread,
I wanted all that willing hands could do;
I wanted the quick ear and ready eye,
Aye, and the deep true soul of sympathy;
I wanted help, and then I called for thee—
I called and waited, and then called again:
Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?
I called and waited,
And thou didst not come!"

I tried to hold my breath, and hear Him speak;
But 'twas as though my throbbing heart
Must break:
I could not lift my head,
I could not sigh;
The crimson shame had burned into my cheek;
I had no tears; the very fount was dry.
Oh, it was long, I cannot tell how long,
That strange, cold stillness!
But I felt that he was waiting there,
Waiting for me to speak;
I knelt upon the floor, and breathed his name,
Then, struggling, one by one the faint words came:
"Jesus, I thought I loved thee:
I remember well
That day when thou didst hold
My trembling fingers in thy pierced hand,
And take me for thine own.
And I did love thee—"
This poor heart beat true;
It was no fabled echo when the voice
That spoke these words
Responded, I am thine!"
But, O my Master! can I dare to tell,
Thy faithless child has loved thy gifts too well!
I looked on all things beautiful and rare—
Looked on earth's flowers,
And thought them very fair.
I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,
And hoped it was thy will
That I might turn away from common men
And love thee still.

"I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life;

I did not like the turmoil and the strife
To come too near;
And thou wast in the thickest battle-tide
When thou didst call thy servant to thy side;
But I was too far off,
And so I did not hear.
'My Lord! I will come nearer. I will take my seat
Close to thy feet.
I will come down where the gray shadows lie,
And there I'll listen—listen every day
To hear thy voice!
It may be I must take a lower place,
But let me have the shining of thy face,
It may be I must seek a humbler home;
Let it be one where thou wilt often come:
Its door shall be upon the latch for thee,
And for the needy ones who claim
An interest in thy name;
And I will stand, and watch, and wait, to greet
The first faint echoes of thy coming feet."
—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LORD A STRONG HELPER.

On the Lord's day, Mr. Plaisted filled the pulpit, and the students were expected to attend church, unless especially excused. Frank Belden and Quince Broekton sat side by side. Frank's handsome countenance was taking on a fuller beauty; the dark, expressive eyes had lost the look of perpetual excitement; the lemon of strong drink was losing in the struggle; while Quince's face showed the light of a new hope. His mother's God was his God; he could now comprehend what had seemed to him an injustice. He had mistaken the meaning. There was no favoritism with God; Jesus Christ came into the world to save the lost. And who so lost as the drunkard and the drunkard's child? Ah, yes! but the willingness of God reached even to those. What could be clearer and more explicit than his words? "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Mr. Plaisted was an earnest man, preaching the truth in simplicity. There was no special revival; but many of the students gave themselves to the Saviour; prayer-meetings were organized; and here the youth witnessed for Christ and proclaimed their desire to spend and be spent for his service.

Upon one occasion, Mr. Plaisted, in reading a psalm, paused at the verse, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed."

"David said this," he remarked. It was a familiar form of speech; every one understood it. It was the custom with warriors to have their shields covered with embossed figures of their gods. With these shields they defended themselves in the day of battle, and the intervention of the hallowed symbol, on which their eyes rested, between them and the weapons of the enemy, nerved their own arms in the thickest of the conflict. "Behold, O God, our shield!" is the believer's cry. Jesus is the Anointed One. Are you secure in him, my friend? Is he your shield? In the hour of danger, when tempted to go astray, do you cry to the Father to look upon His face who suffered in your stead, paying all the debt? Do you ask Him to save you and to keep you from sinning against Him—from sinning against your own soul?

"The Bible tells us plainly that this life is a warfare; experience confirms it. The world is a great battle-field. In our own hearts there is a constant struggle; the forces of right and wrong are striving for the mastery. In this warfare there is no discharge. Choose we must, and choose we will. Have you declared, my dear friends? Are you halting between two opinions? Delays are dangerous; while you are halting, evil may prove victorious."

"But, O Christ! Is it possible there is one here out of Christ? To what shall we liken such a soul? To the bird who builds in the branches where the winds sweep her gently. But the tree is no safeguard; the lightning scathes it, or the woodman's axe

may lay it low, or the evil inclinations of a depraved nature may rob the nest of its treasure. It is not, and cannot by any means become, a place of security.

"In Christ," on the other hand, is like the bird who builds in the recesses of the rock. Seething waters may roar around it; tempests may dash the ships against the jutting base of the cliff; but up in the niches of the beetling rock the bird-mother, with her little ones, sits and sings in safety. Isaiah says, 'He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks.'

"Consider this, young man! Trust in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord is everlasting strength. Make him your shield, and the darts of the enemy will fall powerless. And, victory—certain victory—will be yours."

Frank and Quince walked home together. "I like to think of Christ as a shield, a defence, a refuge," observed Frank. "I used to feel that I had an inherited appetite for strong drink, and that it was useless to resist. I wore myself out with effort, and then I gave up, feeling that it was not in my power to conquer. I hated it, but I must be ruled by it. Now, this is where Christ comes in as a shield, is it not? I no longer think of my appetite, but I look to my Shield. I look to Christ to help me. I say to him that he must; my hope is in him; I have no other. And, Quince, he has helped me; I fully believe that he will help me also in days to come."

"I trust so, Frank. But if life is a warfare, then a constant watch is needful," was the reply.

"I believe he will keep me. I have asked him, and Quince, I want Hatham to ask him. You remember how you came after me? I want to help Hatham as you have helped me."

"Hatham is nearly always at Brinley's now; I dislike to think of your putting yourself into the lion's den. Still, if you consider that you can do him any good, it probably would be well to try," was the reply.

Quince remembered well how unwilling Mr. Seago was at first to allow him to run any risk when he proposed that Frank should be allowed to return to school. But what a happy thing it was that he had finally consented! It was a great risk, but God had given a great blessing to him for whom that risk had been incurred. Might he not bless the effort which Frank now wished to make for Hatham?

Frank did not make an immediate answer. Hatham was a young man of rare fascination of manner. He was already a hard drinker, and was rarely to be found at any other place than in Brinley's saloon.

The next remark had reference to the weekly reunion at Mrs. Seago's.

"If she would invite Hatham!" said Frank, with pleading tenderness. "Do you think she would, Quince?"

"You can ask her; you can tell her how greatly you desire to see him reform. You know how very anxious she is to do anything that will really help a young man. These weekly meetings were begun and are kept up for that very purpose."

In the subdued light half of the street some one passed them; it was Hatham. His step was rapid and his hat was pushed low over his eyes; he was on his way to Brinley's in passing he raised his head for a moment, and, as if moved by a sudden impulse, put out a detaining hand, in order to stop Frank; then, seeing Quince, he hesitated, but at length made bold to say,

"If you care for me, Frank—if you ever cared for me—let me see you in the morning."

He did not ask for any promise, but, with this earnest plea uttered in an almost despairing tone, he passed rapidly onward, leaving the friends to consider and decide on what should now be done. Their sympathy was still more deeply stirred, and they resolved to use every means which God might put in their power for his salvation, and trust him to add his own blessing and thus make their efforts successful.

CHAPTER XXII.

HATHAM'S EVENING AT MR. SEAGO'S.

HATHAM was a young man who had the misfortune to have had riches showered upon him from the cradle. The only son of his parents, he had inherited the family estate. Then his grandmother died and left him her

own ample fortune was taken away, and left him a considerable property. A that to be known an envious position about it that peculiar turn of a something degrading himself for a level do it: there was was sent to Chelm the desire to stand not by right of se position demanded him by the rules o no break, no distu over to the hotel school went on wit was several years but the two had b

Hatham did no ford; he came and his manner was w asoi when he clo was a strange fa almost impercepti a dangerous exper Frank to put hi fluence.

From whatever was a changed y weeks; there wa him that was exc students. He ca seemed particula observe all the s went so far as t looks to study; i up, he said. The under surveillance ing hand. Possi acting from an would be wrong t him. It was th invitation was e Sago to attend c looked at it, tur and accepted it.

When Hatham Belden was ther Mr. Plaisted. Belden was mus and co admired the flo tures, and felt s and his family, that accommoda the most timid. Gerty was oblig willing efforts to always seasonabl sparkling.

Later in the e on a low seat b The latter had b of himself.

"I am persua mistaken idea of elusive control o life an object. I his intellect is d ceptions are dul him for what h is. He has no a loses heart."

While Hatham tion had been gr another mistak men like Hatha and no distinct left to float do side, she recall that had drift with him—fir ence upon oth Belden. The h him to one of ready glad that

Quince was i vention with l eyes were up "If I envy said, turning a Mrs. Seago.

"Quince is a make a good, b but there is n returned Mrs.

"That is jus that I envy—d him on. It i I did not have i it now."

The voice in Mrs. Seago fel without exact take.

own ample fortune, and after this an aunt was taken away, and, as a matter of course, left him a considerable addition to his already large property. As he grew older he saw that to be known as a certain man was to hold an enviable position; there was a certain satisfaction about it that harmonized with his peculiar turn of mind. There was likewise something degrading in the idea of exerting himself for a livelihood; really, he need not do it; there was no necessity for it. He was sent to Chelmsford to school. He had the desire to stand at the head of his class—not by right of scholarship, but because his position demanded it. Mr. Seago measured him by the rules of the school. There was no break, no disturbance. Hatham walked over to the hotel one morning, and the school went on without him. Frank Belden was several years younger than Hatham, but the two had become fast friends.

Hatham did not always stay in Chelmsford; he came and went. As an associate his manner was warm, gentle, and attractive; and when he chose to exert himself, there was a strange fascination that won hearts almost imperceptibly to him. Hence it was a dangerous experiment, as Quince felt, for Frank to put himself under Hatham's influence.

From whatever cause, however, Hatham was a changed youth for the next few weeks; there was a studied elegance about him that was exceeding attractive to the students. He called on his old friends and seemed particularly anxious to revive his former acquaintance. He was careful to observe all the small courtesies, and even went so far as to ask Mr. Seago for a list of books to study; he was determined to read up, he said. The latter, while keeping him under surveillance, could not refuse a helping hand. Possibly the young man was acting from an honest motive; if so, it would be wrong to turn coldly away from him. It was through this feeling that an invitation was extended to him by Mrs. Seago to attend one of her receptions. He looked at it, turned it over, considered it, and accepted it.

When Hatham entered the parlor, Frank Belden was there; so was Quince; so was Mr. Plaisted. The rooms were full; there was music and conversation. The students admired the flowers and studied the pictures, and felt at home with the principal and his family. There was a cordiality that accommodated itself to the necessity of the most timid and obscure boy in school. Gerty was obliging, and her artless and willing efforts to amuse drew forth responses always reasonable and at times bright and sparkling.

Later in the evening Hatham was sitting on a low seat by the side of Mrs. Seago. The latter had been leading him on to speak of himself.

"I am persuaded," he said, "that it is a mistaken idea of kindness to give a boy exclusive control of money; it takes from his life an object. Money is the motive-power; his intellect is dwarfed and his moral perceptions are dulled. His companions value him for what he has, and not for what he is. He has no ambition, and by and by he loses heart."

While Hatham was speaking the conviction had been growing upon Mrs. Seago that another mistake was often made. Young men like Hatham, with plenty of money and no distinctive line of duty in life, were left to float downward; and, sitting by his side, she recalled certain prudential motives that had drifted in upon her in connection with him—first of all, the fear of his influence upon others, especially upon Frank Belden. The latter had begged her to invite him to one of her receptions; she was already glad that she had done so.

Quince was standing near, in easy conversation with Pauline Plaisted. Hatham's eyes were upon him.

"If I envy any one it is Quince," he said, turning a sad, regretful face toward Mrs. Seago.

"Quince is a fine, scholarly lad; he will make a good, true-hearted man, I judge; but there is not much in his lot to envy," returned Mrs. Seago.

"That is just the particular part of his life that I envy—that stern necessity that urges him on. It is the very thing I needed, and I did not have it. I sometimes think I need it now."

The voice indicated a sensible depression. Mrs. Seago felt a desire to comfort him without exactly knowing the first step to take.

"If you really feel that the condition in which Quince finds himself is helpful to his intellectual and his higher spiritual nature, cannot you in some sense bring your life in harmony with such environments?" she asked, at length.

"Perhaps I could. But then I like my ease; I am afraid I cannot bring myself to face the necessity."

"I see. You consider that if the necessity had been forced upon you, you would have been altogether a different person from what you are now?" she asked, with an expression that showed she was actuated by an honest interest in his welfare.

"Exactly. It is what I needed, and I failed to get it—the spur of necessity. I felt that money would buy anything, and that the best things were ease and enjoyment. But money will not buy what Quince is getting without it, and this is the reason I envy him."

Inensibly they had drifted around to the same point from which they had started. Mrs. Seago had never more keenly felt her inability to say the right word.

At this moment a passing glance from Mr. Seago gave her to understand that she was wanted elsewhere. With nothing of abruptness in her manner, she suggested that the music-room would be pleasanter. Miss Flushing was to sing.

"You will be charmed," she said.

Hatham had never listened to Miss Flushing, and willingly accompanied Mrs. Seago.

With her hand on the arm of her companion, the lady crossed the hall, and left him standing at a convenient distance from the instrument and the singer. Then song was called for, and Hatham, who was acknowledged to have a superior voice, was pressed into service. Miss Flushing was singing Mendelssohn's "Schoner und Schoner," giving the true accent to the German words. When she closed, Hatham was called upon.

"He has so many drinking-songs, I was afraid that he could not sing any other," Frank afterward said to Mrs. Seago, "but he did splendidly; only his selection was rather sad."

After the music was ended and Hatham came to say "Good-night" to Mrs. Seago and to thank her for the pleasure of the evening, the expression of his face was not less sad, but his manner was almost playful.

"I think it was on Frank's account I came this evening," he said; "will you permit me to come some time upon my own? I think it will do me good."

"Come as often as you like; I shall expect you," was the reply.

She gave him her hand, and he held it an instant reverently.

In that moment Mrs. Seago felt greatly drawn to him; she thought there were possibilities in him. Hatham was not just what she had been led to believe he was.

When he let go her hand, he said simply, "I shall come."

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUINCE AND FRANK PLAN FOR HATHAM.

Mrs. Seago was a lady who did not spend much time in idle talk. Without being abrupt, she dropped words that would be sure to do positive good. With the tact of a woman whose heart is full of the spirit of love and tenderness, her words touched the centre of one's being and brought back responses that gave her a deeper insight into the needs of the individual; and thus she was able to offer healing remedies and to strengthen the weary and the faint-hearted.

The evening Hatham spent with her satisfied her that he had his moments of honest striving; this was her hope, her stronghold. She wished that she could be near him at such moments and help him to look away from self—to put temptation behind him. In her resolve to be of use to him, she considered music as an important means. Frank Belden had a good voice, and Quince, although giving little time to it, could sing commendably. As an experiment it would perhaps do them all good.

When Hatham came for books, Mr. Seago took him into the library, and subsequently brought him to the parlor. It suited both the principal and his wife to see him as much as possible by himself. Though receiving him at their own house, they yet did not allow intimacy between him and the students; neither did he seem to desire it. He was engaged in a course of reading, and he

manifested a willingness to talk of himself. As yet, there was a possibility, and nothing more; but the possibility of turning any human life into a channel of usefulness and honor was not to be lost through cowardice or want of proper effort.

As the weeks flew by, Brinley's mutterings came to their ears; he said it was a pity that people could not be allowed to think and act as they pleased. Not satisfied with what they already had, some people were always reaching out after what belonged to others. For his part he did not believe in it. "Each one for himself" was his creed. Such mutterings, however, made little difference, save as they showed on his part a spirit of resistance which called for double diligence on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Seago.

By and by Hatham's step upward began to falter; even Frank showed a wavering.

"You cannot think how hard it is," he said to Quince one night as he ran over for a little chat after study-hours. "I do believe that if it were not for coming here, I should fail," he said, with that air of dejection to be seen in one who is nearly ready to yield the point for which he has been striving.

"But, Frank—" began Quince.

"I know what you would say, old fellow. I do not mean to give way. No, no! But it is hard. I want Hatham, and I go to Brinley's."

"Oh, Frank, is it possible?" cried Quince, giving the boy's hand a grasp that made him wince. "How long have you been doing this?"

"Do not mistake me, Quince; I do not go to Brinley's to join them; I go for Hatham. He says that when he sees me I serve as a reminder that he can do better. I am sure, Quince, that you would not have me refuse him. You would not do it, if you were in my place?"

He spoke with a quick insistence, as if he could not endure for an instant that his friend should misinterpret his motive.

"But why does Hatham exact this? Why does he not break with Brinley and his set?" asked Quince, with a vehemence quite at variance with his accustomed gentleness of manner.

"That is the question I asked him, and he answered—so hopelessly!—that he could not."

Quince was looking into space with a quiet, thoughtful air.

"I think it would be a good thing if Hatham could go away for a few weeks or months—long enough to break with this set. He should give himself time to realize that something effective must be done on his part; that as a man he must not allow himself to drift about like an old boat; that work, real work, of some kind is waiting for his hand and he must do it."

Frank's face showed an unconscious pained intensity.

"I think so—yes. It helped me, my going away. I had time to think it all over. And I did think it over, and I resolved to do better. But, Quince, I never should have done better, if you hadn't come out after me. I cannot forget this, and I do not want to forget it. The remembrance of it makes me pitiful. I can feel for them. They want to do better, but something holds them back; and this something is where the influence comes in. If it is influence in the right direction, the soul is helped up and onward; on the contrary, influence may lead downward. This is the influence Brinley and his set exert over Hatham. On this account I think it would be better for him to leave Chelmsford."

"I had hoped much from his intercourse with Mrs. Seago. I think he likes her, and to see her occasionally keeps him up. He has admitted that much in talking with me," Quince answered.

"I know," replied Frank, "that Hatham has theory enough, but he needs practice. This he can get elsewhere, and it will be easier for him; it will be like beginning anew. He will have courage to go on."

"Have you spoken with him about it?" Quince asked.

"No yet, but I must. I must not leave any means untried."

Quince heard every one of the slowly-dropped words, and he was thinking how anxious he had been to have Frank turn a new leaf and begin again; and now Frank was in his turn intensely earnest to have Hatham change about entirely. And was not this the way for all souls to be helpful!

Did it not increase their own strength and make their steps more firm? It had been so long since Frank had given way that he had almost forgotten he had ever been pitifully weak in that direction.

"Yes," he began, hesitating, as if to be sure that he was conscientious in what he was about to say—"yes, it will be best for Hatham to go away, perhaps—that is, if he goes resolved to overcome and sets about it in the right way."

"What do you call the right way, Quince?" Frank asked.

"I think a man hedged around as Hatham is must go to God for help. You also think so, do you not, Frank? You look to him to keep you from falling, to help you at all times!"

"I think so—yes. Still, Quince, do not give me credit for too much; do not imagine that I am as strong as you are. I am honestly trying."

It had been raining, and now the music of the drops on the casement ceased.

Frank started up, surprised to find how late it was.

"I didn't think to stay more than a minute, and I have stayed so long," he said, looking around for his cap.

"You could not have gone in the rain," said Quince, smiling.

"It has done me good I think; it always does me good to talk with you, Quince."

With boyish eagerness, Frank ran down the stairs and out into the wet streets, leaving Quince to look after him earnestly.

Every line of the tall, pliant figure and the bright boyish face he remembered long after that night had passed away, the shining wet pavements, with groups of people picking their way and calling out pleasantly as they hastened along. Then he folded his arms and walked about the room a little. After all, it was the "seeking," as Mr. Seago said: "Seeking is the true attitude of life. Every individual is seeking something; and the higher the life, the greater is the seeking." It was an hour for retrospection. Was he seeking an object worthy of his toil?

(To be Continued.)

ORDER.

We read that "order is heaven's first law." It is certain that no work can be well done without that quality for the keystone, but as far as woman's work is concerned, I consider it more necessary in housekeeping than in any other department.

If my despondent sisters who are more encumbered by their many cares than was Martha of old, will set to and mark out for themselves a certain system or routine for their work and then faithfully follow it for a year, they will find their duties much simplified.

Don't be alarmed and say you have more to do now than you can get through with and have no time to experiment. It is because you have so much to do that I wish you to try this. If you have a place for every thing, and a set time for each duty, you will soon get out of the slough of despond, and what has seemed like a nightmare, will be a comparative pleasure. It is not necessary that you imitate any one. Families differ in their work and requirements, and each householder must make her plans to suit individual needs, but a plan she must have if she wishes to be a successful house-keeper, and not labor in a treadmill to which she will be as firmly bound as was Ixion to his ever revolving wheel, which he was powerless to stop.

I am well aware that the majority of housewives labor at a decided disadvantage. Their work is not good, they have young children at who claim their attention day and night, and while the husband is content if he follows and is master of one trade, the wife is expected to serve as mother, house-keeper, cook, laundress, dairy-maid, seamstress, teacher, dress-maker, nurse, tailor, and errand-woman in general to the whole family.

I know that to many "a place for everything and every thing in its place," has a harsh sound, but it is the "open sesame" to a successful career as a housekeeper. It will, perhaps, at first, come hard to follow this out, but after a persevering trial of such a system as you may decide on as best fitted to your needs, you will wonder how you ever got along without this motto to guide you.—The Household.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Since the passage of the new scheme for completing the Canadian Pacific Railway a large amount of general business has been despatched in the House of Commons. From thirty to forty bills were considered and advanced a stage in a single day. Mr. Lister asked the Government for information respecting mining matters in the North-West and said he had been told that the best mining lands were in the hands of speculators to the extent of as much as three hundred and forty acres each, and these persons had driven off prospecting miners on the plea that they held possession by patent from the Government. He insisted on knowing whether the Government had not yet issued mining regulations for the North-West, and if not when it would. Sir John Macdonald replied that the Department of the Interior last summer issued mining regulations suited to the exigencies of the case, and since then, learning that prospectors had discovered valuable leads of gold, silver and other metals, the Department had adapted regulations suitable for the North-West from those in force in such mining countries as Nova Scotia and Australia, which were nearly ready for publication. He added that there were no such claims for mineral lands held under any title from the Government as the member had referred to. In reply to a question respecting the administration of affairs in the North-West, coupled with a rumor mentioned of an Indian rising in that territory, Sir John said the facts were, as communicated to the Government, that about a hundred Indians had broken into a government store and stolen some sacks of flour. Mr. Casgrain, a French Catholic, moved for information respecting the oath taken by the Governor-General and the commissions appointing the Governors of Quebec. What seemed to disturb this gentleman was the clause in the viceregal oath of office which repudiates the authority in the Dominion of any foreign potentate. As that term must include the Pope of Rome, the Canadian Ultramontanes do not like the oath as it stands. The Premier informed the enquirer that to change the Governor-General's oath would require an act of the Imperial Parliament. A meeting of temperance members of both houses was held, at which the prohibitory resolution to be introduced was drafted, also one in favor of amending the Scott Act in the direction of greater efficiency. In the committee on banking and commerce the bill to incorporate the Canada Temperance and General Assurance Company was amended—limiting interest on mortgages to eight percent, striking out all accident clauses and a clause giving power to loan money on stocks. The Hon. David Mills, who was elected for Bothwell at the general election but whose opponent had hitherto held the seat by authority of the returning officer, was warmly welcomed to his rightful place by the Liberals, he having been declared the elected representative of the constituency by the Supreme Court. A bill was passed authorizing a further advance to Manitoba in aid of its public schools. The select committee on Hudson's Bay navigation is pursuing its work and has examined J. G. Bolton, a staff commander in the British navy, as to the length of the navigable season, the woods on the shores of the Bay, etc., and Dr. Bell, of the

Canadian Geological Survey, who told of coal deposits and great timber resources in the region. A deputation of Indians had an audience with the Premier regarding the bill for the advancement of their race. They were in favor of having a vote for members of the Dominion Parliament. As to a clause in the bill providing that teachers should be of the same religion as a majority of the pupils in a school, the Indians were more liberal than the Government, suggesting an amendment to give the council of chiefs a voice in the appointment of teachers with power to engage any properly qualified teacher regardless of his religious denomination. Before the agricultural committee of the House, statistics were presented, showing the number of passengers going from Canada to the United States by the Grand Trunk system, last year, to have been 187,935, and the number coming to Canada from the United States 192,627, leaving a balance in favor of Canada by that route of 4,692. Immigrants cost Canada \$346,542, against \$206,181 the previous year. Mr. Blake moved a resolution in the House, setting forth that Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Railways, had forfeited his seat by accepting, the High Commissionership in England, an office of emolument under the Government, and ordering the issuance of a writ for a new election. Sir John Macdonald moved in amendment that the case be referred to the committee on privileges, and contended that his colleague, having had the salary detached from the office by Order-in-Council, had not forfeited his seat. Of course the Premier's amendment was carried. Although Sir Charles has taken an active part in legislation this session, especially in guiding the Pacific Railway scheme through its several stages, he has not ventured to vote, which is taken as indicating that he has himself doubts as to his legal position. On Friday Sir Leonard Tilley, Finance Minister, delivered the budget speech and was criticized by Sir Richard Cartwright. The financial statement showed the estimates made last year to have come wide of their mark. Receipts were \$35,749,694, and the expenditure \$28,730,157, showing a surplus of \$7,019,537, further enlarged by the addition of a million received from the sale of lands in the North-West. The expenditure was \$1,063,054 greater than was estimated, a fact that prevented the surplus from being nearly two millions above the estimate. The statement above given does not include expenditure on capital account of the country, but only the expenses of ordinary government services. There have been expended upon the Canadian Pacific Railway in the shape of subsidies, etc., the above surplus of eight millions, the four and a half millions of the people's savings in the Post Office and \$2,694,000 obtained from the sale of Canadian Pacific Railway bonds. Next year's ordinary revenue is estimated at \$32,000,000, and ordinary expenditure at \$29,811,639.

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

In the House Mr. Springer introduced an amendment to the constitution, making the President's term of office six years instead of four and preventing any person from filling the office twice in succession, also providing for a direct vote for the Presidency and the abolition of the electoral college. By the heavy vote of sixty-three to three the shipping committee decided to report against the bill to admit foreign built ships to American registry free of duty. Let American commerce die on the ocean, so that American shipbuilders may have the building of the few expensive ships which

may be needed in spite of the protective tariff. The report of the commission on the swine industry was presented to Congress, showing the total number of hogs raised annually in the country to be 30,000,000, yielding products of 4,725,000,000 pounds. It says that the utmost care is constantly exercised in the handling of pork from the farms to the port of shipment, the strictest rules and regulations being in force to prevent unwholesome conditions. The report concludes with the belief that no legitimate ground exists for restrictions upon American pork in some foreign countries. In committee of the whole the House amended the bill on pleuro-pneumonia so as to authorize the President to prohibit cattle being exported from a quarantined State, territory or district, providing that no such place can be declared in quarantine if its Governor certifies that he is satisfied from thorough investigation that no disease dangerous to the animal industry of the nation exists, and so that the operations of the act shall be confined to pleuro-pneumonia. A report from the committee on railways and canals was favorable to the bill appropriating one million for the construction of the Maryland and Delaware ship canal, that appropriating one million annually for ten years for the improvement of the Erie Canal, and the bill for the construction of a ship canal from Union Lake, Washington Territory, to Puget Sound. The House sub-committee agreed to the bill appropriating \$4,000,000 for the defence of harbors and coasts. Democratic member, of the ways and means committee of the House agreed upon a substitute for Mr. Morrison's tariff bill, placing only salt, coal and lumber on the free list, and making a twenty percent reduction on the remaining articles of Mr. Morrison's free list. A favorable report is made by the House committee on foreign affairs to the bill prepared by the Pacific delegation to prevent Chinese immigration. Two charges are, however, made—one striking out a clause requiring a Chinese student in the United States to leave the country within ninety days after completing his studies, and the other adding a provision that the United States shall pay for the subsistence and return of any Chinese person prevented from landing from the vessel by reason of the provisions of the act. President Arthur congratulated Congress and the people upon the good results reported by the civil service commission, and avowed his conviction that the law under which it acted would henceforth prove to be still more a national benefit to the public service.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Arthur W. Peel, a grandson of the famous statesman, Sir Robert Peel, was elected Speaker of the House of Commons without opposition. A motion to appoint a standing committee to deal with Irish affairs was rejected by the House. Sir Henry Brand, the late Speaker, has been made a peer with the title of Lord Hampden, and given a pension of four thousand pounds a year which his heir will inherit. Mr. Gladstone introduced the franchise bill, which he said would strengthen the state by enfranchising people capable of exercising the rights of franchise. America, he declared, had only recovered from the civil war so quickly because every capable citizen had been entrusted with the rights of franchise. To introduce separate franchise bills for England, Ireland and Scotland, with the prospect of carrying the English and Scotch bills and leaving the Irish bill to take its chances, would be altogether

impracticable. The redistribution of parliamentary constituencies must follow reform of the franchise, but to embody the two questions in one bill would prove fatal to both. Mr. Gladstone entreated his supporters not to endanger the success of the bill by proposing additions. Conservative members opposed the measure, one charging that its design was to divert the attention of the country from the Government policy abroad. The Scotch and Irish members are represented as approving of the measure as it stands and hoping the Government will not consent to any amendment by the House of Lords. English Liberals are not in full accord on the measure, and the Conservatives will oppose it because its enactment without redistribution of seats would give much increased power to the Irish. Under its provisions Mr. Parnell's supporters could carry ninety seats and might add to that number from populous labor districts in Scotland and England.

CLUMSY SCIENTIFIC BARBARISM.

About an hour after midnight, in the morning of February 26th, an explosion occurred in the Victoria Railway Station, the largest and handsomest railway terminus in London, England. The building is an immense brick structure, with glass roof and heavy iron girders, covering several acres of ground. Between five and six hundred passenger trains arrive there in a day, and in morning and evening the station is crowded with persons going to and from their business. The explosion was a terrific one and was felt for a great distance in every direction. It made a terrible wreck of a portion of the fine structure, and only the prompt action of police and firemen prevented the flames that ensued from completing the work of destruction. Seven men were sent to the hospital with severe injuries, but no one was killed, and this is the more remarkable from the fact that the station is generally thronged from eleven to two o'clock with persons returning from places of amusement. Ample evidences were obtained that the explosion was part of a plot to blow up the leading stations in the metropolis. Upon information furnished the police the day after the explosion an investigation was made which resulted in the finding of an infernal machine, charged with dynamite and fitted with clock-work, in the Charing Cross Station, another in Paddington Station and quantities of dynamite with pieces of clock-work in several other important stations. Both the explosive material and the mechanism in each case are pronounced to be of American make, and the English press calls upon the American nation to do something to prevent the committal of outrages by her people upon a friendly nation. Some papers take the probably correct view that the real object of the plot is to bring contributions of money from poor and ignorant Irish men and women who have been deluded into the belief that by such clumsy attempts upon English property and life Ireland is to obtain independence. Earl Granville has been in communication with Mr. Lowell, the American Minister in London, with regard to the matter, and suggested that the luggage of passengers from America to British ports be strictly overhauled before its owners are allowed to embark. There being strong ground for believing that head-quarters for Irish outrages in Great Britain exist in Paris, the French Government has been appealed to and returned assurances that it would assist in the search for dynamiters. The American Government has been asked for similar assurances, and in reference to this

James Stephens, in Paris, expresses the opinion that in America will not that country to you. This is a very degenerated of the A will no doubt be a respectable people.

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THE

AN AMERICAN Gibraltar for Spanish revenue Spanish waters are ing built. British by the captain, for age chosen by waters, and the paid within ten d.

THE TROOPS from Halifax the Prince of Wales and Malta. For regiment's departure frequent of men Egypt. In one persuade two on board the Bos four sailed away.

A BEST OF Lo in Westminster of Chaucer and daughters have pness. It is pu larger than life, a the best period features, flowing bust will bear th Stanley: "This! memorials of th English admirer.

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GREAT DIFFIC ing to effect uni Hudson's Bay Dominion Govern acres of land to amalgamate, choice will be m the subvention.

DISASTROUS I Shrewport, Lot hundreds of mil point was under is immense.

SEVERAL CASI ported from Min victims ate ham fairly alive with

James Stephens, the Fenian, who lives in Paris, expresses the opinion that Irishmen in America will not permit any Cabinet in that country to yield to the British request. This is a very degrading opinion to be entertained of the American Government and will no doubt be repudiated by all the respectable people of the great republic.

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THE WEEK.

AN AMERICAN SHIP lately put in to Gibraltar for repairs and was seized by Spanish revenue officers for anchoring in Spanish waters and heavily fined for breaking bulk. British protection was demanded by the captain, for it was believed the anchorage chosen by the pilot was in British waters, and the port dues would have been paid within ten days as usual.

THE TROOPSHIP "HIMALAYA" sailed from Halifax the other day with the 19th Prince of Wales Own regiment for Gibraltar and Malta. For some time before the regiment's departure desertions were very frequent of men who feared being sent into Egypt. In one case two men were sent to persuade two comrades who were reported on board the Boston boat to return, but all four sailed away.

A BUST OF LONGFELLOW has been placed in Westminster Abbey, between those of Chaucer and Dryden, and which his daughters have pronounced a striking likeness. It is pure white marble, slightly larger than life, and represents the poet at the best period of old age, with noble features, flowing hair and full beard. The bust will bear the inscription left by Dean Stanley: "This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by English admirers of the American poet."

BURIAL HAVING BEEN REFUSED to the body of a young man named Geary who shot himself, at Lafayette, Indiana, his father defeated the Roman Catholic Church authorities in the courts and had the corpse interred. Thereupon the ecclesiastics excommunicated the father for desecrating consecrated ground, and threats have been made to remove the suicide's clay by violence and the grave has been put under strong guard.

GREAT DIFFICULTY is experienced in trying to effect union between the two rival Hudson's Bay railway companies. The Dominion Government offers six thousand acres of land to both and gives them time to amalgamate, and if they do not do so a choice will be made as to which shall receive the subvention.

DISASTROUS FLOODS have occurred at Shreveport, Louisiana. The country for hundreds of miles above and below that point was under water, and loss of property is immense.

SEVERAL CASES OF TRICHINOSIS are reported from Minnesota, in one of which the victims ate ham that is described as being fairly alive with trichinae.

REPORTS ARE GOING BETWEEN EUROPEAN CAPITALS of an alliance between Germany, Austria and Russia, under which the warlike preparations on the frontiers will be greatly reduced.

AN IRISHMAN NAMED WALLIS has surrendered to the Greenock police, saying he knows the murderers of Lord Leitrim.

M. CLEMENCEAU, a French economist, lately visited London to ascertain the condition of the working classes. He was much pleased with the tenements of the workmen, but horrified at the slums as surpassing in degrading filth and wretchedness anything in Paris. The socialism working its way into English politics struck him as a remarkable sign of the times.

A GREAT VICTORY was achieved on Saturday last in the Soucan by the British forces under General Graham. Trinkitat was captured in a pitched battle almost on the very ground where General Baker's command met with general massacre a few weeks previous. The rebels fought desperately, disputing every foot of ground and leaving about fifteen hundred dead upon the field. General Baker and Colonel Burnaby and other officers to the number of nineteen were wounded on the British side and four were killed. The loss in the ranks was 24 killed and 142 wounded. On Saturday General Graham marched on Tokar, and only a few shots were fired when the 4,000 rebels holding the town fled. About seventy men, half-starved, composed the garrison of Tokar when relieved, and they had been oppressed since Feb. 16th, together with the inhabitants, by the rebels. It is reported that El Mahdi, the false prophet, has given his submission to General Gordon, accepting from the latter with every token of joy the sultanah of Kordofan. It is said he has become afraid of his tribesmen and that he has stored up all the rifles, saying he will return them to the Egyptian Government, to which they belong.

A THRILLING SCENE lately occurred at Calcutta, India. The ship "Aurora," with 20,000 cases of kerosene on board, took fire. At first it was feared the wind and tide would drive the burning oil to the crowded part of the river, but a charge of wind in the nick of time averted such a disastrous result. Like volleys of musketry every now and then the cases exploded and dense black smoke enwrapped the town. It was a very narrow escape from destruction for the town and shipping, and the event has led to a fresh agitation for the establishment of a subsidiary port for kerosene.

BARON TENNYSON D'EYNCOURT, the poet laureate, intends to support in the House of Lords the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

MR. FOOK, editor of the *Freethinker*, lately came out of prison in London after serving a year for blasphemy, and he was met at the gate by Mr. Bradlaugh, the elect of Northampton, and a crowd of two thousand sympathizers.

A POLICE SERGEANT named Jenks was lately shot and killed by a bad colored woman in St. Louis, and it was discovered that he had held a commission from the British authorities to act against the Fenians, although investigation proves that that fact had nothing to do with his death.

THE UNITED STATES is assigned equal privileges with other countries in a new treaty with Turkey.

A MADRID NEWSPAPER has been confiscated and its manager will be prosecuted for publishing articles containing insults to King Alfonso.

MR. MOODY has closed a successful mission of three weeks at New Cross, London.

A CIVIL RIGHTS LEAGUE is being organized by the colored people of Ohio, and will have branches in every township.

THE STRIKE OF COTTON OPERATIVES at Fall River, Massachusetts, broke down, and the mills are fast filling up.

FOR SOME TIME the press and the pulpit of Bridgeport, Connecticut, attacked policy playing, and the common council passed an ordinance against it. In a case brought under the ordinance, however, a court of appeal decided the ordinance unconstitutional and that policy playing was not gambling but an investment.

GOVERNMENT CREAMERIES in Ontario are to be reduced to one, and that will be situated at Guelph.

AMENDMENTS ARE PROPOSED to the Ontario license law which provide for open sittings of the licensing boards, increase the penalties and give a majority in a polling subdivision power to defeat by petition an application for license therein.

DAKOTA HAD A BLIZZARD lasting over Saturday and Sunday last which threw all previous ones this year into the shade. There was heavy snow with the wind blowing forty to fifty miles an hour, and the thermometer registered ten to fifteen degrees below zero. People could not stay in the streets and it may be imagined what the tempest was on the prairie.

A YOUNG GIRL claimed police protection in New York the other day, telling a story by which she appeared to be the daughter of Thomas Fields, one of the Tammy Ring fugitives to Canada. Her father had placed her in the convent of Notre Dame, Montreal, to be educated, expecting she would take the veil when of age. She refused to do this and one of the Notre Dame sisters had taken her to New York and there turned her adrift. She was given in charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Her story is a very strange one.

OUTRAGES UPON NEGROES in Georgia are attributed to the lower class of whites, and it is said the better class of citizens has determined to suppress them. Two weeks ago an industrious negro at Americus was driven from home by masked men, who destroyed his household goods.

THE GALLOWS upon which John Brown, the revolutionist of Harper's Ferry, was hanged has been discovered. It is doing duty as part of a porch at Charleston, West Virginia, and will be preserved.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA has sent friendly congratulations to the Czar of Russia upon his acquisition of the Merv territory. When the Shah's own turn comes to be despoiled of his territory by the voracious Russ, he will probably be slightly less punctilious.

A PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMER has been caught by the police in Vienna, Austria—an Anarchist named Kammerer, who, when arrested, drew a pistol and fired at the officers. In his lodgings there were found a bomb and letters proving his connection with American, Swiss and German Socialist societies. The editor of an Anarchist journal at Pesth, Hungary, was arrested, and securities were found in his house which were stolen when Eisert, the Vienna money changer, was murdered. That murder was committed for the avowed purpose of replenishing Socialist funds.

AFTER THE BURNING DOWN of the warehouse of the Chatham (Ontario) wagon works a youthful imbecile named Myers was arrested upon suspicion of starting the fire, and he confessed both to that and to starting the fire that destroyed a large mill and warehouse two weeks previously.

MR. MARRIOTT, the Liberal member for Brighton, in the debate on the address violently attacked the Government for its Egyptian policy, and to prove it did not enjoy the confidence of the country he resigned his seat and has been re-elected by a largely increased majority. One swallow, however, does not make summer, and probably Mr. Gladstone has a little intention of being influenced by Brighton's sole opinion as of taking instructions from the foreign press and his bitter opponents at home.

A VOTE OF THE CITIZENS OF Toronto was taken on Monday of last week on a by-law to separate the sale of liquor from groceries, and it was carried by a vote of 5,569 for and 5,210 against—a majority of 359 in the heaviest vote ever polled in the city.

IOWA HAS ADOPTED prohibition, the bill passed two weeks ago having become law.

LAUGHING GAS.

WHEN ROWLAND HILL was asked why he had Surrey Chapel made round, he said that it was in order that a certain unwelcome guest should not have a corner in it.

A GENTLEMAN was going to Lord Northbury that he had lately shot as many as thirty three hares before breakfast. "Then, sir," was the Duke's remark, "you must have been firing at a wig."

THE MAN who is in the highest state of prosperity, and who thinks his fortune most secure, knows not if it will remain unchanged till the evening.

"WHY is a reformation to public offices often called an empty honor?" asked a boy of an old politician. "Because my son" was the solemn reply, "it rarely fails to empty the pockets of the victim of the nomination."

"I WAS NOT AWARE that you knew him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend the other day. "Know him?" exclaimed he, in a tone that comprehended the knowledge of more than one lifetime; "I knew him when his father was a boy!"

A HINT FOR YOUNG LADIES—It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their good clothes. A good reputation is better than a fine coat in a most any kind of business except woeing a fashionable lady.

A SWISS DOCTOR was once informed that a patient who had left his care and soon after died and just expired. The learned Emulipus solemnly shook his head at the news and impressively remarked, "That will teach him to change his doctor!"

A PHILADELPHIA publishing house advertises a certain writer as "the popular American female authoress." Least there should still be doubt as to the sex of the person, it might not be out of place, perhaps, to add that this female authoress is a sho woman.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

POOR FELLOW!

Mrs. D.—"Isn't this awful!" Mr. D.—"What dear!" Mrs. D.—"The paper says that in Brooklyn Mr. Benjamin R. Hubbell tried to kill his brother-in-law, David Kembo, by shooting a pistol at him. I can't understand why families should—" Mr. D.—"Did he succeed?" Mrs. D.—"No, Kembo's life was saved by a button, which turned the bullet." Mr. D.—"His wife evidently keeps his buttons sewed on. If anyone should ever shoot at me I should be a dead duck."—*Philadelphia Call*.

SWEDISH FOLK LORE.

On New Year's Eve after the lights are put out in your bed room, you must throw your slipper over your left shoulder and then look next morning to see in what position it has fallen. If the toe points to the door you will leave that house during the year, but if the toe points inward then you will remain where you are for another year. It is customary also on the same night for the people to go out into the house where the logs of wood are kept that are used for fuel. Each one picks up the first log that comes to hand, if it is a clean and shapely piece so will his (her) future partner be and vice versa.—*Notes and Queries*.

FLORA'S ADVENTURES.

Flora was bought at a fair in Stirling, and brought home; she was a very young, strong animal, and appeared quite docile, till they attempted the following day to put her in the plough. What offence this gave her, it is hard to say; but no sooner was she yoked by the side of old Dobs, a venerable gentleman of her own species, whose freaks and frolics were long past, then she began to kick, and rear, and plunge; and at last set off, dragging plough, ploughman, Dobs, and all at her heels; fortunately the harness broke before she had done much mischief. On finding herself at liberty, she cut several furious capers, then rolled herself on the ground, screaming like a passionate child, and, starting up, set off at the utmost of her speed towards the lake, which is at that place three miles broad, and studded with lovely little wooded islands; she took to the water at once, and swam most gallantly. Miss Colhoun, who had been sent for, returned to the house for a spy-glass, and watched her progress; she supposed she would land on the first island she came near, and that she meant to set up there as a sort of equine Robinson Crusoe; but no! she swam steadily on; rather avoiding the islands, and made straight for Ben Lomond, where that magnificent mountain invites its foot in the silver waters of the lake, which, as if it loved its old foe, pictures it back with all its woods and wilds, on its glassy bosom. No sooner did she reach the shore, than, after one hearty shake of her wet sides, this freebooter of the lake set off at full speed up the face of Ben Lomond, in a direction which no human being could have trod, from its steepness and ruggedness; but on she went, springing like a gazelle from one height or precipice to another. As she gazed through her glass, she sometimes lost sight of her for so long a time, that she feared she had been dashed to pieces in some of those fearful leaps; but she always re-appeared again, and at last gained the summit, and disappeared down the opposite side of the mountain.

As soon as she disappeared over the summit, Miss Colhoun desired the ploughman to get ready, and start for the other side of the hill, and endeavor to gain some information of the runaway. He did so; but as no mortal could traverse the road the fugitive had chosen, the ploughman, after crossing Loch Lomond, had to make a circuit of about nine miles ere he reached the part of the hill where he thought it likely the animal had passed down. In vain, however, he inquired of everyone he met, and at every house he came to. No one had seen the horse. Night came on; and he had to seek shelter for himself, much dispirited at hearing no news of his luckless purchase. On that side, Ben Lomond, instead of rising into abrupt and frightful precipices, slopes more gradually and softly into a beautiful rich landscape: at its very foot lies the lovely little lake of Monteth, with its one tiny island, planted on its bosom, like an emerald set in diamonds. To this scene of sylvan beauty the ploughman took his way the following morning. I dare believe, thinking far more about the equestrian deserter than of all the glories of earth and sky by which he was surrounded! As he drew near the lake of Monteth, he was attracted by the exulting, wiffling shouts of some children in the barn yard of a very humble cottage he was passing. He leant over the wall, and to his amazement beheld the object of his search! the very horse, surrounded by a group of half-clad little Highlanders, of all ages, from three years to fourteen; each of whom seemed to be trying who should lavish most marks of childish love on the animal; who, gentle as a handlicked lamb, and fondled them with his head, like an affectionate dog. After gazing at this scene for some minutes in not uninterested silence, the ploughman turned into the cottage, and found there a respectable heart-broken-looking woman, and an elderly man, whom he at once recognized as the Highlander from whom he had bought the horse in Stirling market. The Highlander at once knew the ploughman; and though I dare say, little used to shed tears, could not hinder many a one from rolling over his hard and weather-bent cheeks, when told how the poor animal had made her escape. Still faster did the tears roll over both his and his poor wife's cheeks, when he told to tell that this horse was the foal of a favorite old mare that belonged to his father and himself, nobody knows for how many years; and how she was injured and died a

few days after it was foaled, and his wife and children nursed and fed it like a baby. It lived in the cottage; lay on the hearth or in a corner like a dog; would roll and play on the floor, or in the field with them, like any kitten; let three or four of them get on its back while it was stooping down, then rise softly, and trot them all about as gently as if it were conscious how precious was the burden which it bore on its young back.

But sorrow will come; the winter before I am telling of, this poor man and his family had been seized with typhus fever, which not only caused them great expense, but kept him so long from work that when rent-time came, he had not one farthing to pay it, and there remained no alternative but selling the young horse, or being turned out of the little farm and humble thatched cottage which he and his forefathers had occupied for three hundred years. With a sore heart he set off for Stirling fair with what seemed to him one of the family to sell;—not daring to tell the children what he was about to do. "She came back last night, sir, about dusk—the children were all gone to bed, and my wife and I were just sitting at the fireside; dull enough, indeed, sir; when something came noozle at the window. I said, Eh, dear Janet, is not that just like the sound you made in at night? "Oh, she says, 'Donald, don't speak of Flora, she will never come to that window again'; and she cried bitterly. Well, sir, I rose and opened the door, and there stood Flora, the poor beast! I really believe I kissed her; and I am certain she kissed me." The warm-hearted Highlander could say no more; his heart was too full for words, and his wife wept aloud. The ploughman was scarcely less moved.

"Would you wish," he said, "to keep the poor animal? for I know the goodness of my mistress so well, that I am quite sure she would never, in such circumstances, hold a poor man to his bargain."

There was a struggle in the faces of the poor Highlander and his wife; they looked at each other, and spoke a few words in Gaelic which the ploughman did not understand. Then Donald turned, and said to him with perfect firmness and composure,—

"No, sir; it has pleased God to make us too poor honestly to keep the mare. I have paid away to my landlord the price you gave me for her in Stirling market, she is yours—take her."

The parting between the little wild Highland children and their four-footed carling was a sad scene; so sad as to overcome the good-natured ploughman's prudence far enough to make him say, that he was almost sure his dear lady would not keep the mare. She would send it back to the children. Poor Janet and Donald looked on, and heard what he said, and were pleased that a ray of comfort was held out to their weeping children; but said to each other in their own language, "Send back poor Flora! Alas! alas! we have no money to pay for her!" The ploughman walked away with Flora, the weeping children following as far as they could, and Donald and Janet, poor and ignorant as they were, knew better where to seek for true comfort, than many of the proud and rich, when they are miserable; they turned into their little wretched cottage, and, kneeling down together, prayed in their own Highland tongue, to that God who alike loves and watches over all the rich or the poor, who love him, and keep his commandments.

Miss Colhoun sent back the mare. She could but ill spare at the moment the twenty-five pounds she had paid; but she said to an afterwards, "My dear young friend, I declare to you, I never missed the twenty-five pounds, and at the end of the year found that I was richer than I expected."—Four Footed Favorites.

"THE NEAREST church is about three-quarters of a mile off, and I used to attend quite regularly with the hope that they would invite me to join their Sunday-school, but they never did." The Spectator gives neither date nor name to this extract from a personal letter which he not long ago received, and he recommends every Sunday-school superintendent who takes the Christian Union to try on this little shoe and see whether it fits.

HAVE NOT I SENT THREE.

Miss N— had been all the morning striving to interest her class. In vain seemed her efforts to fix their attention; they would keep looking around at the other classes, or perhaps whispering to their next neighbor, "where she bought that love of a ribbon." Poor Miss N—! no wonder she felt discouraged, with apparently no better result from her labors. Sabbath after Sabbath the painful fact forced itself upon her mind that her class felt no interest, and that perhaps she was in fault. It despair she said to a fellow teacher, "won't you please take Miriam in your class, all my efforts to fix her attention seem fruitless, and as she would like to join your class, perhaps she would do better with another teacher?" "I would be glad to oblige you, but you know my class is already so large that Dr. — has allowed us the use of the vestry room during the morning session. My real reason for not taking M— is, I know she loves you, and will yet, I trust, prove a real comfort."

"Oh, what a joy it would be to teach, if I could persuade M— to her duty; there would be quite a new phase of things, for she is the ruling spirit of the class!" "I don't believe, A—, you need be so utterly cast down about your class. Who asked you to undertake this work?"

"Dr. P— invited me to the Sunday school, but I heard a higher call to this ministry, in the voice of Jesus, saying, 'Feed my lambs.'"

"Then, dear A—, for your comfort, listen to the gracious voice that reminds, 'Have not I sent you; go in this thy might!' Be sure in this night; you will be able to take the 'little foxes' that are spoiling the tender vines."

"You are right, I—; too often have I lost sight of the precious promises in my anxiety about the order of my class, and so have been too much at unrest myself. I never thought of it before, but possibly it may be the reflex influence has been telling upon my class; in future I must needs watch well my own spirit."

"I believe you are about right; there is more in it than we teachers suspect, for our classes are oftentimes our mirrors. I get frightened every Sunday when I look at my girls, some on the verge of womanhood, and say to myself, who is sufficient for so responsible a work." This makes me pray before I go to the class, and as I walk on the way to meet them and as I teach I pray, and keep ever in mind 'Have not I sent thee.' I get peace and strength because I am sure He who sends me to the work will thoroughly furnish me so that His work may be approved. It is such a comfort and joy to think it is God's work, and He lets us do it out of love when He don't need us one bit, as He has already such glorious servants in the mighty angels who delight to do His will."

"I am glad, L—, I talked with you, for already a burden seems lifted. I shall no more dread Sunday. Henceforth I go forth in the strength of my Divine commission 'Have not I sent thee?'—Christian at Work.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON IV.—ALCOHOL AND INSANITY.

What is insanity? Insanity is unsoundness and derangement of mind.

What proportion of all insane persons become such directly or indirectly, through the use of alcoholic drinks?

One-third directly, and nearly one-third of the remainder indirectly.

What is the estimated annual cost of all the insane persons in the United States?

The most careful calculation puts it at thirty-six millions of dollars.

What part of this sum is directly or indirectly chargeable to the use of alcoholic drinks?

More than one-half.

How is this paid?

By a tax on the property of the people, or by the private contributions of individuals.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

—Longfellow.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Talouid's Select Notes*.)

March 16.—1. Thess. 4: 13-18; 5: 1-8.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Comfort one another with these words. Much is said in these days about the "Broad Church" and the "Narrow Church." The real "Narrow Church" is that which confines its endeavors, its hopes, its aims, its motives chiefly to the present and to this world; while the true "Broad Church" is that which takes into its view both this world and the next—time and eternity. It broadens and enlarges the soul when every thought reaches into eternity; when every hope and aim expands beyond this narrow world into the cycles of God's eternal years; when every deed has a meaning beyond the grave. Herein is comfort and strength.—P. II. A tragedy at Thessalonica. A little more than 300 years after the Apostle arrived at its destination, seven thousand people were put to death in the circus at Thessalonica, within three hours, by order of the Emperor Theodosius. It is fanciful to suppose that these words, addressed to those who had lived in the same spot by the great Apostle of the Gentiles, may have had a peculiar power to comfort the bereaved people of Thessalonica! Cicero wrote one letter—tender and pathetic, in spite of the almost hysterical vehemence of passionate grief by which it is disfigured—to those who were dearest to him.—Of his hopes of reunion on earth he can only say with fatalistic resignation, *Hec non erit in manu nostra* (These things are not in our hands). The last word of that letter of despair is the name of the city from which it was dated.—Thessalonica.—*Canon Cook*.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The only subject of this lesson is given in the title, the coming of the Lord. And this naturally divides the verses of the lesson under two heads. I. The coming of the Lord (vers. 13-18). What was that coming; when it would take place; the attending circumstances; why it was so earnestly looked for, and the comfort they found in it. II. How we should live in view of his coming (ver. 1-8). Watch; be sober; be wakeful; be armed; be ready; be hopeful.

Question Corner.—No. 5.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. What woman killed the commander of a large army?
2. What man refused to lead his army to battle unless a woman went with him, and who was the woman?
3. What woman do we read of in the New Testament whose death was greatly lamented and by whom was she raised again to life?
4. What prophecies do we read of in the New Testament and in what connection?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. The surname of the doubting disciple.
2. The surname of the betrayer.
3. The third of the women who came with spices to anoint the body of the Lord.
4. The husband of one of the women who stood by the cross of Jesus.
5. That which our Lord called Nathanael.
6. A learned profession followed by one of the four Evangelists.
7. The name of the disciple whose surname was Thaddeus.
8. The village to which our Lord went with two of His disciples that day when He rose from the dead.

The initials of these words give a body of men accused by the Pharisees of breaking the Sabbath, of eating bread with unwashed hands, of not fasting, and lastly, of stealing away the body of their Master from the sepulchre.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 3.

- 1. An understanding heart. 1 Kings 3: 9.
2. Three thousand. One thousand and five. 1 Kings 4: 32.
3. Susime. 1 Kings 2: 8, 9, 12.
4. Four hundred and eighty years. 1 Kings 6: 1.
5. Seven years. 1 Kings 6: 18.
6. Hiram. 1 Kings 7: 14-15.
BIBLE HIDDEN.—MOSES.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Clara E. Folsom to the questions in No. 1, and by Albert Jesse French to those in No. 2.

WILLIAM CI

The life of William C. I. In Edinburgh, N. romance; yet it was in Peebles in 18 school education received other commercial mis. His father was large way of bus of machinery sup and more costly had to close his appear to have I energy, and his seems to have been and his brother I persevering, mat loving, and un place, until, af going many har having made na keep the wolf fr the elder Chann situation which and which suited miles from Edin thither the fami except William, the meantime I pretence to a b Edinburgh, and I resolved to ren and "fond" for the magnificent shillings a weel fifty years after pecunious day Chambers prof "On no occasio to parents for t pecunious subsi not remember, "entertaining t despondency on But what may t the buoyancy o to encounter g sion for realiti By the light of I fire he grounde French. In Est uture he made headway by t bookish baker, arranged to morning by t gleams of the o aided by a fati whilst the "b prepared. For pose he had t between three o'clock. Meantime was again i difficulties, a education, wh hitherto been continue, was s son, two years William, had able pluck o brother. He c tion from a library, rented Leith Walk fo and began b book-seller. pence William abode in the s on a primitiv bed, made up at night and into a sofa in pered so we pnticeship worth £20. of his brother, employment, business on hi solve he recee late William J bookseller, be a trade sale, e assist him dur Attracted by hardness of enquiry as t plications, and selct from hi make the mo due. Here was With a capital

WILLIAM CHAMBERS, THE PUBLISHER.

The life of William Chambers, who died in Edinburgh, May 21st last, was like a romance; yet it was a terrible reality. Born in Peebles in 1800, he got the usual dame school education, and would doubtless have received other tutorial advantages, but that commercial misfortune overtook the family. His father was a hand-loom weaver in a large way of business, but the introduction of machinery superseded his more laborious and more costly mode of work, and so he had to close his workshop. He does not appear to have been endowed with much energy, and his knowledge of the world seems to have been of the simplest. William and his brother Robert Chambers took their persevering, managing characteristics from their mother. The family, withal, was loving and united, and no break took place, until, after undergoing many hardships, and having made many shifts to keep the wolf from the door the elder Chambers got a situation which he suited and which suited him, a few miles from Edinburgh, and thither the family removed, except William, who had in the meantime become apprentice to a bookseller in Edinburgh, and who bravely resolved to remain behind and "fend" for himself on the magnificent sum of four shillings a week. Writing fifty years after these impecunious days, William Chambers proudly says: "On no occasion did I look to parents for the slightest pecuniary subsidy. I cannot remember," he adds, "entertaining the slightest despondency on the subject. But what may not one with the buoyancy of youth dare to encounter?" His passion for reading was intense. By the light of his landlady's fire he grounded himself in French. In English literature he made considerable headway by reading to a bookish baker, to whom he arranged to read every morning by the flickering gleams of the oven furnace, aided by a farthing rush-light whilst the "batch" was being prepared. For this purpose he had to rise daily between three and four o'clock.

Meantime the father was again in monetary difficulties, and Robert's education, which it had hitherto been contrived to continue, was stopped. This son, two years the junior of William, had the indomitable pluck of his elder brother. He made a selection from the paternal library, rented a shop in Leith Walk for £6 a year, and began business as a book-seller. To save expense William took up his abode in the shop, sleeping on a primitive convertible bed, made up on the floor at night and transformed into a sofa in the morning. Robert prospered so well that when William's apprenticeship was finished his stock was worth £20. Fired by the good fortune of his brother, William rejected all offers of employment, and resolved to commence business on his own account. In this resolve he received aid unexpectedly. The late William Jegg, the well known London bookseller, being in the Scottish capital for a trade sale, engaged William Chambers to assist him during the few days of his stay. Attracted by the brightness, smartness and handiness of the youth, Mr. Jegg made enquiry as to his circumstances and aspirations, and told William Chambers to select from his stock £10 worth of books, make the most of them, and pay when due.

Here was the first step on the ladder. With a capital of five shillings and a credit

of ten pounds, the future great bookseller and litterateur began business. With the five shillings he purchased wood of which, with his own hands, he constructed a stand, and taking up a position in Leith Walk, not very far from his brother's premises, challenged fate to mortal combat. On the opening day he cleared a net profit of nine shillings and three pence, a splendid encouragement to the young adventurer. His success continued, and in due time he paid his debt, increased his stock, and took possession of a commodious shop. He necessarily had a good deal of spare time on his hands, and he cast about for some remunerative mode of utilizing it. Almost from the first he had taught himself book-binding. He bought many of his books in the sheets, and bound them for himself. But this, even, was not sufficient to afford constant employment, and he turned his attention to

casion. The old galleys press was still to do duty. The name of the aspiring periodical was the *Kaleidoscope*, which went through a brief career of eight numbers between the 6th of October, 1821, and the 12th of January, 1822. The papers, mostly of a humorous character, were nearly all written by Robert. I was not able to do much in the way of writing. The setting of type, and the toil of working the press, besides other business duties, were enough and more than enough; for, under the heavy labor, I broke down considerably in health, and was fain to give the whole thing up. After this, I stuck to bookselling and job-printing for a time." In 1824 he published his brother Robert's "Traditions of Edinburgh," and compiled and published himself "The Book of Scotland." In such work as this the years up to 1832 were passed. The *Kaleidoscope*, as has been said,

let me avoid political, sectarian, or any kind of controversial bias. No further time was lost in cogitation. In January, 1832, I issued the prospectus of the present *Journal*, and the first number appeared on Saturday, the 4th of February."

The success was immediate. Nothing like it had been seen. In a few days the sale in Scotland numbered 20,000; in England it required 50,000 copies to appease the appetite. From the first Robert Chambers was a contributor; with the fourteenth he joined his brother, and thus was founded the famous house of W. & R. Chambers, whose success was so unwavering and whose fame is so world-wide that no details are necessary here. The name of the firm is familiar as a household word in "Chambers's Educational Course," "The Book of Days"—the labor connected with which is blamed for shortening Robert's days—the *Encyclopædia*, and in many other productions of the brains of these busy men. Robert died in 1871, and four days after his death the youngest brother James, whom the business had also absorbed, expired. The double loss was too much for William at his advanced age. He never recovered from the blow. He was never the same man after it.

William, or rather Dr. Chambers, for he had been made an L.L.D. by Edinburgh University, travelled extensively in his later years. One of his pleasantest recollections was the hearty welcome he got upon more than one visit to Canada and the United States. His public munificence was boundless. To Peebles, his native town, he presented a museum, school of art and library of 15,000 volumes, at a cost of £20,000. St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, he restored at a cost of £40,000. He survived its completion, but he did not live to see the formal re-opening which took place three days after his death, with much ceremony, by the Earl of Aberdeen, Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland.

This is but a scant outline of one of the most remarkable men of our century. The temptation is great to linger over the youthful struggles, the buoyant hope, the dauntless courage, the superhuman perseverance displayed in every year of a life whose beauties shine out at every point. The story of William Chambers's life has to be written, and when it is written the world will find that underneath that tower of St. Andrew's at Peebles lies one of the greatest of her sons, for he belonged to all nations and to all times.—*Congregationalist*.



THE LATE DR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, OF EDINBURGH.

the copying with a crow pen verses of poetry in a style resembling fine print, and suitable for albums. This occupation apparently gave him the idea of turning printer, and so he invested £3 in an old "font" of type and set himself to learn "composition." In a little time he had so far mastered the difficulties of the art as to set up with his own hands a small volume of the songs of Burns, bound it himself in colored wrappers, making on the edition a profit of £8. The next enterprise we will leave William Chambers himself to describe.

"My next exploit was of a more ambitious description. It consisted of nothing less than trying to print a periodical, of which Robert was to act as editor. It was to come out fortnightly, and extended to sixteen octavo pages. The eight pounds realized by the success of my Burns helped to purchase a new font of type for the oc-

had a brief career. But there was a demand for popular literature and William Chambers was most anxious to meet that demand. In the "story" of this long and busy life, published in the Jubilee year of *Chambers's Journal*, he tells us how that extraordinarily successful periodical was projected. The worthlessness of the popular literature of the day proved its own ruin; ever so many ventures were made, but each was doomed to ignominious failure. These ventures Mr. Chambers had carefully watched. At last:

"Here," said I, pondering on the subject, "is my chance. I have waited for a favorable gale, and it has come at last. Taking advantage of the growing taste for cheap literature, let me lead it, if possible in a proper direction; let me endeavor to elevate and instruct, independently of mere passing amusement; and, in particu-

lar, let me avoid political, sectarian, or any kind of controversial bias. No further time was lost in cogitation. In January, 1832, I issued the prospectus of the present *Journal*, and the first number appeared on Saturday, the 4th of February."

If CHILDREN suspect their teachers of laziness they very quickly lose their respect for them, and children are sharper in discerning these things than older people imagine. Suppose the teacher rebukes the scholars for not having studied the lesson, and then shows by his method of teaching that he himself has given little thought or preparation, the moral effect of the exhortation to study is entirely lost. We fear there is a sad amount of indolence among teachers, who fail perhaps to see that their own evil example renders them almost powerless when they are urging better things upon their scholars. We must ourselves study, and show the fruits of our study, if we would have our words of exhortation carry weight.—*S. S. World*.

The *Texas Baptist* thinks that "if every Christian would do his whole duty there would soon be a Sabbath-school in every neighborhood."

