

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

All who chance to see a copy of this paper are invited to inspect it and judge for themselves whether it does not justify its claim to be the cheapest and most comprehensive as well as one of the best-looking, weekly newspapers published. For terms of subscription, commissions and prizes see the advertisement on the last page. Those who have had the paper some time can do us a friendly turn by putting in a good word for it and showing copies to friends and acquaintances who do not take it.

Temperance workers in Canada can do a good work without great sacrifice by recommending this paper to those with whom they are associated in the cause. We will provide every facility of correspondence for any who are in position and willing to furnish fresh temperance news of a Province, important district or town, and would gladly hear from such.

ALLIANCE PICNIC.

The Rev. James McCaul, Chairman of the Committee on Outside Work, Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance, has announced the arrangements in progress for the proposed grand annual temperance gathering of that Province. Fuller's Grove, Cowansville, close by the track of the South Eastern Railway, has been selected as the place for the annual picnic, on Friday, 31st inst., as the date. A local committee, including the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the village, will do their best toward ensuring success for the event. Music will be furnished by the Cowansville Brass Band. It is hoped that among the principal speakers will appear the veteran champion of prohibition in Maine, the Hon. Neal Dow, the Very Rev. Dean Baldwin and the Rev. Mr. Wells. While the gathering is designed as a basket picnic, participants to bring their own repast, arrangements will be provided in the Grove for supplying at a low rate those who prefer to buy their refreshments on the ground. Mr. McCaul urges upon the temperance people of Quebec Province to aim at making this the grandest and most successful of all the annual temperance gatherings that have hitherto been held, and gives assurance that no pains will be spared on the part of the committees having it in hand.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Mr. Thomas Hutchings, agent and lecturer of the Nova Scotia Grand Division, is now laboring on the island of Cape Breton. He has organized "Light of Home" Division, at Galarus, with fifty-four charter members. William G. Nicholl is W.P.; James Hardy, W.A.; Thomas R. Nicholl, R.S.; James Grant, F.S.; J. W. Bagnell, Treas.; Rev. W. A. Outerbridge, Chaplain and Deputy.

TEMPERANCE AMONG THE CATHOLICS.

The Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was in session recently. This body has now a membership of nearly thirty-seven thousand. Since the last Convention was held 87 branches have been added and 42 dropped, leaving a total of 627 societies, a gain of 32 societies and over 2,000 members. The treasurer's report showed the receipts for the year to be \$1,386.82 and the expenditure the same amount. The total indebtedness of the Union is \$652.24. During the day Alexander Sullivan, president of the Irish National League; Patrick Egan, ex-treasurer of the Land League, and Dr. O'Reilly, treasurer of the National League, entered the hall, were introduced to the Convention, and made speeches. Mr. Egan said the temperance cause is advancing in Ireland. The resolutions adopted by the Convention set forth, among other things, that it is a calamity to intrust the management of public affairs and the making of laws to unprincipled men who hold office at the good will of liquor dealers; that Catholic abstainers should fearlessly perform their duties as citizens by public protests against laws calculated to foster intemperance, and that it is right and necessary to surround the sales of intoxicating drinks by salutary restraints of laws wisely adapted to suppress intemperance, pauperism and crime. The election of a president of the Union and other officers for the ensuing year caused a great deal of excitement, there being four candidates nominated as President. Eventually the Rev. C. M. Cleary, of Kenosha, Wisconsin, was elected to the dignified position. After the transaction of some further business the Convention adjourned, to meet in Chicago next year. In the evening the delegates assembled in a mass meeting at the Academy of Music, where speeches were made by the Rev. James Mealia, Mr. Denis McCarthy, of Providence; Hon. R. J. Ritchie, Solicitor General of New Brunswick; the Rev. J. M. Hagan, of Chicago; Mr. John J. Kelley, of Boston, and the Rev. James Donohue, of Brooklyn. The Board of Governors of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of New Brunswick lately held a special meeting in Portland, when local deputies gave very encouraging reports of work done since the late convention and preliminaries were arranged for the reception of societies that have expressed a desire to become affiliated to the Union. It will be noticed above that the New Brunswick branch of the Union sent an honored representative to the National Convention in the person of the Solicitor General of that Province,

PAUPERISM is shown by figures to be on the decline in England, the expenditure for the relief of the poor having been three and a half million dollars less in 1881 than in 1871, and the number of paupers having in the same period fallen from forty-six per thousand to thirty per thousand of the population. Viewed in connection with the rapid growth of the total abstinence movement within the decade in question, these statistics are highly suggestive.

UNFERMENTED COMMUNION WINE.

Among the evidences of growing sentiment against the use of intoxicants in England is the fact that in the Anglican Church the innovation of using unfermented wine in the Lord's Supper has become common enough to invite action by the supreme court of that body. It could have been wished that the largest liberty should be prescribed by the dignified assembly in question upon this, one of the keenest matters of conscience to those who fully realize the responsibility of placing before their fellow-men, as the emblem of one of the most sacred and stupendous facts of the Christian belief, a substance of known deleterious influence upon humanity and one that they are convinced is described throughout the Holy Scriptures as something to be let alone. Yet there cannot fail to be noted as signs of encouragement, in the deliverance given below, the depreciation of agitation upon the subject together with the expressed opinion that the memorialists against the innovation had better have remained silent, and also the avoidance of any direct prohibition of unfermented wine although its use is designated an innovation to be discontinued by the clergy. The bishops evidently more accurately estimate the strength of the advanced total abstinence sentiment within the church than do the members of the Lower House of the Convocation, and are apparently averse to binding the consciences of those who would dispense with the emblem of wrath and the fountain of a sea of evils, and substitute the uncorrupted "fruit of the vine" in celebrating the dying love of their Lord. The London Standard, in its report of a session of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury held on July 5th, at Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding, gives the following minute of proceedings:—

The Bishop of Lincoln, referring to a gravamen brought up from the Lower House upon the subject of the use of unfermented wine at Holy Communion, said that a committee of Bishops had drafted a resolution, which he moved as follows: "That this House, having received a gravamen, numerously signed by members of the Lower House, respecting the innovation of the *materia sacramenti* of the Holy Eucharist, and praying this House to take such measures as they may deem best for checking such an innovation, is of opinion that an agitation of any question on so sacred a subject is much to be deprecated, as tending to distress many religious persons, to unsettle the weak, and even to lead to schism, and that it is quite unnecessary to raise the question referred to in the gravamen, inasmuch as the Church, though always insisting on the use of wine in the Holy Communion, has never prescribed the strength or the weakness of the wine to be used, and consequently it is always possible to deal with even extreme cases without departure from the custom observed by the church, and it is most convenient that the clergy should conform to ancient and unbroken usage, and to discontinuance all attempts to deviate from it." The Bishop of Exeter seconded the motion, which was ordered to be forwarded to the Lower House.

THE SAME OLD STORY.—A girl named Sweeney has been fatally shot at Arthur, Ontario, by a young man named Dunn, who did not know the gun was loaded.

A POWERFUL DELIVERANCE.

Mr. J. Israel Tarte, of *Le Canadien*, one of the ablest political journalists of Quebec, has declared for prohibition in his paper in strong terms, the following being a translation of his deliverance upon the question:—

Not a day passes that you do not meet some wreck of humanity, feeble, tottering, and soaked in whiskey up to the eyes. As a rule, they swear like reprobates, brutally beat their wives, and to procure the means to buy drink, starve to death the children God has given them.

And yet the Christian people of the Province of Quebec rely upon this accursed traffic to create a revenue for their government! Carry wheat to the devil and he will give you bran.

The proverb is true for governments as well as individuals.

Drunkenness is a greater evil than prostitution. Indeed it only remains for the State to pass laws legalizing prostitution in return for license fees paid into the treasury.

The Church does her duty. She preaches morality, she denounces drunkenness.

And what does the State do? It opens the flood gates of drunkenness. For a few pieces of gold it barter the honor of society, the peace of families.

Where is the statesman who will render the inestimable service to his fellow countrymen of adopting as the first article of his programme the reform of the laws regarding the sale of strong drink! Let him come forward. He will have all the rowdies against him, but he will be supported by all good men, Christians, and mothers of families.

As long as there are rum shops to tempt to drink there will be drunkards. He who has drunk once will drink again if he can get the liquor.

Perhaps some may consider me extreme. I am in favor of total prohibition. Nothing less will uproot the evil that is corrupting society.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

Through the carelessness of a drunken crew a bark has been upset in Pommernaria, Germany, and eleven men drowned.

Richard Worth, Toronto, had been drinking, and hiring a boat to go to the Island, was found drowned shortly afterward, and the coroner's jury found that he had committed suicide.

James Moroney, a young man of twenty-nine, was shot dead in the street in Toronto about midnight of August 7th, by a man named Charles Andrews, whom it was said the victim had been trying to dissuade from drinking more liquor that night.

William Boyle, an Englishman, was drowned near Toronto, two intoxicated companions having failed to rescue him when he fell into the water while trying to recover a lost oar.

A series of tragedies followed the theft of some whiskey at a mining camp in Alaska by Indians. The latter killed a whiskey man who pursued them, but were finally captured and imprisoned. They managed to shoot the guard and escape, and killed an army officer who had been awakened by the pistol report and rushed to the rescue. A number of miners shot one Indian down and captured another, a third escaping. The captured one was hanged on the spot and the remaining one was surrendered by the chief at the demand of the miners and hanged next day.

MRS. DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE CHAPLAIN OF THE GAOL

Are you the good chaplain, sir? Sir, you had better
 Just first please to read my minister's letter;
 His name in the almanac, sir, you will see,
 The reverend Charles Thomson, of West Branksomeida.
 I'll no keep you long, sir, I'll no take a seat,
 I'm no tired, I didna come here on my feet;
 Our neighbor, John Brown, he lent me his cart,
 And he drove it himself, oh, bless his kind heart,
 I see, sir, the letter has told you all clear,
 Of the terrible grief that has brought me down here;
 Yes, sir, I'm the mother of poor Thomas Dale,
 The lad that last Friday was put into gaol.
 It's the drink, sir, the drink, that has ruined my boy,
 The pride of our hearts, of our household, the joy,
 The first in his class, and the foremost at fun,
 He learned his tasks quickly, and when they were done
 He would work in the yard, or the bairns he would mind,
 For he always was cheery, and canny, and kind,
 But he was the eldest and four boys beside,
 It was not for him at the homestead to bide,
 So to Glasgow he went, he had got a good place,
 Ay, I mind how the smile came all over his face,
 When his letter was answered by Kelvin & Co.;
 And they said that to town next week he might go,
 They told him they liked his certificate well,
 (He had got a good one from the master himself),
 And the minister, too, had written a letter,
 Which the gentlemen said had pleased them still better.)
 So he went to the warehouse of Kelvin & Co.;
 He went and did well, that's but four years ago;
 But he took to the drink, and you know all the rest;
 And I'm keeping you long. Oh! sir, when would he be best
 For me to get leave to visit my son?
 It's hard, oh! it's hard, but the Lord's will be done,
 And yet, 'mid my sorrow I cannot but think,
 That it's not the Lord's will that young lads should get drink;
 I make bold to speak, sir, I've found you so kind;
 And often the thought has come into my mind
 That the people's best friends a good work would begin,
 And hinder much sorrow, and hinder much sin,
 If they made it unlawful for drink to be sold
 To boys and to girls under twenty years old.
 —*Kirkland Davidson in League Journal.*

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")
 CHAPTER XII.—FOUR MONTHS HENCE.

Hinton had gone away the day before rather disturbed by Charlotte's manner. He had found her, for the first time since their betrothal, in trouble. Wishing to comfort, she had repelled him. He was a strong man, as strong in his own way as Charlotte was in hers, and this power of standing alone scarcely pleased him in her. His was the kind of nature which would be supposed to take for its other half one soft and clinging. Contrary to the established rule, however, he had won this proud and stately Charlotte. She thought him perfection; it was anything but that. But he had good points, there was nothing mean or base about him. There were no secrets hidden away in his life. His was an honorable and manly nature. But he had one little fault, running like a canker through the otherwise healthy fruit of his heart,

While Charlotte was frank and open as the day, he was reserved; not only reserved, but suspicious. All the men who knew Hinton said what a capital lawyer he would make, he had all the qualities necessary to insure success in his profession. Above all things in the world secrets, oppressed, irritated, and yet interested him. Once having heard of any little possible mystery he could not rest until it was solved.

This had been his character from a boy. His own brothers and sisters had confided in him, not because they found him particularly sympathetic, or particularly clever; not because they loved him so much, but simply because they could not help themselves. John would have found out all the small childish matter without their aid; it was better, safer to take him into confidence. Then, to do him justice, he was true as steel; for though he must discover, he would scorn to betray.

On the white, untroubled sheet of Charlotte Harman's heart no secrets yet had been written. Consequently, though she had been engaged for many months to John Hinton, she had never found out this peculiarity about him. Those qualities of openness and frankness, so impossible to his own nature, had attracted him most of all to this beautiful young woman. Never until yesterday had there been breath or thought of concealment about her. But then—then he had found her in trouble. Full of sympathy he had drawn near to comfort, and she had repelled him. She had heard of something which troubled her, which troubled her to such an extent that the very expression of her bright face had changed, and yet this something was to be ascertained from him—true only until the following day, but a whole twenty-four hours seemed like forever to Hinton in his impatience. Before he could even expostulate with her she had run off, doubtless to confide her care to another. Perhaps the best way to express John Hinton's feelings would be to say that he was very cross as he returned to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

All that evening, through his dreams all that night, all the following morning as he tried to engage himself over his law books, he pondered on Charlotte's secret. Such pondering must in a nature like his excite apprehension. He arrived on the next day at the house in Prince's Gate with his mind full of gloomy forebodings. His face was so grave that it scarcely cleared up at the sight of the bright one raised to meet it. He was full of the secret of yesterday; Charlotte, in all the joy of the secret of today, had already forgotten it.

"Oh, I have had such a walk!" she exclaimed; "and a little bit of an adventure—a pretty adventure; and now I am starving. Come into the dining-room and have some lunch."

"You look very well," answered her lover, "and I left you so miserable yesterday."

"Yesterday!" repeated Charlotte; she had forgotten yesterday. "Oh, yes, I had heard something very disagreeable; but when I looked into the matter, it turned out to be nothing."

"You will tell me all about it, dear?"
 "Well, I don't know, John. I would of course if there was anything to tell; but do come and have some lunch, I cannot even mention something else much more important until I have had some lunch."

John Hinton frowned. Even that allusion to something much more important did not satisfy him. He must know this other thing. What! spend twenty-four hours of misery, and not learn what it was all about in the end! Charlotte's happiness, however, could not but prove infectious, and the two made merry over their meal, and not until they found themselves in Charlotte's own special sanctum did Hinton resume his grave manner. Then he began at once.

"Now Charlotte, you will tell me why you looked so grave and scared yesterday. I have been miserable enough thinking of it ever since. I don't understand why you did not confide in me at once."

"Dear John," she said—she saw now that he had been really hurt—"I would not give you pain for worlds my dearest. Yes, I was much perplexed, I was even very unhappy for the time. A horrid doubt had been put into my head, but it turned out nothing, nothing whatever. Let us forget it, dear John; I have something much more important to tell you."

"Yes, afterwards, but you will tell me

this, even though it did turn out of no consequence."

"Please, John dear, I would rather not. I was assailed by a most unworthy suspicion. It turned out nothing, nothing at all. I would rather, seeing it was all a myth, you never knew of it."

"And I would rather know, Charlotte; the myth shall be dismissed from my mind, too, but I would rather be in your full confidence."

"My full confidence?" she repeated; the expression pained her. She looked hard at Hinton; his words were very quietly spoken, but there was a cloud on his brow. "You shall certainly have my full confidence," she said after that brief pause; "which will you hear first, what gave me pain yesterday, or what brings me joy to-day?"

"What gave you pain yesterday?"
 There is no doubt she had hoped he would have made the latter choice, but seeing he did not she submitted at once, sitting, not as was her wont close to his side, but on a chair opposite. Hinton sat with his back to the light, but it fell on Charlotte, and he could see every line of her innocent and noble face as she told her tale. Having got to tell it, she did so in few but simple words; Mrs. Home's story coming of a necessity first, her Uncle Jasper's explanation last. When the whole tale was told, she paused, then said—

"You see there was nothing in it."
 "I see," answered Hinton. This was his first remark. He had not interrupted the progress of the narrative by a single objection; then he added, "But I think, even if your father does not feel disposed to help her, that we, you and I, Charlotte, ought to do something for Mrs. Home."

"Oh, John dear, how you delight me! How good and noble you are! Yes, my heart aches for that poor mother; yes, we will help her. You and I, how very delightful it will be!"

Now she came close to her lover and kissed him, and he returned her embrace.

"You will never have a secret again from me, my darling?" he said.
 "I never, never had one," she answered, for it was impossible for her to understand that this brief deluge in her confidence could be considered a secret. "Now for my other news," she said.

"Now for your other news," he repeated.
 "John, what is the thing you desire most in the world?"

Of course this young man being sincerely attached to this young woman, answered—
 "You, Charlotte."

"John, you always said you did not like Uncle Jasper, but see what a good turn he has done us—he has persuaded my father to allow us to marry at once."

"What, without my brief?"
 "Yes, without your brief; my dear father told me this morning that we may fix the day whenever we like. He says he will stand in the way no longer. He is quite sure of that brief, we need not wait to be happy for it, we may fix our wedding-day, John, and you are to dine here this evening, and have a talk with my father afterwards."

Hinton's face had grown red. He was a lover, and an attached one; but so diverse were the feelings stirred within him, that for the moment he felt more excited than elated.

"Your father is very good," he said, "he gives us leave to fix the day. Very well, that is your province, my Lottie; when shall it be?"

"This is the twentieth of February, our wedding-day shall be on the twentieth of June," she replied.

"That is four months hence," he said. In spite of himself there was a sound of relief in his tone. "Very well, Charlotte; yes, I will come and dine this evening. But now I am late for an appointment; we will have a long talk after dinner."

CHAPTER XIII.—HIS FIRST BRIEF.

Hinton, when he left Charlotte, went straight back to his chambers. He had no particular work to hurry him there; indeed, when he left that morning he had done so with the full intention of spending the entire afternoon with his betrothed. He was, as has been said, although a clever, yet certainly at present a briefless young barrister. Nevertheless, had twenty briefs awaited his immediate attention, he could not have more rapidly hurried back than he now did. When he entered his rooms he locked the outer door. Then he threw himself on a chair, drew the chair to his writing table, pushed his hands through his

thick hair, and staring hard at a blank sheet of paper which lay before him began to think out a problem. His might scarcely have been called a passionate nature, but it was one capable of a very deep, very real attachment. This attachment had been formed for Charlotte Harman. Their engagement had already lasted nearly a year, and now with her own lips she had told him that it might end, that the end, the one happy end to all engagements, was in sight. With comfort, nay, with affluence, with the full consent of all her friends, they might become man and wife. John Hinton most undoubtedly loved this woman, and yet now as he reviewed the whole position the one pleasure he could deduct for his own reflection was in the fact that there was four months' reprieve. Charlotte had herself postponed their wedding day for four months.

There was a proud man. When, a year ago, he had gone to Mr. Harman and asked him for his daughter, Mr. Harman had responded with the very natural question, "What means have you to support her with?"

Hinton had answered that he had two hundred a year—and his profession.

"What are you making in your profession?" asked the father.

"Not anything—yet," answered the young man.

There was a tone of defiance and withal of hope thrown into that "yet" which might have repelled some men, but pleased Mr. Harman. He paused to consider. He might have got a much, much better match for Charlotte from a temporal standpoint. Hinton was of no family in particular; he had no money worthy of the name. He was simply an honest fellow, fairly good-looking, and with the heart of a gentleman.

"You are doubtless aware," replied Mr. Harman, "that my daughter will inherit a very large fortune. She has been sought for in marriage before now, and by men who could give something to meet what she brings, both with regard to money and position."

"I have heard of Mr. S.'s proposal," answered Hinton. "I know he is rich, and the son of Lord—; but that is nothing, for she does not love him."

"And you believe she loves me?"

"Most certainly she loves me,"
 In spite of himself Mr. Harman smiled, then after a little more thought, for he was much taken with Hinton, he came to terms.

He must not have Charlotte while he had nothing to support her with. Poo! that two hundred a year was nothing to a girl brought up like his daughter. For Hinton's own sake it would not be good for him to live on his wife's money; but when he obtained his first brief then they might marry.

Hinton was profuse in thanks. He only made on his part one stipulation—that brief, which was to obtain for him his bride, was in no way to come to him through Mr. Harman's influence. He must win it by his own individual exertions.

Mr. Harman smiled and gave a trifle red. In his business capacity he could have put twenty briefs in this young fellow's way, and in his inmost heart he had resolved to do so; but he liked him all the better for this one proviso, and promised readily enough.

Hinton had no business connections of his own. He had no influential personal friends, and his future father-in-law felt bound in honor to leave him altogether to his own resources. A year had nearly passed since the engagement, and the brief which was to win him Charlotte was as far away as ever. But now she told him that this one embargo on their happiness had been withdrawn. They might marry, and the brief could follow after. Hinton knew well what it all meant. The rich city merchant could then put work in his way. Work would quickly pour in to the man so closely connected with rich John Harman. Yes. As he sat by his table in his small shabby furnished room, he knew that his fortune was made. He would obtain Charlotte and Charlotte's wealth; and if he but chose to use his golden opportunities, fame too might be his portion. He was a keen and ardent politician, and a seat in the House might easily follow all the other good things which seemed following in his track. Yes; but he was a proud man, and he did not like it. He had not the heart to tell Charlotte to-day, as she looked at him

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with all the love she had so freely given shining in his sweet and tender face, that he would not accept such terms, that the original bargain must yet abide in force. He could not say to this young woman when she came to him "I do not want you." But none the less, as he now sat by his writing table, was he resolved that unless his brief was won before the twentieth of June it should bring no wedding-day to him. This was why he had rejoiced in the four months reprieve. But this was by no means his only perplexity. Had it been, so stung to renewed action was his sense of pride and independence, that he would have gone at once to seek, perhaps to obtain work; but something else was lying like worm-wood against his heart. That story of Mrs. Home's! That explanation of Jasper Harman's! The story was a queer one; the explanation, while satisfying the inexperienced girl, failed to meet the requirements of the acute lawyer. Hinton saw flaws in Jasper's narrative, where Charlotte saw none. The one great talent of his life, if it could be called a talent, was coming fiercely into play as he sat now and thought about it all. He had pre-eminently the gift of discovering secrets. He was rooting up many things from the deep grave of the hidden past now. That look of care on Mr. Harman's face how often it had puzzled him! He had never liked Jasper; indefinite had been his antipathy hitherto, but it was taking definite form now. There was a secret in the past of that most respectable firm, and he, John Hinton, would give himself no rest until he had laid it bare. No wedding-day could come to him and Charlotte until his mind was at rest on this point. It was against his interest to ferret out this hidden thing, but that fact weighed as nothing with him. It would bring pain to the woman he loved; it might ruin her father; but the pain and the ruin would be inflicted unsparringly by his righteous young hand, which knew nothing yet of mercy, but was all for justice, and justice untempered with mercy is a terrible weapon. This Hinton was yet to learn.

CHAPTER XIV.—LOGGINGS IN KENTISH TOWNS.

After a time, restless from the complexity of his musings, Hinton went out. He had promised to return to the Harman's for dinner, but their hour for dining was eight o'clock, and it still wanted nearly three hours of that time. As Charlotte had done before that day, he found himself in the close neighborhood of Regents Park. He would have gone into the park, but that he knew that the hour for closing the gates at this early period of the year must be close at hand; he walked, therefore, by the side of the park, rather aimlessly it is true, not greatly caring, provided he kept moving, in in what direction his footsteps took him.

At last he found himself on the broad tram line which leads to the suburb of Kentish Town. It was by no means an interesting neighborhood. But Hinton, still lost in his private and anxious musings, went on. At last he left the public thoroughfare and turned down a private road. There were no shops here, nor much traffic. He felt a sense of relief at leaving the roar and bustle behind him. This road on which he had now entered was flanked at each side by a small class of dwelling-houses, some shabby and dirty, some bright and neat; all, however, were poor-looking. It was quite dusk by this time, and the gas had been already lit. This fact, perhaps, was the reason which drew Hinton's much-preoccupied attention to a trivial circumstance.

In one of these small houses a young woman, who had previously lit the gas, stepped to the window and proceeded to paste a card to the pane. There was a gas lamp also directly underneath, and Hinton, raising his eyes, saw very distinctly, not only the little act, but also the words on the card. They were the very common words—

"APARTMENTS TO LET. INQUIRE WITHIN."

Hinton suddenly drew up short on the pavement. He did not live in his chambers, and it occurred to him that here he would be within a walk of Regent's Park. In short, that these shabby-looking little lodgings might suit him for the next few uncertain months. As suddenly as he had stopped, and the thought had come to him, he ran up the steps and rang the bell. In a moment or two a little servant-maid opened

the door. She was neither a clean nor a tidy-looking maid, and Hinton, fastidious on such matters, took in this fact at a glance. Nevertheless the desire to find for himself a habitation in this shabby little house did not leave him.

"I saw a card up in your window. You have rooms to let," he said to the little maid.

"Oh, yes, indeed, please, sir," answered the servant with a broad and delighted grin. "Tis h'our drawing-rooms, please, sir; and of you'll please jest come inter the 'all I'll run and tell missis."

Hinton did so; and in another moment the maid, returning, asked him to step this way. This way led him into a dingy little parlor, and face to face with a young woman who, pale, self-possessed, and ladylike, rose to meet him. Hinton felt the color rising to his face at sight of her. He also experienced a curious and sudden constriction of his heart, and an overawed sense of some special Providence leading him here. For he had seen this young woman before. She was Charlotte Home. In his swift glance, however, he saw that she did not recognize him. His resolve was taken on the instant. However uncomfortable the rooms she had to offer, they should be his. His interest in this Mrs. Home became intensified to a degree that was painful. He knew that he was about to pursue a course which would be to his own detriment, but he felt it impossible now to turn aside. In a quiet voice, and utterly unconscious of this tumult in his breast, she asked him to be seated, and they began to discuss the accommodation she could offer.

Her back and front drawing-rooms would be vacant in a week. Yes, certainly, Mr. Hinton could see them. She rang the bell as she spoke, and the maid appearing, took Hinton up-stairs. The rooms were even smaller and shabbier than he had believed possible. Nevertheless, when he came downstairs he found no fault with anything, and agreed to the terms asked, namely, one guinea a week. He noticed a tremor in the young, brave voice which asked for this remuneration, and he longed to make the one guinea two, but this was impossible. Before he left he had taken Mrs. Home's drawing-rooms for a month, and had arranged to come into possession on his new quarters that day week.

Looking at his watch when he left the house, he found that time had gone faster than he had any idea of. He had now barely an hour to jump into a cab, go to his present most comfortable lodgings, change his morning dress, and reach the Harman's in time for eight-o'clock dinner. Little more than these sixty minutes elapsed from the time he left the shabby house in Kentish Town before he found himself in the luxurious abode of wealth, and every refinement, in Prince's Gate. He ran up to the drawing-room, to find Charlotte waiting for him alone.

"Uncle Jasper will dine with us, John," she said, "but my father is not well."

"Not well!" echoed Hinton. Her face only expressed slight concern, and his reflected it in a lesser degree.

"He is very tired," she said, "and he looks badly. But I hope there is not much the matter. He will see you after dinner. But he could not eat, so I have begged of him to lie down; he will be all right after a little rest."

Hinton made no further remark, and Uncle Jasper then coming in, and dinner being announced, they all went down-stairs. Uncle Jasper and Charlotte were merry enough, but Hinton could not get over a sense of depression, which not even the presence of the woman he loved could disperse. He was not sorry when the message came for him to go to Mr. Harman. Charlotte smiled as he rose.

"You will find me in the drawing-room whenever you like to come there," she said to him.

He left the room suppressing a sigh. Charlotte, however, did not hear of notices it. Still with that light of love and happiness crowning her bright face, she turned to the old Australian uncle.

"I will pour you out your next glass of port, and stay with you for a few moments, for I have something to tell you."

"What is that, my dear?" asked the old man.

"Something you have had to do with, dear old uncle. My wedding-day is fixed."

"Ah! my dear," he said, "there's nothing like having the day clear in one's head. And when is it to be, my pretty lass?"

"The twentieth of June, Uncle Jasper. Just four months from to-day."

"Four months off?" repeated Uncle Jasper. "Well, I don't call that very close at hand. When I spoke to your father last night—for you know I did speak to him, Charlotte—he seemed quite inclined to put no obstacle in the way of your speedy marriage."

"Nor did he, Uncle Jasper. You don't understand. He said we might marry at once if we liked. It was I who said the twentieth of June."

"You, child!—and—did Hinton, knowing your father had withdrawn all opposition, did Hinton allow you to put off his happiness for four whole months?"

"It was my own choice," said Charlotte. "Four months do not seem to me too long to prepare."

"They would seem a very long time to me if I were the man who was to marry you, my dear."

Charlotte looked grave at this. Her uncle seemed to impute blame to her lover. Being absolutely certain of his devotion, she scorned to defend it. She rose from the table.

"You will find me in the drawing-room, Uncle Jasper."

"One word, Charlotte, before you go," said her uncle. "No, child, I am not going to the drawing-room. You two lovers may have it to yourselves. But—but—you remember our talk of last night?"

"Yes, answered Charlotte, pausing, and coming back a little way into the room.

"Did you say anything to my father? Will he help Mrs. Home?"

"I have no doubt he will, my dear. Your father and I will both do something. He is a very just man, is your father. He was a good deal upset by this reference to his early days, and to his quarrel with his own father. I believe, between you and me, that it was that which made him ill this evening. But, Charlotte, you leave Mrs. Home to us. I will mention her case again when your father is more fit to hear the subject. What I wanted to say now, my dear, is this, that I think it would best please the dear old man if—if you told nothing of this strange tale, not even to Hinton, my dear."

"Why, Uncle Jasper?"

"Why, my dear child? The reason seems to me obvious enough. It is a story of the past. It relates to an old and painful quarrel. It is all over years ago. And then you could not tell one side of the tale without the other. Mrs. Home, poor thing, not personally knowing your father as one of the best and noblest of men, imputes very grave blame to him. Don't you think such a tale, so false, so wrong, had better be buried in oblivion?"

"Mrs. Home was most unjust in her ignorance," repeated Charlotte. "But, uncle, you are late in your warning, for I told John the whole story already to-day."

"Not a muscle of Uncle Jasper's face changed."

"Well, child, I should have said that to you last night. After all, it is natural. Hinton won't let it go farther, and no harm is done."

"Certainly John does not speak of my most sacred things," answered Charlotte proudly.

"No, no, of course he doesn't. I am sorry you told him; but as you say, he is one with yourself. No harm is done. No, thank you, my dear, no more wine now. I am going off to my club."

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

August 26.—Judges 7: 1-8.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Victories by small numbers." Gideon's victory was a prophecy of almost all the victories of god over evil. Christianity itself, the cause of Christ in each town or country. Modern missions are examples.

II. "The all-pervasiveness of character." Our characters are shown in our most trivial acts and words. Character has often been read by the handwriting. One's nationality, even the part of the country he comes from, his education, etc., are shown by slight vari-

ations in speech, or movements of the body. It is said that naturalists can tell the whole animal from one of the teeth or bones. Some years ago a sea captain brought to England from Madagascar a peculiar bone, from a collection he had found, of some extinct species of animals. It was put in the hands of the great naturalist Owen. He saw that it was the bone of the foot of some large bird, and from this single bone he drew a picture of the bird to which it must have belonged, and the drawing was placed in the British Museum. Some years afterward the same captain brought the rest of the bones. They were put together, and placed alongside of Prof. Owen's picture, when it was found that the professor had correctly seen the whole bird in the one bone.

PRACTICAL.

1. God raises up heroes and leaders from the most obscure families.
2. By doing the duties near at hand, we are prepared for the larger work before us.
3. Those will be most successful in God's work who give the honor wholly to God.
4. Ver. 2. Great victories by feeble means and small numbers honor God and his Gospel.
5. Ver. 3. Those who are fearful and unbelieving can accomplish little in God's cause.
6. Ver. 5. Our characters are revealed in our every act, even the most trivial.
7. Ver. 7. Many who have real faith and grace are unfit for special services, and unable to bear peculiar trials, from which, therefore, the Lord will exempt them, and to which he will appoint those to whom he has given superior hardiness, boldness, and firmness of spirit.—Scott.
8. Never be discouraged because our numbers are small, and our instrumentalities feeble. "One with God is a majority."
9. The history of the Church is full of victories like this of Gideon.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The teachers by this lesson can give their scholars much aid in their warfare against sin, and in preparing them to be the soldiers of the Lord. (1) Gideon's preparation (ver. 1), by early character; by his preparatory work of destroying the altar of Baal—by aids to faith. God prepares us in the same way. (2) Gideon's army (vers. 1-8). The enemy. The test. The characteristics of those who remained—courage, quickness, prudence. Their weapons. (3) The victory, by small numbers and feeble means, but by true soldiers. The glory all to God.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON VI.—ALCOHOL AND ITS RELATIONS TO PERSONAL ESTATE.

To what sum will the expenditure of five and one-quarter cents a day amount in round numbers in one year?

Twenty dollars.
In ten years, with compound interest? Two hundred and sixty-dollars.

In fifty years? Five thousand eight hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of eleven cents a day amount in one year? Forty dollars.

In ten years? Five hundred and twenty dollars.

In fifty years? Eleven thousand six hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of twenty-seven cents a day amount in one year? One hundred dollars.

In ten years? One thousand three hundred dollars.

In fifty years? Twenty-nine thousand dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of fifty-five cents a day amount in one year? Two hundred dollars.

In ten years? Two thousand six hundred dollars.

In fifty years? Fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Is it usual for persons in ordinary circumstances to expend either of these sums daily for alcoholic drinks and at the same time accumulate property?

It is not usual. The cases where personal estate is increased under these circumstances are exceedingly rare.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

A REPEAL MOVEMENT.

A report has been going the rounds for a few weeks that a movement is on foot in Charlotte county, New Brunswick, to repeal the Scott Act, but we have so far failed to discover that any work of organization for that purpose has been done. In late issues of a paper published in St. Stephens, the chief town of the county, however, there are many communications inserted with editorial endorsement, which are models in the way of tirade against temperance societies and people. All the familiar strains of the class that professes to believe in the elevation of the people above drunkenness without severe restrictions upon the liquor traffic are sung over again, with all the discord that self-contradiction and inconsistent logic can afford. For instance, here are two sentiments—one in favor of a strict license law and another denouncing the raising of revenue from strong drink—taken from one writer's communication:—"It is most desirable that the movement [for the repeal of the Scott Act] should be assisted and brought to a successful issue, so that this last act of political bungling may be buried with its parents in corruption, in the unhonored grave of civil administration, and that the excellent License Law passed at the last session of Parliament may be adopted." Then, farther on:—"What is the use of the bishop signing the pledge as an example, whilst the Government licenses and takes toll from the traffic as a cherished monopoly, and fails to put in force any satisfactory supervision over what is sold under the terms of the present Act?" "What is the use," so ask we, but why has this writer just advocated a system that involves taking toll in the manner described, with no satisfactory assurance of supervision of the quality of drinks to be sold? The License Law may make provision for such supervision, but is anybody simple enough to imagine that it will not be successfully evaded by the dealers? Of course, we do not for a moment admit that alcoholic drinks of any quality are not injurious to the human system. The same writer labors hard, if bald assertion may be classed as laborious, to show that the efforts of the temperance people have in the past proved valueless, while he points to the improvement noticeable in general society within recent times as evidence that the people are rising above debauchery spontaneously. This is most audacious, for does any honest man pretend to say that the improved habits of the people in every English-speaking country are not directly owing to the persistent agitation of avowed believers in total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the nation—the very persons whom this writer and all of his side denounce as fanatical, illiberal, tyrannical and the like? We have not space just now to show up all the absurdities of this fair specimen of the anti-prohibitionists, but shall take future opportunities to expose the hollowness of the grounds assumed by such as he. One plea used by this letter-writer in favor of having liquor-selling legalized must, however, be mentioned. Its absurdity is too rich to be passed. He describes the confined positions of working people in cities and towns, the bad air they have to breathe and so on, and argues that artificial life of this sort requires the use of alcoholic stimulants by those subject to it, in order to make them feel

well when they are not well. One would suppose the true remedy to be suggested for these known evils is the removal of their causes and not the use of stimulants to enable people to endure them with comfort while their constitutions are being impaired and their lives shortened all the while. Strange, however, is it that they who do not use strong drink endure all sorts of unfavorable conditions, other things equal, better than those who do, and that total abstinence has come to be regarded as one of the first recommendations, in the industrial life of cities as we find it, for situations where skill and capacity for sustained work are essential. To go back to Charlotte county, we may say that, if the opponents of the Scott Act are right in assuming that a majority of the electors regret the passage of the law in the first place, it had better be repealed. The more the question is agitated the weaker will the traffic become morally, and the reversion to a license system, after all that has been claimed for it, will afford opportunity of acquainting the people of the delusion of trusting to it for reducing drunkenness and its accompaniments. It is to be hoped, however, that the people of Charlotte county do not require to go back to the first lessons that they, in common with all peoples who have experienced the working of license laws, have long ago learned.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Large strikes of building mechanics have occurred in New York under orders from the Building Trades Unions, ending in the demands being granted. A strike in the Woonsocket Company's mills, Rhode Island, has ended with a triumph for the weavers. Fifty thousand dollars have been given the iron strikers at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, by the Iron Workers' Convention in Philadelphia, and ten thousand dollars will be granted weekly if necessary. The great telegraph strike shows strong symptoms of collapsing, many of the operators having gone back to work. Three hundred coal miners are on strike at Departure Bay, British Columbia, making it necessary to close the pits with a loss of employment to nine hundred men.

The following is a summary of crop reports throughout the United States for the month:—Cotton does not look as well as last year, owing to drouth; corn shows improvement in New England, the Middle States, the Ohio Valley and west of the Mississippi, but is light in Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, and suffers from unfavorable weather in the South; wheat is in as good condition as last year, which is higher than any previous year since 1876; oats is in an equally promising condition, and potatoes and buckwheat show a high average.

General business in the United States still suffers from midsummer dulness, and failures are in excess of the previous week and of the corresponding week in the past two years.

IT IS STATED by a treasury official that six million dollars' worth of opium has been smuggled into San Francisco during the past ten years. It has been systematically done by a ring of smugglers, with whom Government officials have been in collusion for thirty percent of the spoils. Under the increased duty it is believed smuggling of the drug will be largely promoted.

Much excitement prevails in Missouri over extensive oil and gas discoveries, and prospecting and speculation are rife over a large tract of country.

THE WEEK.

CAPTAIN RHODES, of Salamanca, New York, is said to be on his way to Niagara Falls, where he intends to swim the Whirlpool Rapids where Webb perished a few days ago. He has an armor to protect himself from injury, which he has tested by going over a dam on the Allegheny River in it. The authorities should prevent any more would-be heroes from courting death in those waters.

SOMEbody HAS DISCOVERED that the water of steeped tomato leaves sprinkled on trees and bushes will clear them of insects, and that the leaves put round the branches and trunks have the same effect.

A SEALING CAPTAIN has expressed his doubts about the chances of the steamer "Proteus" reaching Lady Franklin Bay this year, to relieve the Greeley expedition. This mariner believes it will be a remarkable year for ice in high latitudes, on account of there having been no outflow of Arctic ice during the spring or early summer months.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY has had its track laid to Calgary, in sight of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Langdon, one of the building contractors, says no man ever saw a finer location for any railway than this one has through these mountains.

A DESPATCH FROM DULUTH, Minnesota, gives reports of small-pox making havoc among the Indians in Itaska county, who are without medical aid, as high as eighty-five deaths being reported in two small towns.

THE FASTEST TRIP ON RECORD has just been made between Queenstown, Ireland, and New York, by the steamship "City of Rome," the time being six days, twenty and a half hours.

MRS. ELIZABETH GLOUCESTER, reported the richest colored woman in America, died lately in Brooklyn, leaving half a million.

MRS. WILLIAM G. FARGO, widow of the late William G. Fargo, the late President of the American Express Company, lately married in Buffalo, New York, the Hon. Frances F. Fargo, no relation to her family as the name might indicate. She is sixty-one years old and the groom two years younger. The first Fargo was a millionaire and has been dead a year and a half, and the bride's relatives were opposed to the second marriage. Mr. Fargo the second has been speaker of the California State Assembly, also City Clerk of Buffalo, and is a prominent politician.

ACCOUNTS FROM THE SEAL FISHERY of Newfoundland indicate good catches. Bottle-nosed whales have been seen in large numbers by the fishermen. The weather for three months has been cold and foggy, the sun having appeared but three times in that period.

AN OTTAWA DOCTOR hurt his eye by using a new bath sponge and it is feared the sight will be permanently lost.

AFTER HAVING BEEN FORBIDDEN by resolutions of the Common Council of Syracuse, New York, to parade the streets of that city, the Salvation Army mustered one night and marched through the streets, shouting "Hallelujah" and singing hymns to popular airs. The police intercepted the enthusiasts and were about to lock up the whole force when an alderman who had opposed the prohibitive resolution gave a bail bond for the appearance of the disturbers. Accordingly the prohibition will be tested in the courts.

THE STEAMSHIP "LUDWIG" left Antwerp, Belgium, for Montreal, Canada, on July second, with twenty-three cabin passengers and a valuable cargo, and, having not since been heard of, it is feared she is lost. Emile Hone, a rising young musician, of Montreal, is in the list of passengers.

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS at Tacoma, Washington Territory, has captured a sloop engaged in running Chinese across from British Columbia. Two smugglers were arrested but nine Chinese escaped. About a hundred Chinamen have been surreptitiously conveyed across the frontier in a month, and the collector says without a larger force he can do little to prevent the smuggling. The Government can best end this new difficulty by abolishing the law of exclusion that shuts out a large part of God's earth from the use of a great division of His reasonable creatures.

GENERAL CABLE, at a great reunion of old-time Confederates attended by fifty thousand people, held at Mackinley, Texas, in a speech declared that England and America can never have more than an unnatural friendship "while America and the purple-clad are linked by hooks of steel," and he hoped to live long enough to lead the ex-Confederates under the stars and stripes in a contest against England. This man of blood doubtless speaks for a very insignificant section of the great American people.

A CATTLE DROVER from Sabina complained to the police in Toronto that he had been drugged and robbed of a thousand dollars in a vile den of that city.

JOHN BARK, employed by a firm of chemists, in Philadelphia, was arrested for stealing quinine and six thousand dollars' worth of the drug was found in his house.

WILLIAM WALKER, a merchant, absconded from Dayton, Ohio, leaving thirty to forty thousand unpaid notes, many of them forgeries.

A MAN in OTTAWA was fined twenty dollars for using insulting language to a woman, and the public verdict is, "Served him right."

A BOILER of a THRESHING MILL exploded at Fort William, Ontario, instantly killing P. Caldwell and supposed fatally scalding L. Howick. Steam power has increased so much on farms as to make it necessary to have a system of strict boiler inspection extended to the rural districts.

THREE NEGROES, charged with inducing laborers to desert after supplying them to contractors, were lynched at a railway camp in Amite county, Mississippi.

COLONEL BANDOLA, commanding the Mexican forces against the hostile Indians, was killed on the second of August. He was on his way with sixty men to the relief of a place where the Apaches had surprised the inhabitants, killing four. Being a brave man he was riding some distance in front of his command with two men, when he was fired upon from ambush and mortally wounded, the two attendants being killed.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY among Shoshonee Indians is reported in Salt Lake City from Rule Valley. An Indian murdered his squaw by breaking her limbs and then burning her while yet alive. The murderer was seized by the tribe, his feet tied to a tree and a coil of rope placed round his neck. Two stout Indians then pulled the ends of the rope until the wretch was choked to death.

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A MAN IN NEW YORK entered a market and cut his little finger off on a meat block with a cleaver and then walked away, leaving the finger behind.

ACCORDING TO RUMOR the revolution in Mexico is not down yet, and it is expected that the Northern States of that country will be in revolution before the ending of the year. It is said the trouble is too much exercise of power over the States by the General Government.

HORSES IN LAMBTON COUNTY, Ontario, are affected with a perplexing disease. They grow dull and stupid, are taken with severe internal pains, and within the incredible space of twenty-four hours lose most of their flesh, have their eyes grow sunken and shed the hair of mane and tail. Most of the cases have resulted fatally, and the veterinary surgeons are puzzled over the distemper.

IN THE HAYTIAN REVOLT the rebels continue to have the best of the war, as they have had from the beginning, according to the news that has been received. By and by the Revolutionists will become the Government and then things will be dull for a while in Hayti until the next revolution comes round.

FIVE HUNDRED MOUNTED WARRIORS of the Shoshone Indians paraded on the plains at Fort Washakie in the "Far West" before President Arthur. They were congratulated by the President on their fine appearance, good conduct and growing attention to industrial pursuits. Presents were given by the chiefs, a pony to the President for his daughter and moccasins and leggings to members of the party, and the Indians finished the ceremonies by dancing the war dance.

THE REV. NATHANIEL SMITH RICHARDSON, D.D., editor of the *Church Guardian*, New York, and author of several religious works, has died suddenly at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FRANK C. BANGS, an actor, in June last married a daughter of the late Mr. Singer, sewing machine inventor, who was at the time a widow, and the new couple have separated after three months of wedded life. She now sues Bangs to recover seven thousand dollars that she says she lent him when he was courting her.

GREAT PREPARATIONS are being made by the Annamese at Hue for defence against the French, but arms and armaments are of the rudest sort and will not avail much against modern implements of warfare. China has no soldiers in Annam but neighboring Provinces are being strongly occupied. It is said China is playing a waiting game with France, which will cost her little while a serious matter for France. It is asserted that during the past eighteen months five millions' worth of war material has been shipped from San Francisco to China. Five hundred cases sent from Springfield, Massachusetts, the other day, contained two hundred and forty thousand Springfield rifles, twenty-five million cartridges and eight hundred bales of cotton duck for tents. The American Minister in Paris, it is said, has had his attention called to the export of war material from the United States, but the American legation there declined to give any information upon the subject.

THE STATEMENT is published that the blue ribbon movement in old Chester, England, has cost the brewers the profits on seven thousand barrels of beer, that being the diminished production in 1882.

AT CARLISLE, Pennsylvania, George and Andrew Easmanger, brothers, quarrelled over the possession of a piece of land, and George having been beaten in a fight between them shot Andrew dead.

ADA BAYARD, colored, a deaf, dumb and blind girl, was murdered in her father's house near Guysborough town, Nova Scotia. The evidence of a young colored girl, at the inquest, that the crime was committed by a little girl of five years, with an axe, is not believed in the community.

TWO DUELS have been reported from Paris in as many days. In one case a journalist was challenged on account of writings against a legislator, and in the other a journalist received a challenge for similar cause from a municipal councillor. The editor was wounded in the arm in the former case, and in the latter the municipal councillor was wounded on the neck, hand and leg.

THE NATIONAL DEBT BILL now passing through Parliament will have the effect of cancelling from eight to nine hundred million dollars of the national debt of Great Britain in twenty years.

PRINCE BISMARCK, for many years the leading statesman of Germany, is in such poor health that he has been ordered to quit work and live in complete seclusion and repose for a period.

CHOLERA IS STILL DECREASING in Egypt, but is still bad enough. British soldiers are dying from it nearly every day. The natives resist the protective measures recommended. Mr. W. E. Stevens, United States Consul at Smyrna, has given a report to the National Board of Health, in which he says: "Facts have come to light tending to show that the disease which is decimating the population of Damietta is not Asiatic cholera, but a malignant local distemper caused by the filthy condition of the town and the unclean habits of its lower classes, whose principal article of food is fish caught from water polluted and poisoned by being used as a receptacle for offal, the carcasses of diseased animals, &c. During the British occupation many animals perished and their bodies were dumped into the water regardless of consequences."

GEORGE JODRY, who served under Napoleon, died lately in Suffolk county, New York, almshouse. There is a man living at Waugh's River, Cumberland county, Nova Scotia, of the common name John Smith, who has reached the extraordinary age of 118 years. He was born in the Shetland Islands, Scotland, his father was a Scotchman and his mother of foreign extraction. His early years were spent in sheep herding in the Highlands of Scotland. When the American war of independence broke out he was with his father in London, and recollects clearly some phases of the excitement produced by the revolt of the colonies. The principal events in the history of the early part of this country are fresh in his memory, but events within the past forty or fifty years have had but little impression upon his mind. He can see at long distances better than most young persons, but is dull of hearing and his teeth have been gone forty years. A third set of teeth is now fast appearing, however. The old man's mental faculties are sound, but falling under the natural change to childishness usual to aged people. When well up in years Mr. Smith married a comparatively young lady, who is now verging on a ripe old age although nearly forty years younger than her husband.

HEAVY FIRES have occurred at Stratford, Ontario; Atlanta, Georgia, and Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SEVEN MEN WERE KILLED, and three fatally and ten seriously injured in a riot between Mexicans and railway laborers at Lospelas, Mexico.

TWO SONS OF MR. PARADIS, Chief of Police, Montreal, and a companion named Michaud are in the large list of the deaths by drowning of this season, the sad fate having overtaken them at Yamaska, Quebec. They were promising young men.

MR. GLADSTONE has stated in the House of Commons that the appearance of cholera in Egypt has delayed the establishment of a stable government in England, and the troops would have to remain in the country until that was accomplished. At the same time he repeated former strong assurances that the protectorate of Egypt was not intended to be permanent. The "grand old man," as he is called, however, does not know the day that he will go out of power, and a new Government in England, with the people at their back withal, may not have any disposition to let go the hold now obtained of Egypt at heavy cost.

A WOMAN named Berthier, from Montreal, had her child die in her arms from a sudden fit of illness, in the Union Station Toronto, while on her way to join her husband in Manitoba. The child was buried at the expense of the Grand Trunk Railway.

PERSONS TAKEN FROM THE WATER apparently drowned should not be given up for dead too soon, no matter how hopeless efforts at restoration may seem to be. A child of two and a half years at Paisley, Ontario, lay in a cistern of water, into which it had fallen, for about fifteen minutes before being rescued. This is usually considered more than long enough to kill anybody, yet a number of women took the child in hand, its body being black, and by vigorous rubbing and wrapping in warm blankets they produced signs of life in a short time, and the child was likely to recover. Cases are on record where persons rescued from the water have been resuscitated after hours of hard work.

THE SPANISH INSURRECTION was, it appears, more formidable than at first represented, as it has been found to have had support in all ranks of the army. Zorilla, the leader, is in France, and Spain, supported by Germany and other powers, demands his internment. Many followed Zorilla for purely ambitious motives. Two of the chiefs in the rebellion arrested were executed after refusing to divulge any of their party secrets. At a military review in Madrid the troops cheered enthusiastically for the king. Among a number of changes promised in the name of the republic to be established by the revolutionists was the separation of church and state, liberty of conscience and the substitution of municipal tribunals for the present courts of justice. Many rebel fugitives are in France and some have surrendered to a Spanish consul, asking pardon and saying they had been deceived. A sign that the trouble is considered rather serious is the order that has been issued to prevent the press from giving any news regarding the insurrection. Vega, who led the revolt in Badajoz, making off with the contents of the treasury, escaped to Portugal and has been ordered by the Portuguese authorities to refund the money. The insurrection was a piece of madness that has already done great damage to the business of the country.

FELICITO MEJIA, a famous bull-fighter, was fatally hurt in Mexico lately by being tossed in the air by a bull and coming down on the brute's horns.

THREE MEN WERE RUN OVER and ground under the wheels of a train near Demmler Station, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, they having just stepped out of the way of a train on another track—a not uncommon cause of fatality on railways.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT of Mr. Robinson, an English missionary in Madagascar, the French are outnumbered at Tamatave. The Rev. Mr. Shaw, another English missionary, has been arrested for concealing Hova spies, and the British Government awaits full explanations from the French upon the subject. In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone admitted that the French admiral at Tamatave had issued a proclamation forbidding foreign soldiers and sailors from landing at Tamatave in virtue of the French occupation. Late despatches from Madagascar, the London *Standard* says, confirm the first report of differences between the English and French at Tamatave, and it may be necessary for Great Britain to demand explanations with regard to the matter from the French Government. This gives a serious aspect once more to events in that quarter.

ALTHOUGH we believe the day is past when an intelligent people should think it proper to license for any consideration a recognized evil, still, where the license system is the best medium of restricting the liquor traffic that can for the time be obtained, we are in favor of making the barriers against the evil as high as possible. In Ohio the much vaunted high license system is on trial and so far has greatly cut down the traffic while relieving the burden of taxation upon legitimate business. The fact, however, that a strenuous effort is being made in that State to secure a constitutional prohibitory amendment is sufficient to show that high license is not the goal of the temperance party there any more than here. Returns regarding the working of the law from 70 of the 88 counties in the State show that one thousand and nineteen recognized drinking saloons in those counties have been closed; 6,530 paid the \$200 tax, and 1,882 the \$100 tax. The aggregate amount realized from this tax is \$1,494,200. In Cincinnati it has filled the Treasury and made a reduction in the rate of taxation possible. The proportion of saloons which have been closed by the law is 12 percent.

JOHN REQUE eloped from Milwaukee with his step-daughter aged eighteen, taking four thousand dollars of his wife's money. At Chicago the young woman eloped a second time with a younger man than Reque.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY, Dominion Minister of Finance, was given a complimentary luncheon in London, England, the other day, by the United Kingdom Alliance. Sir Wilfrid Lawson presided, and Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian High Commissioner, was present. Sir Wilfrid said the colonies were far ahead of the mother country in the temperance reform. Sir Leonard recommended local option, which had been adopted in Canada, for England.

THE DOMINION ALLIANCE has achieved a great triumph in Toronto, having induced the directors of the forthcoming Industrial Exhibition to refrain from granting a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors within the Exhibition Grounds.

OUR TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY A. C. MORROW.

"Get out there, you drunken vagabond. Get out, I say!"

That was what George Wilkins' father said to him one cold December Sabbath afternoon; and when "Old Tom Wilkins," as the boys all called him, spoke in that rough-hungry tone of voice, the son knew he must obey him or suffer the consequences. This time it was the father who was intoxicated, though, I am afraid, as George left the den he called his home, if there had been any money in his pocket he would have gone to the nearest saloon, and have soon been the low thing his father called him. But to-day he had no money, so he wandered listlessly about the streets until his unhappy thoughts were arrested by the sound of music. He stopped and listened.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now," were the words he heard distinctly. He knew no more of Jesus than if he had been a native of Africa instead of New York City; but very sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to him, cold, desolate, and forlorn as he was. It was a mission Sunday-school. He snatched in, and stood just within the doorway as the boys and girls concluded the chorus, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now." There he stood during all the prayer, the very picture of poverty, his coat and pants torn and soiled, and his face and hands looked as though it was long since they had enjoyed the luxury of water.

The superintendent finished his prayer, but no one took any notice of the strange ragged boy by the door. He turned to leave the room, when a kind voice arrested him, and, looking back, he saw a lady approaching him. She extended her hand.

"My boy, I am glad to see you. I have a class of boys here; I wish you would come and join them."

"I ain't fit," he answered, looking down at his old, dirty clothing.

"Oh, yes, you are!" the teacher answered.

He followed her reluctantly. As they reached the class, the boys giggled, and though there was plenty of room did not offer to give him a seat.

The teacher's little seven-year-old Greta, who occupied a chair by her mother, rose, saying, "Take my seat, please." Then, turning to the rude boy, she asked pleasantly, "Will you make room for me to sit by you?"

I cannot tell what the teacher said to those boys that afternoon, but it was a temperance lesson; and when she had finished, she took out a temperance pledge, and asked them to sign it.

When it came to George, he said, very decidedly, "No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I like gin and brandy too well."

Before her mother could answer him, little Greta had risen to her feet and stood beside him. There were tears in her blue eyes, and her voice trembled. "I wish you would," she said.

"Tain't no use," he answered; "I couldn't keep it."

"I would pray the Lord to help you," the child said, "and then he could—couldn't he, mamma?"

"I believe he could, if he would ask the Lord himself too."

"Won't you?" the child pleaded.

"I vum, I believe I'll try it, if only to please you," George answered her, taking the pen in his clumsy fingers, and writing his name.

Before George left the school, he had promised to come again, and carried with him a letter of introduction to a manufacturer who would give him work.

He did not dare to return home, so slept that night, supperless, as he had often done before, in an old cart.

The next morning he went with his letter to Mr. Brunn, the shoe manufacturer. When the proprietor had agreed to furnish him employment, at three dollars a week, the boy asked, "I haven't had any breakfast; could you lend me—"

"I'll lend you nothing," the man interrupted, "but wait here a moment."

He stepped into his office, and addressed a boy, who went out, but presently returned with a ham sandwich and a foaming glass of beer which he handed to George.

Forty-two hours the boy had not tasted food. How tempting the sandwich looked, and how he longed for a taste of the beer!

He reached out his hands to take them. Then he saw a childish face with blue eyes filled with tears, and heard a sweet voice say, "Won't you? I'll pray for you." His hands dropped to his side again.

"What does this mean?" the proprietor who had been watching them, asked.

"I can't drink the lager, I promised I wouldn't," the boy answered, stoutly.

"Oh! you've signed the pledge—have you?" he inquired with a sneer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're too good to drink lager, you're too good to work for me," were the words which trembled on his lips; but something prompted a different answer.

"Here, Jim," he said to the office-boy, "Give the boy the sandwich, and take the lager back and get him a glass of milk."

"Thank you," George said, simply.

It was the first time the words had ever passed his lips. But he was learning, faster than he knew, how Christianity refines and elevates.

He finished his frugal breakfast, and went to the work assigned him happier than he had ever been before.

I cannot tell you all the ways in which George was tempted, but he continued to attend the mission school and learned to pray for himself, and grew to be a thoughtful, devoted, Christian boy.

This was thirteen years ago. George is now the superintendent of that mission school. He never broke his pledge.—S. S. Times.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER?

A mother once heard a little daughter say to a young brother, "Mother's pale this morning, now look out or you'll catch it." She was startled to find how needed the warning was. She knew she had wakened tired, sick, and fretful; had come down to an ill-appointed, badly-cooked breakfast; had seen her husband leaving his almost untried food, push back his chair with a grating sound, and leave the room with a frown upon his brow, had spoken sharply to one child after another until the sunny little faces had changed to sullen dogged ones, and ill-natured silence had taken the place of pleasant chat.

Touchy, perhaps, rather than sensitive, she had dragged herself about her morning tasks, feeling that hers was the hardest lot of any woman in the world—one she could not bear much longer without relief. Just then she heard her child's remark, and it opened a new world to her. What did it mean? Was she really sick or only cross? She was a sensitive woman, and a Christian, and she set herself at once to find both cause and remedy. The cause was not difficult to learn—"worn-out liver and nerves" the remedy seemed impossible.

"You need rest and tonic," the wise doctor said, but rest with every minute of every hour from week in to week out filled, pressed down, and running over, was not to be found. Tonics in the shape of drugs she tried with a patient faithfulness almost pitiful to see; the need was so great, the relief obtained so small. This woman was not given to complaining, but a friend saw how she was faltering in her life, and came to her help.

"My dear," she said, in a gentle, tender way, "what you need is a change of air and scene. I don't mean 'pack up and go away from your family even for a week. It would be well enough if you could be spared, but you can't. Put on your bonnet, and go every day of your life into the open air for an hour. Let me tell you my own story."

"For years in my life the circumstances which surrounded me were of the saddest. I should certainly have died if I had not conscientiously forced myself out every day for a two-mile walk. I used to climb a high hill not far from my home, and her voice trembling now, "I always found God waiting for me on the summit with messages of peace and comfort. I went home stronger, quieter, far better able to meet what was waiting for me there."

It was an almost absurdly simple remedy, yet tried it worked its second miracle. It was strange how soon household matters adjusted themselves to this new demand—there was always time, made at first, but soon waiting for a good, spirited, life-giving, temper giving, heart-giving, mind-giving walk. Health came slowly back, and with it the long train of family blessings.—Mrs. Robbins in N. Y. Observer.

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU."

A gentleman, walking along one of the streets of a great city, was accosted by a boy who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's face forbade that, so he asked—

"What do you want to do with a penny?"

"Buy bread, sir," was promptly answered.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Boy, are you telling me the truth?" asked the gentleman looking him steadily in the face.

"Indeed I am, sir."

"Have you a father?" questioned the gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy.

"No, sir; father is dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She died last night. Come with me, and I will show you where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed the guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place which the boy called home. Pushing open a door, he pointed to his dead mother and said—

"There is my mother, sir."

"Who was with your mother when she died?" asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Nobody but me, sir."

"Did your mother say anything before she died?"

"Yes, sir; she said: 'God will take care of you my son.'"

Sooner than his dying mother had dared to hope, God had honored her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian, to whom God had entrusted much of this world's goods, and the little orphan was kindly cared for by him.

God in His Word is called the Father of the fatherless. He has said that none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate, and it is safe to trust in His promises.—Band of Hope Review.

THE YOUNG LADIES' PRAYER-MEETING.

A year ago a young ladies' prayer-meeting was started in our church. The question was then asked, "Of what practical good will it be to those girls?"

Deeply as I felt the "practical" benefit, I doubt if I answered the question satisfactorily to my friend, but I wished with all my heart she could have heard one of those young girls, some months afterwards, say to me: "I cannot be thankful enough for those prayer-meetings; they have given me a freedom in speaking for Jesus, and in praying to Him, that I never thought it possible for me to possess."

Our ladies' prayer-meeting seems to me a blessed training school for work for Christ. I can think of it in no other way. The comparison of it to spiritual thought upon spiritual themes, is certainly a great stimulant to faith and effort, and the united prayer has returned in felt blessings upon our souls.

I feel that I owe such a great debt to these meetings, but I long that others should have the same help in their Christian walk. Christian Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

To remove the unpleasant taste which is frequently observable from new wooden vessels is a thing difficult of accomplishment. It is said that the simplest plan, and one that will succeed in most cases, is to scald them thoroughly several times in boiling water, then dissolve some pearl-ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessels well in the solution. Afterwards scald them several times thoroughly as before.

Carbolic acid or zinc sulphate is a cheap disinfectant for outside use about houses, barns, etc. Both are poisonous.

Pretty wall-baskets can be made by taking one of the rough straw hats so much worn at the seaside a year or two ago. If a flower or vine is not already embroidered on it, add some such decoration; then line the hat with muslin or silesia, finish the edge with a pleating of ribbon, and tie a ribbon in a knot and fasten to it for a handle. The hat may be flattened by pressure, or by using stout linen thread for that purpose.

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

I.

My first describes the desert sand;
Next is the lion's home;
My whole a poet and a man
Who went, they say, to Rome.

II.

My first has neither head nor hands,
Yet 'tis a thing of might;
For it men toil, and sin, and die,
And for it nations fight.

My second is a biped called,
Upon two feet it goes;
My whole a writer charming is
As the sweetbriar rose.

ACCIDENTAL FINDINGS.

1. In a well-known garden vegetable find the coarse part of a plant of the genus linum, a companion, and an exclamation.
2. In a well-known fruit find a beam of light, and a transgression.
3. In a well-known grain find a hindrance, and a cleansing substance.
4. In a well-known flower find a chariot of war, a refusal, and to avoid.

DIAMOND.

A consonant.
A metal.
A fancy.
Part of the body.
A consonant.

SQUARE WORDS.

A country mentioned in the Bible.
An old name for a lady.
To leave out.
A girl's name.

SYNCOPEATIONS.

1. Syncopeate a carousal and get a dance.
2. Syncopeate a lord and get grease.
3. Syncopeate carried and get a hard substance.
4. Syncopeate lawful and get faithful.
5. Syncopeate a tinker and get a piece of pasteboard.
6. Syncopeate a law and get a Turkish vessel.

The syncopeated letters give the name of an ancient poet.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADES.—Stratagem.
ANAGRAMS.—Bitter Sweet, J. G. Holland. A Fool's Errand, Tourgee, One Hoss Shay, O. W. Holmes, Helen's Babies, Habberton, Norwood, H. W. Beecher, The Virginians, W. M. Thackeray.

CHANGE PREFIXES.—B-ear, D-ear, F-ear, Y-ear, H-ear, S-ear, P-ear, G-ear, R-ear.
AN OLD PUZZLE.—I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking.

HOW DO YOU THREAD YOUR NEEDLE?

You will think this a strange question, but I am quite sure I have seen some friends a little perplexed how to accomplish this small feat with quickness and ease, especially in the evening, when "sitting under the lamp."

Such biting the thread, such twisting the point with the fingers, such snipping of the almost invisible fibre that would oppose the entrance to the eye, such leaning over toward the lamp or the gas! Yes, I have seen it all, and more, I have experienced it all, and what is more I have discovered a never-failing remedy for this annoyance which sometimes proves, even to the most placid tempers, a vexation, especially when they have John's buttons to sew on, or his hose to darn, in readiness for his business journey of to-morrow.

I have not (yet) taken out a patent for it; indeed I have tried often to give the secret away, and now I want to tell it in the "Corner."

Lay the thread along the finger and cut it diagonally with a sharp scissors that will make no jag. Thus you have a sharp point which will enter readily the eye of a needle that is of suitable size for the thread.

Silk is not so manageable, as that untwists more easily than cotton or linen.

If the thread is cut straight across there is a blunt end, if broken or bitten (which last should never be done) there will be this almost invisible hair before spoken of. I find it invaluable for the sewing machine. Try it.

Let me add to this that I find a block of French chalk more efficacious to prevent "kinks" in sewing cotton, and also more agreeable to use than wax.—Christian Intelligence.

THE GREAT SHIELDED LOCUST OF PAPUA.

The insects of Papua, or New Guinea, as that vast island is commonly called on English maps, are comparatively little known; yet they appear to rival in strangeness and beauty of form and brilliancy of color the better known birds of that tropical region, typical examples of which are seen in the birds of Paradise.

Here the magnificent green and yellow ornithoptera, or bird-winged butterflies, find their richest development. Wallace calls them the princes of the butterfly tribes; and they are as remarkable for their great size as for their singular markings and magnificent coloration. Here, too, are found the largest and most beautiful of the clear-winged moths, and their handsome rivals among the green moths. Many species of beetles of large size and the most brilliant metallic lustre also abound, almost all of the orders furnishing large or extraordinary forms. The same is true of the locust or grasshopper tribes. The most remarkable of those thus far discovered is the *Megalodon ensifer*, or great shielded grasshopper, figured in our engraving, which we copy from *La Nature*. The glossy green wing-coverts when fully expanded are from nine to ten inches across, and beautifully veined in imitation of large shining tropical leaves. The thorax is covered by a triangular horny shield, 2½ inches long, with serrated edges, a wavy hollow surface and a faint median line, the whole closely resembling a leaf. The body is short, and, in the female, is terminated by a long, curved, swordlike ovipositor. The legs are long and strongly spined.

These insects are sluggish in their motions, depending for safety on their mimicry of foliage, their horny shield and wing coverts, and their spiny legs.

HOW TO COLLECT BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

The necessary apparatus for this purpose is simple and inexpensive, and such as can be easily

made in a few hours. All that one requires at first are some setting boards, a net, killing bottle, store box, collecting box, and some pins.

Having obtained the requisite apparatus, the next step is collecting the insects.

The best time for butterflies is between eleven in the morning and three in the afternoon. The best time, however, for the high-

ly, such as the Purple Emperor, is after three o'clock in the afternoon, as they then fly lower than in the middle of the day. It is perhaps needless to say that hot sunny days bring out the butterflies in the greatest profusion. This is not always the case with moths. In fact we have frequently caught large numbers of the latter when sugaring on a bleak, dreary autumn night, while on fine evenings we have often returned almost empty-handed.

Having caught a butterfly or moth and killed it, fasten it into the collecting box by sticking a pin through its side. By adopting this plan the insect's back is uninjured, as the hole at the side is not seen when the insect is set out. Besides by pinning them through the side, several insects can be placed on one pin, thus enabling the collecting box to hold more than if each insect were pinned out separately.



THE GREAT SHIELDED LOCUST OF PAPUA.

THE WREN'S REQUIEM.

It was on a morning early in spring, years ago, that we heard an unusual twittering outside our bed-room window, above which is a deep thatch. On looking up, we saw two curious festoons hanging from it, apparently in motion. It was, in fact, two half circles, composed of little wrens, clinging to each other by foot and wing, to the number of twenty or thirty. They clung together thus for the space of about two minutes. They twittered mournfully all the while, so different from their usual joyous song; when suddenly, as if by one consent, they in a moment broke loose and flew away. On descending shortly afterward we found a dead wren lying just under the window over which these festoons of wrens had been hanging a few minutes before. It looked as if these affectionate little creatures had been singing a dirge over their dead friend below; at least we could think of no other cause for the unusual appearance. From that time the wrens deserted that spot for more than two years. On speaking of this to one who had made natural history his study, he told me that it was

called "The Wren's Requiem," and was an established fact, though very rarely seen.—*Ex.*

HAPPINESS depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them. And this depends so much on experience and self control that the probability of happiness in old age is as great, to say the least, as it is in youth.—*Edward Wigglesworth.*

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON IX.

Aug. 26, 1883. (Judg. 7:1-8)

GIDEON'S ARMY.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 2, 3.

1. Then Jerubbai who is Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and pitched beside the well of Harod; so that the host of the Midianites were on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley.

2. And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me.

3. Now therefore go, to proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from mount Moreh. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

4. And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; I will bring them down into the water, and I will try them for thee there; and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

5. So he brought down the people unto the water; and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lapped of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shall I throw out by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

6. And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

7. And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place.

8. So the people took victuals in their hand and their trumpets; and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men; and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The sword of the Lord, and Gideon.—Judg. 7:2.

TOPIC.—The Lord our Defense and Deliverer. LESSON PLAN.—1. THE ARMY TOO LARGE, VS. 2. THE ARMY REDUCED, VS. 3-6. 3. THE ARMY READY, VS. 7-8.

Time—n.c. 129. Place.—The well of Harod, near Mount Gilboa.

INTRODUCTORY.

We pass over in our lessons a period of many years, of which there is a condensed history in ch. 10. During this period the Israelites were subjected to repeated oppressions on account of their idleness, and on their repentance judges were raised up to be their deliverers, as follows:

First servitude, to Mesop. Judges; OTHNIEL, Second servitude, to Moab, Ehud, 3, 10; Abimelech, Third servitude, to Ishbub and Sisera, Deborah and Barak. Fourth servitude, to Midian, Gideon.

After the deliverance under Deborah and Barak, the Israelites remained at rest for forty years. Agasthies did evil in the sight of the Lord, and a fourth oppression followed, more severe than any that had preceded it. The Midianites ravaged the country for seven years, reducing them to the deepest distress. Then, on their repentance, the Lord sent Gideon to be their deliverer. Hearing that the Midianites had encamped in the valley of Jezreel, Gideon quickly collected an army of thirty-two thousand men and marched against them.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. JERUBBAAL ("consorter with Baal")—a name given to Gideon by his overthrowing the altar of Baal. Judg. 6:34; 1 Sam. 12:11. WELL OF HAROD—good for dry springs, at the foot (north side) of Mount Gilboa, on the borders of Manasseh, now known as "Ain Jalud Hill, Moreh"—now known as "Little Harod" in the plain of Jezreel, the modern Estacion.

V. 2. THE PEOPLE ARE TOO MANY—though only one tenth the number of the Midianites. See ch. 8:19. God wished to show them that their strength was not in their numbers, but in Him. VAUNT THEMSELVES—boast of their valor. God was to deliver the battle and deliver Israel, and would make it evident that he was the author of the victory. V. 3. PROCLAIM—according to the law (Deut. 20), which was intended to prevent cowardice from making a panic in the whole army. MOUNT GILBOA—Gideon was on the east of Jordan, but Gilboa was on the west, i. e. Jezreel. Some substitute Gilboa for Gilead; others suppose the name may have been given to some part of the Gilboa ridge.

THERE REMAINED TEN THOUSAND—two out of every three lapped their hands on their country's banner in the hour of trial. Right test often make thinking work in the tanks of God's professed friends. V. 4. THE LORD SAID—Gideon, it had to be, though his men too few, he saw they were too many. OF WHOMSOEVER I SAY UNTO THEE—in express words, but by the result of the trial. V. 5. LAPPED OF THE WATER—taking it up in the hand, as people often do when they have no drinking cups. Three hundred lapped the water, the rest knelt down to it. THE REMNANT WERE TAKEN, the latter dismissed. V. 7. SAVE YOU—the whole nation. This was a pledge of success to three hundred against one hundred and forty five thousand—a huge demand upon Gideon for faith. Though God is powerful enough to do all he undertakes, and faithful enough to do all he promises, men may limit him by their lack of faith. Gideon trusted the might and truth of Jehovah, and so was enabled among the great chieftains of the world to the power and faithfulness of the Lord. Heb. 11:23-12:1.

V. 8. So THE PEOPLE—the three hundred. "COURTNEY" had to go where he pleased. RETAINED—kept, owing to their warlike confidence. IN THE VALLEY—the valley of Jezreel. With this band Gideon overthrew

those older and stronger.

TEACHINGS:—

1. The Lord can save by a few as well as by a great army.

2. He requires courage in those that would serve him.

3. We should undertake nothing in our own strength.

4. God's presence and favor give courage to the fearful and strength to the weak.

5. A few with the Lord's help are more than a great number without his aid.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, August 15, 1883.

The condition of the market this week has decidedly improved. A goodly quantity of grain has gone forward and a steady business has been done at prices quoted, which are from 5c to 10c a bushel better all round for wheat. We quote: Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.18 to \$1.20; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.15; Corn, 62c per bushel; Peas, 97c; Oats, 35c to 37c; Rye, 66c to 70c.

FLOUR.—In opposition to this state of affairs, the flour market continues very quiet but very firm, at outside prices. There is no demand for export and in consequence Superiors are not wanted. Bakers are asked for moderately, for local trade but not to any extent.—Superior Extra, \$5.30 to \$5.35; Extra Superfine, \$5.15 to \$5.20; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra \$4.95 to \$5; Superfine, \$4.30 to \$4.40, Strong Bakers, Can., \$5.25 to \$5.30; do. American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Middlings, \$3.50 to \$3.90; Pollards, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do. Spring Extra, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.20; City Bags, delivered, \$3.05 to \$3.10.

MEALS.—Without change. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated \$5.75 to \$5.80.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—Nothing interesting. Creamery, 12c to 20c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 16c; Western 12c to 15c. Cheese—Stocks are large and increasing, and an attempt to hoist prices has failed. The amount of cheese made this year will be enormous, and there is but little chance of better prices quoted at 8c to 9c as to quality. Public cable at 49c.

MEAT PRODUCTS.—Market steady and easy. We quote: Western, \$17.00 to \$17.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, 12c to 12c; Tallow, 8c to 9c.

ASHES.—In demand about \$5 to \$6.10 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Owing to an improvement in the numbers and condition of the butchers' cattle offered on this market lately, there is a tendency to lower prices all round, and the same may be said with regard to mutton criers. There is also a slight decline reported from the British markets and shippers are not caring to buy much at present. It may be stated, however, that the prices of beef and mutton on the British markets are still considerably higher than is usual at this time of the year. A few of the best fat cows on this market are sold at from \$20 to \$25 each, or about 5c per lb., but the general run of pretty good stock is from \$30 to \$40 each or 3c to 4c per lb., while leanish animals sell at about 3c do. The large supplies of sheep and lambs have caused lower prices, although the quality is above the average. Good lambs are sold in lots at from \$3 per head and common lambs at from \$2.50 to \$2.75 each. The supply of live hogs is larger and prices are again declining, sales of small lots are being made at 6c per lb.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Liberal supplies of both farm and garden produce are being brought to the market here and housekeepers have ample opportunities of replenishing their larders at moderate rates. Few farmers are bringing potatoes to market, as the prices are too low to induce them to leave their harvest work to dig and bring to market their potatoes, but the market gardeners continue to supply them in abundance. Spring chickens and ducks are abundant, but owing to the very active demand, pretty high prices are realized. Good butter is rather scarce and higher in price, but there is an abundance of common stuff. Eggs have advanced about one cent per dozen this week

and are likely to go still higher. The hog market is well supplied at low rates. Oats are from 90c to \$1.00 per bag; peas 90c to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes 55c to 65c per bag; tub butter 16c to 20c per lb; prints 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 19c to 25c per dozen; apples \$4 to \$5.50 per barrel; lemons \$7.00 per box; black currants 80c to 90c the pail; blueberries 70c per box. Hay \$5.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

REASONS AND HINTS.

The above offer is made so as to secure for the Messenger a good start, as we are convinced that it only needs to become generally known to be taken everywhere. If our young canvassers are enterprising they can secure this end. The paper will only pay with a very wide circulation, and if that is obtained it can be greatly improved. We do not so much look for very large individual lists as for a great many small ones, and so we have arranged the awards so that all will be rewarded irrespective of prizes. Every good worker, however, will have a chance of being published as a prize winner if he only extends his efforts far enough and writes to his friends at a distance. The real prize, however, is the good work accomplished. The country is full of pernicious literature, which is sowing the seeds of wickedness, and it is the duty of all to take their share in the effort to overcome evil with good. When you send in your money tell us how you go to work and how you get along.

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS!

Inducements for your Co-operation in assisting us to increase our Circulation.

August is a splendid month in which to canvass for a newspaper. You can take subscriptions either for a year or for four months; boys and girls are out of school, and many of them like nothing better than to enter on a competition in the public service; the farmers are in good humor and are willing to invest a few cents in a newspaper.

The Weekly Messenger was commenced in January, 1882, and by the end of that year had found its way to the homes of over five thousand regular subscribers. This year, so far, it has made but little progress. Its present circulation is 7,000. It is now about time to stir if we mean to make during this year a stride equal to that of last year. The Messenger is not a children's paper, but it is very much prized by young people because it is so interesting, and they always are the best canvassers. The price of the Messenger is FIFTY CENTS a year, or TWENTY CENTS for four months. Anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for a year may send TWO DOLLARS and keep Fifty Cents, and anyone sending us FIVE subscriptions for the remainder of this year may send us FIFTY CENTS and keep Fifty! The commission is the same in both cases, because in both cases we gain a new subscriber, and we want the work to pay the workers.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest list of subscribers TEN DOLLARS, to the second FIVE DOLLARS, to the third THREE DOLLARS, to the fourth TWO DOLLARS, and to the fifth ONE DOLLAR.

In the above competition every full yearly subscription will count for four, as there is four times as much money sent us.

Still further, to every one who sends us more than twenty-five names we shall send a present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Koll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times, and in this every full yearly subscription will count for three, as it will be treble the time.

Carefully Observe the Following Directions.

Write names and addresses plainly; head each letter you write "For August Competition"; as soon as you get five or more names send them with the money, by post-office order or registered letter (the former preferred), addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "WITNESS" OFFICE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

When you get more names to add to your list send them on, and say how many you have sent before. Mail your last letters by the 31st of August. We trust that very many of our young friends will send in good lists, and so materially increase the circulation of the Weekly Messenger, as to, at any rate, make its headway fully equal to that of last year. We know that this little paper is the best, for its price, published anywhere, and we feel convinced that those who, through the solicitation of our young fellow-workers, gain an introduction to the Messenger will not be willing thereafter to be without it, but will become regular subscribers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON. Montreal, July 28th, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

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