

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

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The Weekly Messenger

ANARCHISTS AND DYNAMITERS.

The trial of Anarchists, twenty-three in number, which had been going on at the capital of Austria for two weeks, ended on June 26th. An informer named Padboy swore that the Anarchists, who were under control of a committee in New York, decided in March 1883 to assassinate the Emperor of Austria on his visit to a festival at Graz. The bombs with which the devilish deed was to have been done were to come from America. The statements of Padboy and his wife were so contradictory that the prisoners were acquitted of the charge of high treason, and were only sentenced to short terms of imprisonment for holding Socialistic meetings which were likely to result in disturbances.

On the same day, June 26th, and in the same city, Vienna, an explosive bomb was found near the dome of the exhibition building. All the public buildings are now watched, and the sewers, which have been threatened by the Anarchists are carefully inspected from time to time.

John Cleary, a well-known Fenian resident of Paris, writes to the London Times denying that the Fenians in that city are plotting to overthrow England by explosives. He says they have always condemned such practices.

The latest exploit of the dynamiters has been to place an infernal machine on the street car track at Bradford. A car filled with people went over the murder-box, but fortunately no explosion took place.

ANOTHER BANK.

This has been a very exciting week for Canadian bankers, and of course for the Canadian public too. It was suddenly rumored last week that the Federal Bank, of Toronto, was in trouble; the bank having been doing far more business than it ought. Its shares, which had been largely held by speculators, went down in value with big jumps. It is now admitted that the "Rest,"—a fund which was a fortnight ago reported by the bank officials to be a million and a half of dollars,—has no existence. It is believed that half of the three million dollars of capital has also been wiped out. The board of directors lost their heads altogether; they dismissed General Manager Strathy and put Mr. Ingram, Montreal branch manager, in his place; two days afterwards they dismissed Mr. Ingram from the bank's employment altogether, and appointed new General and Montreal managers, guaranteeing \$15,000 a year to Mr. Yarker for the former position. Mr. Ingram has now been reappointed local manager at Montreal, with an apology and \$12,000.

THE DISPUTE between Ontario and Manitoba, as to the boundary line between the two provinces, will come up for hearing before the Privy Council in England on the 15th.

THE CHOLERA IN EUROPE.

The news from the south of France, where cholera has made its appearance, is no better this week. A number of deaths occur every day, and there are more than sixty patients at the Toulon Naval Hospital. Special telegrams say that the official figures do not show the real number of deaths that are taking place. Business at Toulon has utterly collapsed. Marseilles, which has also been infected, is in a state of panic; thousands of the inhabitants are leaving, and the trains are all crowded. The Pope has ordered all priests to remain at their posts. A castle that used to belong to Empress Eugenie, at Marseilles, has been prepared for five hundred patients.

Two government physicians, examining the disease at Toulon, declare it to be Asiatic cholera in a mild form. It is thought that the infection was brought from China with the returning troops. The Naval Health Department deny this, but the public are savage and insult officers of the navy in the streets. Great precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease. Travelers from the South of France are funnigated at the railway station when they get to Paris. Persons who have travelled from England over France are detained for five days before they are allowed to enter Italy. All vessels from France have to put up with fifteen days quarantine on arrival at Spanish ports, and Spain has even ordered the same precaution against ships from England, in case the infection might get round by way of that country. Vessels arriving from China or India will be also quarantined when they reach Russian ports on the Black Sea.

The great safeguard of any locality against cholera is Cleanliness.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST has undergone no startling developments during the week. Governor Cleveland still appears likely to be the nominee of the National Democratic Convention. The State Convention of Missouri has voted for Cleveland by an enormous majority, and the Tilden minority approve of Cleveland as a second choice. The Ohio convention has declared for Tilden, and there has been a rumor that that aged gentleman thinks of withdrawing his withdrawal; but an intimate friend says that Mr. Tilden is not a man to trifle with such serious matters.

NO STARTLING NEWS from Egypt has to be recorded this week. Pilgrims who left Khartoum on May 23rd report that all was well in that city then; they give the same account of Berber, on June 7th, and Kassala, on June 14th, but they are not believed. The International Conference on Egyptian matters is now sitting in London. A German newspaper, which is often inspired by the Government, says that the agreement between France and England on this question is caused by their common hatred of Germany.

AN INTERNATIONAL Presbyterian Council has been sitting at Belfast. A deputation from the Methodists was received with great enthusiasm.

ALLAN PINKERTON, chief of the famous detective agency at Chicago, died on Tuesday. He was born in Glasgow, seventy-four years ago.

TWENTY-FIVE CONVICTS, working out of doors at Plymouth on Monday, made a desperate attempt to escape. They had stunned the warden in charge of them, and were making off, when a convict named Stevens took up the warden's gun, wounded five men and clubbed several others, so that assistance arrived before any of the convicts had got away. Stevens was immediately ordered by the Home Secretary, to be released and rewarded. He fainted from joy when he heard this news; he had been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

AN ORANGE PROCESSION was stoned by a Nationalist mob on Tuesday, at Newry, but the mob was dispersed by the police. At Warrenpoint, County Down, two Orangemen were arrested, a Nationalist having been almost killed by stabbing.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES has voted down a proposal to abolish the office of President of the Republic.

THE NATIONALIST CANDIDATE for Mayor of Cork has been defeated by a majority of two votes; Liberals and Conservatives joined hands against him.

THE RECORDER OF MONTREAL has distinguished himself by fining a butcher twenty cents for selling diseased meat.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT wants to enlarge the navy very much.

CHRISTOPHER GREEN, a saloon-keeper in Cincinnati, has been condemned to pay \$5,000 to the widow of a man who died through drink, and whom he had supplied with liquor even after being warned by the wife.

THE FLOODS ON THE RIO GRANDE, in Texas and Mexico, are still doing much damage. The water is filling "canons" to a depth of 300 feet. Peach orchards and vineyards are washed out, and quantities of live stock swept away.

IN SPITE OF THE TREATY, which should have put an end to fighting, four thousand Chinese troops have attacked a French force of seven hundred on the march. The French loss was forty-two wounded and seven killed, including two officers; but as soon as they recovered from the surprise they sent the Chinese flying. The Chinese government declares that it is not responsible for the deeds of those soldiers; but France says that unless an apology and compensation are forthcoming the Chinese sea-ports will be bombarded.

ENORMOUS DESTRUCTION by floods is reported from South Carolina.

THERE IS A REVOLT in Yemen, a province of Arabia, against the Turkish rule.

TWO O'BRIENS are at each others' throats in Ireland. One is William, the editor of *United Ireland*; the other is Sir Patrick, a well-known Orangeman and Conservative member of parliament. It is feared they will fight a duel, and perhaps exterminate themselves like the Kilkenny cats.

TWO PARIS JOURNALISTS lately satisfied their "honor" by a duel, in which one of them was wounded.

TELEGRAPHIC RATES between New York and Chicago by the Western Union Company have been reduced to twenty cents for ten words, and between New York and St. Louis to forty cents.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT sentenced two officers to be shot for deserting from the army. They consider this extreme penalty necessary in order to keep discipline in the army, but strong efforts are being made to have the sentence changed.

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS, at a meeting, have approved of the plan of paying regular salaries to the Nationalist members of Parliament, the money to be raised by levying a tax on property, belonging to members of the party.

THREE PERSONS have been killed by lightning in a severe storm in Austria.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA are still panic-stricken. In Algiers, the African colony of France, riots have also broken out against the Jews, and that part of the town inhabited by them was pillaged. Much blood was shed, and the troops had to be called out to restore order.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed by the British government to carry out the Land Act, and to fix fair rents for tenants in Ireland, have ordered reductions which will this year amount to fifteen million dollars.

THE GERMANS, who are a great people for believing old legends, have just been celebrating what they believe to be the anniversary of the day six hundred years ago, when the "Pied Piper" led 130 children into the mountain side, from which they never returned. The day was celebrated by the story being recited to a crowd of people in the house where the piper was said to have lived, and then a band of children marched around the mountain, and plunged into caves, but, unlike those in the tale, returned safe and sound.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND are making the greatest exertions to obtain the power to vote. An event has just been published which will help on their cause a good deal. A tenant of a member of Parliament, who is a very respected landlord, died recently. His widow was at once notified that she could not be allowed to carry on the farm; she was also refused payment for the hay, straw &c., which her husband's labor had produced and which she could not take away with her. It is said that this is only one of thousands of such cases; women not being allowed to be tenants because they cannot support their landlord's political opinion by voting.

MR. SEXTON M.P. will be present at the Irish National Convention at Boston next month; Mr. Parnell cannot come.

IN THE PROSECUTION OF Chas. Bradlaugh, M.P., for voting in the British House of Commons without properly taking the oath, the jury has returned a verdict of guilty.

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Soon after they got in, Mr. Goodwin arrived from the city, where a solicitor had been consulted, who had promised to think the matter over, and to help them all he could. Mrs. Goodwin told her story—how she had heard of a friendless girl who had been living alone in Eagle Court for some years, and how she thought it may prove to be Patience Doweit. Many inquiries were set on foot; and Mr. Thompson went to see the girl himself, while Greg was greatly excited to think that very soon he might be with his long lost sister. But when Mr. Thompson returned he said he felt sure the girl was not the one he sought.

"She is too old, in the first place—she is nearly eighteen, she says; and then her mother only died a few years ago, she remembers her quite well. No, I am sure she is not my sister's child. We must look out and wait."

A few more days passed, and Mr. Thompson said he must return to his farm. Greg seemed quite in despair at the thought of returning without his sister, and begged hard to be allowed to remain in London.

"But what will aunt say?" said Mr. Thompson. "She did not like to part with you, even for this short time, and will be very disappointed if I go home without you."

"But she wants me to find Patience, and I know we shall soon. Isaac prays for her every day, and God will soon tell us where she is."

"Let him stay for awhile," said Mrs. Goodwin; "we will take care of him, and perhaps this very desire is of God's ordering."

So Greg stayed in London, sending lots of love down to his aunt, and telling her to be sure and get a room ready for Patience, for he felt sure that God would bring her home to them soon.

The days and weeks went by. Mr. Goodwin followed up every clue, and Greg was unceasing in his efforts to find the lost one. One afternoon he was visiting old Isaac, and they had as usual been talking of the happy land, when the door opened and a step was heard.

"Who is that?" asked Greg.

"I expect it is the upstairs lodger."

"I didn't know there was one."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Jones lived there for many years, till her daughter took her away to live with her; Martha's lived there ever since."

"Does she live all by herself?"

"Yes, she's quite young, but she has no friends, poor thing,

and she's such a quiet, good girl. Patty!" he called, as the steps again passed the door, "come in here a bit."

The door was pushed open, and a gentle looking girl of about fifteen came in.

"Are you busy just now?" asked Isaac.

"No, I was only just going to the shop for some bread."

"Well, stop here a bit; here's a friend of mine come to see me. Ain't you at work this afternoon?"

"No," and the girl's lips quivered; "they say they shan't have any more work at present."

"Never mind," said Isaac, hope-

fully. "I'll stay if you like, but what are you going to do?"

But Greg was off.

CHAPTER X.

FOUND AT LAST!

Mr. Goodwin hurried away to "The Battlefield" with Greg, as soon as he heard the news.

"Don't build too much upon it, my boy," he said, as they walked down the street; "there may have been another Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court. We must not let the girl expect too much, especially as she is in need, till we

"I didn't leave her; she was taken ill and went to the hospital, and while she was there the landlord sold everything up, and turned me out, and I never heard any more of her."

"What have you been doing ever since?"

"I got work at a factory, and since I came here I've been working for a manufacturer, but to-day he says he shan't want me again at present, so I must look out for fresh work."

Mr. Goodwin talked to her for some time, and rejoiced to find that the girl seemed to have been kept pure and simple through all the lonely life she had led.

"How came you to be living alone? Have you no friends?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Lister always said it was best to keep ourselves to ourselves, and I never wanted to mix with girls at the factory."

"How came you to find lodgings here?"

"I always liked 'The Battlefield.' Mrs. Lister said my mother died there, and when the folks I lived with left Falcon's Alley, I found this room was to let, and came here."

"Did you know Mrs. Lister was not your mother?"

"Oh yes, she often told me so."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"I have one brother—at least, Mrs. Lister told me so just after her accident, before they took her to the hospital. I think she thought she was going to die, and she said, 'Patty, you've got a brother. I'm to blame that I never let you know it before, but old Moll's such a bad woman.' I don't know what she meant; but I've never seen him."

Mr. Goodwin could hardly restrain Greg from speaking, but he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and asked Patty, "Do you know your mother's name at all?"

"Yes," she said slowly; Mrs. Lister gave me a handkerchief that she said was mother's, with her name on it; she said I was never to use it, but always to keep it for her sake. It's upstairs; shall I get it?"

"Yes, do."

And the girl left the room.

"She is my sister, Mr. Goodwin—oh, isn't she?" said Greg, and the boy shook with excitement.

"I think so, Greg, I really think so; God is very good to you; but don't tremble so, my boy."

"Ay, but I'm glad you found her here," said Isaac.

The girl soon re-appeared, holding in her hand a pocket-handkerchief, yellow with age and



"THE GIRL SOON RE-APPEARED, HOLDING IN HER HAND A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF."

fully. "Some more work'll turn up; don't you be down-hearted. See, Greg here, he was bad off at one time: he drest all in rags and was nigh starved, and now he's quite the gentleman!"

Greg had earnestly watched the gentle face, and now he asked eagerly, "What's your name?"

"Patty Lister."

"What!" exclaimed Greg, jumping up, "did you live with Mrs. Lister in Eagle Court?"

"Yes, I did, but I lost her. Do you know her?"

"Oh, stay here with Isaac till I fetch Mr. Goodwin," said Greg, greatly excited—"promise me

are sure she is really your sister; for it would be a trial to her to be turned adrift after hoping for a home."

"I didn't say anything to her at all," returned the boy; "I only asked her to wait till I had fetched you."

The moment Mr. Goodwin saw the girl, half his doubts were dissipated; there was such a strong likeness between her and Greg. She seemed a good deal surprised at so much questioning, but answered everything in a quiet, straightforward way.

"How came you to leave Mrs. Lister?" asked Mr. Goodwin.

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long keeping, marked in one of the corners—"I am sure Dowcott."

Greg sprang towards her. "You're my sister, Patty, my own sister! oh, I am glad! You will love me, won't you? Say you'll love me!"

The girl looked greatly bewildered, but she put her arm round the boy and kissed him, while Mr. Goodwin and Isaac wept for joy.

"'Tis true enough, Patty," said Isaac; "you'll have a home and friends now, sure enough."

"Sit down, my child," said Mr. Goodwin—"sit down; you are overdone. I will tell you all about it." And as shortly as he could he told of Greg's life with old Mrs. Jackson of the discovery of his uncle and aunt, and of their anxious search for her.

"It seems all like a dream," said the girl; "I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, it is a great change for you, but it is true, my child," said Mr. Goodwin, kindly. "Now let us thank God for bringing us all together, and for giving us this joy, and then we must telegraph for Mr. Thompson."

"Why did you say your name was Patty Lister?" asked Greg.

"Well, I was called so, as I lived with Mrs. Lister."

"You won't say so again, will you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, I won't," she said, taking his hand.

"And Isaac called you 'Martha' too."

"Well, you see we have all been making mistakes, but let us thank God that He's cleared 'em all away," said Isaac.

A few words of hearty thanksgiving followed, and then Mr. Goodwin hastened off to tell his wife of the discovery of Patience, and to telegraph to his brother-in-law. The girl took Greg up to her room and showed him her few treasures, meanwhile asking him many questions, and doing all she could to persuade herself that this wonderful change was indeed a reality. Then leaving the key of her room with Isaac, she and Greg went off to Mr. Goodwin's.

Next day a cab drove up, and to Greg's joy he saw not only his uncle, but his aunt too. He sprang down to the door and gave them both a hearty welcome, assuring them that Patience was very nice indeed, and that he was sure they would love her.

"How did you find her?" asked Mr. Thompson, as they walked into the house, and were gladly received by Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin.

As briefly as possible the story was told, and for some minutes questions and answers followed each other in rapid succession. All the evidence put before Mr. Thompson made him feel quite sure that this girl could be none other than his sister's child, and his heart rose in warm thanks-

giving that she had at last been brought to them.

"But where is the child?" asked warm-hearted Mrs. Thompson; "why don't we see her?"

Greg darted from the room, and quickly brought in his sister, a pale, timid-looking girl, who seemed shy and upset at all the changes that were taking place, and at being the object of so many people's interest.

Mrs. Thompson at once folded the girl in her arms and gave her a motherly embrace; and for some time the little room seemed in perfect confusion, such a noise of talking and crying and laughing went on, and Greg remarked quaintly, "It's almost like getting to heaven, isn't it?"

By-and-by Mr. Thompson went round to see the little room where Patience had lived. It was almost bare: a mattress was in one corner with bedclothes neatly folded over it, but no bedstead; a broken chair, small table, and a box made up all the remaining furniture. One or two books, and a cup and saucer, beside a small saucepan and kettle completed the inventory.

"Poor child, she has not much to move," said Mr. Thompson. "We will take the books and send for the box, and Isaac may as well have the remainder of the things; they will be no good to her now."

"It's a blessed thing for the girl," said Isaac, as Mr. Thompson went into his room—"a blessed thing to have a good home and friends to look after her here on earth; and it's a blessed thing for you, sir, to have the honor and joy of caring for and helping God's little ones. He will know how to reward you."

In a day or two more, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Greg, and Patience left London for their Worcestershire home. As they neared the village, Greg pointed out all the objects of interest to his sister, and talked away so eagerly, that by the time they reached the house she was in nearly as great a state of excitement as he was.

"Isn't it lovely!" he said as the autumn sunshine was bathing the house and garden in a crimson glow—"isn't it lovely, Patience? and it's home—your home and mine, do you understand? It's home!"

The girl looked pale, and there were tears in her eyes, though her lips were smiling.

"Be gentle, Gregory dear; your sister is not strong, don't excite her too much," said Mrs. Thompson, taking the girl's hand while speaking soothingly to her, and leading her upstairs.

"Are you going to take Patience away, auntie?" asked Greg—"oh, I wanted to show her about everywhere."

"You shall show her about to-morrow wherever you like, but she must see nothing to-night. Remember how quiet I had to

keep you when you first came here."

So Greg ran off to tell all the farm servants the story of the discovery of his sister.

"I knew you'd find her, Master Gregory, I knew you would, I told you so. The dear Lord loves to do great things, and to look after them that are in trouble, especially the little ones," said Ralph.

"But Patience isn't little, she's bigger than me ever so much."

Ralph smiled. "Well, you've both come out of that battlefield, but you're on another, and you'll have to fight if you are going to follow the Saviour."

"Who must I fight?"

"You've yourself to fight, and sin to fight, and there's Satan, who is always plaguing any who try to walk like the Saviour; you'll find him a pretty stiff enemy to fight, I know."

"Then even in the country there's a battlefield, too?" said Greg, a little cast down.

"All over the world there's a battlefield, and no one ever won a victory on it except through Him that loved them. If you keep near the blessed Lord, He'll give you the victory, and you're as safe on one part of the battlefield as another, if you're where He has put you."

"Well," said Greg, wistfully, "I want to fight bravely, and you'll help me, won't you, Ralph? But there's the tea-bell. I'll bring my sister to see you to-morrow."

And he ran in quieter and happier than when he came out.

He found his uncle, aunt, and Patience already seated at the table, and no happier party ever united together in praising God than those who sat in the farmhouse parlor that evening, filled with joy at all the way God had led them, and had brought them together at last.

THE END.

SPOIL FROM THE HEATHEN.

A beautiful story is told of Buddha and a poor woman who came to ask him if there was any medicine which would bring back to life her dead child. When he saw her distress he spoke tenderly to her, and he told her that there was one thing which might cure her son. He bade her bring him a handful of mustard seed, common mustard seed; only he charged her to bring it from some house where neither father nor mother, child nor servant had died.

So the woman took her dead baby in her arms, and went from door to door asking for the mustard seed, and gladly was it given to her; but when she asked whether any had died in that house, each one made the same sad answer—"I have lost my husband," or "My child is dead," or "Our servant has died." So with

a heavy heart the woman went back to Buddha, and told him how she had failed to get the mustard seed, for that she could not find a single house where none had died.

Then Buddha showed her lovingly that she must learn not to think of her own grief alone, but must remember the griefs of others, seeing that all alike are sharers in sorrow and death.—From "Heralds of the Cross."

WHAT IS AMBER?

What is amber? It is the resin, or soft gum, of an ancient kind of fir-tree, become fossil, or hardened by time. The wood of the trees has all rotted away, except some small bits that were preserved in the amber. If you look at the Prussian side of the Baltic Sea, on the map of Europe, you see the place that produces more amber than all the world besides. Ages ago the whole region now covered by this sea, was covered by these amber-producing trees. No doubt there are great quantities of lovely amber lying under the sea. The amber fields on the shore are about fifty miles long by ten miles wide, and from eighty to one hundred feet deep. An amber mine is a source of great wealth. As long ago as Homer lived it was of equal value with gold. Since people began to date their letters "1800," some sixteen hundred tons have been dug up there; and it is believed that in three thousand years, since amber was first known, not less than sixty thousand tons have been found. It appears as if the digging could go on at this rate forever, so vast is the supply. The amber is found in separate pieces, from the sizes of beads to pieces which weigh pounds. The largest piece ever discovered weighed thirteen and one half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. The commonest impure kinds of amber are used for varnish; the fine qualities always bring a good price for necklaces and other ornaments.

THE LORD'S BOX.

"My boy," said a pious mother to her little son when he had received the first sum of money that he could call his own, "give a sixth of this back to the Lord. I desire you to act upon this rule throughout life, and by thus 'honoring the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all your increase,' depend upon it, you will never be the poorer for it."

This little boy was the late editor of *The British Workman*. He took his dear mother's advice, and at the end of life said, "How thankful I am that our good mother taught us that wise lesson amongst the many she gave us!"—*British Workman*.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JULY 5.

A GLORIOUS RACE.

The United States and Canada have begun a glorious race. The goal is National Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. Both countries, by God's help, will reach the goal; the only question is—Which will get there first?

In the fight between Practical Christianity and the Liquor Interest, (for it is more and more clear that these are the two combatants,) the bigger and more loud-sounding victories of the good cause have been won in the southern half of this continent. Whole States have there thrown off the chains that the drink trade is forging heavier and heavier round the country that licenses its existence. When these words are before our readers, the State of Iowa will have celebrated a Fourth of July more glorious by far than any that has gone before: for Prohibition now becomes part of the State's constitution. In Canada, no whole Province has declared at one blow that she will not tolerate the crime-maker within her borders. And yet the prospect is that the whole of Canada, from Cape Breton to British Columbia, from Niagara to the North Pole, (or as near the Pole as Canadian inspectors can penetrate,) will be free from the licensing of evil before that stain is wiped from the land between New York and San Francisco. The little Province of Prince Edward Island is entirely under a prohibitory law, district by district having adopted the Canada Temperance Act (commonly called the Scott Act). Two thirds of Nova Scotia's counties possess prohibition, and nine out of fourteen in New Brunswick. Two counties in Ontario and two in Manitoba have reached the same point; besides one city in New Brunswick and one in Prince Edward Island. Liquor is also absolutely prohibited in all the unorganized North-western territories. British Columbia and Quebec are still entirely under license rule. Except for the Lower Provinces, this does not at first sight seem a very good record. But the figures show that the Canada Temperance Act has been victorious in thirty-three out of forty contests for its adoption, 49,103 votes having been given for prohibition, and only 26,944 against. And the campaigns now going on simultaneously in most of the counties of Ontario, all of Manitoba, and several of Quebec, will—without any doubt—bring an immense addition to the prohibitory districts. The result will be, well, we shall simply quote from a "strictly confidential" circular just issued by the Ontario liquor dealers' organization, entreating their friends to subscribe largely to defeat the temperance people, on the acknowledged ground that the liquor business is in great danger. Here is the quotation:

"If they [the temperance workers and the Scott Act] carry even a bare majority of the counties of Ontario, they are in a position to demand from the Government of Canada a fulfilment of their pledge. That if the country pronounced in favor of the principle of prohibition, it would be granted." The Toronto Globe thinks that a general vote of the whole Dominion may now be taken on the question of National Prohibition.

THE PEGAN INDIANS, in Montana, are reported to be very badly off, three or four dying of starvation every day.

THE WEEK.

THE FIRST MATCH of this season for the lacrosse championship of the world has resulted in the Shamrocks, of Montreal, being beaten by the Torontos, who won the championship from the Shamrocks last fall.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS in Portugal have given the government a large majority, though the Opposition gained thirty-five seats.

THE PROTESTANT MISSION at Colaca, in Mexico has been attacked by a mob, and the building destroyed. The mission party had to get Federal troops to defend them. The mayor of the town is accused of encouraging the attack.

AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET of the Cobden Club, the great free-trade organization of Britain, a speech was made by Lord Carlingford, a member of the Cabinet. He said that when America realized the benefits to be derived from free trade her power and influence would increase enormously. He believed that before the next meeting of the club a commercial treaty between England and Mexico would be concluded. Dr. Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa, said that revenue reform was making great progress in America. The Cobden Club would probably hear news of that progress within the next six months.

TWO SLEEPING CARS, of a train on the Virginia Midland Railway went through a bridge into the James River last Sunday. The water reached at last to the top of the cars, but by great exertions all the forty passengers were got safe through the ventilators.

THE NEW LINE between Montreal and Toronto, by the Quebec and Ontario railway, is expected to be open by the middle of this month.

TUESDAY, THE FIRST OF JULY, was celebrated with great rejoicings, in magnificent weather, as the seventeenth birthday of the Dominion of Canada. Friday, the "Glorious Fourth," was equally observed throughout the United States.

SOME COUNTERFEIT Bank of England fifty-pound notes are being circulated in the States.

DESPERADOES in Doddridge county, Maryland, are robbing houses and ill-treating the inhabitants.

A BASEBALL MATCH at Astoria, New York, on Sunday, was stopped by the police.

GREAT OPPOSITION is raised in Belgium to a proposal to tax grain imported in the country, and it is even said that such a tax would ruin the important city of Antwerp.

SETTLERS IN THE NORTH-WEST of the United States are protesting against the action of the House of Representatives about their action on the repeal of the pre-emption laws.

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL German newspaper says that Germany wishes a man and a soldier to have the control of Holland's destinies, and that Germany must approve the candidate for the throne.

A TAILOR NAMED HOHN, who is a leader of the Socialist party, has been elected a member of the Danish Parliament at Copenhagen.

CLOUDS OF LOCUSTS have arrived in New Jersey.

CAPTAIN TRAYNER, a foolhardy resident of Bath, Maine, is going to try a voyage across the Atlantic in a boat sixteen feet long.

A BOILER EXPLOSION at Stryker, Ohio, did a great deal of damage to life and property. Of thirty men buried in the ruins only eleven were taken out, and several of them will probably die.

A SEVERE THUNDER-STORM, beneficial to the crops, if not to anything else, passed over a large portion of the North-west on the night of the 26th inst. Some cattle were killed near Portage La Prairie, and damage done to property in other parts, but the most serious was at St. Boniface, where one Evangeliste Gagnon was killed, and three other men in the same room with him were injured.

MR. WINSTANLEY, a Freemason who was running for the position of Mayor of Dublin, has renounced Masonry, and now it is expected that Roman Catholics will be allowed to vote for him, which they were forbidden to do by Archbishop McCabe, while he was a Mason.

THE LONG AND EXCITING TRIAL of the prisoners, thirty in all, accused of the murder of five men in the riot about the Orange procession at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, last December, has resulted in a verdict of "not guilty."

THE ARMY WORM is doing much damage in Massachusetts.

SPAIN AND ITALY, it is said, have agreed to support each other against French schemes in North Africa. Italy is afraid of plots against her influence in Tripoli, and Spain has great fears for Morocco. It is also said that if Italy comes out of her alliance with Austria and Germany, France will not object to her taking possession of Tripoli altogether.

TO SHOW THE WORLD what good friends Germany and Austria are, three hundred officers of the armies of both countries are to have a united festival this month in Berlin.

THERE WAS A RUMOR that the cutting of the Panama Canal had failed. De Lesseps declares that this is false.

THE HEIRS OF RICHARD WAGNER, the great German musician who made such a stir by the originality of his works, have just been offered \$250,000 for the monopoly of performing one of his works. The offer, which was made by an American, was refused.

AMONG PEOPLE who are as quick to flash hot lead and cold steel into each others' bodies as they are to apply their knife and fork to their dinner, civilization must confess itself a failure. Here, for instance, is a Sunday night's incident in Kentucky.

Johnston went to Howard's house, and asked to get in. As soon as Howard opened the door, Johnston shot him dead, and rushed in to look for another man named Neall. Neall and Howard fired at each other, and both fell dead.

AN INVESTIGATION into the collision by which the "State of Florida" was sunk, destroying so many lives, has been held by the British Board of Trade. The chief officer is declared responsible, and it is recommended that his master's certificate be suspended for six months.

A SPANISH REVENUE CUTTER last week seized a British vessel within a mile of the Gibraltar batteries, and took a passenger as hostage, before releasing the steamer. An enquiry is being instituted by the governor of Gibraltar.

MR. JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL, the American Ambassador to Britain, is reported to be suffering severely from gout.

AN INCREASE in the Indian part of the British army is talked of.

SCOTT ACT WAR NOTES.

MERCENARIES VERSUS PATRIOTS.

“PRICE”—“THE DEFENCE OF HALTON—A HINT TO ARTHABASKA—EMISSARIES OF THE FALSE PROPHECY IN GLENAGARRY—BOYCOTTING NEWS PAPERS—THE CONCLUSIONS OF THE “GLOBE’S” COMMISSIONER.

ONE SIGN of the solid work being done by the temperance people is the fact that War Notes, the fighting newspaper published for the Scott Act campaign by John Douglall & Son, Montreal, has this week reached a circulation of twenty thousand. That's not bad for a newspaper infant only three months old!

AMONG THE ITEMS in the last issue of the above journal we notice that Mr. King Doda has been addressing a great meeting at St. Thomas, one of the two cities now to be called on to vote against prohibition by the Scott Act. He was replied to by the Rev. A. M. Phillips, and the anti-Scott Act men, as usual, did not venture to take a vote even at their own meeting. As the St. Thomas Journal says, Mr. Doda was listened to attentively, but it could not be forgotten "that he does not come here to argue against the Scott Act on principle—that he is not working, as the temperance people are, without money and without price, in the interests of humanity, but in the interests of the manufacturers and retailers of intoxicating liquors."

HALTON TO STAND FIRM.—A large and enthusiastic temperance convention at Milton has unanimously passed the following resolutions: "That in the opinion of this Convention the working of the Scott Act in the County of Halton during the past two years has given satisfactory evidence of the following results: That the open sale of intoxicating liquors and the treating system have been altogether abolished; Consumption of liquors is materially diminished and crime greatly lessened; The enforcement of the Act has cost the county nothing—the fines imposed upon the offenders being sufficient for that purpose; That with very few exceptions the violations have been made by those who formerly sold under licenses; The working of the Act has never attained that point which offenders most dread, viz. imprisonment; That with the exception of the abuse made by doctors and druggists of the privilege granted them, the Act has been productive of as much good as could reasonably be expected by the friends of prohibition, and is being more and more successfully enforced. The abuse above referred to is, in the judgment of this convention, not likely to occur again.

The Convention expressed the opinion that the movement for repeal would be defeated by a large majority. The Acton Free Press confirms this belief.

THE WORK is pushing ahead in Leeds and Grenville, in spite of the tremendous efforts of a Brockville newspaper to fill up the eyes of the people with dust.

ARTHABASKA.—The editor of War Notes a few days ago met the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., who is at the head of the Scott Act campaign in Arthabaska. Mr. Laurier said: "The prospects for a victory for the temperance cause are bright, but more organization is needed before voting day. Our friends in Arthabaska, we know, have done much work, but every effort will now have to be redoubled. Good Scott Act literature should be thrown down all over the country; it is near ripe for fruit. And the greatest care should be taken to see that the voters are brought to the polls. Organize, organize, organize! You who read this warning, don't leave the matter to somebody else, but start to work yourself. It is your business.

GLENAGARRY.—Two of the liquor dealers' missionaries ventured to Maxville the other day, and proclaimed the gospel of licensed whiskey, but they made no converts. In a crowded meeting, seven individuals were on the side of the orators; but they are hardly to be claimed as converts, being dealers in licensed whiskey already!

"TRUE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION" is the latest beautiful name under which the liquor sellers have organized to fight the Scott Act!

"WAR NOTES" is supplied by John Douglall & Son, Montreal, at the rate of twenty copies a week for six months for One Dollar. This is less than the cost of production, so money must at all times accompany orders.

THE MEANS now being used by the liquor traders show what little hope they have of saving their doomed business by fair means. For instance, in Prescott they are "boycotting" and trying to intimidate merchants who are not ashamed to advocate both temperance principles and temperance practices. At Stuyver they have tried to frighten the Sun into silence by withdrawing their subscriptions and threatening to start an opposition newspaper. The Advertiser, a new journal started at Blyth, was excommunicated in the same way. These cowardly proceedings are having just the result that the boycotters do not want: people are asking what sort of a cause it is that has to shut the mouths of the public and the press in order to succeed.

WHAT NED TOMBS SAW AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS GLASS.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"You have done well, Ned," said his older neighbor, Allan Thorndyke. "You have a good farm, comfortable house and plenty of buildings, to show for your work."

"And honest work, too, neighbor."

"Yes, I agree with you."

There was one matter though in which the two men did not agree. Ned, the younger, said, "Excuse me one moment, please," and the next minute, the sound of a spoon jingling in a glass was heard at an adjoining closet.

"He won't agree with me in this thing," thought Ned referring to the last remark of his neighbor.

Leaving the closet, he said, "I don't suppose I could induce you to join me in this pleasure."

Allan replied by taking out a little book, saying, "I wish I could induce you to join me in this matter and put your name down here."

"In your pledge-book?"

"Yes."

"I think, neighbor, you rather overdraw the bow in that thing. Now, look here. I don't believe in these impure, adulterated nunsances they sell as liquor. But when it's pure, where's the harm in taking a little? I have worked hard as you say, and I have got a good farm, good fields and good buildings. Why shouldn't I enjoy them? Now I contend that the liquor I take is pure. I just want you to look down into the bottom of my glass and see if you notice any sediment there. Pure, I tell ye."

Allan Thorndyke rose and looked down into the glass the young farmer had extended.

"Neighbor," he said in his serious way, "I can't tell whether the liquor is pure or impure, but I can tell you what I see at the bottom of your glass if you keep on. I see the fine farm you have earned, all of it down there and dissolving. I see the crops you have raised. I see this very house, and that, too, is going. I see even the clothes of the family, the shoes of your children, the—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Ned laughing. "You have got the dyspepsia and you only see your own blues down there."

Allan Thorndyke shook his head and said pleasantly yet significantly, "No, not my blues, but a neighbor's possible future, a neighbor whom I think a good deal of."

"Much obliged for that," called out Ned to Allan Thorndyke, "but don't you worry."

The older man went off silently, again shaking his head pleasantly yet significantly.

"I do believe the man is losing his senses. Pure liquor; and yet he pretends to see all those tombstones in this glass!" said Ned to himself. Declaring it to be all nonsense, Ned sat down and looked again into his glass.

"I believe I am sleepy," he exclaimed, "and I think I'll take another glass to wake me up. No, half a glass."

He concluded not to take it, though, but continued to occupy his chair, drowsily gazing into his glass. After a while he said, "What do I see in there?" It took the form of crops, grass, grain, vegetables, and as he looked, it steadily disappeared in the liquor that overflowed and melted it away.

"What! Not cattle and horses, all my live stock?" he asked as he saw new objects in the devouring glass. These too soon lost all form and outline, and vanished. "And barns!" he exclaimed in horror. These, too, began to dissolve until Ned saw only "pure liquor" in the bottom of the glass. The next object startled him more painfully than anything witnessed before; it was his house, his home, the kitchen so snug and cozy on stormy days, the chambers where his children had been born, the parlor to which he brought his betrothed and where they stood up together to be married in their new home.

"It surely won't destroy this!" he said. But the omnivorous fluid began to eat away as before, rooms, furniture, wardrobe, the very clothes and shoes of his wife and children. The work of destruction was so complete that if Allan Thorndyke himself had been there and had looked in, he would not have seen the least sediment, only "pure liquor." Then this "pure liquor" began to stir, as if fermenting. It began to throw up all manner of impurities, vileness out of the very heart of all this impurity, creeping things, reptiles, serpents that eyed

him wickedly and shot out their hissing fangs at him, coming nearer and nearer—till they stung him; and—then did he see the Evil One himself grasping after him!

"Ugh!" he groaned and dropped the glass, which woke him!

"Where am I?" he asked. He was in his own home, occupying the seat he took a little while ago, while about him was his farm, and he heard the voices of his children and wife echoing pleasantly from the garden before the house. And there too, was his neighbor, Allan Thorndyke, who had walked to his home and now returned to deliver an errand for his daughter.

"Allan," said the young farmer, "have you that pledge-book?"

"I have."

"Let me see it."

Ned opened it and, under the pledge of total abstinence, wrote, "Edward Tombs."

"Thank God!" said Allan Thorndyke.

"There is my glass, neighbor," said Ned, "on the floor, the bottom out. Since you were here, I have seen so many things in its bottom, that, God helping me, that bottom shall never be put back again but stay a shattered thing forever."—Morning Star.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY ABOUT ALCOHOL AND NOURISHMENT.

Compiled by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M. A., Chaplain of Her Majesty's Prison, Clerkenwell, London.

"It is the idea that alcohol is nourishment which makes half the drunkards we have."—Dr. W. CUMMINS.

"There is no longer any authority of weight who would seriously maintain that alcohol is a food."—MR. ERNEST HART.

"Alcohol is not food in any sense of the term."—PROF. MILLER.

"It is clear we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment."—DR. T. KING CHAMBERS.

"The claim that alcohol can be regarded as in any sense a food must be definitely discarded."—DR. D. BRODIE.

"There may be cases in which it is useful as a medicine, but not as a food."—SURGEON MAJOR POOLE.

"It is only lately we have begun to regard alcohol in its true light, as a drug and not as a food."—MR. T. SPENCER WELLS.

"The idea was becoming fixed in the public mind that there was no nutrition in alcohol, and happily, it was being sustained and fostered by the researches of science."—DR. GLADSTONE.

"There is no true analogy between alcohol and food."—DR. T. HAWKESLEY.

"I can no more accept alcohol as food than I can accept chloroform or ether as a food."—DR. EDMUNDS.

"Alcohol can be of no use to me or any other animal as a substance for food."—DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

"The evidence is against its use as a food, as it acts the very reverse of a food."—DR. G. B. CLARK.

"We are to-day in a position to say that alcohol cannot be ranked with any known foods."—DR. RAWLINGS.

"Alcohol as a food is utterly and completely valueless."—DR. R. M. INMAN.

"Alcohol is not shown to have a definite food value by any of the usual methods of chemical analysis or physiological investigation."—DR. J. EWING MEARS.

"All alcoholic drinks are more injurious than useful as aliments, even when used in moderation."—DR. T. HAWKESLEY.

"There is no support to the body in the use of alcohol."—DR. J. C. REID.

"Alcohol is really the most ungenerous diet possible."—DR. T. KING CHAMBERS.

"Medical men, in prescribing alcohol, encourage the tendency in the minds of many to exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet."—DR. A. GORDON MILLER.

"Facts, as well established as any in the domain of physiology, or in the whole field of natural science, point with all the clearness and force of a mathematical demonstration to the conclusion that alcohol is in no sense food."—DR. N. S. DAVIS.

"For a substance to be a true food it must also be innocent in relation to the tissues of the body, and this sine qua non could not be affirmed of alcohol."—DR. EDWARDS.

"Alcohol does not nourish the tissues."—DR. L. BEALE.

"There is nothing in alcohol that can make any vital structure of the body."—DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

"It is quite impossible that alcohol can contribute to the formation of any tissue or organ, with the single possible exception of fat."—DR. N. CARMICHAEL.

"The influence of alcohol, whether in animals or vegetables, is never to stimulate life-growth, but always to hinder and depress it."—DR. J. RIDGE.

"Alcohol is a needless luxury, never to be indulged in but at a certain risk."—DR. N. KERR.

"No amount of alcohol can form one single cell of living tissues; no amount of it can form one single blood globule, one single muscular fibre, or one particle of nerve tissue."—DR. N. CARMICHAEL.

"Before a man could get a substantial meal of alcohol he would certainly be dead drunk."—DR. J. M. FOTHERGILL.

"The nutritive value of half a pint of choice wine is commercially equal to one 210th part of a cent."—MR. W. MATHIEU WILLIAMS.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house, we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a centre table, and how to tell servants what is wanted to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a house in order, and to make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing well, does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants makes up for the want of knowledge in a mistress. A family employed a girl to do general housework. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap!

A gentleman sent home a roasting piece of beef and a quantity of cut porter-house steaks. When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks!

Yet many a boarding-school miss at the time of her marriage might make either of these mistakes.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking.

Mothers, whatever else you may teach your daughters do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.—Household.

A PAPER CHIMNEY.

Paper spoked for wheels are among the latest appliances for that ever-increasing article. The paper pulp is forced into iron moulds under heavy pressure, where it dries and hardens; and the spokes thus produced are said to be much superior to wood. Paper is fast supplanting wood in many useful ways.

A paper chimney fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau in Germany. Compressed paper pulp is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances, and to make an excellent material for fire-proof doors.

A CHINESE SUPERSTITION.—As an illustration of the regardlessness of the Chinese for their female offspring, a child of tender years was observed to fall from a sampan into the river on Saturday last, when no attempt whatever was made to effect its rescue. The infant, however, fortunately became entangled in a broken spar, which, whilst drifting down the river, was picked up by the crew of another boat, and the child restored to her parents, who, as is customary, administered a sound flogging to the semi-drowned infant. The theory held by the natives is, that by preserving a felon—creature from a watery grave the rescuer is answerable in the next world for all the sins afterward committed by the person rescued; which literally means that a wise dispensation of Providence has been frustrated.—Hong Kong Mail.

LAUGHING GAS.

CARL PRITZEL GIVES A LITTLE ADVICE.

Don't go mad on little things. After a spider bug break out his web down, eleven or eight times, you soon find he makes it all right, and I never don't speak a mouthful on account of dot misfortunes vat come on his house; youst make your head out to do it and you are sure vood have been a great succeed. Don't be afraid ven troubles was comed; keep up a good shift under lip down, and pooty gwick dot dark clouds was busted all to der deuce.

Of'er it was the time ven der sun was going out keep your eyes on der shairs. Of'er der ground was dark look into der Heafens. Of'er yer temper was a smart, gwick one, der's besser you look out. Evon a fire vood set a house on sparks. One leedle misht of temper may make you unshappy a long vot you lif. Ne'er shrike to der front, der'd give some evil on account you don't got it from an odder feller.

Of'er you got enemies vot don't like you pooty vell, treat him kindly like der deuce and hafe him for a friend, but don't trust him so far as a ball can throw you mit his tail, for you know dot.

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE WATCH.

During the rebellion of 1745 a Highlander came into possession of a watch. The thief was strange to him, and its use unknown, but its beauty and its constant ticking gave him pleasure. That night the watch ran down and the ticking ceased. The Highlander now was disgusted with his toy, and sought for some one to buy it. A purchaser was soon found at a low price. When the watch and the money had exchanged hands the Highlander, chuckling over his bargain, said, "Why, she died last night."

A DUTCH DOCTOR'S VIEWS OF CHOLERA!

A writer in Good Whore tells a quaint story of an old Dutch doctor on whom he called for advice about a friend as follows:—

Ah, mine vriend, pe seated. So! ah, yes, your vriend has der Yankee cholera. Vell, it is not tangerous; he must rest a few days, and eat very little, dat is enough.

Do you know vat I call the Yankee cholera? Vell, I tells you; you Yankee eats and drinks everythings, and pyandree der inflammation sets in, and bins comes on, and der tocter says: "Ah this is Asiatic cholera. Carry der man to der hospital; and der man dies of fright.

You Yankees live too vell. Look at der 1-der girl vat comes here. She never knows vat sickness pees. She lives at home on puttermilk and botatoes der year round. Vell, she comes here, and eats der meat and drinks der ice-water, and soon she feels sick and weak, and she say: "Oh, der cholima! it is killen me." Ah, ha! It is no der climate at all, it is der cool living. Let her eat noings puttermilk and botatoes, and all vti pe vell. Der American climate is der peed in der world.

A MALICIOUS BOY created a panic in a Montreal hotel one day last week by thrusting his head into the dining room and calling out, "Here comes an officer from New York with a warrant!" It was some hours before some of the nervous guests could be persuaded to come out of the woods and return to their meal.—Graphic.

THE CHUM of a boarder at a hotel struck him over the head with a wash-bowl, the other day. When his friends ask him what ails his head, he mutters, "An Anamatory room-mateism," and adroitly guides the conversation into another channel.

DUMAS fits is sometimes severe: The conversation had turned upon Mrs. X—, who had been very beautiful. "She has something of a goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas, "antiquity."—Le Figaro.

HOW COULD THEY!

On a recent moonlight night a mother had the following observation made to her by her son, a little urchin about six years of age:—"It must be a nonsense, mither, about there being folk 't the mune." "What way, my mag?" "Oh, because how could they crush theisel's together when it was only half mune!"

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

Ethel.—"How glad I shall be when these dreadful holidays are over. It's fearful! We cannot go out and see any one."

Maud.—"And nobody can come and see us." Gertrude (sighing).—"If we were only house-maids, how we would enjoy ourselves at Hampstead!"—Fanny Folks.

"A FEARFUL SCRAPE."—(Scene—A Barber's Shop.) Party (who is being shaved). "Dear me man, that razor o' yours is bringing the tears ta ma een!" Barber (with a sigh). "An' that whio o' yours is bringin' the sweat over ma broo."

SAVE AN ADVERTISING AGENT. "You might as well attempt to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of sopsals as attempt to do business and liguore advertizing."

CONSLCRATION.

"Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my discipie."

When "all" is Thine,
And naught is mine,
How calm and close the walk,
How free and sweet the talk.

When some is Thine,
And naught is mine,
There comes a mist between,
Thy form from me to screen.

Take then my "all"
Or great or small;
I strengthless am to make
Such gifts; take "all," Lord, take.

—Episcopal Recorder.

GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND.*

He had eyes that were very quick to see sorrow. He was once watching a young bricklayer at his work, when he perceived there was something on his mind which was making him unhappy. In his own pleasant way he soon entered into conversation with the young man, and almost before the latter knew it he was pouring out his tale of sorrow into the sympathetic heart of Colonel Gordon.

"Mother has left us, and gone away from home; and everything there is so miserable that it is not like home at all."

"What do you do with your evenings?"
"I cannot do anything with them, sir. There is no light, no warm place in which to sit, no quiet in which to read; so I stand about the streets when have I finished work."

"Come and spend your evenings at the Fort House. You will find books and papers there, and pen and ink, and other aids too."

"Thank you, Colonel, I shall be very glad to do that."

So the young bricklayer became a nightly visitor, and had many a talk with the Colonel. Very happy evenings they were, both to him who did good and to him who received it; for no one could be in the company of Gordon without being morally and spiritually elevated.

One evening the young bricklayer was at Fort House as usual, when he was suddenly taken ill and hemorrhage of the lungs set in. The Colonel at once sent for the doctor. He found the young man very ill, and likely to continue so for some time. What was to be done? He could not be sent in his present state to his own miserable home—that was not to be thought of. But the doctor and the Colonel consulting together decided that he might be removed in a cab to the house of Mrs. S., where he would receive all necessary attention.

The Colonel delivered him into Mrs. S.'s charge, giving the Good Samaritan's injunction and assurance. "Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

He was not long before he came again, for he visited him continually. "What can you take? Can I bring you anything?" he would ask; and would never forget to say to Mrs. S.,—"Be sure to let him have everything he fancies." He bore the cost of everything; met the doctor's expenses, paid for the lodgings, and was constant in his thoughtful helpfulness. He had plenty of work to do, but could always find time to read the Bible to the young man, who liked listening to that and to the Colonel's talks and prayers better than anything.

At last the doctor advised that he should be removed to the local infirmary, for he was in a rapid consumption.

"Shall I see you there, Colonel?" he asked, with wistful eyes.

"Certainly; I have a good many friends there, and I am often calling to see them."

"I know that I am going to die,"
"But you are not afraid, for now you know who says, 'I am the resurrection and the Life.' He will be as near to you in the infirmary as here, and as near to you in death as in life."

"Oh, yes, I know Him now!" And so he did, for as the narrator said, "the Colonel had led him to Christ by his life and teaching."

So the young bricklayer who would do no more work was taken to the infirmary, and was able to show to the patients there what Christianity could do for a dying man.

*Extracted from *Life of General Gordon*. By the Author of "New World Heroes."

"Read the Bible to me," he would say to the nurse; "There is nothing like it."

"But you are tired."
"Yes, I am very tired. I do long to go to Jesus." On another occasion he said, "I can see such beautiful sights—like little peeps into heaven. Can you see them? I shall soon be there!"

"Is there anyone you would like to see before you die?" asked his good friend, the Colonel, when he saw the end was near.

"Yes, I should like to see my mother." So the mother was telegraphed for, and arrived in time to see what the Saviour of the world is able to do for those who trust in Him. And then the young bricklayer went away, as he was longing to do, to be with Jesus, and to thank Him for sending him a friend and teacher in Colonel Gordon.

Another incident in the Colonel's life at Gravesend was the following: A boy in the employ of a tradesman robbed him. The culprit was discovered, and the master angrily declared that he would send him to prison. The mother of the boy was almost heart-broken, but she had heard of Colonel Gordon, and knew that, like his Master, he never turned away from the sad and troubled ones who sought his help. So, with all a mother's earnestness, she went at once to the Colonel, and trying to check her tears she told him the story.

"I cannot understand it, sir; he has always been an honest boy, and I do believe that this is the first and last time. If he could only have another chance! But if he is sent to prison I am afraid it will end in his ruin."

"I am afraid it will. I will do what I can for him. What would you like me to do?"

"Oh, sir, if you would intercede with his master, and persuade him not to send my boy to gaol. I will be grateful to you all my life."

So the Colonel went and saw the tradesman who had been robbed. He was very angry. He thought the boy deserved to be punished, and that it would do him good, and serve him right, and be a warning to him and to others, if he had a few months in prison. But Gordon pleaded very earnestly for him, and everyone respected the Colonel, and was glad to do as he wished.

"What will become of the boy? I cannot keep him here now."

"Oh, no, of course you cannot. But if you will promise not to prosecute him, I will take charge of him, and perhaps we can make a man out of the rascal yet. At least I should like to try, if you will let me."

"Very well, Colonel. I will not punish him, and I hope he may repay your kindness."

"Thank you very much."

The Colonel spoke very gravely to the boy, telling him how he had barely escaped going to prison, and pointing out to him how he had broken the laws of God, as well as man. "But you shall have a chance," he said. "Your master has kindly forgiven you, and if you ask God, He will forgive you also. And I will help you, if you believe well in the future and try to do your best. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I will," said the boy, through his tears.

"How would you like to go to sea?" asked the Colonel.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir."

"Very well. Now you must go to school for a year. I will pay for you, and you must attend to your lessons, and try to learn as much as you possibly can in the time. Will you?"

"Yes, sir, I will try to be a good boy in everything."

"You must come up and see me sometimes at the Fort House, and you must spend your evenings at the Boys' Home, and I shall see you there. By these means I shall know whether you are keeping your promise. If at the end of twelve months I find that you have really been a good boy, then I will get you a berth in a good ship, and you shall go to sea."

The boy thanked the Colonel, and so did his mother; and, in fact, they continue to do so, though, perhaps, he does not know it to this day. My informant says: "The lad is now a man, and goes to sea; while his mother resides in Gravesend still. He has a good character, and both the mother and sailor bless the name of Gordon, who saved the lad from prison and the mother from disgrace."

HUMBLE PIE AND POOR-MAN'S SOUP.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Halloo, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright-eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir! that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing. His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to!"

"Tell us about it Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things every boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco, or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea it is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it wasn't for somebody's charity."

"He would have a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate, "father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the tenpence question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground.

"Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I wouldn't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed up a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mince pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that, I can eat it with a relish," said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pies, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with

a pale, pinched face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realizing, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

HOW I WAS PUNISHED.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

When I was a little girl I had a very exalted idea of my own importance. I was an only child and had been much indulged by my parents. This accounted for my self-conceit, but of course did not excuse it.

We always lived in the country, and at the age of eight I had never seen the great city of New York. One day when mamma told me we were going there for a few days, I was exceedingly gratified. There were papa, mamma and myself to go, beside a maid whose principal duty was to watch over me, and for whom I entertained supreme contempt, merely because of her position.

We reached the city in the evening and stopped at a large hotel. The first thing we did then was to have our supper, after which mamma concluded that I had better go right to bed, as I was very tired and sleepy. Mary, the maid, went upstairs with me as usual, and my parents remained in the parlor to talk with some acquaintance whom they had happened to meet there.

The thing that arrested my attention in the hotel was the gas. I had never before seen houses lit up in this way, for at home we always used candles and oil lamps. Therefore I was very much interested in the gas fixtures in our bedroom, and wanted to try my skill at turning it off and on. Mary bade me leave it alone, saying that I would suffocate myself. This I considered nonsense, for I thought that I knew more than a maid; besides, how could anything like that occur? Mary had never seen gas until this time, and how should she know?

"Now leave that alone," she said on going from the room, "and don't, for any reason, blow it out."

No sooner was she down stairs than I jumped out of bed and began to play with the gas by turning it up and down. Finally I blew it out just to prove to Mary that it would do no harm. But when I found that I was really in the dark, I felt a little frightened and wished that I had not touched the gas. In a little while a strange feeling began to creep over me, and I called out feebly for Mary. Again I tried to call but my voice was still weaker. I believed now that I was dying, and repeated, oh, so sorely, of my foolish pride. I tried to pray but was growing weaker every moment and was unable to utter a word. At last I sank into a state of unconsciousness, after having a horrible feeling of trying to grasp relief which seemed always just beyond my reach.

When I again opened my eyes, my dear parents were by my bedside weeping. Mary, too, was there, and I could see that she also was wiping tears from her face. Then I felt ashamed to think how unkind had been my thoughts of her. As I afterwards learned, she was the one who saved my life. Fearing that I might meddle with the gas, she had gone up-stairs a little while after she left me, to see if I was all right. As soon as she reached the door, she knew what had happened. Rushing into the room she threw open the windows, which had been closed tightly on account of the cold weather. Then she called assistance. But for her timely arrival I would have died.

I was ill for a week or two after this, but had I recovered immediately, the lesson I learned would have been sufficient to show me that I had not very much wisdom in my own little brain, and that I ought always to respect my elders, be they rich or poor. As it was, God gave me a long time to lie in bed and think over my faults, and when I arose it was with a firm determination strengthened by prayer, that I would henceforth be one of the meek and lowly in heart.

—Advocate and Guardian.

THE MISSIONARY'S ESTIMATE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A missionary in Ahmednagar, Western India, gives an interesting account of his style of procedure; it is as follows:—"The missionary goes to a rest-house, and when a company is collected, he says that there will be a school there every Sunday at a certain hour, and asks all children to come, requesting the parents to send their children. He also shows pictures, and says that each child who can repeat on any Sunday the lesson taught a week before will receive such a picture. If a rest-house is not available, the shade of a tree, or the house or verandah of a friendly person, serves for a school-house. The subjects taught are Bible stories and Christian hymns. Every Sunday, first the review lesson is heard; if a child can repeat a Bible incident or parable even a few days after having heard it, there is hope that he will remember it much longer. Such a child receives a small picture, and two pins to fasten it to the wall of his house. The desire for getting a new picture the following Sunday secures good attention to the new lesson. Occasionally there is a united service for all such Sunday-schools when addresses are made, and fruit and sweetmeats are given to some, and small tracts to those whose parents would not like to have them eat what we give. These Sunday-schools are one of the best evangelistic agencies."

A missionary in South India reports that in the small town where he lives, he can secure occasional street audiences to listen to his preaching, varying in size from ten to one hundred; and that these audiences would dwindle rapidly if he tried to gather them every week. But in a Sunday-school which he has started, he can be sure of a hundred year in and year out; and could even have more, if his chapel were only larger.

The advantages to be gained by collecting children for Sunday-school instruction are obvious. "In my own experience," writes a missionary in North India, "again and again have I heard of Sunday-school scholars, boys so thoroughly accepting the truths of the Bible as to persistently refuse to worship the family god or goddess, arguing with their parents, showing the foolishness of idolatry, and even going so far as to lay violent hands upon the unshapely block of stone so blindly worshipped by the elder members of the family. The impressive nature of the mind in childhood, the comparative freedom from prejudice of the young; the possibility of working continuously on the same minds—a possibility rarely attained in street-preaching; the quiet and order which can be maintained in any room under the control of the missionary; the seed-like nature of Christian truth when carried by children from the Sunday-schools to their homes, in the form of Bible verses or Christian hymns; the demand made by Sunday-schools upon the rank and file of the native churches for teachers and other grades of Sunday-school laborers; these are some of the ways in which the value of the Sunday-school is felt by our missionaries."

I cannot now state the number of Sunday-schools or of their members in India; but reports come from all parts of that vast mission field of the increasing interest and usefulness of the Sunday-school. The American missionaries are acknowledged to be foremost in this branch of work; especially the American Methodist missionaries of North India. Their example is now followed more and more every year by laborers of all nationalities and all societies. Considering the short time that Sunday-schools have been in operation in India, the results attained, and their rapid growth in all the Indian missions, are both astonishing and gratifying.—Rev. C. W. Park, in S. S. Times.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Sit down, will you, please, and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies. "I am very thirsty."

"With pleasure," answered Martha; and she presently came back with two goblets of water on a small waiter, which she passed to both ladies.

"Oh, thank you," said the other lady; "you are very thoughtful."

"You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said: "This little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met. How sweet and obliging her manners are!"

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the water back to the dining-room.

"Me drink! we drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his rosy lips.

"Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; "go to Bridget."

"Don't speak so to your little brother," said Bridget.

"It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back her head.

"Martha!" that is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs.

"What!" screamed Martha back.

"Please come here, dear," said grandma.

"I don't want to," muttered Martha.

She, however, dragged herself up stairs, unwilling feet, you know, find it hard to climb.

"Martha," said grandma, "will you try to find my spectacles? I am pretty sure I left them in the dining room."

"No, you didn't!" cried Martha in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here." And she rummaged round the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind.

"No, matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again, "no matter Martha; they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by-and-by. Martha left her and went down stairs with a pout.

Oh, dear! where are Martha's civil, obliging manners! Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them off when she leaves the parlor. She wears them fore visitors, and hangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no manners at home. She is cross and disobliging, and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the first place to be polite in—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with.—Early Dev.

GOOD BUTTER-MAKING.

Butter is finished in the dairy, but not made there. The stamp of the dairy woman puts the gold in the market form; but the work must be commenced in the field or in the feeding stables and this leads at once to the consideration of feeding for butter. During the early summer months, when nature is profuse of favors, there is little to be done beyond accepting her bounty. The tender grasses are full of the needed nutrition, and they afford the constant supply of moisture, without which the secretion of milk is greatly lessened. Yet, at this season, as well as all others, a pure supply of water is absolutely necessary. It does not meet the requirement if cattle have a wet hole full of surface drainage in the pasture, or a frog pond. While it is not probable that the tadpoles and wrigglers, sometimes found in city milk, have been drunk by the thirsty cow, many infusions do exist in such pools that are hardly eliminated or rendered entirely harmless by the wonderful milk secretions of the animal. The cattle should drink from spring-fed boxes; and as often as these, under the hot sun are seen to produce green growth or floating scum, a pail of coarse salt may be put in, and the current checked until the fresh water growths are killed; the salt water is then drawn off and for a long time the trough will remain pure and the water bright.—Breeder's Gazette.

As a "STRAY" indicative of the direction of "clear thought" take the action of the board of education in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., which recently resolved that in view of the marked increase of crime among the young, the superintendent of the schools of the city be authorized to correspond with boards of education and educational men in the state, in relation to the necessity for a more complete education, as pertaining to the duties of citizenship, and to inquire of them if some course of instruction in civil law and in moral and social training, such as temperance, honesty, integrity, virtue, reverence etc., may not be required in the public schools of the state.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Paloubet's Select Notes.)
July 13.—E Sam. 6: 1-12.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. The triumphal procession. The 24th Psalm, it is generally thought, was composed for this occasion. Various conjectures have been made by Stanley, Geikie, Taylor, and others regarding the arrangement. The following, by Kitto, will serve to bring the scene before us. The chief musician, who seems to have been the king himself, appears to have begun the sacred lay with a solemn and sonorous recital of these sentences:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods."

The chorus of vocal music appears then to have taken up the song and sung the same words in a more tuneful and elaborate manner, and the instruments fell in with them, raising the mighty declaration to heaven. We may presume that the chorus then divided, each singing in their turns, and both joining at the close,

"For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods."

This part of the music may be supposed to have lasted until the procession reached the foot of Zion, or came in sight of it, which, from the nature of the enclosed site, cannot be till one comes quite near to it. Then the king may be supposed to have stepped forth and begun again, in a solemn and earnest tone,

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place?"

To which the first chorus responds,

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart: Who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."

And then the second chorus,

"He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation."

This part of the sacred song may, in like manner, be supposed to have lasted till they reached the gate of the city, when the king began again in this grand and exalted strain,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates. And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, That the King of Glory may come in!"

Repeated then, in the same way as before, by the general chorus. The persons having charge of the gates on this high occasion ask,

"Who is the King of Glory?"

To which the first chorus answers,

"It is Jehovah, strong and mighty,—Jehovah mighty in battle."

Which the second chorus then repeats in like manner as before, closing with the grand universal chorus,

"He is the King of Glory! He is the King of Glory!"

We must now suppose the instruments to take up the same notes, and continue them to the entrance to the court of the tabernacle. There the King again begins,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, That the King of Glory may come in!"

This is followed and answered as before— all closing, the instruments sounding, the chorus singing, the people shouting,

"He is the King of Glory!"

The ark was placed in a tent which David had prepared to receive it, and burnt offerings and peace offerings were then largely offered, for the first time in Jerusalem. When these religious solemnities were performed, the king "blessed the people in the name of the Lord," and then himself superintended the distribution to the assembled thousands of the bountiful fare he had provided for them, every one, man and woman, receiving a "loaf of bread, a good piece of flesh, and a flagon of wine."

PRACTICAL.

1. It is unsafe to follow worldly precedent and custom in the performance of religious duties.

2. The majesty of the divine holiness is sacredly guarded.

3. If such reverence was due to the symbol, with how much greater reverence should the realities of the Christian covenant be regarded? (See Heb. 10: 28, 29.)

4. Uzzah is the type of all who with good intentions, yet with unsanctified minds, interfere in the affairs of the kingdom of God.—Orbach.

5. The lesson that holiness befits every contact with God must be learned at whatever cost.

DIED WITH HIS SECRET.

A short time since, during the recent bank troubles in the East, a number of Italians living in and around Butte, Montana, withdrew their deposits from the banks of that city, and confided them to the care of a countryman of theirs, named Dominic Tonetti, who had a reputation for honesty. This trusted individual secreted the cash in a secure hiding-place. Unfortunately for him, and the depositors as well, he was lately killed by a fall in the Lexington mine, and with his death the knowledge of the spot where the money was hid died also. Efforts since made to discover it have been unsuccessful, and the grief of the unhappy Italians at the death of Dominic is rendered almost unbearable by the loss of the article which held at least an equal place in their affections. While panic stricken they withdrew their money from a place of safety, and are now grief-stricken because it is nowhere to be found.—Sacramento Recorder-Union.

Did You Know, good friends who are claiming and championing the revenues of high license as necessary to the prosperity of the city and the town, that you can far better afford to pay everyone of the 500,000 saloonists and druggists of your land, \$500 to quit the business, than to receive it from them for the support of your local governments? This would amount to only \$250,000,000. You can then pay \$50,000 to each of the 5,000 distillers and brewers of the country, as a condition of abandonment of the manufacture of liquors, with another \$250,000,000 and have still another \$250,000,000 left from the annual drink bill of America with which you may yearly reimburse tax-payers for the evils inflicted by the traffic through the term of years during which the government has fostered and protected it. Where are the nation's financiers?—Union Signal.

Question Corner.—No. 13.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. How long did David reign over Israel?
2. What was the first request that Solomon asked of God after he became king?
3. In the reign of what king of Israel were the waters of the Jordan divided so that men could pass over on dry ground?
4. On what occasion were the following words of Jesus spoken? "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings and ye would not."

BIBLE RIDDLE.

Within proud Babylon's lofty walls In grand old palace with marble halls, A royal feast the king had given To a thousand lords, and at the even Their wine from golden vessels drank. To the God of heaven not one thank Arose, but praised the gods of earth. In the midst of revelry and mirth The king's countenance was seen to fall; Lo! a hand was writing on the wall! "Go bring the wisest men of the land," Cried the king, "all who can understand The writing or make known to me What the meaning of those words can be." At length a Judah captive was found; Whose wisdom astonished all around; He read the fearful words and revealed To the king that now his doom was sealed. What was this Judah captive's name? What cruel deed added to his fame?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11

BIBLE AGOSTIC.—St. John wrote the Gospel which bears his name, and also the three Epistles of John. On the Isle of Patmos to which he had been banished, he received and wrote the Revelation. Tradition says that when too old to walk he was sometimes carried into the church at Ephesus, where he was accustomed to repeat the words: "Little children love one another."
1. Lydda, (Acts 9: 32) 2. Bethmel, (Gen. 25: 9) 3. Thims, (John 20: 29) 4. Iruus, (Tues. 1: 4) 5. Lion, (1 Sam. 17: 36) 6. Enoch, (Gen. 5: 24) 7. Corn, (Deut. 11: 14) 8. Rosanna, Matt. 21: 9. 9. Isaac, (Gal. 4: 27) 10. Lydia, (Acts 16: 14-16) 11. Dove, (Gen. 8: 11) 12. Rainbow, (Gen. 9: 13) 13. Elijah, (2 Kings 2: 11, 12) 14. Nazareth, (Luke 2: 51) 15. Lois, (2 Timothy 1: 15) 16. Oliver, (Luke 21: 37) 17. Vail, (Ex. 24: 35) 18. Eden, (Gen. 2: 8-10) 19. Oz, (Deut. 3: 11) 20. Nineveh, (Jonah 1: 1, 2) 21. Elisha, (2 Kings 2: 25, 26) 22. Antioch, (Acts 11: 28) 23. Sodom, (2 Peter 2: 5) 24. Oil, (2 Kings 4: 1-7) 25. Tabitha, (Acts 9: 36-40) 26. Hophni, (1 Sam. 1: 2) 27. Eunice, (Tim. 3: 25) 28. Recharities, (Jer. 35: 14)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Ella Sherwood, Wm. Traquair, and Albert Jesse French.

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON 11. July 13, 1884. [2 Sam. 6:1-12]

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-12.

- 1. Again David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel, thirty thousand. 2. And David arose and went with all the people that were with him from Baale of Judah, to bring up from thence the ark of God, whose name is called by the name of the Lord of hosts that dwelleth between the cherubims. 3. And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house of Abinadab that was in Gibeon; and Uzzah and Ahio the sons of Abinadab drove the new cart. 4. And they brought it out of the house of Abinadab which was in Gibeon, accompanying the ark of God; and Ahio went before the ark. 5. And David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments, made of fir wood, even of harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and of cymbals. 6. And when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. 7. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah; and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God. 8. And David was displeased, because the Lord had made a breach upon Uzzah; and he called the name of the place Perezzezaun to this day. 9. And David was afraid of the Lord that day and said, How shall the ark of the Lord come to me? 10. So David would not remove the ark of the Lord unto him into the city of David; but David carried it aside into the house of Obededom the Gittite. 11. And the ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obededom the Gittite three months and the Lord blessed Obededom, and all his household. 12. And it was told King David, sayi g, th Lord hath blessed the house of Obededom, and all that pertaineth unto him, because of the ark of God. So David went and brought up the ark of God from the house of Obededom into the city of David with business.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He blesteth the habitation of the just," Prov. 8:33.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ex. 40:17-38. The Ark in the Tabernacle. T. Josh. 6:8-20. The Ark at Jericho W. 1 Sam. 4:1-11. The Ark Taken by the Philistines. Th. 1 Sam. 6:1-12. The Ark Sent Back to Israel. F. 2 Sam. 6:1-12. The Ark in the House Sa. 1 Chron. 15:1-28. The Ark Brought to Jerusalem. S. Ps. 132:1-18. David's Prayer at its Removal.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Rejoicing around the Ark. 2. Death befall the Ark. 3. A Home Blessed by the Ark. Time—n.c. 1945. Places—Babel and the way to Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

- 1-11. I. CHosen MEN—the best of the nation Religious work requires the best men. V. 1. FROM BAALe—rather "to Baale;" another name for Kirjath-jearim, a hill-town a few miles north of Jerusalem. 1 Sam. 6:20, 21; 7:1, 2. V. 3. UPON A NEW CART—for the heathen in which they ought to have carried it, so Chm. 4:14; 7:9; 18:3. HOUSE OF ABINADAB—where it had been for seventy years. GIBEON—Gibeon means hill. Here and in v. 4 it should be translated "on the hill." 11-V. 6. THRESHING-FLOOR—a level place of harden d earth, fifty feet or more in diameter. To x HOLY—see Num. 18. He brought it was in danger of being upset. He might have known that God could take care of his own ark. V. 8. DISPLEASD—approved and vexed that his plans were thwarted. 1 Sam. 15:11; Job. 4:9. HAD MADE A BREACH—had come with sudden vengeance. PEREZZEAUN—Hebrew, "breach of Uzzah," v. 9. AFRAD—of futile judgment. Judg 13:22.

11-V. 10. WOULD NOT REMOVE THE ARK—was afraid to do so after his sudden check OBEDEDOM—a Levite of the city of Gath-Rimmon in Judah. THE LORD BLESSED OBEDEDOM—"God always pays liberally for his belongings." (See Rev. 3:20). V. 12. SO DAVID WENT—he gains courage when he finds that the ark had brought blessing to those that cared for it. BROUGHT UP THE ARK—now the law was strictly observed. 1 Chron. 15. We should do everything just as God requires.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That we should do exactly as God tells us to do, especially in religious matters. 2. That we should worship the Lord with joy and gladness. 3. That we should treat sacred things with reverence. 4. That the Lord always blesses those who have him in their hearts and lives. 5. That parents and children should worship God together in the family.

DECREASE OF BLINDNESS.—Blindness is steadily decreasing in England, owing, it is considered, to the advance in surgical treatment of the eyes, and to the decline of such diseases as small-pox, etc., among children. For thirty years this affliction has gradually lessened, but within the last decade the improvement is especially noticeable, and the last returns reckon some 22,832 blind persons—about one in every 1,138.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 2, 1884.

Chicago is still dull, and prices for present delivery are about two cents lower than last week, though the market has recovered slightly to-day. We quote as follows:—83½ July; 85½ August; 86½ Sept. Corn is weaker; 52½ August and 53 September 51½ October. Liverpool is sullen and lower, Spring wheat being quoted at 7s 3d to 7s 4d and Red Winter 7s 5d to 7s 10d. The local market is still as dull as can be; no sales on this market, and no export trade. The nominal quotations are:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.14 to \$1.17; Canada White, \$1.08 to \$1.15; Canada Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.17; Corn, 70c to 72c; Peas, 91c; Barley, and Rye nominal.

FLOUR.—The quietness continues; demand has fallen off, and for two days this week the Corn Exchange stood adjourned. The quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.40; Extra Superfine, \$4.95; to \$5.00; Fancy, \$4.40; Spring Extra \$4.25 to \$4.35; Superfine, \$3.40 to \$3.60; Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.00 to \$5.25; do. American, \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.10 to \$3.25; Middlings, \$2.95 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.80 to \$3.00; Ontario bags (medium), bags included, \$2.20 to \$2.25; 3s, Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do., Superfine, \$1.80 to \$1.90; City Bags, delivered, \$2.85 to \$2.90.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, nominal; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$4.35 to \$4.75; granulated, \$4.80 to \$6.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter is extremely dull and quiet. Creamery at 19c to 20c, Eastern Townships 13½c to 17½c; and Western 12c to 14c. Cheese is bringing 8c to 8½c.

Eggs are worth 16c, the same as last week.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Are very dull We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$19.25 to \$19.70; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14½c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, western, 11½c to 11¾c; do., Canadian, 10½c to 10¾c; Tallow, refined 6½c to 7½c as to quality.

ASHES are quiet at \$4.50 to \$4.65 for Pots. Pearls are quoted at \$5.25.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The attendance of farmers at the market of late has not been large, as they seem to have very little produce for sale, butter and hay being the only articles of which the farmers seem to have an abundance for sale; there are also a good many fowls and spring chickens offered. Green vegetables continue in abundant supply and sell at pretty low prices; new potatoes grown in the vicinity of the city are getting common and sell at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel. Canadian strawberries are now abundant and pretty low priced. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.20 per bag; peas, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes, 90c to \$1.05 per bag. Tub butter, 15c to 18c per lb.; eggs, 16c to 25c per dozen. Apples, \$7.00 to \$8.00 per barrel; hay \$5.50 to \$7.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs. Pressed hay, 55c to 65c per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle and sheep was much smaller this week, but so were also the wants of the butchers, and prices are generally without change, except that choice cattle are held at somewhat higher rates. Most of the cattle offered are grass-fed and not equal in quality to ordinary stall-fed beasts. The prices of "grassers" range from 3½c to 4½c per lb., and of stall-fed cattle, from 4½c to 5½c do. A few of the best sheep brought to market are being bought by shippers at about 4½c per lb.; ordinary sheep sell at from \$4.00 to \$6.00 each; good lambs at \$3.50 to \$4.50 each and common lambs at \$2.00 to \$3.00 each. Fat hogs are less plentiful this week and prices have an upward tendency, as from 6½c to 6¾c per lb. The market for milk cows has been much overstocked of late and a large proportion of the cows offered on Viger Market last Friday, were not sold.

NEW YORK, June 24, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat \$95½ July; \$98½ August; \$1.00 Sept.; \$1.01½ Oct. Corn, 58½c July; 60c August; 61½c Sept. 62½c Oct. Oats, 4½c July; 33½ August; 33½c Sept.

FLOUR.—quotations are:—Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.65 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.30 to \$3.45; Clears, \$4.00 to \$5.20; Straight (full stock), \$5.10 to \$5.85; Patent, \$5.00 to \$6.25. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.15; Low Extra, \$3.35 to \$3.65; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$5.35; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.60 to \$5.90; Patent, \$5.00 to \$6.25; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.45 to \$5.50; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.50 to \$4.90; West India, sacks, \$3.60 to \$4.60; barrels, West India, \$5.00 to \$5.05; Patent, \$5.50 to \$6.00; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.40 to \$5.85. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.70 to \$5.15; Family, \$5.25 to \$6.15; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$2.85 to \$4.25.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Coarse, \$5.40 to \$5.90 per brl. Cornmeal, Brandywine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Western Yellow, \$3.10 to \$3.25; Bag meal, Coarse City, \$1.15 to \$1.20; Fine white, \$1.50 to \$1.65; Fine yellow, \$1.40 to \$1.50 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Hominy, \$4.00 to \$4.25 per barrel.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 10c to 10½c fair to choice; timothy, retail parcels \$1.55 to \$1.70; round lots \$1.50 to \$1.60; domestic flaxseed nominal, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Calcutta linseed, spot \$1.90 to \$1.95, and to arrive, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

BUTTER.—There is not much doing and but few buyers. Holders refuse to make any concessions to the dull market with regard to fine grades. The following are the quotations for new:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 15c to 22c. State dairies, not quoted; Half firkins, fair to best, 15c to 20; Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 17c to 19c; Western imitation creamery, 12c to 17c; Western dairy, 11c to 10c; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 8c to 14c.

CHEESE.—A quiet and somewhat uncertain market. We quote as follows:—State factory, skins to select, 4½c to 9½c; Pennsylvania creams, good to prime, 1c to 1½c; Ohio full ordinary, 6c to 7½c.

BEEF.—We quote:—Extra mess \$12.00. Extra India mess, \$18.50 to \$20; Packet, \$12.50 to \$13.00 in brls.

BEEF HAMS.—Prices are firm at \$27.00 to \$27.50 spot lots.

PORK.—We quote:—\$15.50 for old brands mess; \$16.00 new mess; \$14.50 for extra prime; \$17.00 to \$18.00 for clear back \$15.50 to \$16.00 for family.

BACON.—The market much quieter at 7.70c.

CUTMEATS.—Pickled bellies, 12c lb. average, 7½; pickled shoulders, 7½; pickled hams, 12c to 12½; smoked shoulders, 8½; smoked hams, 13½c to 13¾c.

LARD.—Prices are lower. City lard bringing 7.80c. Western 7.45c.

HIGH LICENSE A FAILURE.

Dr. Herrick Johnson says: On the other hand the proofs of failure are signal. I give but two, the one covering a city and the other a state. The city is Des Moines, Iowa, and the facts are vouched for by a gentleman over his own signature, "taken from the records of the city clerk." In 1871, with the license fee \$150 there were twelve saloons. In 1872, with license at \$200 there were twenty-five saloons. In 1880, with license at \$250 there were forty-nine saloons. And in 1882, with license at \$1,000 there were sixty saloons. The state referred to is Nebraska, where prohibition is the general state law, but high license is optional and the local exception. The fee is \$1,000. The law was enacted in 1881. In 1882 the records showed 226 less saloons, but in 1883 the records showed a gain of fifty-nine. The Hon. H. W. Hardy, ex-mayor of Lincoln, Neb., and the father of the high license idea, testifies: "There has been no improvement in our saloons." "Gambling and prostitution go hand in hand." "High license has done nothing toward waking up temperance sentiment." "Saloon keepers violate the law just as they always have." John B. Finch, prominent in the advocacy of the law, and an ardent temperance man, testifies: "I was a friend of the law at its birth. I now know I was terribly mistaken in my theories." "Many of the delusions urged in defence of high license have been exploded by the trial of the law.

RAINY DAYS.

An interesting calculation has been made of the number of rainy days in the year in different parts of Europe. From this it appears that on the plains of the Volga river, near Kasan, it rains on 90 days in the year; on the plateau of Germany on 131½; in England, France, North Germany, and in the Gulf of Finland, on from 152 to 155; in Poland, on 158; in the Netherlands, on 170; and in the east of Ireland on 208. The nearer the sea the rainier it gets, the number of wet days decreasing as we go inland. There are twice as many rainy days in West as in East Europe, and Ireland is thrice as wet as Italy or Southern Spain.

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