

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

THE TROUBLE IN EGYPT.

The conference has been barren of results. France objected to English proposal for Egyptian prosperity and Great Britain appears to have decided upon freedom of action while France, through portion of her press snarls, but does not dare to bite. Germany is curious to know what England is going to do about it, and Italy has shown marked friendship and support for England's Egyptian policy.

There is just a gleam of common sense in the French press born of self interest. The *Republique Francaise* shows it in pointing out Bismarck's hand in urging a conflict between France and England. But there evidently is some likelihood of action at last for the relief of General Gordon. The House of Commons has supported Mr. Gladstone's request for £300,000, not to crush the Mahdi, but to relieve General Gordon. A few Radicals and Parnellites opposed the vote, which was 174 to 14. Meantime, General Gordon has telegraphed to ascertain the route to be taken by the relieving forces, thus showing that he expects them to come to him soon. The Mahdi appears to be active. He is said to have ordered fifty thousand men to relieve Osman Digna. When this is done that commander may be able to push his intentions, to the last degree hostile to British supremacy. The British Government is about renewing the declaration made in Parliament that their troops shall withdraw from Egypt when the prosperity of that country is assured. This is to take the form of a note to the Powers. Sir Samuel Baker scouts the idea of considering France in the matter of the Soudan and in his letter to the *Times* advises that the Emir of Dongola be entrusted with the rescue of Gordon.

FRANCE IN THE EAST.

France carries matters with a high hand. At Hue, the French resident was ordered to recognize the new King only on condition that he accepted the treaty between France and China. Affairs with China are not so easy to define. Telegrams teem with paragraphs announcing French bombardments and captures, but no actual war seems to have broken out between the countries. From the attitude of Canton people, there seems every chance for resistance by the Chinese to French demands. The United States is put down as a likely mediator between the two powers, but France insists upon immediate settlement of the demands made for indemnity. Kelung, a Formosan port, appears to have been occupied, the Chinese having made no resistance. Their army retired upon the landing of the French soldiers. The Chinese Foreign Board is asked to pay 80,000,000 francs in yearly instalments as the price of French evacuation. The British Consul went on board the British gunboats after protesting to the French admiral that Kelung was a port protected under treaty with England.

"DOWN WITH THE LORDS."

The agitation that has sprung up in England on the franchise question appears to divide public attention with the Egyptian troubles. The English press calls attention to the demonstration made by the working people in favor of extending the franchise, and almost in every instance speaks of the display with British pride. The agitation has spread over the whole of England, and in Manchester preparations for the demonstration of the 10th were imposing. The *Times* shows that the moral effect of the London pageant was "unmistakable and immense." The *Telegraph* (Liberal Conservative) says:—"The people had the air of free men about them—the manner of those who are assured that none but themselves can be their real enemies. The *Advertiser*, a Liberal newspaper, calls the demonstration "earnest and emphatic," while the *Post* (Tory) doubts if one half of them were "animated by an earnest desire to direct the attention of the Government and the Legislature to what they consider to be a legitimate grievance. The *Standard* (Tory) gives a new phase to the respectability of the meeting by pointing out,—if we read between the lines and condense as we go,—that the people were not riotous enough to carry moral weight. *Pull Mall Gazette* (Radical Jingo) after protesting against the demonstration as a "wish of the Executive Government," dismisses it thus—"Surely the last resource of political impotence." A lesson is drawn from the demonstration by *The Irish Times*, which if taken to heart by those who should study it most will be worth all the trouble taken to get it up, even though it should not result in successfully downing the Lords. That newspaper "hopes the constitutional party will profit by the teachings of the demonstration. Even the railings were not pulled down."

There is much to be proud of in a review of this demonstration. In few countries, advanced as the European and American continents are, could a body of men urged by political feeling, have collected and conducted themselves so orderly. These are the kind of men who make up the backbone of England, who stand behind her army with the sinews of war, ready, too, to supply the brawny arms when the country calls for them. It would be interesting to know how many of the British militia, were enrolled in these regiments of political reform. That can not be ascertained, of course. One thing is certain, however, any man who has the intelligence and patriotism to defend his country's flag uncompelled should have the power to say what the policy of his Government should be that forces him to that war. Besides he who has wealth of brain and energy to contribute taxes to the state should surely have some say in the distribution of them. The solid sense of the British nation must certainly awake to the necessity for extending the franchise. The Lords cannot but see that this was a mistake in rejecting the bill. But they are slow to move for reforms in any direction, and what they will do about it is a question eagerly asked.

THE GOVERNMENT of Chili is engaging teachers in Germany to help on the system of education used in England. Chili is the most go-ahead country in South America and it is pleasing to find that it is paying attention to education as well as to war.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS are speaking against England, saying that she has been trying to make France and Germany hate each other, and that England need not look to Germany for help against France after this.

THE POPE and the Government of Spain, one of the most Catholic countries in the world, have had a dispute, but Spain is anxious to settle it peacefully.

A GREAT MEETING of medical men from all nations is being held in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark.

HUNDREDS of Russians have been expelled from Germany, and have returned to Russia. The Germans in Russia are afraid that they will be treated in the same way, and sent out of Russia.

A GERMAN WAR-CLOUD has arisen, condensed out of outrages by some English fishermen in the North German Seas upon German fishing sloops. Bismarck has asked through the German Ambassadors that the bad fishermen be punished. The German press also attacks the British policy in the Egyptian conference.

THE SULTAN of Morocco has had a whole tribe of his subjects killed simply because they asked the French for protection. There is now danger of a war between France and Morocco.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT, the famous English politician, has written a letter in which he says that America, France, Germany, and Russia are suffering more from dull trade than England is.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, and the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, have had a very friendly meeting, and the poor people expect to receive all sorts of good things.

FOUR MEN living in Texas settled an old family quarrel by having a regular battle, in which three of them were shot and the other stabbed with a bowie knife; it is not likely that more than one of the four will recover.

A DISURBANCE arose between the Salvation Army and a rough crowd at Schenectady, New York, and four young men were arrested. The furious crowd threatened to throw the army officers into the canal and to burn their barracks.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT has decided to allow a vote for the repeal of the Scott Act to be taken in Halton county. The temperance people there have some disadvantages, but they expect to gain a victory all the same.

THE BREWERS in the State of Illinois had made arrangements to elect their friends to the Legislature and make Carter Harrison governor, so that the high license laws would be changed to suit them, but their scheme has been discovered and made public.

A GREAT MANY of the Italian laborers who are hired to do work in the United States are nothing better than white slaves. They are sent out by men called "padrones" who receive their wages and look after them generally.

ANOTHER PARTY has been formed in the United States, with General Butler as its candidate for President. That makes four candidates for the Presidency, namely, J. G. Blaine, Governor Cleveland, ex-Governor St. John, and General Butler.

A LARGE SHIPYARD at Chester, Penn., was burnt on Friday night, and about \$60,000 damage done.

IT IS HOPED that the debt of Mexico will soon be settled and that that troubled country will commence to improve.

THE IRISH PEOPLE are much excited about a difficulty between Messrs. Biggar and Davitt, two of their leaders. Biggar would not go to a meeting at which Davitt was present, because he did not agree with him on different subjects.

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, the noted English surgeon and scientist, has died at the age of 75 years. He is remembered especially by having presented "Cleopatra's Needle," which was brought from Egypt, to the British nation.

THE KIMBLE Coal and Iron Company at Riddlesbury, Penn., has failed. The liabilities are \$700,000. Some cotton factories in Virginia have had to stop business, because trade is so dull, and a good many hundreds of people are thrown out of work.

GENERAL CODRINGTON, whom was one of England's most famous generals in the Crimean war against Russia, has died in his eightieth year.

HORSE THIEVES have been very busy near Muscle Shell, Montana, and the citizens are trying to stop the thieving by hanging or shooting any of the thieves they can catch. They have punished about fifty in this way, but there seem to be some left still.

THE FIRST passenger trains between Montreal and Toronto on the Canadian Pacific Railway started on Monday.

IN BELGIUM there has been great political excitement and many meetings and processions have been held against the party in power.

MR. PARNELL charges that the interests of education are sacrificed and the money squandered to fill the Queen's colleges with ill-trained students. This was in opposing the grant to Queen's College, Ireland. But the grant was voted by 100 to 35.

AN IRISHMAN named Thomas Conroy, has confessed that in a murder case he was compelled by a lawyer to swear that the prisoners were guilty of murder, although they were really innocent! Another witness, named "Ibhrin," has said that he gave false evidence in the same case, being well paid for doing so.

ONLY A PENNY.

"Mamma, I've only a penny,"
I heard a wee girl say;
"And it seems so very little
For me to give away."

"To give away? Where?" said mamma.
"Why, don't you understand?
I want ever so much money
For our new mission band."

"There's a lot of little heathen
In a country far away,
Who don't know hardly anything,—
Not even how to pray"

"As we do here. Their gods, you see,
Are made of stone and wood;
They're taught all kinds of wicked things,
And so they are not good."

"We're going to send them Bibles,
So they'll know the God we do;
And when they know how good he is,
They'll love our Jesus too."

"And then they'll all be happy,"
Said the child in sweet content;
"But it takes a lot of money,
And I have only a cent."

"If it were only a five-cent piece
It would not look so small;
But it seems as if a penny
Were not anything at all."

"My dear," said mamma quietly,
Though a smile o'er her features played,
"You say you have only a penny;
Of what are dollars made?"

"Of cents," said the little maiden.
"Then, darling, don't you see
That, if there were no pennies,
There would no dollars be!"

"Suppose that every little girl
Should say as you have done—
A penny's such a tiny thing
It can't help any one!"

"How many Bibles do you think
That you would send away?
So, don't despise the pennies,
But save them day by day;

"And soon you'll find you have enough
For all you want to do;
For in saving up the pennies
You save the dollars, too."
—Children's Work for Children.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

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

CHAPTER IX.

ANXIETY.

Mrs. Stone and Beth will always remember that last night of the old year, when they sat up and watched and waited for Reuben and he did not appear. "Mother," had Beth said, something like a dozen times—"Do you think anything can have happened to him?"

"What could happen to him, child?" Mrs. Stone would reply, her voice almost cross. "Reuben knows the way through the city as well as a policeman, and he is a careful boy, and a great many of the policemen know him; so if there had been any kind of an accident we should have heard of it by this time." But she peered out of the window into the darkness, and started at every sound, and grew so pale and so dizzy when once there came a strange step and a knock at her door, that she had to sit down in the nearest chair and send Beth to the door.

It was only a blundering errand boy, who had mistaken his number, and Beth felt as though she would have enjoyed shaking him, to pay him for giving her mothers such a fright.

They set the little table out for three, as usual, and the tea-kettle sang merrily, and Beth prepared to toast the bread for a treat; as a rule, they did not toast the bread because they were so apt to eat a great deal more than they needed, and it took a certain kind of fire that was not economical, but for New Year's Eve Beth resolved to venture. On this night, the coals glowed beautifully, then dimmed, then died out almost entirely, until Beth, discovering, built them

up again with sticks from the morning's stock of kindlings, and cried silently while she wondered what they should do if Reuben were not there to kindle the morning fire; then, indeed, they would be sure that something awful had happened.

"Mother," she said, speaking faintly, "Don't you think you better eat your supper before the tea gets spoiled?"

"Not just yet, child; eat your own supper, if you are hungry."

"Hungry!" Poor Beth swallowed and swallowed, to keep back the tears, and wondered if she would ever be hungry again. By-and-by, as it grew later, the mother took her turn at advice.

"Come, Beth, you may as well eat your bread and milk; Reuben must have had some supper by this time; he has stayed late to help, somewhere, and they have given him his supper."

"I will eat if you will," Beth said, wistfully; her mother looked so pale and heavy-eyed, that she felt able to push back her own anxiety, and try to comfort her.

"I'm not hungry just now," Mrs. Stone said, and she dropped the corner of the curtain that she held up to peer out into the darkness, and went back to her sewing.

After a little, Beth, of her own accord, set away the bread and milk and the little bit of butter, untasted, and came and sat down near her mother; but as her eyes rested on Reuben's slate and arithmetic, her brave little heart misgave her, and she leaned her head on the book, and cried outright.

"I wouldn't be so foolish," said Mrs. Stone reprovingly; "crying won't do any good. Something keeps him, it's likely." Beth felt sure of that; but the awful question was: What was it? She had her head hidden in her apron, and did not see the tears that her mother brushed away as she spoke.

Meantime, Miss Priscilla Hunter had been bustling about all day, doing no end of work in her new home; by night her sweet-smelling south room was in complete order, and shone like a picture. Much beside work did Miss Priscilla do that day; or at least, much beside arranging her room and tacking down her carpet, that was yet in a line with her regular work; she studied her neighbors. Miss Priscilla was not one who would live for three months next door to a family and not know what their names were, and what they did for a living, and where they went to church, and whether they belonged to her Captain or not. She was always interested in her neighbors. Beth Stone interested her exceedingly; she had peeps of her a number of times during the short busy day. "That must be Beth," she said to herself, with a sagacious nod of her gray head, as Beth tripped down the stairs, while she stood at the upper landing. "A spry little girl, and as bright as a cricket, I'll venture; ought to be,—to be the sister of such a brother. I wonder how the brave young man is getting on, and whether he sees his way clearer toward supporting his family. He'll support them yet; I'll risk him. He will have to see to it that that little sister wears thicker clothing though, this cold weather,—calico, and rather thin at that; calico is cheap, I know; but it is cold stuff, and always and forever wanting to go into the wash-tub; I like it in summer on that very account; but there's my blue merino tucked away doing good to nobody; it would be just the thing for a New Year's dress for the child; if the 'man of the house' didn't object,—but he would; the child might earn it; I wonder what she can do; several things, I'll venture. I wonder what kind of a mother she has; a good mother, I think; a boy and a girl with such faces are apt to have good mothers; not always, but it is more than likely." So Miss Priscilla talked to herself, and planned, and watched and waited, and by night it really seemed to her that she was pretty well acquainted with the Stones. By dark, she, too, began to be somewhat anxious because the man of the house did not appear.

"I'm sorry he is out so late," she said, stopping frequently to peer out of the window; "I hope it isn't his custom; it won't do for a man with heavy responsibilities like his." As it grew later, her anxiety gave way to positive alarm, mingled with a great pity for the mother and sister across the hall. If he was what she thought him, a trustworthy boy, this must be a new thing, and their anxiety must be great. She listened for sounds from the North room, and at last when she heard an actual outburst

of tears from poor Beth, she seized a cup from her little corner cupboard, and started. It was just as Mrs. Stone was saying reprovingly, "I wouldn't be so foolish," that a tap came at the door. But it was the mother whose face paled suddenly again, and it was Beth who sprang to answer the knock. "It is only your neighbor, Priscilla Hunter," said a cheery voice, whose owner walked in without invitation. "I've come to prove that I am a neighbor, and one of the borrowing kind, too. Could you let me have a little speck of soda? I've a bit of sour milk, and if I hadn't been so foolish as to forget to provide soda, I could have a me griddle cakes for New Year's."

Mrs. Stone arose civilly and took the cup, and got the soda and handed it back to her neighbor, and stood as though she expected her to thank her and go.

"Such was not Miss Priscilla's intention. 'Thank you,' she said heartily, but she set the cup down on the stand and said, 'Why, your room isn't quite so large as mine, is it? That is easier for winter. So you are Beth? I've wanted to see you all day. Reuben took breakfast with me this morning, you know, and he talked a great deal about you; by the way, he is late tonight, isn't he?'"

Whereupon Beth could stand it no longer, but at the mention of the dear name, burst into tears again.

"Elizabeth, I am ashamed of you," said her mother, still reprovingly, but with quivering lip; then she, in few words, explained their nameless terror. "He was never so late before," she said tremulously, "and I don't know what to think."

"I am glad of it, said Miss Priscilla in the cheeriest of tones, helping herself to a chair. "If he were in the habit of being so late, why then, Miss Beth, you might try to some purpose; for it would be pretty certain, some awful habit had got hold of him; but a boy who always comes home early isn't going to stay late without a good reason; he went off this morning as ambitious as the President, to support his family; and I dare say, it being the last day of the year, business has been brisk, and he has found himself, late at night, so far from home that his good common sense has come in and told him to stay all night; for it is piercing cold, and he is a prudent boy as well as a brave one; I kind of think you won't see him till morning."

Beth wiped the tears from her eyes and looked at her mother. A dozen times over had she said to herself, in the last hour, "Oh, what if he shouldn't come all night? What should we do? What should we do? She had not dared to put it into words, for fear it would sound so awful! Yet here it was in plain English, and actually had a comforting sound. Something of the same thought was in the mother's heart.

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head at their visitor; but her voice was somewhat thawed from its civil coldness. "Reuben is a prudent and thoughtful boy for his years; he would think of Beth and me the first thing, and know that we would be frightened about him; and I doubt if he could be persuaded to stay."

"Yes, he could," said Miss Priscilla, still in that positive way which, somehow, on this night, was so comforting. "You see, his very thoughtfulness would help him. Suppose he is four or five miles away at this minute; it is bitter cold, and if he undertook to walk it, he might almost freeze and get himself ready for a fit of sickness; and being a boy of unusual common sense, he knows it; and he would say to himself, 'They'll be a little worried about me of course; but I can make it all right in the morning, and that will be better than walking home late in the cold, and getting sick; mother wouldn't like that.'"

Was Miss Priscilla a prophet? Her voice was so cheery and so decided; it actually comforted the mother to hear such possibilities suggested. "He always thinks of his mother," she said gratefully; and she told herself that if Reuben did come home safely, and nothing dreadful happened, she shouldn't wonder if they really would enjoy their new neighbor.

Miss Hunter seemed bent on making herself agreeable; she chatted on about Reuben, as to what he had said, and how he had helped her in the morning, and the plans he had made about milk, and how careful he had been to say that Beth must only go for it when it was pleasant, and she would like the walk. And so by dint of busy talking she contrived to make the next hour

pass more quickly than the last two had done; but now it was really very late indeed, and the mother could no longer control her strong desire to do something toward finding her boy.

"If I could only go out and look for him," she said in a wistful tone to her new friend. "But where could I go?"

"Sure enough. You see you have no means of knowing which way he went, nor where he is sheltered now; so you would just get your death from cold, and do him no good. I feel it all over me that the boy is safe and comfortable somewhere. Now I'll just tell you the truth; I took a great fancy to that boy of yours this morning, and I've thought about him a good deal all day. He seemed kind of kin to me, somehow; so tonight I found myself watching for him, and when I found he didn't come home, I got that worried about him, that I just got down on my knees and asked the Lord to take him in his care, and see that he got through all right; and he kind of sent me the answer that he would do just that thing. Do you often have such out and out answers to prayer as that?"

"No," said Reuben's mother, positively; "I never have."

As for Beth, she dried her eyes, and held up her head and looked at Miss Hunter in amazement. "How could God have told her that he would take care of Reuben?"

"Well, now I do, real often; and they always come out right, of course; and I never had a clearer answer than I did tonight; so I feel real kind of safe and comfortable about him. You don't know what a relief it is to get right to the Lord with your worries. Oh yes, I hope you do know all about it. But if you haven't tried it tonight, I know it will help you. Now, what I propose is that we three kneel right down now and speak to the Lord about Reuben; it will kind of rest and help us, to hear him say over again that he will attend to it. Here is Beth will be helped by it ever so much; don't you want to try it my dear?"

And Beth, whose knowledge of praying was confined to the few Sundays in which she had been to church and seen the minister close his eyes and fold his hands and talk to God, still, knew enough to be aware that it was a respectable thing to do; in fact, she dimly remembered when her little sister was sick and died years ago, that the minister came two or three times, and always prayed; so, though she did not at all like the idea of praying about Reuben,—because prayer in a house was associated in her mind with awful trouble,—still, she said, "Yes, ma'am," faintly, and without more ado Miss Priscilla slipped on her knees. Mrs. Stone sat bolt upright, but she stopped her needle, and rested her head on her hand; and Beth put her weary little head on the table, and Miss Hunter prayed. It was not like the prayers Beth had heard in the church; she couldn't explain the difference; but she felt it; so much, that once she raised her head softly, and looked around the room; it seemed to her that there must be somebody standing beside Miss Hunter, with whom she was talking. It was a very cheery prayer; it hinted not a word of possible danger to Reuben; it simply asked that he might be taken care of all through the cold night, might sleep safely and sweetly, and get home early in the morning. Then there was a sentence or two of thanksgiving, because she had been heard and answered; and again Beth looked about her and wondered who could have brought an answer.

"Do you know anything about that poor old lady who has the room back of ours?" asked Miss Priscilla, as soon as she arose from her knees. She had concluded that they had talked enough about Reuben. "Her door was ajar as I passed by there this afternoon, and I thought she looked very feeble; who takes care of her?"

Mrs. Stone uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Why, that is old mother Perkins," she said, hastily, "and I declare, I forgot all about her in my anxiety over Reuben; I have not been near her to-night; I always look in on her these cold nights and tuck her up, and see that she is comfortable as I can make her. Nobody takes care of her, ma'am, except us neighbors, the city furnishes her enough to keep her from starving, and she has a son who manages to pay the rent of that room; he comes home once a month to see her; she has been bed-ridden for a week and has needed more care than usual. I ought to go in there this minute." And she hastily rolled up her sewing.

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dled up her sew-

"If that is the case she belongs to me too," said Miss Hunter, in the same tone that she might have used if she had discovered a little fortune left to her. "I'll just stay with Beth while you go to see if she is all right; and to-morrow I'll get acquainted with her and take my turn; I shouldn't wonder if she would like one of my nice griddle-cakes for her breakfast."

But Mrs. Stone came back in haste; poor old mother Perkins was rolling from one side of her bed to the other and groaning in pain; she needed all the help she could get, and as soon as possible. Now there was work for the two families. Beth coaxed up the dying coals and put on more; Miss Hunter dashed into her own room for a scuttle full, and put them on recklessly; then, between them, they filled the two tea-kettles and a large iron pot with water; and now, what with running from room to room, and hunting in a small unpacked basket for the mustard, Beth hooked the light for Miss Hunter while she looked, and hunting in the green-covered trunk for flannel, and wringing cloths scalding hot from the water, and feeding the fire, and feeding the kettles, and doing a dozen other things the night passed quickly away. Reuben was by no means forgotten, but still Beth's heart was lighter, it had been ever since that prayer, when she had peeped to see if she could see the messenger, for some one had certainly come with an answer. Had not Miss Hunter thanked God for it? And if the answer was a joyful one, as she seemed to be sure it was, why should there be any more worry? Beth was getting some new ideas this night. As for her mother, her heart so smote her for forgetting poor old mother Perkins, and letting her get so cold as to bring on those dreadful cramping pains, that she seemed to put Reuben and every one else aside, and give herself entirely to fighting the pain. It was not until the faint gray dawn of a new day was glimmering in the east, that the three families settled into quiet. Miss Hunter had said; "Now, I declare if I'm not afraid your 'man of the house' will come and find that his mother has been up all night without a wink of sleep, then I don't know what he would do. You just go and lie down for a bit, you and Beth, poor child, how she has trotted back and forth and up and down. I'll shade the light and sit here by mother Perkins, she is so quiet now, I think she can sleep a little too, then we will all be chirking for New Year's morning."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Stone, and she could not help wondering what New Year's morning would bring to her; she had not felt the presence of the messenger, with the answer to Miss Hunter's prayer, as plainly as Beth had; but she was so tired out, that it was not hard to persuade her to lie down on the bed. She only waited to say, "As soon as it is light enough to pick my way out, I'm going to the corner police to notify him about Reuben," then she fell into a heavy sleep. But Beth held her eyes open long enough to say to herself, "I don't believe he will need the police; I believe he will come in the morning; I'm sure she was answered." Then she too slept.

CHAPTER X.
THE RETURN.

"Happy New Year!" said a voice close to Beth's ear. She dreamed it was Reuben, and that he came to her with his hands full of gold pieces, with which he meant to buy a cow, and a chair, and a farm in the country. She wakened with a start, to find the sun of New Year's morning flooding the world, and Reuben in a very truth standing beside her.

"Is it really and truly you?" she said sitting up straight and rubbing her bewildered eyes. "Oh, no other mother! here he is, and he is alive, and nothing is the matter."

And Mrs. Stone opened her own heavy eyes and New Year's morning began.

"My sakes!" said Miss Hunter, opening the door softly, so as not to disturb the sleepers, and shutting it suddenly and softly, so as not to disturb the people who were wide awake and holding a family council. Then she rushed away to her griddle-cakes.

Miss Hunter must have been very hungry, she whisked the cover from her little stone jar, and poured out a full bowl of nice, creamy-looking, sour milk. "Miss Hunter! Miss Hunter! Don't you know that a bowl full of sour milk will make cakes enough for five or six people, and there is only one of you?" But Miss Hunter gave no heed, if

any voice whispered that to her, but measured her soda with care, and dashed it into the milk, where it presently began to make such a sissing noise, that one who didn't understand the work that soda has to perform, when it gets into anything sour, might have thought a bit of a steam engine had set up business in the bowl. "Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle," said the milk at last, changing its tone entirely; and Miss Hunter who had been briskly stirring it all the while said, with a satisfied air, "Oh, you're sweet, are you? All right; pity folks couldn't be made sweet tempered as easy as that." Then she broke an egg into another bowl whisking it around frantically with a fork, until it was a bubbling suds, then she put the yellow foam and the white foam together, and stirred little tin shovels of flour into it and salted it, and by-and-by mercifully dipped a spoonful of the mass on to a hot griddle, and lo! a lovely, round, brown cake, puffy and flaky. "As nice as the nicest," said Miss Hunter, nodding her head in a satisfied way; then she drew out her table, and spread it with a clean cloth, and dashed at her bit of a cupboard, and brought out four plates. Had she forgotten that she was a lone woman? If she had, she made herself happy over the mistake, and added spoons, and forks, and knives, and cups, four of each, and made a ridiculous quantity of coffee for one woman. When all was ready, even to the baking of a very great many of the puffy cakes, some of which she buttered and sugared, and some of which she only buttered, she set four chairs around her table, then slipped across the hall once more and knocked boldly at the north door. It was Reuben who answered the knock. He laughed when he saw Miss Hunter.

"Good morning," he said, "I've got 'em, they are here in my pocket safe and sound!"—diving down for the things she had ordered. "I didn't know but you'd think I went to the North pole for them; and I started I guess."

"Dear me," said Miss Hunter, "I'd forgotten about the things it was so long ago, you see; last year sometime, wasn't it? Happy New Year to you, we begun ours early in this house. Now, have they told you that you were going out to breakfast for New Year's morning?"

"Why, no'm," said Reuben astonished; he was just making ready to introduce his mother to Miss Hunter. Then he laughed. "Not but that I'm getting used to going out to breakfast; I've been doing it lately."

"Well," said Miss Hunter, joining in his laugh, and turning to his mother; "it's the queerest thing; you know I was up some last night, and being kind of sleepy this morning, what did I do but go and mix up the whole of my sour milk, and the consequence is I've cakes enough for half a dozen families the size of mine, so of course you'll have to come and help me eat 'em; for New Year's you know."

(To be continued.)

BELIEVING AND UNDERSTANDING.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand, said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass, do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten, had by digestion turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to bristles on the backs of swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and ashamed.—The Young Churchman.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In the first place, try to be as far as possible what you wish your children to be. Your ideal should be so high that you yourself can probably never attain it; but where you fall you can help your children. To reach this, you will need to practise close communion with God. You must not only pray much, but wait quietly and patiently for light from him. When one is watching for it, it is wonderful how it comes. Sometimes in reading the Bible, or some book or paper, or in conversation with a friend, or often in the quietness and stillness of your own heart, a new thought darts in that suddenly illumines all your darkness.

Next, be patient and loving, and make your home, your surroundings, yourself, as pretty and pleasing as possible. A single flower gives a festive appearance to your dress—a carnation saved for your boy's buttonhole makes him happy; a wood fire lit on the hearth just before the children come in from school gives them a welcome; a pleasant story saved for them, an article in the paper on some subject they are interested in, or what you want them to be interested in, pointed out to them, gives you something to talk of together.

Do not let life be dull for them. Let the mother bring objects of interest to them. She can do it by looking about a little at home or abroad.

Make your room so cozy and pleasant that they will love to come and sit there, and be always ready to receive and sympathize with them in their confidences.

Never send the children away when they want a good talk, no matter how much you had rather sit and talk or read with your husband, or your friends who are visiting you.

When you have the confidence of your children you are all right; but you must take as great pains to win it as you do that of your friend.

Of course from the first a mother must require implicit obedience; but as the children grow older she must do it in such a way that they understand why she demands it, and if they cannot understand it she must ask it as a favor. Very often the child will come afterwards and say: "Mamma, you were right; I see it now, but at the time I could not bear to do what you wanted." Now is the time for mutual congratulations.

Let your children also share in your troubles and anxieties, in your economies, in the bills that still remain the first of March unpaid, in your efforts to have no more bills, in your cares for each other's health and habits, in your love for the father and your desire to help him and, in so far as possible your religious life. And here do not expect too much from the young who have not yet learned to feel their need of help from a Higher Power. For a little while you stand to them as God does to you; give to them what he gives to you, and gradually lead them to lean on him also.

Bring pleasant people to your home; let the children hear their conversation and join with them modestly. The best minds always like to talk with young people, and if they have been made the companions of their parents they will not be shy with older people.

As for reading, and keeping abreast with the children, in these days of magazines, reviews, philosophical novels, condensed histories, and sciences, it is hard not to read too much and too generally, but whatever you read and enjoy let the children share it with you.

There is one time in a young person's life when every mother must have great patience, and wisdom, and love. She goes through it with each child when it is from twelve to sixteen or seventeen years old. In those years the child is going through a great change, mental, moral, and physical. It is no longer a petted little creature, confiding in its parents and believing them to be all wise and good. Its eyes are opening; it sees great faults, alas! in its mother. It is disappointed and wretched; it wants its own way; it cannot have it, and it rebels and grumbles and broods over its wrong, and makes itself intensely disagreeable. It has not learned to go to God; it thinks its own companions are its best guides, and that it knows more than its mother, but it is not happy. Then is the time for a wise letting alone, for great patience and love, for increased cheerfulness and trust, and, if an opportunity occurs, for a little explana-

tion of the trouble, for encouragement and hope in the future.

Sometimes this state of things lasts for years, and the mother many a night goes to bed in tears, in despair, and can only pray to God to guard her child, and do for him what she cannot. At such a time do not send the child away from home to be influenced by strangers who do not love it, and cannot bear with it as you do. Govern yourself then at that time more than her, and do not despair.

Let the child see your hope and love, and gradually it will emerge into a loving, sensible, grateful man or woman, and you will have your reward.—Christian Union.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)
Aug. 24.—2 Sam. 24: 15-25

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Prosperity and its dangers. Too long a period of fair weather in the Italian valley creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveller sighs for a shower. He is smothered, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth. So prosperity, long continued, breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit. A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust,—it will fill his eyes if he is not careful. A Christian full of worldly care is in the same condition. Afflictions might almost be prayed for if we never had them.—Spurgeon.

II. Punishment of pride. There never was a saint yet that grew proud of his fine feathers, but what the Lord plucked them out by and by. There never was an angel that had pride in his heart, but he lost his wings.—Spurgeon.

III. The plague from the Lord. I have a clock, as very many have, which was made to meet certain exigencies of the future. It has a calendar which points out the day of the month, the hand moving one figure each day. If the month has 31 days, it moves from that to the 1 for the next month; but if the month has but thirty days, the hand jumps over the 31, and on February it moves from 28 over the 29, 30, and 31 to the 1 of March. But once in four years it stops at Feb. 29, and then moves over two figures to the 1. Now we do not have to run to the maker when these changes are needed, and ask him to come and move the hands. He knew the exigencies would arise, and arranged for doing the work at the time, he made the machinery. So the Lord has arranged his laws of the earth in such a way that they punish certain sins. The punishment is from the Lord, but he need work no miracle to bring it. Men defy the laws of health and cleanliness, and a pestilence breaks out, or contagious diseases rage. Men oppress their workmen, or kings rule with hard and selfish power, and rebellions and insurrections break out, and the opposers lose far more than they seemed to gain.

PRACTICAL.

1. Pride is one of the most dangerous of sins.
2. We may do even innocent actions from wrong motives, which make the actions a sin.
3. Pride goes before a fall. He that exalteth himself shall be abased.
4. God uses His own laws and providence to punish sins.
5. We should not look at the faults of good men so steadily as to forget their virtues.
6. God is merciful to forgive when we repent.
7. But even sincere repentance will not wholly ward off the punishment of sin.
8. The true penitent is severe upon his own faults while he extenuates those of others.
9. Public sins should be publicly confessed.
10. There is no virtue in offering to God that which costs us nothing.
11. By what we give to the Lord we may express our worship, our sincerity, and our love.
12. Sins need not only repentance and confession, but atonement.

To BRIGHTEN the carpet dampen a sponge in water having a few drops of ammonia in solution, and wipe off the dust.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16.

NEWS FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Secretary of the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Union of St. John's, Newfoundland, sends us some interesting information about the temperance cause in our eastern neighbor. The union was organized in March 1883, as an entirely unsectarian body. It has now held sixty-four meetings, and has 670 members. It is now taking a more refined position against the drink custom and the drink traffic. Other temperance organizations throughout the colony are working with the ultimate object of prohibition, and all are progressive and successful. The second stronghold of the drink traffic in the colony (Harbor Grace electoral district) has recently been compelled to yield to the forces of local opinion, "and through this grand achievement," our correspondent writes, "we are now enabled to bring a more powerful temperance pressure to bear upon St. John's—and even upon the entire Island; and notwithstanding that the drink vendors still flout their signboards defiantly along our public highways, and curse us with their liquor slums, yet we think we are fully warranted in applying to the traffic—at least in Newfoundland—the mysterious words that once so terrified a drunken king;—*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.*"

There are of course plenty of good men who still support what they call "moderation." But to deal thoroughly with the evils of drink we need men and women with strong moral backbone; and these are not wanting in Newfoundland. The letter continues:

Our motto—our *'War Notes'*—is Total Abstinence. Our society looks no compromise with an unrighteous liquor business. We say, with an aged veteran in the cause of truth,—*"Down with the Rum Traffic and let it be hewed in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag."*

Through the kindness of the society's president, the Hon. C. R. Ayre, the interest of the regular Sunday meetings has been very much enhanced by their distribution.

THE TRUE "BITTER CRY."

Dr. Jabez Hogg, at a scientific meeting in England, said that the force of social example was a fertile cause of inebriety, as was also badly cooked food, the latter leading man to resort to alcohol to give a zest to the food. Impure water also led to recourse to intoxicants, which engendered the crave that led on to inebriety. In the cause of temperance a supply of uncontaminated wholesome water was very important. The force of parental example was an influential source of the disease. Parents seemed to think that children could not grow up strong without beer or wine, which was a fatal mistake. In this way the young often unconsciously glided into inebriety. In overwork and business worry the "nips" of the merchant might give relief for the moment, but the effect was transient, and was followed by a depression which craved for more alcohol. Dr. Hogg was sure medical men in general prescribed alcohol now only in exceptional circumstances, with feeling, reason and science. Drunkenness produced degenerative changes in vital organs, with loss of brain power and alteration of nerve tissue. Alcohol was the true "bitter cry" of London, leading to disease and death, and it is also the curse of the army

and the country. It would, therefore, be a national shame if we did not endeavor to trace out the moral and physical causes of inebriety. It was cruel and unjust to regard the drink craver as a criminal. This would be to confirm the disease not to cure it. Shakespeare knew better, and held up the inebriate to pity, not to scorn.

"COMPULSORY TEETOTALERS."

Dr. Bucke, the well-known authority on insanity, and Medical Superintendent of the Asylum at London, Ontario, has the following paragraph in his last annual report

"DISUSE OF ALCOHOL."

"During the year just closed, no alcohol in any form has been prescribed at this Asylum either in sickness or health. This is the second year during which our nine hundred patients have been total abstainers, and so far I have seen no case in which the administration would have been beneficial. I am more and more satisfied that the use of alcohol either in sickness or in health is always a mistake and often a fatal one."

Such a declaration as this, and from such an authority, is another severe exposure for that potent deceiver and destroyer which some men persist in upholding as a "good gift of God."

DRINK AND INSANITY.—One newspaper, very zealous in behalf of the doomed drink trade, has been trying to pooh-pooh the terrible facts relating to drink and insanity.

It quotes from some asylum report to show that the majority of inmates have not come there by way of the saloon at all. Even supposing its figures to be perfectly correct, they show an appalling number of cases of insanity directly caused by alcohol. But a moment's thought will show that this is only a small portion of drink's destructive work on the human mind. Enquire into the individual histories of those masses of lunatics who put our civilization to shame,—and what will you find? In addition to those whose mind-power has been weakened by alcohol, and who, unable to bear up against domestic or business or religious difficulties, have gone to swell the ranks of those whose insanity is owing to those difficulties alone,—how many will you find whose insanity results from no fault of their own, but has been transmitted to them, a frightful heritage, by parents, or even grand-parents, who would not deny themselves even for the sake of their offspring. And, as to the drink-madness, or dipsomania itself, it is well known to be often inherited. At a meeting of the British Society for the Study and Cure of Inebriety, Dr. Raynor, of the famous Asylum at Hanwell, gave numerous examples of heredity in families, and declared that the operation of the law of heredity in alcohol was incontestable, and it might even be doubted if causes operating through two generations at least were not required to develop dipsomania. And Mr. W. J. Corbet, M.P., in a review of the question in the United Kingdom, shows that in England, Ireland, and Scotland insanity has increased by sixty per cent in twenty years. Among the causes assigned for this ominous exhibit, intemperance is chief. Out of a total of 13,504 cases in the United Kingdom in 1881, 1,730 were directly attributable to intemperate habits.

CONDEMNED BY AUTHORITY.—Dr. Keller, president of the Arkansas State Medical Society, has been quoting some Dr. Link as having proved the value of whiskey as a substitute for chloroform in operations, as well as a substitute for carbolic acid as an antiseptic, or preventer of decomposition.

As to the latter point, it has been proved that alcohol is only anti-septic in large quantities; in the small quantities taken by the "moderate drinker" it is the very reverse; and a remedy consisting of large quantities of alcohol will probably have worse results than the disease itself. There is the same terrible objection to using large doses of whiskey to render surgical patients unconscious,—in plain words to make them drunk. Such a proceeding might be quite enough to establish the fatal drink-craving which doctors now consider to be an absolute disease. And, considering only the immediate physical results, Dr. Link's treatment is condemned by the highest authority in Medical literature,—the *Lancet*. Here is what that journal says: "The manner of anesthetising the patient seems to be to administer one or two ounces of whiskey by the mouth every ten minutes 'until complete drunkenness is reached,' and then, with or without one or two inhalations of ether or chloroform, to proceed to operate. On the face of it, this procedure appears to be open to righteous condemnation. It is well known that acute gastritis may be set up by such means, and the onus of proving that such large imbibitions of alcohol are inoffensive rests with Drs. Link, Keller, and others who may choose to employ the drug. It is possible—anything is possible in medicine—that such treatment may be innocuous; but until more accurate knowledge is forthcoming we prefer to believe the contrary."

THE LONDON "GLOBE" mentions as "a startling result," a fact to which the Commissioners of Customs in the British Isles call attention,—"That if the rate of consumption of spirits per head had remained what it was in 1873-4 the yield for last year would have been \$15,000,000 more than was actually realized. Concurrently with the diminished revenue from wine and spirits, there has been a remarkable growth in that from tea and cocoa, the latter especially. Last year's yield of tea duty was nearly seven per cent in excess of the product in 1882-3, while cocoa showed an increase for the year of nine per cent, and no less than thirty-two per cent on the yield nine years ago. It is a moot point of controversy whether smoking is or is not conducive to intemperance, but there has been no decline in the use of tobacco corresponding to that in alcoholic stimulants. On the contrary, the yield of the duties indicates a small, though but a very small increase."

IN "A GLIMPSE OF HOLLAND," the Rev. Dr. Blaikie says:—"The people of Marken stand high in moral and religious character. In an account of Marken in De Coster's 'Tour du Monde,' it is said: 'There are but four little inns in the village; it is counted disgraceful to frequent them for drinking. An inhabitant of Marken who should go often to the public house would be despised and if he should come out drunk he would be followed by the shouts of the boys in the streets.' The fishermen, who are usually at sea all the week, make a point of returning home on Saturday and do not take to sea till the Monday following. The whole of the people are members of the Reformed Church of Holland, and are accustomed to attend church. When absent from home for longer periods they are noted for avoiding the taverns and all intoxicating liquors."

THE TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL on the Town Moor, Newcastle, last week was a very great success. Mr. W. D. Stephens, J. P., estimates that fully 100,000 people joined in the festivities, and out of that vast number there was not one single complaint of

drunkenness. Referring to the sports, the *Newcastle Journal* says:—"The ordinary wrestling went on in the centre of the ground during a greater portion of the afternoon, and no one of the vast assemblage seemed to relish the exciting bouts more than Bishop Wilberforce, who sat and watched the contests to a finish, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the various points of this essentially north-country game."

THERE ARE NO LESS than 134,462 public house and beer house licenses in force in England, Scotland and Ireland at the present moment, besides 18,931 licenses for the sale of beer "not to be drunk on the premises," and 13,370 grocers:—a total of 166,763 places where liquor can be got. This is a little better than last year, when the number was 168,538.

A MEDICAL man writes to the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*:—"I have been a total abstainer six years, and have worn 'the blue,' not quite two years. I can conscientiously say that my influence for temperance has been more since I put on the blue than during the four previous years."

A FOOLISH HUNTER named Jan, of Houcktown, Pike county, Pennsylvania, was nearly killed by a rattlesnake lately. He was one of a party of hunters who had been shooting some bears that had carried off a number of sheep, and he found a rattlesnake which he held by the neck so that it could not bite, and teased it for the amusement of his companions. He then put it down on the ground, when it coiled up and darted at Jan, burying its fangs in his finger. He used some remedies, and is recovering from the bite, although his hand was terribly swollen and he was expected to die. Another time he will know better than to play with a rattlesnake.

THE PASSENGERS from the wrecked steamship "Amsterdam," who were landed on Sable Island, near Nova Scotia, seem to have been badly treated there. The passengers say that although the supply of food that they received after landing on the island was not enough for them, part of it was taken away from them by the people living on the island. They say, too, that some of the islanders went on board the "Amsterdam" to get provisions for the people on shore, and got drunk instead. Mr. Hutchins, the Light-house Inspector, has gone to Sable Island to see about these and other charges.

AN EARTHQUAKE was felt in the United States on Sunday. The shock lasted about ten seconds and was felt as far south as Philadelphia, as far north as Vermont, and as far east as Portland, Maine. In some places there were two shocks. Houses were shaken a good deal, and some walls cracked, but nobody is reported to be hurt. The ships in the harbors were tossed about a good deal, several anchor ropes were broken.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT has complained to the English Government about a German vessel called the "Diederich" having been robbed by men from some English fishing smacks. It is thought, however, that the "Diederich" was a floating gin shop and that the affair complained of was a dispute about paying for the drinks.

SEVERAL THOUSAND Piegan Indian in Montana are starving, because the American Government has not issued enough for them to eat. Luckily there are plenty of wild berries, and it is said that they have also run off with several white men's horses.

THE WEEK.

SOME CHINESE in the United States who had leprosy have been sent back to China.

THE FIRM of Miller & Son, flax spinners in Belfast, Ireland, which is noted for the flax industry, have failed with liabilities of \$850,000.

THE ELECTIONS in Germany will come off in October, and their Parliament, or the Reichstag, as they call it, will sit in November.

SIX PERSONS have been dangerously poisoned in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by eating toadstools, which they thought were mushrooms.

A PORTER named James Sheridan, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and his brother and two sisters have fallen heirs to an estate in Ireland worth \$2,900,000.

REPORTS about the crops in Manitoba and the North-West Territory show that everything looks favorable for splendid harvests. In some parts harvesting has been commenced already.

THE COMMITTEE that was appointed to look after the sufferers in the terrible railway accident on the Humber, near Toronto, has made a report about the way the money has been spent. There was \$14,888 subscribed by citizens, and \$8,187 of this has been paid out. The Grand Trunk Railway has paid \$87,480.

A STRANGE DISEASE has been killing fish in Lake Mendota, Wisconsin, and the wise men cannot find what is the cause of their death. Perch are the principal fish that have died, but some whitefish and a few pickerel have perished too. About 3,000,000 dead fish have drifted ashore and 200 tons of them have been carted away.

THE IRON BUSINESS at Pittsburg, Penn., is duller than it has been for several years, and there are 7,000 men less employed than there were a year ago.

THE CAPTAIN of the schooner "Julia Baker" having died in a strange manner, an inquiry was made, and it was found that the cook and mate had given the captain two doses of laudanum, which killed him in fifteen minutes.

VERY VIOLENT thunder storms are reported from England. It is said that hailstones fell measuring three inches by one inch, and windows were broken as if volleys of shot had been fired through them. It is also said that the water in a river rose five feet in twenty minutes and that two people were killed by lightning. If these facts are true it was a remarkable storm, but the facts may be exaggerated. There was at the same time a storm in Hungary (a part of Austria), and the great river Danube rose so high that it carried off houses and barns, and twenty people were drowned.

THE CASHIER of the Wall Street Bank in New York, has got the bank into trouble. He was \$200,000 short in his accounts.

THE IRON WORKS of Brown, Bonnell, & Co., of Youngstown, Ohio, has started work again, giving employment to 2,000 men.

There is time enough for everything in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once.

Chesterfield.

It will come to pass
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass.

Shakespeare.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Emerson.

AN INDIAN LOBIN HOOD.

The police in India have long been trying to capture a Hindoo outlaw, who is in his own country what Robin Hood was in England centuries ago. "Uncle Nania," as the people of Central Provinces call him, is so well liked by the population that he is not very likely to be caught.

The offender is a favorite everywhere, and something of a popular hero. Handsome in face and figure, an accomplished horseman, expert in many exercises, and with an excellent touch on the cithar, Tantia calls himself the friend of the poor, and distributes other people's goods among them with the utmost generosity. He has a ready wit, too, and is forgiven many a crime for the humor that accompanied its commission; while, above all, he is courteous and chivalry itself to the fair sex. He comes into a village, and, nobody opposing them, he and his merry men rob the richest inhabitants and beat them into the bargain, for daring to be richer than their neighbors, give away a considerable portion of plunder to the mendicants of the place, make a handsome present to the temple, and then, after entertaining the village at a feast and an entertainment,

game which they kill provides a public feast. No woman or girl has ever had cause to complain of the Captain or any of his men, and the result is that the jewelled bride and her fair attendants may pass the outlaw's haunts not only without harm, but with every courtesy of the road being shown them; while her father, the stout zemindar, surrounded though he be with followers all armed with their best, have to pay toll or fight for it with Tantia's Little Johns and Will Scarlets.

A TREMENDOUS WORM.

THE LAMBTON WORM.

The heir of Lambton, fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear on Sunday, hooked a small worm, or eel, which he carelessly threw into a well, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (at first neglected) grew till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing from the Worm Well, betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a crag in the middle of the water; it also frequented a green mound near the well (the Worm Hill), where it lapped itself nine times round,

satisfaction of seeing his enemy cut in pieces by its own efforts, whilst the stream, washing away the severed parts, prevented the possibility of re-union. There is still a sequel to the story: the witch had promised Lambton success only on one condition—that he should slay the first living thing that met his sight after the victory. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, Lambton had directed his father that as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favorite greyhound, which would immediately fly to the sound of the horn, and was destined to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle, however, the old chief was so overjoyed that he forgot the injunction, and ran out himself with open arms to meet his son. Instead of murdering his father, the conqueror again repaired to his adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the original instructions, that no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven (or, as some accounts say, for nine) generations—an alteration of the sentence which to a martial spirit had nothing very terrible, and which was willingly complied with.—*From Surtees's "History of Durham,"* England.

WHO STOPPED THE TRAIN?

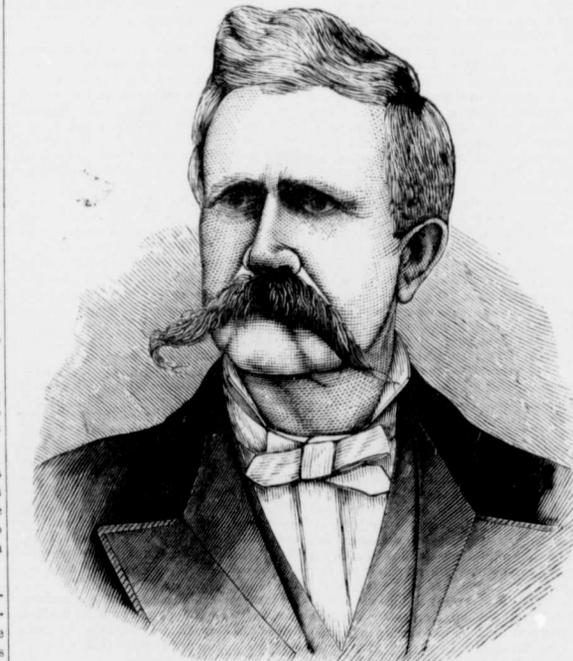
A series of interruptions occurred on a train due at Albany the other morning from the West. When leaving Syracuse a car laden with horses from the West to Saratoga was connected with the train. The train had scarcely got under way when the bell-cord was jerked and the engineer warned to stop. The brakes were shut down and inquiry made along the train as to what was the matter. The trainmen all denied pulling the cord, and after an examination as to the cause, without result, the train got under way. Three times this happened, but no explanation could be found for the mysterious occurrence. Once more was the train started up, and again the warning signal was sent to the engine. This time, when a stop was made, it was determined to ascertain whether any other than human agency was responsible for the signal, and the train was carefully gone over. When the car containing the horses was reached a jerking of the bell-rope was noticeable, and on further examination it was found that one of the animals in the car, finding that the bell rope was within reach, had amused himself by seizing it with his teeth and jerking it to and fro.

HOW TO KILL ANIMALS.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in England, Dr. B. W. Richardson described a method recently adopted at his suggestion for destroying lost and starving dogs by a painless death. This consists in submitting the animals to the influence of carbonic oxide gas in a closed chamber, the carbonic oxide being charged also with chloroform by being made to pass over a porous surface saturated with that drug. The result is that the animals to be killed fall at once into a deep painless sleep, out of which they never recover. Dr. Richardson had long been experimenting to determine the best mode of killing animals without pain, and the apparatus he describes is the fruit of his researches. He believes that by-and-by this humane system of slaughtering will be applied even to the destruction of animals intended for food; and he has himself applied the method with complete success in the case of sheep, which are first driven into sleep, and, while thus unconscious, killed. The good wishes of every humanitarian will be with Dr. Richardson in this.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

A SMALL SCULPTOR.

There is a little Shoshone "papoose" at Tuscarora, Nevada, only four years of age and not much larger than a pickle jar, who is wonderfully clever at molding images out of mud and clay. His mother was engaged at a wash-tub outside of a house the other day, and from the mud caused by the stoppings the little savage made a deer and a horse, which were almost perfect in form. He displayed but little pains in his work, to which he appeared to adapt himself as naturally as an ordinary white child would in the making of mud pies.



EX-GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, OF KANSAS.
Prohibition Candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

in which the Captain of the outlaws takes the place of chief performer, the freebooters go their way. In due time the police come up to investigate, but the beggars, with Tantia's rupees in their waist-cloths, deny that they ever saw the vagabond near the place, and as for the other villagers who feasted with the gang and applauded the Captain's singing and strumming, they are lost in astonishment at any one ever thinking they could do such a thing, or that evil deeds could be tolerated in a well-regulated village like theirs. So from place to place the police have gone on for months, wandering after this will-o'-the-wisp—a perpetually vanishing Robin Hood, who stands charged by every rich native along the road with having robbed him, and acquitted by every poor one of having ever been seen in the neighborhood.

Tantia seems to have no anxieties about his security, for if he hears there is any fun going, a fair or a wedding, in a village near his hiding-place, he sallies out with his tried men and true to join in the merriment. Sometimes even he invites a village to join in his hunting expeditions, and, as he and his gang are expert sportsmen, the

leaving vermicular traces, of which serious living witnesses depose that they have seen the traces. It now became a terror to the country, and amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was always placed for it at the green hill, and in default of which it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton had, it seems, repented him of his former life and conversation, had bathed himself in a bath of holy water, taken the sign of the Cross, and joined the Crusaders. On his return home, he was extremely shocked at witnessing the effects of his youthful imprudence, and immediately undertook the adventure. After several fierce combats, in which the Crusader was foiled by his enemy's power of self-union, he found it expedient to add policy to courage, and (not perhaps possessing much of the former) he went to consult a witch, or wise woman. By her judicious advice, he armed himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades, and thus prepared, placed himself on the crag in the river and awaited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock and wound himself with great fury around the armed knight, who had the

the sports, the ordinary centre of the ion of the after. vest assemblage no bouts more w sat and nish, and made nted with the ally north coun-

n 134,462 public n in force in and at the pre- licenses for the unk on the pre- a total of 166, an be got. This year, when the

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HELPING AFTER CONVERSION.

BY J. B. MILLER, D.D.

When young people are pressed to make a public confession and unite with the church, one of the arguments used is their need of Christian sympathy and that help which comes from the mutual association of Christian people. They are assured that the church will be to them a pillar of strength; that the love and cheer of its members will be to them a source of continual inspiration. When they are admitted to the communion, a pledge is given to them of affection, interest, sympathy, and care on the part of all the members. They are told in fervid words that they are now members of the family, and may depend upon receiving help at every point.

All this is very encouraging. The young Christian, trembling in his weakness, is strangely thrilled and uplifted as he listens to such earnest pledges. Relying upon these loving pledges, he enters the church with glowing hope and enthusiastic zeal. How much of all this pledged sympathy and help does he receive? When his struggles begin, how many brotherly souls draw up close about him to strengthen him by their words and acts of cheer? If he falls under temptation, how many of those who were pledged to stand by him and help him to rise again, come with warm love and strong hands to fulfil their promise? If adversity overtakes him, how much does he realize of the ideal blessedness of Christian brotherhood?

Here is an experience in illustration: "When I first entered the class," said a young man, "my teacher manifested the deepest interest in me. I was not a Christian, and he let no fitting occasion pass without saying a word to me about personal religion. He wrote me earnest letters. He frequently came to see me. He would often walk home with me from the class. As each communion season drew near, he would urge me to settle the question, and unite with the church. At last I yielded my heart to Christ, and my teacher was very happy. The day I made a public confession, his heart seemed overflowing with love and joy. But from that day his attentions to me ceased. He appeared to consider his work for me finished. He called no more, wrote me no more letters, never asked me how I was getting along, said nothing to me about my new life. He has always been kind and courteous, but he has taken no apparent interest in my welfare as a young Christian. I have had many perplexities and struggles since then, in which I would have given anything for his help, but I looked in vain for aid."

This is a true experience. It is easy to see where this teacher failed; he considered his work and responsibility ended when his pupil was led to give himself to Christ. There are thousands who have precisely similar experience. The interest in them ceases at the gate of the church. While they are outside they find love and sympathy, and tender regard; but when they pass inside they find a strange absence of the very things they specially expected. The beautiful words about brotherhood, and the promises of help and cheer, really seem to mean nothing when the time comes to prove their genuineness in a practical way.

Yet any young Christian has a right to expect that all the pledges made to him when he unites with the church shall be faithfully kept. The church ought never to break covenant with her children. The young Christian should not merely be pressed to enter and then welcomed at the door, but should receive encouragement, love, and fresh impulse at every step. The strong should help the weak. Those who have gone over the hard places should assist younger souls in passing through similar experiences.

The object of a certain charity organization is declared to be "to provide every needy family with a friend." A church can do nothing better for its young members than to provide for each one a wise, strong, tried, faithful, loving friend, who will be as a guardian angel, never intermitting his thoughtful watch, and patient, strengthful help until his charge has passed through the perils of inexperience, and is ready in turn to be a guardian angel to others. Every young Christian ought to have some friend older in experience than himself, to whom he may freely go with every question that perplexes him, and every

confession of weakness or failure, sure of sincere sympathy and wise help. This friend may be a pastor, or a parent, or older brother or sister, but oftener the teacher is the fittest one for the holy office. At least every faithful teacher may do a great work for his scholars, in the early years of their Christian life, by proving himself their close, thoughtful, and loyal friend, winning and retaining their confidence, and lending a hand whenever they need help. And many are the experiences in every young life—unsuspected except by one who closely watches—when a friend is better than a lesson or a sermon. It is not mere soft nursing that souls need after conversion; they will never grow strong under such nurture. They should be trained to be brave soldiers, to be strong men and women, to be noble in principle, and high in resolve and purpose, and to be active in Christian service, not seeking to be ministered unto, but to minister. Young Christians thus trained will soon be able in turn to watch over other younger souls, and to inspire them with courage and holy zeal.—S. S. Times.

ONLY BOY.

Some years ago, in one of our New England states, was a good and worthy physician. He had worked his own way up from a boy, supported a widowed mother, educated himself, and made himself a name and honorable place in his profession; loved, trusted and almost revered by the simple country people for miles around. Now the people of the state have given him the greatest honor in their power. He is going up to the capital to enter upon his duties as governor. Riding on the front seat of the stage coach with a friend, they are speaking of the opportunities in life, when the doctor remarked: "Upon how seemingly small a matter may hinge one's choice for life! When I was a boy in my teens I had a well beloved and inseparable companion nearly my own age. All our plans for the present and future were identical. There came to our little village home for a brief sojourn a man from the city. Boy-like we were carried away with his plausible stories of the golden opportunities and easy success to be found in the city. I do not think he meant to deceive us. No doubt it looked so to him. He offered to take us home with him and give us the benefit of his influence and experience. 'Give us a start in life,' as he said. We agreed to meet him in a little grove just outside the village for our final talk and decision. On one side of us, towards the attractive city, stood two noble maples, with a foot-path between them. 'Let this be your answer, boys. If you decide to go with me, pass between these two maples. If not, turn your faces towards home.' We agreed to the signal, and rose to our feet. I was decided to take the coveted path between the maples as the first step, as it seemed to me, towards the realization of my most ambitious hopes. But as I looked down, I saw upon my coat sleeve a gray hair. Immediately my decision was changed. I turned without so much as a word or a look, and retraced my lonely steps to my home; pledged to live for my mother whose only support and comfort I was, and whose one gray hair on my sleeve influenced me for life. It was the one supreme moment of my life, when the right way was plainly shown me, and strength given me to walk therein. My companion passed between the signal maples, to try the success of city life, and our paths have never again met. I have never had occasion to regret my decision. I have worked hard, have had drawbacks, but I have had as fair a degree of success as I ought to expect; the respect and confidence which success in my profession has brought, the love of my aged mother, the comforts and delights of a home, wife and children, and now this testimonial from the people, and, best of all, a conscience void of offence toward God and man; a life not without mistakes, 'tis true, but a life squared by the rules of right, by the help of God."

"How did your friend prosper?" inquired his companion.

"Well, Robert did well for a while. He got a good place as clerk, with a good prospect of working up, but he fell in with a set of fast fellows and his love of pleasure proved his ruin. The last I heard of him he was bar-tender in a low grocery, but that was many years ago. No doubt he has been swallowed up in the vortex of city dissipation long ere this. I kept hold of

him for a while, but he soon got beyond my influence. I could only write, as I was so busy with my own necessary work, and so I lost him long ago." He sighed, and a silence fell between them.

As the coach soon after rolled up to the steps of the hotel, a man raised himself on his elbow, from the top of the stage, among the baggage, where he had been stowed by the driver to work off the effects of his last drink. He watched the manly, healthy, well-dressed form of the doctor, as he walked away and said:

"I'm Robert, or used to be, I'm only 'Bob' now. I tell ye, it makes a sight of difference which chance a feller takes, and then how he uses it. I was ahead of him on chances, but he has beaten me on results! Don't let 'im see me!" and he climbed down over the wheel and made off down the street, a sad commentary upon lost opportunities.—The Household.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose that all members of the congregation should do what some will probably do next Sabbath, *i. e.*, stay at home for some trifling reason. Result, empty pews. Suppose that you should neglect store bills and other business debts as you frequently neglect your church dues and offerings and missionary obligations. Result, loss of credit; lawsuits.

On the other hand, suppose that all members of the congregation should do next Sabbath what Mr. and Mrs. — always do, *i. e.*, get to church, rain or shine, hot or cold, headache (!) or no headache. Result, pews filled full; galleries occupied; hearty service, music and responses "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and as the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

Happy parson. Happy people. Suppose that every one should treat religious duty like any kind of secular duty; that he should be careful and painstaking in all religious obligations—Sabbath school work, work in various Church organizations, attention to the holy communion, watchfulness over God's children, etc., etc. Result a live church; a godly people; shining lights; living epistles; many "good confessions witnessed before men."

Suppose that you really do give for religious and charitable purposes in proportion to your income. The Bible plainly teaches that we should give one-tenth, but say one-twentieth of what you have to spend for living purposes; and, further, suppose that you give with some little sacrifice, *i. e.*, fewer cigars; fewer buttons on your kid gloves; lower heels on your boots; less crushed strawberry on the hats; fewer diamonds on the table, if needful—sacrifice somewhere in order to give to God's work. Result, overflowing treasury; mission promoted, charities helped, and good work set forward.

Please take these matters into consideration, and suppose you try to be faithful, honest and earnest, not only in your dealings with men but with God.—Earnest Worker.

MOFFAT.

The Rev. Robert Moffat was the apostle of South African missions, the wilderness preacher, whose influence changed the character of Africa. He was the father-in-law of Livingstone. He died at a great age, having begun a work in Africa that will never die. During the last years of his life he lived in the vicinity of London. One day, while travelling on a suburban railway, he was the unconscious cause of a pleasant adventure happening to a London merchant.

The merchant, a man of great wealth, was noted for his broad philanthropy. He was an enthusiastic supporter of foreign missions and a devoted lay-worker among the poor of the city, to whom he distributed tracts, food and good advice.

One morning, with the usual bundle of tracts in his hand, he entered a railway car. The only other passenger was a tall, grave, gray-bearded man. The merchant offered him a tract, and its courteous acceptance led to a conversation which soon drifted on to missionary work.

The stranger seemed to be thoroughly posted on that topic. The merchant, delighted to find a kindred spirit, rattled away until he touched upon Livingstone's work. The old gentleman showed himself so

familiar with the great missionary traveller, that the merchant wondered as to who his companion might be.

When the train stopped at the London station, he courteously said to the old gentleman,—

"Sir, I perceive that you are unusually well-informed on missionary subjects. May I be permitted to ask your name?"

"Oh yes, certainly," answered the stranger, with a smile. "My name is Robert Moffat. Dr. Livingstone is my son-in-law."

The merchant, when he told the story, used to say, "For once, I met my master in missionary lore."—Youth's Companion.

THANKFULNESS.

BY M. H. JAQUITH.

Mr. J.— was suffering from one of his frequent attacks of rheumatism, and so helpless that his wife was feeding him.

"When I was a boy," he said, "there was in the church a good old deacon, who in his prayers at home or in public never failed to thank God for the use of his limbs and reason, a conjunction that seemed so odd to us unthinking boys that among ourselves we used to call him Deacon Limbs-and-Reason oftener than by his own name. But since I have come to know what it is not to have the use of my limbs I feel that his was true cause of thankfulness; and the loss of reason is worse than the taking away of all other faculties."

A few days ago I heard of an old acquaintance that, from some unknown cause, was like one dead in life. Five years ago some mysterious disease of the nerves destroyed all use of her voluntary muscles; by only a slight curve of one finger has she been able to tell of her needs and desires in answer to questions; and sometimes for long periods she cannot even swallow.

For five years has she lain without motion, speechless; and helpless; sightless, too, only as her eyelids are held open for a moment that she may gaze on that in her line of vision, for she cannot even turn her eyes. Her general health seems perfect, she has grown very fleshy, and may live for years in this same wretched condition. What sad, regretful thoughts of unthanked-for blessings must have gone through her mind as she has lain there these weary years! If she could but once more speak, how would she call upon all within the sound of her voice to bless God daily, hourly, always for the commonest blessings of existence!

"Since I heard of it, the thought of the pale, wan face, and gray hair of her still young daughter, who has worn out the bloom of her youth in waiting on this afflicted mother, has haunted me.

"It is not the constant, weary work of watching and lifting, and devising ways of communication with her that so wears upon me; but it is the terrible thought that she lies there yearning to speak of her feelings and needs; to break the bonds of this encompassing body of death, with such agonizing looks of entreaty when I open her eyes; and to know she cannot, nor probably ever can, should she live, as the doctor says she may, for five years to come. Alas! yet I do not think there is a more thankful girl in the world than I am, because to me is still given the use of all my powers of body, the loss of which has so afflicted my poor mother."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, take only the juice, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; beat lemon, sugar and eggs together until light before adding water. Fill a deep plate with nice crust, turn in the mixture, grate a little nutmeg on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonsful of white sugar and when the pie is done spread over the top and return to the oven and brown. Let the frosting cook thoroughly and be well browned, or it will cling when the pie is cut. If one wishes a cheaper lemon pie, omit two eggs, and use only the yolks of these, and substitute a cup of boiling water, for the cold, and add a tablespoonful of corn starch, then add the frosting as with the other.

THE FLORIDA LAW forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquor except on petition of a majority of the voters of the election district has been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of that state.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Two hundred years ago there lived in England a pious and godly man whose name was John Bunyan. His father was a tinker, and it may be supposed that John often tried his hand at mending tin vessels. If he was as fond of hammering and making a racket as are some boys with whom we are acquainted, he must have had a grand time in his father's tinker shop. Some say that he was a very bad boy. He even says of himself that he was very wicked. But he said this when he was very sorry for his sins, so that he may not have been worse, or perhaps not nearly so bad as some boys are who think they are pretty good. It is true that John did some swearing and that is always bad. He was cured of this wicked habit by some good man who one day kindly told him how bad it was. One rebuke was enough. He was also fond of engaging in immoral amusements. He regretted this very much after he saw what an evil influence they exerted over him.

When Mr. Bunyan was only seventeen years old he became a soldier under the great English statesman and general, Oliver Cromwell. While he was in the army he once had a very narrow escape from being killed. It was at the siege of Leicester. He had been appointed to do duty as a sentinel, but he wanted to go somewhere else at that time. One of his comrades kindly took his place, and before Mr. Bunyan returned his friend was shot dead. That must have made him feel very sad, and yet he always looked on it as having been providential. It does seem so, because he was spared to become a very good and useful man. In 1647 he was married. This was an advantage to him. It helped to lead him to become a Christian, at least, he soon grew deeply interested in religion. He had many struggles with doubts and temptations. Satan, that great enemy of all good feared that Bunyan would become a great instrument in God's hands to bring sinners to Christ, and so he tried in every way to discourage this young Christian. But at last Mr. Bunyan felt that he was truly saved, and then he went to work for his Master, Jesus, in great earnest. He began to preach to the poor of Bedford, and continued for five years. The enemies of the cause of Christ opposed and persecuted him a great deal, but he was now growing strong in God's grace and would not allow himself to become discouraged. His enemies were so determined to make him stop preaching that they put him into gaol in Bedford, where he had to stay for twelve long years. They then tried to tempt him with liberty if he would stop preaching. He said, "if you will let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow." While in gaol he preached to the prisoners. He made lace and sold it, and in this way secured money enough to keep his poor wife and children, one of whom was blind. The only books he had to read were the Bible, the best of all books, and Foxe's Book of Martyrs. He was not very well educated, but he began to write books. The greatest and best book he ever wrote was called "Pilgrim's Progress," which is a figurative description of the travels of a Christian from this world to heaven. This book has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. He may have gotten his first idea of writing it from reading a book called "Palace of Honor," which was written in 1501, by a Scottish poet, by the name of Gavin Douglas. He made many mistakes in writing, but he kept at it, and now, perhaps, it can be said of his book that it has done as much or more good in the world than any other book except the Bible.

His enemies finally yielded, and he was freed from prison in 1672. He served a Baptist congregation as pastor for some years. In 1678 the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" was published, and in 1684 the

second part was published. He also wrote a number of other books, one of which is called "The Holy War." He spent the latter part of his life in Holborn. He died in London August 31, 1688. His death was hastened by exposure to the rain in returning from one of his many benevolent errands.—*Sunday School Messenger.*

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A Chinese fortune-teller became interested in the Gospel, but when he found he must give up fortune-telling he went back to his idols. Meanwhile his aged mother had heard from him of the Gospel, had become truly interested, and came to the mission asking to be taught to read the Bible. Miss Turner was then only a few weeks in China. Nevertheless she endeavored to help the woman. The Bible was printed in Romanized letters, and knowing a little of the Chinese pronunciation she would pronounce so far as she could the words which the old woman's quick instinct would take

need hardly add the argument was convincing, and Miss Turner patiently went over the rudiments with the eager disciple. Many such beautiful incidents, told in a simple and unconstrained manner, adorned Miss Turner's touching address.

MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen, or not to marry at all. The word is used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sun-browned their faces.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in the world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother, and age and experience have given them an insight into character which is natch beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you.

I never yet knew of a runaway match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

A HOMEY ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith the other day. "The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right here. Out West they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever and this throws the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barn-yard and peeps in the trough without getting on the platform. He finds the trough dry, of course, for it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there's no use getting on the platform, for there's no water in the trough. Another steer not so smart but with more faith, steps on the platform, the water-springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. You can't even examine it intelligently until you are on the platform. If you slide around the back way you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and faith come together without any trouble—certain and sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CAPTIVE OF JESUS.—In the year 1742 a veteran warrior of the Lenape nation and Monsey tribe, renowned among his friends for his bravery, and dreaded by his enemies, joined the Christian Indians at Bethlehem. He was now at an advanced age, was full of scars, and all over tattooed with the scenes of actions in which he had been engaged. All who heard his history thought that it could never be surpassed. This man was brought under the influence of religion; and when he was afterwards questioned respecting his warlike feats, he modestly replied, "that being now taken captive by Jesus Christ, it did not become him to relate the deeds done while in the service of the evil spirit, but that he was willing to give an account of the manner in which he had been conquered."

CHICKEN SHORT-CAKE.—Cut the meat from the largest pieces of cold stewed chicken and remove the bones; the wish-bone and other small pieces may be left whole. Heat, and remove gravy if necessary, and when hot pour one short-cake made as follows: Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one pint of flour. Rub into it a small half-cupful of butter, and then add one cupful of sweet milk. Bake in a quick oven, in a thin sheet.—*From Mrs. Gelpin's Frugalities.*



up; so, little as she knew, she managed to help the old lady. Eie long Miss Turner was sent off to another province, hearing however that the old woman had become a sincere and consistent follower of Christ. On returning to the city some years after, the aged woman sought her out and asked that the reading lessons should be resumed. She wanted particularly to learn correctly her spelling-book. "But," said Miss Turner, "you need not mind that; if you have forgotten the spelling-book, you can read and that is the point." The woman inclined the lady's heart to teach her the spelling-book. Being asked why she was so anxious about so small a matter she replied, "I am going to see my daughter, who was married and moved to a distant city, before I heard of Christ. She has never heard of Him, but I have prayed so long for her that I know she will believe when I tell her. Then when she believes she will want to learn to read about Jesus, and how can I teach her if I have forgotten my spelling?" We

sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is — one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not die old maids. But wait until the princes pass by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "Champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON VIII. (From the Bible Question Book) AUG. 24, 1881. [288m. 24. 15.25] THE PLAGUE STAYED. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 24, 25.

15. So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even to the time appointed; and there died of the people from Dan even to Beer-sheba seventy thousand men.

16. And when the angel stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that he destroyed the people, It is enough; stay now thine hand. And the angel of the Lord was by the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite.

17. And David spoke unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheeps what have they done? Let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house.

18. And God came that day to David, and said unto him, Go up, for an altar unto the Lord in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite.

19. And David, according to the saying of God, went up as the Lord commanded.

20. And Araunah looked and saw the king and his servants coming on toward him; and Araunah went out, and bowed himself before the king on his face upon the ground.

21. And Araunah said, Wherefore is my lord the king come to his servant? And David said, To buy the threshing-floor of thee, to build an altar unto the Lord, that the plague may be stayed from the people.

22. And Araunah said unto David, Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him; because he hath offered burnt-offerings, and threshing instruments and other instruments of the oxen for wood.

23. All these things did Araunah, as a king, gave unto the king. And Araunah said unto the king, The Lord thy God accept thee.

24. And the king said unto Araunah, Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God; that which doth cost me nothing. So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver.

25. And David built there an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings. So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT

1880 the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.—2 Sam. 21:25.

HOME READING.

- M. 2 Sam. 19:1-16. The King's Return. T. Ps. 20:1-9. The King's Thanksgiving. W. 2 Sam. 20:1-14. The King's Family. Th. 2 Sam. 21:1-14. David's Sin. F. 2 Sam. 21:15-17. The King Stayed. Sa. Ps. 18:34-51. My Mercies Recounted. S. 2 Sam. 21:17. Last Words.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Wrath against Sin. 2. Repentance and Atonement. 3. Mercy and Deliverance. Time.—H.C. 107. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

1.—V. 15 THE MORNING.—of the day on which the prophet came to David. FROM DAN.—the most northern extremity of the land. BEER-SHEBA.—the most southern point. V. 15, STRETCHED-OUT HIS HAND.—He had sent him thither to Jerusalem, 14:18-21. THRESHING-FLOOR OF ARAUNAH.—on Mount Moriah north-east of Zion, and Beth without the city.

11.—V. 17 DAVID SPEAK.—see the notes on 14:24-25. V. 18 I HAVE SINNED.—I have sinned against thee, O Lord. His intercession prevailed, and the Lord said to the angel, Stay thy hand. V. 19 GOD CAME TO DAVID.—the coming of the angel of the Lord. 1 Chron. 12:18. V. 20 HEAR AN ALTAR.—an assurance that his repentance and prayer were accepted.

11.—V. 21 TO BUY THE THRESHING-FLOOR.—Araunah was willing to give it, but David would not worship him with what cost him nothing. V. 23 FIFTY SHEKELS OF SILVER.—about thirty dollars. In 1 Chron. 21:25 we read that David gave for the place six hundred shekels of gold by weight.—about five thousand dollars. Perhaps the price here named was for the three ingots of silver, and the larger price in 1 Chron. 21:25 for the entire hundred property of Araunah. V. 25 BUILT THERE AN ALTAR.—according to the Lord's command. 1 Sam. 13:9. 1 Chron. 21:26. In due time the temple was built there.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God sometimes sends judgments upon sinners and nations in punishment of their sins. 2. That the true penitent acknowledges his guilt and seeks himself on the mercy of God. 3. That God will answer the prayer of the penitent. 4. That it is a sad thought to the true penitent that his sin and folly have brought evil upon others. 5. That God has shown his acceptance of Christ as a sin-offering for us by exalting him to heaven.

THERE is danger in overestimating the importance of the scholar gaining a thorough knowledge of the Bible as a means towards securing his conversion. Whilst such knowledge is important, it is also true that this knowledge is often acquired only to be used against the Bible in the effort to break down its influence. The end to be accomplished is not the impartation simply of knowledge, but saving knowledge.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Aug. 12, 1884.

The downward course of the wheat market still continues, and there is not much sign of the actual bottom being reached, although it cannot be far off with Chicago under 80c. Some new wheat red winter chiefly, has been upon the market, and the sample is splendid, very much superior to that of last year, which was very poor milling stuff. All the authorities are now earnestly advising farmers to sell at once, as the hoarding of grain will not be remunerative to them while it will greatly effect business for the worse. It is pointed out that shipments from India have now ceased, but that they would revive at an increase in price, which would satisfy those who wait for an advance and thus the markets of England at least, would be rapidly glutted. The present prices in Canada appear to be still too high, and a drop in it will, it is probable, take place, before any great amount of business is done.

Chicago has again gone down to or three points, and futures are weakening steadily, although the market to-day is of a cent dearer than yesterday. September wheat is about 4c lower than last week, October 4 1/2c lower, and November 4c lower. We quote September at 79 1/2c; October at 80 1/2c and November at 81 1/2c. Corn is about 4c lower all round at 50 1/2c Aug., 49 1/2c Sept., 48 1/2c Oct., 47 1/2c Nov., and 47 1/2c a year.

The local market is a good deal more lively than this time last week, and prices are very much lower, Canada Red Winter being 10c a bushel lower, and Spring 14c a bushel. For all that there is still a wide difference between the views of buyers and sellers. We quote Canada Spritz, is quoted at \$1.00 to \$1.02; Canada Red Winter, \$1.00; to \$1.02; Canada White, \$1.00; Peas, 92c per bushel; Oats, 40c per bushel.

FLOUR.—There is not much change on the flour market, and things are beginning to get into trim for the fall trade. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.35; Extra Superfine, \$4.70 to \$4.80; Fancy \$4.25 to \$4.35; Spring Extra \$4.20 to \$4.30; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.75 to \$5.00; Strong Bakers' (American) \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Middling, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.45 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered) \$2.75 to \$2.80.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Cheese. The market is somewhat firmer, prices being a half cent to a cent better. Low grade is being worked off, but there is a scarcity of the higher grades. The public cake is one and a half shillings better. Cheese being worth in Britain 52 shillings a hundred. Quotations are: 9 1/2c to 10c for grades other than fine fancy, which fetch from 10 1/2 to 10 3/4. Butter is not moving very fast in this city. Prices are firm. The quotations are as follows:—Creamery at 20 1/2c to 21c; Townships 17 1/2c to 19 1/2c; Western 14c to 16c.

Eggs are in fair demand under rather light receipts at 18 1/2c to 19c per dozen.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet and unchanged. The following are the quotations:—Western Mess Pork \$19.50 to \$20.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, western, 10 1/2c to 11c; do, Canada, 10 1/2c; Tallow, common refined, 6c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$3.90 to \$4.05, for Pots as to tars.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

The supply of common and inferior butchers' cattle continue in excess of the demand and prices have a downward tendency, except for superior large steers fit for shipping to Britain shippers sell at from 5c to 6c per lb. according to quality and really fine stall-fed cattle would bring more. Good butchers cattle sell at from 44 to 45 per lb. Common dry cows at \$25 to \$35 each or 3c to 3 1/2 do, and lean small stock at from \$10 to \$20 each or 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c per lb. There is an active demand for good lambs and these bring from \$3.25 to \$4.00 each. Common lambs sell at from \$2.00 to \$2.75 each. There is no change to note in the price of live hogs which range from 6c to 6 1/2c per lb. There is an improved demand for good milk cows, but small cows and strippers are difficult to sell. The horse market is very quiet with very little doing in it.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There has been a much larger attendance of farmers at the markets here of late than for some weeks previously and the market gardeners are crowding the market with nearly all kinds of seasonal produce. There is a brisk demand for most kinds, yet prices have a downward tendency, especially is this the case with grain, hay, apples, blueberries, potatoes and other roots, green corn, tomatoes and melons. Butter and eggs have been advancing in price of late, but honey is getting plentiful and lower priced. Poultry are in good supply at about former rates. The prices of flour and meal are unchanged, but feed is rather scarce and higher in price. The supply of hay is very large and prices are again pretty low. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.20 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes 4c to 5c per bag; tub butter 17c to 20c per lb.; eggs 20c to 30c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$4 per barrel; blueberries 65c to 70c per box containing four gallons; hay \$4.50 to \$7.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, August 11, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat 90 1/2c August; 91 1/2c Sept; 93 1/2c Oct.; 95 1/2c Nov.; 96 1/2c Dec. Corn, 59 1/2c Aug.; 59 1/2c Sept. and 60c Oct.; 58 1/2c Nov. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72 1/2c. Oats in fair demand, 34 1/2c August; 32 1/2c Sept.; 32 1/2c Oct. Barley, nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR.—quotations are:—Spring Wheat-Superfine, \$2.50 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Clears, \$3.95 to \$4.65; Straight (full stock), \$4.50 to \$5.65; Patent, \$4.85 to \$6.25. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.15; Low Extra, \$3.95 to \$4.30; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.45 to \$5.25; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.45 to \$5.80; Patent, \$4.90 to \$6.10; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.40; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.40 to \$3.70; West India, sacks, \$4.15 to \$4.25; barrels, West India, \$4.90 to \$4.95; Patent, \$5.25 to \$5.75; South America, \$4.75 to \$5.00; Patent, \$5.25 to \$5.75. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.60 to \$5.00; Family, \$5.10 to \$5.75; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$3.00 to \$4.50.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.50 in brick; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

SEEDS, dull. Clover 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.50 to \$1.60; Flaxseed \$1.50 to \$1.60.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Cheese is in fair demand, 8 1/2c to 10 1/2c; Butter in small demand at 9c to 23c.

Eggs, steady, 18c to 19c per dozen. PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.60 to \$17.50; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50 Lard \$7.45 to \$7.82.

A SCHOOL POUND-PARTY IN WASHINGTON.

The following paragraph tells the story of an effort made by the teachers and pupils of a school in Washington: The great destitution experienced by those immediately connected with the school was the primary cause. After discussing various plans for instant relief, the one that I shall mention was adopted. Each teacher pictured in glowing words the wants of the needy, and while the little hearts were overflowing with sympathy, a call for volunteers was made. "How many will deprive yourselves of something you really want and give it to the poor? How many will keep the pennies intended for taffy and pickles this week, and make it your offering?" It would have cheered the heaviest heart to see the little hands go up, and "I'll try" depicted in each countenance. Those who had no money to spare were to bring a pound of anything good to eat, or that was useful. All contributions were to be in by the end of the week, and distributed Saturday. The result was, 550 pounds, 20 pairs of men's shoes, some half-worn clothing, and \$32. One child with a happy face brought the teacher a penny and a neatly wrapped package. "I expected to bring two pounds,—Miss S.," a pound of flour and a pound of candy. "I couldn't bring the flour, but here's the candy."

Something else was accomplished by our "pound party," for such we called it, which I consider of more value than what has been mentioned. A keener appreciation of others' wants was kindled in those children; eyes were opened to note the distress of hitherto unnoticed companions, and hands were now anxious to supply their wants. I mention

a single incident as an example. In one of the primary grades, the teacher noticed a little girl sobbing as if her heart would break. Upon being questioned as to the cause, she exclaimed, "I haven't anything to give to the poor!" Immediately another little girl stepped up and whispered, "Mrs. W., I brought two pounds; put Mamie's name on one of mine."

Is not an object lesson which arouses sympathy and tenderness toward our fellows well worth trying?—Journal of Education.

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