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WINTER SUNSHINE.

Everybody is aware of cases of persons suffering from lung and throat diseases, as well as other troubles of the system, being sent from northern parts to Florida, Colorado, France and Italy, and is also aware of the sad fact that many of such invalids rapidly fade and die under the sun that was to heal them and in the air that was to give them new strength. Many, however, receive wonderful benefit from the change, but this fact does not free doctors from the thoughtless and unkind and unjust reflection that they send their patients away to die out of their hands. Yet physicians do without doubt often err in not knowing the climate best suited to particular conditions of delicate health, which is the cause of many lives being hurried to an end instead of being saved by prescribed changes of air. Dr. Levis has an article in a recent number of the magazine, "Our Continent," which, besides being an attractive description of South-west Florida, gives valuable hints to sickly people as to the conditions under which health is to be sought in winter. From a condensed summary of the article in question—"The Gulf Coast of Florida"—we take the information given below. "A climate, in the first place, where you can live much out-of-doors in the winter months is essential; whether it be a cold or warm climate is an after consideration. The first important condition is to get a clear and dry atmosphere. Sand or gravel must be underfoot, so that rainfalls and surface-moisture may quickly drain off, instead of being held, as in clayey soils. Pine forests in the neighborhood are good, with their resinous air. Few sudden changes of temperature, so that you can depend on the thermometer to avoid wide fluctuations. Equable temperature, small evaporation from the ground, pure unbreathed air, sunshine, wholesome food, agreeable occupations, these are the modern remedies for diseases of the lungs. It depends upon the constitution of the sufferer whether he shall find these in cold yet varying Minnesota, in the cold and bracing winter Adirondacks, in stimulating Colorado, which acts on most people like the excitement of strong coffee or in the more relaxing salt air of dry Jersey, and dry South-west Florida. Some pulmonary troubles of the congestive sort need to be relaxed. The feverish activity that would burn up like a charred candle wick in Colorado is quietly 'unwound,' so to speak, and suffered to run down in the warmer and delicious balminess of the American Italy, in the Punta Rasa region, Florida. The atonic patients who need to be stimulated and braced, who are languid, not restless, who have the loose cough that is eating out their strength, appear to need the colder dryness of the North and the stimulating West; but as all roads lead to Rome, so the explorers of Florida seem to find all conditions there." A strange fact brought out by Dr. Levis is that Jacksonville, Florida, has dryer air in the five cold months than can be found elsewhere, although some people call it damp. He gives figures to show that that place is over three and a half degrees dryer than the celebrated health resorts of Mentone and Cannes on the Mediterranean, over nine degrees above Atlantic City, New Jersey, nearly eight above

Breckinridge, Minnesota, and two and a half above St. Paul, in the latter State. The humidity of the Gulf coast of Florida, which some consider dampness, is not from the ground, but consists in the light vapor carried inshore by the winds blowing over the warm water surface of the Gulf. This difference between earth dampness and water dampness, the fogs that roll in from the sea and the fogs exhaled from low-lying lands, is worthy of note and should be taken into account in estimating the healthfulness of any locality. Beneficial as the climate of Florida may be, however, there are hundreds of invalids whom it might benefit who cannot find the means to go or stay there. For many such relief can be found in northern places, and it would be well if physicians everywhere took account of the health conditions of their respective neighborhoods, and if information could be easily obtained regarding the various climates existing in America and their natural effects upon different types of constitution. Abundance of air and sunshine is necessary to the preservation of the health of most human beings and indispensable to the support of the weakly. Pine woods near the seashore, with sand underfoot—the trees giving forth a healing savor while breaking the force of ocean winds, and the sand securing dryness—furnish natural health resorts that should be utilized by communities to which they are available. Glass-roofed sun galleries, where the more delicate can have shine and shelter together at all times, and stronger ones take refuge in violent weather, could easily be provided and cheaply maintained in connection with health hotels in suitable places. Winter health resorts are beginning to multiply in different parts of this continent, showing that Americans are coming to know that they have more salutary atmospheres than can be found under foreign skies in winter, as well as better provision against bad weather and cheaper facilities for resisting it. Much misery is being caused in Italy this season, by cold and rain, which is all the greater on account of the houses not being made for bad winters and fuel being much more expensive than in America. As has been said: "The stroller in Florence or in Rome, this year, has more need of a furred coat inside the house than even out-of-doors. The fireplaces are ridiculous; the fagots are expensive, the traveller's money rises up the chimney, his chills remain below. No such uniform steam-heating as the quietest hotel at Atlantic City or Cape May now can boast, favors the unhappy American in palatial apartments in Southern Europe." Aside from invalidism and health resorts, however, Americans do not take all the good they might out of their winters. Both sexes in the towns, and women particularly in the country, stay indoors too much, trying to keep themselves warm with big wood or coal fires that eat the life-giving properties out of the air. The old people should drive out and walk abroad more than they do, and the young people indulge to a greater extent in outdoor sports. The people of Canada and the extreme northern parts of the United States, apparently, are every year learning more and partaking more of the value of open-air recreation. The late carnival of winter sports in Montreal is like-

ly to be productive of much good in this respect, and communities having less constant weather suitable for sliding, skating and sleighing than the northern regions, may be expected hereafter to make the very best of such winter as they can get.

CASUALTY.

A series of explosions at the Atlantic Giant Powder Works, Berkley, near Oakland, California, on the twenty-first of January, caused a loss of about twenty-six lives, nearly all of Chinamen, and a loss of property amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. The scene for several hours was one of great terror, as many buildings were in flames in the midst of large stores of powder and men dared not go near to put out the fire. An immense quantity of ice has been forced by high winds over Niagara Falls, filling the gorge below to a height of a hundred feet, and quantities have been thrown up on the shore causing heavy damage to buildings. James Labout, of Manor, Long Island, was frozen to death while going home at night on horseback, and the horse reached the stable with the dead rider still grasping the reins. Six men were lost from the fishing schooner "James A. Garfield," of Gloucester, Massachusetts, in a gale and snow storm while fishing on one of the Newfoundland cod banks. Their names were—Tom Morrison, of London, England; John McKinnon, of Prince Edward Island; Edward Brophy, of Prospect, Nova Scotia; John Whitman, of Guysborough, Nova Scotia; Andrew Dunn, of Gaspe, Quebec; and Charles Ray, of Portland, Maine. They had gone out in their dories to attend to their trawls just before the storm came up. A boy of eleven named Johnston Newell, at Watford, Ontario, was chopping wood at home and stepping backward came in the way of his brother's axe and received a wound in the back which caused death in a few hours. Five ladies were injured, one dangerously, while coasting at Winchester, Massachusetts, the sled having struck a post. A young man named Austin Crowley was killed and Mr. Richard Buckley, the head miller, dangerously injured, by the bursting of a chopping stone in a mill at Salem, Ontario. Mr. James McDonald, an esteemed resident of Valleyfield, Quebec, was instantly killed on Saturday last in a grist mill that he had lately started there, by being caught in a belt. A five-year-old boy named McKneef was run over by a bob-sled to which he had clung, in London, Ontario, and was hurt so that he died in an hour. The driver of the sled is said to have driven away laughing. A man named Besoroix was shot in the side by a comrade who was playing with a revolver, at Tweed, Ontario, and was hardly expected to recover. A heavy storm on the English coast has wrecked many vessels with a great loss of life. Nine negroes in Laurens county, South Carolina, ate a goose the other day which had been bitten by a dog supposed to be mad, and all became sick, four dying and the others not being expected to live.

THE STEAMSHIP LINES running to New York have lowered steerage rates from Europe to twenty dollars, a reduction of nine dollars.

BUSINESS NEWS.

The iron works of Briton Ferry, Wales, have stopped, throwing a thousand men out of work. The Consolidated Linseed Oil Company, formed four years ago in Chicago, and including fifty-five mills west of Buffalo, New York, has decided to break up owing to outside competition. Messrs. Bergin & Sons' glass works, Philadelphia, have been closed, depriving two hundred men of employment. The proprietors say they cannot compete with the New Jersey manufacturers, who pay their men with goods from their stores, and get their profit out of their store trade instead of their manufactures. Messrs. Boies, Fay & Cliney, Chicago, have failed, with debts of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and assets a hundred thousand less. Messrs. Hassmyer & Brittain, hardware, Philadelphia, have failed, with forty thousand dollars assets to meet sixty thousand of liabilities. Messrs. M. Armstrong & Sons, wholesale leather, New York, have assigned, owing four hundred thousand dollars. In London, England, Messrs. Pellas & Co., merchants, have failed for two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Messrs. J. W. Humphrey & Co., dealers in oil well supplies in Bradford and Clarendon, Pennsylvania, and Bolivar and Richburg, New York, have assigned with liabilities of one hundred thousand and assets claimed to cover that amount. Thirty cents on the dollar is offered by Messrs. Chiniquy Brothers, general storekeepers, Cookston, Minnesota, who owe sixty-five thousand dollars. A run upon the savings bank of Yonkers, New York, caused by rumors that the bank was going to fail, resulted in a withdrawal of thirty thousand dollars by depositors. The bank has a million of deposits, and the officers claim that it has a surplus of a hundred and twelve thousand dollars and can meet any run upon it. A meeting of merchants in Belfast, Ireland, decided to start a new line of steamers between that port and the United States. The railway Bank of Delhi, New York, has failed, and Seth White, the principal owner, has assigned and is ill of typhoid fever. The bank's liabilities are reported as sixty-five thousand dollars. Foreign insurance companies in New York received over twenty-five million dollars last year, being an increase of over five and a quarter millions over the previous year. Their expenditure was nearly twenty-three millions, an increase of almost the same amount as that of the receipts. Brazil has raised a loan of twenty million dollars in the European money markets, through the Messrs. Rothschild, at eighty-nine. General trade reports indicate that a bad effect is being produced throughout the United States by continued uncertainty over the tariff, and in the West by storms and snow blockades. Nevertheless trade in the East for the week is represented as having been fair. Iron is quiet with no prospect of a revival, while petroleum is firm and active. Two hundred and eighty-nine failures were reported in the United States, twenty less than the previous week, and eighty-four more than in the corresponding week of last year and a hundred and twenty-three more than the same week of 1881. The failures in Canada were twenty-six, one more than in the corresponding week of last year.

THE TWO GATES.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent crept down a shadowed
vale;
On either hand rose mountains bleak and
high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged and his feet were bare,
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and
care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth: heaven as if to
mock

The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome
way;
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet in the mountain side,
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he
spied,
And tottering toward it with fast-falling
breath,
Above the portal read, "The Gate of Death."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto;
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair;
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the
air;

And lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his pilgrim-age. Amazed, he turned;
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Free from just grief and clear as those new skies,
New from the mists of age, of care, and
strife,

Above the portals read, "The Gate of Life."
—Harper's Magazine.

"A BAND OF THREE."

BY L. T. MEADE,

Author of "Mother Herring's Chicken,"
"Water Gipsies," Etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

"Mrs. Skeggs, hark you! I don't want
that gal to die; the gal mustn't die. Tell
me—tell me honest, as though it wot to be
yer last, yer werry last word—suppose of
she got the little 'un back, would it save her
life?"

Mrs. Skeggs felt her heart beating hard.
Was it possible that Harper meant what he
said? Was there such a golden chance still
left for little Angel? Her voice almost
trembled as she answered—

"Ef anythink on earth 'ud save Dulcie's
life, it 'ud be to get little Angel back again."
"Then wot—wot 'all yer husband give
her up fur?"

"Oh! Mr. Harper, I'm feared—I'm feared
as it must be some't werry, werry great.
Angel is doin' reel well. She's so pretty
and so clever, that she's quite filling the
house. There's only one thing in all the
world, as I know on, as 'ud make him
give 'h'up little Angel now."

"And that? I wot that gal to live. I
wouldn't mind fur the loss of a pound or
two. Wot is that one thing, Mrs. Skeggs?"

"Oh! sir, there seems no use in talking
't. 'Tis a debt, a deal more nor a pound
or two. 'Tis a debt as he owes, a great big
debt, and 'tis like a millstone round him.
'Tis a whole hundred pound, Mr. Harper.
Ef he could find some 'un to pay that hun-
dred pound fur him, why, then I believe as
he'd give 'h'up Angel."

Old Harper almost screamed, and it was
with some difficulty he could restrain him-
self from raising his hand to strike Mrs.
Skeggs. Back over his heart rose, in all its
hideous power, the absorbing love of gold.
Away faded the fear of Dulcie's curse. Part
with a hundred pounds! No, no; as many
Dulcies might die first.

"Get out of my sight, woman," he said.
"By my forefathers! I'd like to tell you
that the ground. A hundred pound! and that
from a man a'most a beggar! There, get
you gone. The gal up-stairs must tak' her
chance."

"I know, master, as it couldn't be, and I
wish you a good evening."

Mrs. Skeggs pulled her old shawl about
her head, and went out. She walked
rapidly for half an hour, only pausing once
to go into a cake shop and purchase a small
sponge cake. The house where she lived
joined the theatre, and there was a door of
communication between the two. She let
herself into her own house by means of a

latch-key; then, going down a passage, got
into the theatre and on to the back of the
stage. She sat down on a bench, and waited
patiently. Loud noise, coarse laughter,
reached her from the spectators. Now and
then a pause, and the voices of the very in-
different actors were heard. Then there
came a little lull, the band struck up a soft
but lively air; she heard the pattering of very
quick moving feet; loud cheering followed;
Once more the little steps moved rapidly;
then the curtain was raised, and a child,
dressed in low theatre finery, with white
trappings of gold spangles covering her white
tarlatan dress, tripped lightly out, saw Mrs.
Skeggs, gave a glad cry, and flew into her
arms.

Mrs. Skeggs folded her up to her bosom,
wrapped a warm shawl about her, and car-
ried her through the cold passage into a
snug and warm little kitchen. Here she
fed her with bread and milk, undressed
her tenderly, and finally, before carrying her
into the bedroom beyond, clasped her once
more to her heart.

"Yer a real, real comfort to me, little
Angel," she said.

"Somethink like your own little larb,
Mammie Skeggs?" said Angel.

"Werry, werry like, my deary—werry
like."

"May I say my prayer now, mammie, fur
I'm so sleepy?"

"Yes, my little honey; say it 'h'up wid
'h'all you heart, Angel, fur there's them as
you loves as needs prayer to-night."

So Angel knelt down, and clasped her
hands, and fixing her beautiful baby eyes on
Mrs. Skeggs, said solemnly—

"Dear Good Shepherd Jesus, please keep
me werry tight up in your arms to-night.
Take care on my Dulcie, and my Peach,
and bring me back to 'em some day, Amen."

"Say a little prayer to the Good Shepherd,
fur me too, Angel," said Mrs. Skeggs.

Angel thought a moment. Then, laying
her little hand on the withered hand of the
woman, she said, with the full confidence of
a sudden idea which she believed would
comfort greatly—

"Please, Good Shepherd Jesus, take my
Mammie Skeggs up in your other arm, and
rest us both together."

CHAPTER XXVI.—RED TAPE.

It was the next morning, rather early,
that Peachy found the little canvas bag.
Seeing Dulcimer enjoying quiet and yet
deeper slumber, as the night advanced, she
let her own heavy eyes relax their anxious
watch, and flung herself, wearied out,
on the foot of the bed. In her sleep she
dreamed of the lost canvas bag. She thought
it was in its old place—that they three were,
as usual, putting their hard-earned little
savings into it. It was a commonplace
dream, and yet Peachy awoke with a weight
at her heart. There was no use in dreaming
of that bag any more—the bag was lost;
the hardly-won money which it contained
was also gone. She wondered, as she lay
half-asleep and half awake, who could pos-
sibly have been so very cruel as to steal
their treasure from them. She wished
again, vainly, that she had listened to
Robin's warning—Robin, who since that
moment had absolutely disappeared. If he
had not been quite so anxious to serve them,
so truly and manifestly their little friend,
Peachy would almost have thought that
Robin was the thief himself; but, no, she
could not fasten the crime on the boy.
Those tears he shed when he burst away
from her were too passionate and genuine
for her to admit that possibility; no, it cer-
tainly was not Robin. Who was it then?
At this juncture in Peachy's thoughts a
great ray of the bright summer sun came
suddenly into the attic. It fell right across
Dulcie's face, and Peach-blossom started to
her feet to draw the faded red curtain more
securely across the window. In doing so
her attention was attracted by something
else, on which the sun's rays also fell. The
canvas bag had been drawn together. The
piece of red tape, and the sun now shone on
a piece of red tape—a piece of rather dirty
red tape—sticking up through a loosened
board in the floor. Peachy stood absolutely
motionless at the sight. She felt her heart
beating wildly. How very, very like that
piece of red tape was to the string of their
own lost canvas bag. She rubbed her eyes
to make sure she was not dreaming. Then,
forgetting Dulcie and all necessity for quiet,
she made a sudden dart forward, drew up
the board, and behold! underneath, as
though it had never been lost, and had al-
ways remained there, was the canvas bag.

Peachy uttered a low, smothered cry of
rapture, sat down instantly on the floor, un-
fastened the string and spread the contents
of the bag on her lap. Yes, here they were
—all the dearly-loved and carefully
marked gains—the pence, the threepences,
the sixpences—the little savings of their lives
were theirs again. Even that precious
bright shilling of little Angel's. Not one
coin, not even the smallest, was missing.

"Wot is it, Peachy dear?" said Dulcie
from the bed. There was a quiet, collected
tone in Dulcie's sweet voice to-day, and her
dark eyes, as they were opened wide and
fixed on Peachy, no longer looked so sunken.

"Wot is it, dear Peachy?" she repeated.

"Oh, Dulcie, 'tis just too much joy,"
sobbed little Peachy; " 'tis our dear, dear
farling bag—our bag of money—our Lost
Father Fund come back again. I found it
in its old place this yere blessed morning,
and there ain't, no, not one single half-
penny missing, Dulcie!"

"Our bag of money come back again?"
said Dulcie. "Let me feel it in my own
hand, Peachy."

Dulcie was not nearly so surprised as
Peachy. In the first place, she was still too
weak for any great surprise to affect her;
in the next place, she knew who the thief
was, and just came to the conclusion that
he was sorry for them, and had put it back
again. But she felt very thankful and some
very happy tears rose to her eyes.

"Dulcie," said Peachy, kneeling down
and resting her elbows on the bed, "I'm
sure God must ha' put it into somebody's
head to put that money back, for God must
ha' seen how much we two little children
wanted money. I can't 'arn much, Dulcie,
by myself; and the doctor said as you must
ha' beef-tea, and good, good food, or else
you'll die. Do you think, Dulcie, as we
might spend a little of the Lost Father Fund
in buying things to make you well pretty
quick?"

"I'm a deal better to-day," answered
Dulcie, "werry soon I'll be quite, quite well
again. I want to get well now, Peachy. I
will tell you why. I dreamt last night as
we found 'h'our little Angel again. She
weren't dead; she had not gone away wid
that kind man to the green pastures; she
wot jest 'h'our pretty little Angel same as
ever, and we brought her home again. When
mother wot dying she told me never,
never to lose sight of my little Angel—never
till father come home. Well, Peachy, I
had that dream 'bout Angel, but I had
another dream, too, I dreamt, Peachy, that
our father wot dead—no, don't cry, darlin'.
I never did believe it; I never would be-
lieve it. But in my dream it did not seem
at all sad. He wot not shut 'h'up in prison
in France, and he wotn't wandering about,
poor, and cold, and miserable. I often did
think on him like that—poor and lonely,
Peach-blossom, and a wondering why our
mother and his little children had forgotten
him. I dreamt last night of our dear father
up quite safe with mother in the Land of
Everlasting Life. I see him and mother
in my dream. Mother looked beautiful;
—not thin like she used to look, but all
young, and something like our Angel; and
father seemed so werry happy, and I heard
him call her 'Catrina'; and he said, 'We
will wait fur our little children, Catrina.
We will have great patience, and they will
come to us some day,' and then they went
away together, singing both of 'em, oh, so
beautifully!"

"Dulcie, do you believe in that 'ere
dream?" asked Peach-blossom.

"Yes, Peachy; I do think as it is werry
like to be true; and I know wot we must
do now. I must get well as fast as 'e'ver
I can; and I will jest let you buy wot I want
to make me well werry, werry quickly; and
then all the rest of the money we will spend
on looking fur our little Angel. We will
look fur her, and I feels as we shall find her
again; and I know, though this is our
father's money—saved 'h'all fur him—that
he would rather we spent it on trying to
find little Angel than in any other way."

"Give me a shilling out of the bag now,"
said Peachy, "fur I want to buy some milk
and a fresh egg fur yer breakfast. Mrs.
Gentle said as you could maybe 'e'at a fresh
egg this morning; and she telled me how to
boil it."

The rest of the day passed in a quiet and
happy manner in the attic. It was quite
manifest now to the doctor and every one
that Dulcie would live—that the crisis had
been safely passed—and all she had to do
was to eat plenty and get well fast. She

was in that tranquil, convalescent state
when to live and not suffer was alone an
exquisite pleasure. Both she and Peachy,
perhaps under the influence of Dulcie's
dream, felt more hopeful about Angel than
they had none since they lost her.

In the afternoon Mrs. Gentle, as she called
herself to the children, came again; and
when Dulcie and Peachy spoke to her of
their hopes about Angel, she assured them
over and over that their little, lost lamb
was safe; that nothing could really hurt
her. She also told Peachy, as she had
promised, something of who the Good
Shepherd really was; and the news—for it
was really news to both the little girls—
filled them with wonder and joy. It was
quite night again, and Mrs. Gentle had gone
home, when Dulcie called Peachy to her
bedside.

"Peach," she said, "I want you and me
to do something to-night afore we go to
sleep."

"Wot is that?" asked Peachy.

"Yon heerd wot Mrs. Gentle said about
Jesus, the Good Shepherd, hearing wot we
say ef we speak up to him."

"She called it pray," said Peachy. "I
never heerd o' pray afore!"

"But, Peach-blossom, I think it must ha'
been jest wot the minister did when he
christened 'h'our little Angel. He knelt
down on his knees, and we 'h'all knelt down,
and he spoke werry solemn. I couldn't
see the person he wot a-talking to, but I'm
quite sure now it wot to Jesus, the Good
Shepherd."

"Maybe it wot," answered Peachy. "Shall
we say something now to Jesus, the Good
Shepherd?"

"That's wot I want, Peachy. Will you
kneel down same as we did in church?"

Peachy did so.

"The Parson folded his hands and looked
up in church," continued Dulcie. "Shall
we fold 'h'our hands and look 'h'up?"

Peachy obeyed and waited expectantly.

"You say the words arter me, werry,
werry solemn, Peach-blossom."

"Yes," answered Peachy.

"Thank you werry much, Good Shepherd,
fur taking care of our little Angel," began
Dulcie.

Peachy carefully followed the words.

"And take care on us too,"

"And take care on us too," repeated
Peachy.

"And dear Mrs. Gentle,"

"And dear Mrs. Gentle," said Peachy.

"And please, Jesus, the Good Shepherd,
we're feared as you'll find it werry hard,
but ef you could make poor Mr. Harper,
'h'our old landlord, a good man again."

"A good man again," whispered Peachy.

"That's all, Peachy dear," said Dulcie.

"Oh, Dulcimer! what a short pray you
made. I could ha' thought a deal more'n
that. Why, you didn't even ax that we
might find our little Angel again."

"I couldn't ax the Good Shepherd any
more to-night, Peach dear. It 'ud be werry
selfish to give him more to do fur us to-
night. 'Wot I ha' axed means a deal—
particular that part about old Harper. I'm
feared as he'll find it awful hard work
turning old Harper into a werry good man."

"Old Harper ain't so werry bad," said
Peachy. "Do you know as he's paying fur
the doctor his own self fur you, Dulcie?"

"Is he, indeed?" answered Dulcie. "I
ha' thought a deal on old Harper while I
ha' lain yere, and I'd like to see him to-
morrow. Send him up to speak to me to-
morrow, please, Peach-blossom."

CHAPTER XXVII.—WHERE THE THEIF
APPROACHETH.

After Mrs. Skeggs went home, having
been very nearly turned out of his room by
Harper, on that first night of her visit to
Dulcie and Peach-blossom, the old man,
when he found himself alone, clenched his
hands and paced up and down his room.
He was in such a fury at the last suggestion
made by the woman, that it was a relief
to him to move about. He was a very old
man and weakly, and the passion which
shook him caused his hands and knees to
tremble, and his voice as he uttered angry
words to himself to sound very unsteady,
for too much had been demanded of him.
That woman, as though it were a mere
nothing, had said that by paying a debt of
one hundred pounds for Skeggs, he might
get Angel back again. If he paid that
money Skeggs could be induced to burn or
destroy the paper which if discovered would
implicate him. For one hundred pounds
the little pauper child might be restored to

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her pauper sisters. Harper laughed long and loud at the idea. Was it likely that any one not quite insane would listen to such a preposterous idea? He had all the appearance of a very poor man. How could Mrs. Skeggs even guess that he had so large a sum to throw away so easily? He did not like the thought that any one could accuse him of hoarding money. In such a house as he lived the idea was not safe. No! his very anger at Mrs. Skeggs calmed for the present moment his superstitious fears. If that was the only way to secure Dulcie's life, Dulcie must die; he felt afraid no longer. Fool! it was only because he had grown sadly nervous that he could ever have feared a poor, harmless, insignificant little girl like Dulcie.

He walked about his room until his first rage against Mrs. Skeggs had cooled down, then he went to bed; but, as on another night not long ago, he could not sleep. All kinds of unpleasant ideas came to him in the darkness; and most prominent and alarming of them all, the fear that the wild and reckless people in this lawless house should get it into their heads that he was hiding gold. He listened anxiously until all sound had died away, until the last drunken reveller had stumbled up-stairs to bed, then rising softly, he struck a light. With the light in his trembling old hand he approached the cupboard in the wall. He unlocked it, touched a secret spring at the back which caused a falling shelf to appear. He put in his hand and drew out a bag, a heavy bag. He unfastened the string and laid carefully, tenderly, the contents of the bag before him. There they lay, in so many glittering piles, one hundred pounds, all made up of golden sovereigns. He looked lovingly, reverently at the gold heaps, as he returned them to their hiding-place. Yes, truly it would be a great cause that would make old Harper give up such treasures as these. He refastened the secret hiding-place and relocked the cupboard. Then he went to the fire-place—The fire was out now—He put his hand up the chimney, and drew down from an unsuspected shelf another and dirtier bag. This bag also contained one hundred pounds. At the back of his bed was a panel which slid back; here also were hidden two bags of gold. He looked at them all, he reckoned the contents of all. Yes, his four hundred pounds, the savings of all his miserly life, were safe as possible. He lay down again on his bed soothed and comforted, and presently fell asleep. He did not know, he could not guess, as he crept in the dead of night from one hiding-place to another and counted up his treasures, that the thief was near, that his treasures, most surely of the earth, earthy, were already taking to themselves wings and were about to fly away; for a small red-haired man was gazing in through the keyhole; this man with his evil face, and more evil heart, had seen all; this man was Skeggs.

In the morning, Harper heard that Dulcie was better, so much better that there was no little fear for her life; instantly his last fears vanished, and he became the hard old man he was before. Dulcie was not going to die. Her curse could not affect him, he had restored her money, and she need never, never know that he had anything to say to the stealing of Angel. He still, however, had a latent feeling of uneasiness about his money, and he had serious thoughts of depositing it in a bank for safety. The rest of the day passed without interest. On the morning of the next day, Peachy with a clean bright face appeared, bearing Dulcie's message, "Would Mr. Harper be so werry kind as to go up and see her. She wanted him most particular bad."

Harper did not much like that message. Could Dulcie by any possibility have got any inkling about his sin in the matter of Angel? He did not want to see her. No, she had contrived more than any girl, more indeed than any person he had ever met, to give him pain. But still, though he dreaded the interview, he did not dream of refusing to see the sick girl when she sent specially for him. He nodded a gruff "Yes," to Peachy. When she went out with her tambourine, he stumbled up stairs at once. The door was a little open and old Harper went in without knocking. Dulcie was half sitting up in bed. She looked very ill still, and her white solemn face made the old man feel nearly as uncomfortable as ever.

"I'm glad as yer better," he managed to jerk out. He stood at a respectful distance and meditated sleepily, fligh.

"Yes, I'm better," said Dulcie. "I sent fur yer, Mr. Harper, fur one or two things—first to thank yer fur giving us back h'our bag of money. Peachy found it yesterday morning—I'm glad as you left the little bit o' red tape stickin' h'out—for she might never ha' thought of looking under the floor again."

"I'm pleased as you found yer lit o' money," said Harper; "but there ain't no good in spreading the report as I tuk it—wot 'ud I take it fur?"

"I didn't spread it, Mr. Harper—I never told nobody—nobody—not even Peachy—nobody, but just yourself. I guess as you must feel some't better now—you must ha' bin werry miserable when you thought wot God 'ud do to you fur robbing us little children."

Yes, Dulcieimer had a strange effect on the old man. Again faded the love of gold. Again came back the awful fear of God's anger.

"Dulcie," he said in a tremulous voice, "yer quite sure as you ain't a-goin' to die?"

"No," said Dulcie; "I think as I'll get well. I want to get well, to begin to look fur my little Angel. Wot do you think as ha' happened to our little baby Angel, Mr. Harper?"

"I dunno nothink about her," said old Harper. "Dulcieimer," he continued, "I'd like to ax yer a bit of a question. Yer a werry queer gal, and you ha' said rare and hard things to me, but I'll forgive yer. Only tell me one thing, Dulcieimer. S'pose as that man as you telled me of—s'pose, when yer mother held his head on her knee, and he saw the devil coming fur him on account of his having stole off them as were poorer than himself—s'pose as that man had given back again wot he stole, would the devils ha' come fur him then? I'd like you to answer me clear on that point, Dulcieimer."

"You mean, Mr. Harper, as you hope the devils wot come fur you, now that you ha' given us back h'our money. Well, I'll try and tell you wot I think. I'm a werry ignorant gal, and I don't know next to nothink; I know werry little of God, and I only jest heard of Jesus Christ when mother wor a-dying. She said some't 'bout Him then as sounded real pretty and comforting, only it passed out o' my head arterwards. But two days ago, Mr. Harper, when I wor werry weak and like to die, a woman come to see us. She wor called Mrs. Gentle. She wor real, real good to Peachy and me. She told us 'bout God and Jesus the Good Shepherd. She said Jesus came into the world to forgive sinners, and however bad they were, Jesus 'ud forgive 'em if they axed him. The way to ax Him is to kneel down and fold yer hands and look h'up right toward the sky and speak wot yer wants; and tho' He can't be seen, He can hear as well as possible; and wot I wanted to tell you, Mr. Harper, wor as last night Peach and me, we did that. We looked h'up and we spoke to the Good Shepherd. We did ax Him to do a werry tough bit o' work; fur we axed him to make a bad old man like you good again. But it ain't too hard fur Him. He'll do it, so don't you be fretting 'bout no devils, nor nothink. Ef He gets fond o' yer, and He will when He makes you good, why, then, no devil that h'ever was can hurt yer. You'll be like a little child, instead of a wicked old man, to Him, and nothink, not death, nor nothink can hurt you."

"Not death, nor nothink!" repeated old Harper. "He must be werry uncommon strong to keep death from not hurting me."

"That's jest wot He is, Mr. Harper. Jest most wonderful strong. You ha' give us back h'our money, and ef you'll give back again to everybody all as you ever stole, and ef you try to put everything right as you did put wrong, why then I don't think as you need fear no devils."

"But that ain't none so h'easy, Dulcie. How can an old, old man wot has never bin werry good, come so spick and span clean all at once?"

"Jest you ax Him, though," said Dulcie. "You kneel down and fold yer hands and look h'up to the sky—kneel down now—do it now."

Her thin fingers clasped his withered ones. He got somehow on his knees; but no words came.

"Say it arter me, please, Mr. Harper. "Oh, God and Jesus, the Good Shepherd, make the old, old man good again."

Whether he repeated it after her or not was never known. He stumbled again to his feet and went down-stairs. There was a

singing in his ears, and a confused feeling, half numbness, half a dizzy and wonderful hope, in his heart; and, above and over it all a resolve, clean and pure, direct from God Himself. He would not wait for his resolve to cool, he would strike now while the iron was hot. For Dulcie's sake, for Dulcie who was so sweet, and good, and who had prayed for him, he would sacrifice the one hundred pounds, and bring her back little Angel again.

He entered his room; he never noticed some unusual signs of disturbance about it. He went to his cupboard, touched the secret spring, and put in his hand to remove the bag of gold. What was the matter? What awful chill fear was stealing over him? No bag of gold was there! He rushed from one hiding-place to another. The shelf in the chimney remained; the secret hiding-place behind the bed looked as secure as ever, but the four bags of gold were gone! Four hundred pounds had taken to themselves wings. They were the savings of a miser's life. In his old, old age he was a beggar. He knew not who had robbed him. He was penniless. It was too much—he sank down insensible on the floor.

(To be Continued.)

SPATTER WORK.

BY CANDACE.

Now that I have part of an afternoon to spare I will tell those who are wishing to learn something of spatter work, what I know about it. In the first place gather all the delicately formed leaves you can, and cut from advertisements or newspapers all kinds of letters, large and small, fanciful and plain. I have a box of letters that I have been collecting for years, and I find almost any kind there I may need; they can be used almost any number of times. Press the leaves carefully. They cannot be used like the letters, but will shrivel and be worthless after two or three times using. The kinds I like best are those similar to lady-in-the-green (nigella), cypress vine, rose geranium, and small maple leaves. Some of our common weeds are lovely for spatter work.

Now for implements. A great many use a tooth brush and like it. I have used it and do not like it. I have also tried a fine comb and large brush. The most satisfactory work I do with the small part of a common shoe brush. Common pasteboard covered with white or tinted paper is nice to work upon, also cloth which I will mention by and by. Arrange your pressed leaves or letters on your papers, fastening down firmly with fine needles, which wipe after using, as they rust if not wiped, then dip the brush in the dye, and holding an old sieve over your pattern, rub, carefully at first, over the wires, making it heavy or light as you desire. Let the leaves and letters alone till dry, then remove, and by handling carefully they can be used again. That is all except a few hints about dye and the arrangement of patterns. Any one who has not seen this work, will be surprised at the beautiful effects from so simple a process. For working with paper, I find any color that will not dry and rub off, nice to use, black ink, bluing, and burnt umber, the latter two set, the bluing with alum, and the burnt umber with vinegar.

Beautiful crosses shaded and twined with a pressed vine, with ferns at the base, can easily be made after a little practice, also wall pockets, letter holders, comb cases, and old cigar boxes, covered neatly, and careful spattered, are very ornamental. In using cloth any light color can be used, and black spattered upon crimson or scarlet cambric is astonishingly pretty. You must pin down the cloth used at each corner and sometimes often to keep the edges straight. Pillow shams, in fact an entire set spattered upon book muslin with black or brown, and lined with colored cambric, is quite attractive. I spattered a tablespread among some of my first work. It was of old white cloth. I cut it the right size, and tacked it down on the floor, after spreading the floor with newspapers, then pinned a strip of paper over the edge nearly three inches wide, above this all around was a wavy strip of paper intended to imitate a vine, and on every curve a rose leaf cut from paper, in the corners a cluster of rose leaves and a fern, and in the centre a group of large ferns. I used logwood set with alum, and the ground work when done was a dark purple, and the pattern snowy white. It was not

very nicely done owing to inexperience, but now I could make a lovely one. They can be washed. My last work has been on mottoes with letters and vines. Vines are quite indispensable, the cypress and wild buckwheat being easily pressed.—*Household.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL EMBARRASMENTS.

Often in our Union Sunday-school here in the country I have been embarrassed and distressed by the superintendent bringing strangers to my class, grown people, often people from the city who were boarding near. At the same time it has happened that some sister has brought a little brother or sister too timid to be coaxed into another class, away from sister without tears. I haven't known what to do because the little visitor would be restless and want to 'get down and talk out loud. This has happened ever so many times. This is the way I do: I think these grown people probably know more about the Bible than I do. They love Jesus or they woldn't come here. I am glad to see them, if I am embarrassed, and for His sake I'll try to make them feel at home. So I act just as I would in my own parlor; give them a fan or a hymn book or a footstool, as the case may be and act glad to see them. Then I think, "There is a Providence in everything, and the Lord has let one of the 'little children' that He loves come into my class, and I will do the best I can." We use the International Lessons. I just take the lesson, whatever it is, and I talk to that little child to keep him still, and I find when I teach so as to interest the child every one, big and little, is interested. I often ask the older ones questions, but I make the child my audience. One little fellow three years old cried to come to my house on week-days to hear the "story" again. Now, if I had talked to the big folks only, he would have been restless and disturbed us all. Perhaps this may help you, too.—*May Cameron, in N. Y. Witness.*

PRAYER AND VISITATION.

Pray with your scholars. Let them hear what you say to God about them. It will teach them more of the reality of speaking to God than all your lessons could do. It will bring home to their minds with more solemn force God's nearness, when they hear you speak with him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend. Depend upon it they will have greater reverence for yourself and for your words when they see for themselves that communion with the invisible God with you is no mere name. When the writer was a scholar in the Sunday-school this method was adopted by the teacher with marked success. Many, if not all the scholars joined the church, became useful Christians, and a very strong bond of affection was formed between teacher and scholar.

A teacher may go still nearer than this. His ten scholars will be to him the centre of ten circles. He will endeavor to let his power radiate from the centre outward till it is felt through all the family circle. A really good teacher will aim at teaching the parents through the children. The confidence of the child once gained, that of the parent follows; and when that is gained the influence over the child will be greater. The parents are constantly neutralizing all that the teacher does on the Sabbath. The evil can only be grappled with by visiting the family. The affections of the scholars will be gained. Nothing secures them so firmly as visitation—personal visitation at the scholars' homes. The teacher thus avails himself of their sympathies with that of their parents, begets a reciprocal kindness, and prepares the soil of the heart for the proper culture of Sabbath-school instruction. This may be the means of inducing the parents' attendance at the house of God, and in the end result in their being brought into the church.—*John Starkey, in General Baptist Magazine.*

EVERY SERMON that is a sermon must leave on the mind of the hearer these two impressions: "This is the thing to be done," and "I am the man who must do it."—*National Baptist.*

HE THAT SEEKS the Lord by prayer in trouble, should seek the Lord with praise when he troubles his heart; "I will praise thee for thou hast heard me."—

FIRES.

The Northern Pacific Hospital and Old Colony Reception House, at Brainerd, Minnesota, were burned last week. The inmates were all saved, but some of the patients were in a dying state and all suffered terribly from exposure to the cold. A Presbyterian church and a public school-house were burned down at the village of Durham, Nova Scotia, on Monday fortnight. A two-story school-house worth five thousand, and insured three thousand dollars, was burned down in Pictou, Nova Scotia, last week. Many persons have been thrown out of employment by the burning of Walker's flax mills at Portadown, Ireland. Smith's American organ factory in Boston has been damaged to the extent of forty-five thousand dollars. Similar damage has happened to the Opera House at Defiance, Ohio. University Hall at Lelanon, Ohio, has been burned; loss thirty thousand dollars. A train running off the track at Winooski, Vermont, struck a car loaded with kerosene oil, and the oil catching fire and exploding set fire to a large wooden storehouse filled with wool and mill supplies, which was burned to the ground with its contents. The Central Vermont Railway had ten loaded freight cars burned, and the total loss by the fire is placed at two hundred thousand dollars. A hundred thousand dollars is stated as the loss by the gutting of Sweetzer's shoe factory at Lynn, Massachusetts. R. Shores' carriage factory, Ottawa, was burned just as it was ready for work after having been reconstructed. The business part of Forsythe, Georgia, had a severe scorching. The shoe-nail and tack factory of Clark & Dawes, Haverhill, Massachusetts, has been burned, entailing a loss of thirty-two thousand dollars. Peters' woollen factory and Fowler's cotton factory, idle at Hastings, Ontario, have been destroyed. The shoe factory of Martin, Clapp & French, Tapleyville, Massachusetts, and three cottages, are burned with a loss of one hundred thousand dollars. A fire in the Sforza Cesarini Palace, Rome, Italy, a few days ago inflicted a loss of thirty thousand dollars. On the twenty-ninth of January the piano factory of Behr Brothers & Co., Eleventh Avenue, New York, sustained fifty thousand dollars' damage by fire, and Hazleton Brothers' piano factory on University Place in the same city was destroyed, the loss being a hundred and fifteen thousand. A fire occurred in the Female College in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, very early on the morning of the twenty-fifth of January. There were sixty ladies sleeping in the building, besides the President and his family and servants, but all escaped, some, however, not taking the risk of waiting to dress. The loss is estimated at ten thousand dollars, covered by insurance, besides individual losses of teachers and students, which must amount to a good deal. Happening so soon after the awful tragedy of the Newhall House burning, this fire created great alarm in the minds of citizens, but with the able assistance of firemen and police all the inmates of the college were rescued without injury beyond that caused by exposure to the cold.

CRIME.

John M. Falconer, sixty-three years of age, one of the oldest etchers in America, has thrown away at once his moral reputation and a respectable sum coming to his heirs, by yielding to temptation. He has been twenty-two years treasurer of the Artists' Fund, an institution composed of well-known artists, which yields four thousand dollars to the heirs of every member after his death. Having become a defaulter

for something less than nine thousand dollars he resigned, and his interest in the Fund will go to meet his defalcation, but he will not be prosecuted. George R. Eager, Edwin W. Fowler and Abner J. Benyon have been indicted in Boston for misappropriating the funds of the ruined Pacific Bank of that city. Eager has been arrested, and Benyon, who was President, is said to be living near Montreal, and to claim that he was used as the instrument of others and can vindicate himself when the proper time comes. Two English immigrants some time ago arrived in Ottawa and claimed to be wealthy, but soon fell under suspicion of being burglars. They were blamed with "cracking" a safe and stealing merchandise in that city, and were traced up as the authors of burglaries in different towns of Ontario. A gang of forty men was organized and overtook the burglars in the woods. One of them showed fight with a revolver, but surrendered when a revolver and shot gun were pointed at him, and both were secured. A railway laborer was fined seven dollars and costs at Trenton, Ontario, for putting pepper on a stove in a car. An enquiry suggested by the confession of Charles Hooper, recently put in goal for theft, resulted in the discovery of peculations of a hundred thousand dollars in the Gas Department of Philadelphia. The accounts are in confusion, and it is ascertained that the receiving clerks and auditors had a share in the stealings. Eneas McMaster, late agent of the Glasgow Canadian Land and Trust Company, at Scotstown in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, was arrested at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, recently upon a charge of embezzling fifteen thousand dollars. He had been a highly esteemed resident, and gave up his agency to go to Australia, it is said to inherit a fortune left by a brother. Case Cobb, a desperado in Kansas who had recently murdered a constable, on Saturday before last shot Sheriff Shennan, causing his death that evening, and the villain was held at a farm house until twenty-five armed men took and hung him. Mr. William Nesbitt, the farmer who was shot by a former hired man at his stable at Longue Pointe, near Montreal, on Friday fortnight, died exactly a week afterward of his wound. After death the pistol ball was found in the victim's right jawbone and a paper wad in the muscles of his cheek, the charge having crossed the throat near the principal veins. Mr. Nesbitt was thirty-three years of age and had been married three years. He was one of the worthiest men in the whole community, and his untimely death is generally deplored. Timothy Milloy, the murderer, is in custody and will be tried for murder in March next. A boy named Adams was struck on the head with a billiard cue by a companion named Hewitson, in Toronto, and lockjaw having set in the two lads are in a very grave position. A pensioner in Toronto turned out his wife, who died from exposure, and he afterward dosed a child to death with whiskey. The total amount of the deficit of Polk, the late Treasurer of Tennessee, is found to be eight thousand less than three hundred thousand dollars.

MEXICAN NEWS is now nearly all of fights between Indians and whites, and between robbers and soldiers, with some loss of life in both cases; but with the recollection of the false stories of Indian massacres in that country still fresh, all such intelligence from Mexico can only be given for what it is worth. The most startling rumor is that cavalry and infantry had to be hurried to Casa de Jenas, on the Chihuahua frontier, where the people were surrounded by thirteen hundred Apaches.

THE WEEK.

THE STATE OF KANSAS has a law against railway monopolies, and the Legislature has resolved to use it in preventing a combination of the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific Railways in that State.

A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG stole a lady's satchel from a railway station in Bangor, Maine, and after giving a score of men and boys a lively chase for it all over town returned and laid the article uninjured at its owner's feet.

DR. WILLIAM GOWLEIGH SCHAUFFLER died in New York lately, aged eighty-five. He was well known as a missionary, was master of nineteen languages and could preach extemporaneously in six.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE has gone to Bermuda and the Marquis de Lorne returned to Ottawa. He was well received in Washington, where both the President and General Sherman gave dinners in his honor.

AN AMERICAN and an English lad were treated badly on a Chilean gunboat, and the consuls of the two countries interposed and procured their discharge. They had been whipped on the bare backs with tarred ropes.

THERE IS A MOVEMENT of considerable strength in Chicago to have bar-room licenses raised to five hundred dollars a year, which, it is calculated, would cut off half the present number and improve the character of the remainder.

THE TORONTO SOCIETY for the Prevention of Intemperance will petition the City Council to limit tavern licenses to a hundred and fifty and shop to fifty, and to require all taverns to have not less than eight bedrooms instead of four as now.

PETER MARVIN, an animal trainer in a circus wintering at Philadelphia, came too near a lion cage a few days ago, when a lioness seized his arm and tore the flesh from it, and then broke out of the cage. The men outside were afraid to go to his assistance, but Marvin with an iron bar drove the infuriated brute back into her cage.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, of Nova Scotia, has within the last few years received several munificent gifts from Mr. George Munro, a leading publisher of New York who is a native of the above province, and the latest is the endowment of three new tutorships—Latin, Greek and Mathematics—at one thousand dollars a year each.

THE GOVERNMENT of Tennessee are determined to resist paying the debt of that State. A settlement was not long ago made with creditors at sixty cents on the dollar and six percent interest, but the legislature passed a bill, that has been signed by the Governor, repealing the arrangement. Constitutional government must eventually become an impossibility under a policy marked with such rascally treatment of public creditors.

MR. SARGENT, the American Minister to Germany, writes home that, although the people of that empire are strongly opposed to the exclusion of American pork, the decree to that end will be issued. The cause is not a belief that hogs in the United States are more subject to disease than anywhere else, but simply the selfish object of protecting the hog-raisers at the expense of the hog-eaters of Germany. In other words, it is one protection country's tribute to the wisdom of another one in carrying out a similar policy against the products of the world.

A SCHOONER has been lost at the mouth of Fly River, New Guinea, and the crew of seventeen killed by savages, who cut off their heads and distributed them among the villages. The search schooner "Pearl" was repeatedly attacked by the natives, and she burned their villages and destroyed their canoes.

THE OLD SUPERSTITION that gave healing powers to the seventh son of a seventh son has brought a spike-maker named Andrew Coran, of Troy, New York, into a sudden glare of fame. His house has become so thronged with all kinds of suffering humanity seeking restoration at his hands that he has had to give up his mechanical employment to practise his supposed gift of healing. Coran has a disciple in Charles Brody, a professional base-ball player of Lansingburgh, New York, who claims a similar accident of birth as his credential, and who purposes attacking the physical misery of the race after a course under the Troy teacher.

A UNION of the five republics of Central America is being discussed and warmly supported in each of them—namely, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and San Salvador. They were united in the year 1823, previous to which they constituted Spanish colonies, but the federation broke up in 1839. Later unions were formed but none of them lasted, and a convention that assembled in 1872 to promote a union was unsuccessful. Although the project is now revived, it is believed it cannot be carried out peacefully until better communication is established between the several countries. The new year was celebrated at Panama with bull fighting, in which two men were killed and seven dangerously wounded.

THE STEALING OF CORPSES from funeral cemeteries surrounding Montreal has been very common lately, and it was naturally supposed was practised for the supplying of the medical colleges with subjects for dissection. Two students were at length caught in the act of grave robbery, and were taken to Montreal to be tried. On the day of the trial from one to two hundred students mustered at the grounds of one of the colleges and marched through the streets to the court house to show their sympathy with their mates in trouble. They sang English and French patriotic songs and many of them bore human bones in their hands. The trial was only a preliminary investigation before the police magistrate, to ascertain whether there were sufficient grounds to commit the prisoners for trial before a higher tribunal. Some disturbance of the decorum usual to the court room was unavoidably caused by so many entering at once, and the magistrate ordered the room to be cleared of spectators. There were some murmurs at this order on the part of the students, who considered the occasion was a public one at which they had a right to be present. A reluctance to depart was followed by the police enforcing the order, in some cases it is said rather rudely, and the result was a noisy but harmless disturbance outside between the police and the students, the latter shortly retreating with a loss of some prisoners from among those who carried bones. These were, however, released the next day upon the general body of students making peace with the authorities. An amusing fact in connection with the demonstration was that several correspondents of outside newspapers, who saw the students marching and singing, described the occurrence as an agreeable part of the Carnival of Winter Sports that they were in the city to report.

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Mr. HENRY J. MORGAN, a millionaire banker, died in his carriage in New York on his way home from his office on Saturday.

DISTURBANCES continue throughout Italy as well as in Austria over the execution in the latter country of Overdank, the maker of bombs for the Nihilists.

IT IS SAID that Sir Edward Watkin is quietly pushing work on the tunnel between England and France in spite of the British Government's orders to stop the enterprise.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of liberal contributions from Detroit and New York for the relief of sufferers by the floods in Germany was received by the members of the German Reichstag with cheers.

SPAIN has a large surplus in her revenue, and the monarchy is making great efforts to perfect peace with the democracy upon a basis of religious liberty, freedom of the press and good government.

THE EVIDENCE at the INQUEST on victims of the Milwaukee hotel fire goes far to show that the lives of all the inmates might have been saved had human life been the first consideration of those connected with the house when the fire was discovered.

MESSRS. DAVITT, Healy and Quinn, Irish agitators, have been found guilty of inciting to lawlessness, and the two first required to find bail amounting to fifteen thousand dollars each, and Quinn five thousand. More evidence has been obtained against persons in custody for complicity with the Phoenix Park murders.

IN THE PARLIAMENT of Hungary a member made a strong plea to have the Jews placed on an equality with all other creeds and races, and the President of the Council said the prejudice against the Jewish race would only die through social influence, and it was time enough, when that failed, to adopt special legislation.

THERE IS NO CHANGE for the better in the affairs of France. The question of expelling members of all former reigning houses from the country is being discussed in the Assembly. The Ministry's resignations are in the hands of the President, and it is believed he will dissolve the legislature and have one fresh from the people to grapple with the situation.

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTIONS in Manitoba have resulted in the Government electing twenty members to the Opposition's ten. The chief point decided is that, in the opinion of the people of the Province, the Dominion Government did right in disallowing railway charters granted by the Provincial Legislature when such conflicted with privileges previously granted by the former.

MASSACHUSETTS has a Democrat for Governor and a Legislature with a majority of Republicans. General Butler, the new Governor, is an able, but some people say he is not a very good man. At all events, the speech with which he opened the present session of the Legislature was a remarkably powerful state document, characterized by all the individuality of its strong-minded author. It was full of suggestions of economical and other reforms that His Excellency deemed were needed in the State, and there was a great demand for the document from the people, so much so that the usual supply became exhausted. The Legislature refused to issue an extra edition, and the Governor himself will do so from a private press. If his aims are pure, a ruler with so great an influence is a boon to any commonwealth no matter what his party.

A COMMITTEE of the State Assembly of New York has ascertained that very cruel practices exist in Sing Sing prison.

THE SENATE of Arkansas wants that State to repudiate railway bonds amounting to eleven millions, and the Government will investigate the matter.

MORMON MISSIONARIES are driven away from South Carolina towns without ceremony at twenty-four hours' notice under threats of tarring and feathering.

THE WEST VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE by an overwhelming vote passed the amendment to the constitution prohibiting the liquor traffic in the State, refusing all propositions to modify it.

A HOTEL PROPRIETOR in Albany, New York, has placed in every room a knotted rope that will reach the ground, one end fastened to a staple in the floor, which must prove a good way of escape from fire if guests do not steal it to tie up their baggage with.

THE SCHOLARS in Toronto are being trained to escape quickly from the rooms in case of fire, and less than a minute is taken to clear out a division. The course should include methods, and there should be means provided, for escaping when the fire gets to the stairs and passages before the scholars.

THE PEOPLE of St. PETERSBURG, Russia, have been warned by a placard to avoid places frequented by the royal court lest they may be hurt by anything that might happen. Information obtained at the trial of Nihilists and Anarchists in Lyons, France, has started the Russian authorities upon new trails after the Nihilists.

BISHOP KAIN, of West Virginia, has come into collision with a German Catholic society called the Knights of St. John, upon the questions of round dances and of beer-selling for the benefit of the church. The society refuses to obey the bishop, who has therefore given notice of excommunication to all who do not submit themselves to his authority upon those matters before the first of March.

THE NEW CAPITOL of New York State, at Albany, was begun eight or nine years ago, and although enormous sums have been spent on it every year since, it is still unfinished. It is a veritable mine of wealth to jobbers and contractors, but the new Governor, Mr. Cleveland, is said to be determined to close it as such. He is expected to veto a bill passed at the present session of the Legislature, which appropriates a quarter of a million dollars to the building. It is said he will recommend that it be finished at once by business-like measures and without unnecessary expense.

IN CONSEQUENCE of a league made with Bolivia, by which the latter is ceded Tacna and Arica, two provinces of Peru, and the Peruvian leader Montero is made general of the Bolivian forces, the Chilians are more determined than ever against making peace, and have levied another war contribution of one million dollars on fifty inhabitants of the city of Lima, Peru. The Peruvian Assembly has resolved to treat for immediate peace with or without Bolivia, provided the republic is left its independence and is not despoiled beyond recovery. Chilian Congressmen are reported as furiously attacking the officers of their army of occupation, for looting statues, railings, pictures, vases and other articles of value, and sending them from Peru to their families in Chili. A revolution has been in progress in Ecuador for some time, and foreigners remain in Guayaquil at their own risk.

THE NEW SCHEME of government for Egypt includes a council of Ministers to the Khedive of fourteen members, a legislative council, the minority of which will be appointed by the Khedive and the majority chosen by a system of double election, and an elective assembly of forty-four members to discuss certain subjects but with no power to decide questions. Sir Auckland Colvin, of England, has been nominated as financial adviser to the Khedive. The recent alarming reports from the Soudan are declared false on the authority of a despatch from Col. Stewart, who leads the British contingent against the rebels. Murderers are being executed for their crimes committed during the late troubles in Egypt.

THE CAVING-IN of a COAL MINE at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, has caused a sinking of the ground for a hundred acres. Cracks have appeared on the surface and houses have settled down, causing their inmates to leave. The mine is filled with gas, but no one was hurt in the mishap. Some say the props put in to support the roof rotted and gave way, while old miners attribute the occurrence to the coal pillars left for the same purpose having been robbed. In some coal countries the law allows the pillars to be cut away after the coal seam is worked out, beginning at the pillars farthest from the pit mouth. A falling in of a mine thus stripped of its pillars in Westville, Nova Scotia, had some startling results on the surface. It happened on Sunday while most of the people were in church, and some found their houses decidedly off a level when they returned after services were dismissed. A well in one man's cellar had the bottom knocked out of it, losing all the water, by the artificial earthquake. A coal mine at the Albion Mines in the same Province has been on fire for sixteen years. During the last three years the burning seemed to have ceased, but a few days ago a caving-in in an adjacent mine admitted a draught of air and dense volumes of black smoke burst forth from the ground, causing the people in neighboring houses to hurriedly change their quarters.

INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

An eminent English physician, Dr. Mortimer Granville, in discussing the motives which conduce to permanent well-doing, gives voice to some ideas which are, at least, sufficiently startling to stimulate thought on the subject, whatever conclusions may be reached. He says: "It is the fashion to preach of ruling by love as better than governing by fear. I fail to see any difference in the two forms of influence, except that the youth who responds to the sensitive appeal to his affections is probably of a more clinging and associative nature than the one who can be only intimidated. I doubt whether the heart is really better, although it may seem more congenial to the parent's nature in the one case than in the other."

Instead of using either of these motives as the main incentives to right-doing; instead of offering threats or lures, both of which he deems artificial, and therefore temporary, he proposes to influence the young chiefly through their surroundings—that is, by placing them where they will see virtue and happiness united, and learn, through sympathy and experience, that the two are indissolubly connected. Instead of expending effort to cure bad habits, he would concentrate all the effort on creating good ones, which are to supplant the bad without actively thwarting them. Just as we train a tendril in a particular direction, and succeed in giving it a habit which enters into its life, and determines its subsequent growth so he would have such influences brought to bear upon the young as will enter into their structure, decide on their line of development, and guide their lives long after the immediate influences themselves have passed away. To attempt to do this by introducing arbitrary results, either pleasurable or painful, is, he thinks, futile, because, when it is

discovered that there is no necessary or abiding connection between the action and the pleasure or pain, the mind will—and a reaction ensue.

He illustrates this by an attempt to cure a habit of idleness. "It is useless to drive a boy or girl to work. The task may be done, but there will be no heart in it, and the coercion will be resented. It is equally vain to procure exertion by a bribe, because the effort is felt to be a sacrifice, and it will not be repeated without a like inducement. Little will be gained by inciting the child to act from love of its parent or teacher, as in that case also the toil is uncongenial in itself, and, although it may be endured by way of a tribute of affection, it is not the less irksome to one who loves idleness. The spirit of emulation is equally ineffectual as a reformer of indolence. There is only one sufficient influence which can create a new habit of industry capable of supplanting the old habit of indolence, and that is the awakening of pleasure in work for its own sake, not a mere reflection or ulterior satisfaction associated with the motive or recompense for labor. Give a youth of either sex a sense of pleasure in exertion, and idleness will be cured. * * Place him in the midst of industrious associates who are happy in their work." He applies the same reasoning to every virtue that we would instill, and to every vice that we would abolish.

Whatever may be thought of the possibility of such a method, none can doubt its inherent truthfulness to nature and its abiding effect, could it be successfully employed. It is, indeed, only because we despair of using it with effect that we resort to so many ulterior motives. No happiness can be so full and pure as that which springs naturally from right doing, and if we could but make this clearly seen and appreciated, all other lures would sink into insignificance and disuse. But simply to tell the young of this necessary cause and effect, is by no means to make them realize it. They must see its active union in life, must associate with those who are sincerely happy in goodness, and breathe such an atmosphere that through their sympathies they may be led to experience it for themselves. Here lies the practical difficulty of carrying out our author's views. Where shall we find such an atmosphere? How shall we secure such associations? Of course, in our present morally undeveloped condition, we can only do this approximately. It must begin in the family. Parents must remember that what they are in themselves will form a far stronger force in moulding their children's characters than the most fervent exhortations they can utter, the most urgent efforts they can make, or the longest array of motives they can present. It is their living example that will be followed. If to them duty is a cross, heavy to be borne, and happiness something quite apart from it, perhaps even opposed to it, no reasoning, however cogent, no assertions, however forcible, will ever convince their children the contrary. Next to this, the intimate circle of friends that surround the young will imprint its character upon them; they will unconsciously adopt the tone of thought, the standard of morality, the quality of feeling that are current there; and though we cannot command perfection in our friends, there is yet much room for choice.

It is not sufficient that we introduce the young into an atmosphere of virtue, so-called. It must be also bright and clear with happiness and energy, if it is to win young hearts. Where religion is made gloomy, virtue melancholy, and all duty tinged with the sombre hue of self-restraint, it is certain that young and joyous natures will shrink from them. Such religion is not religious; such virtue is not virtuous; it rather shows itself to be the enemy of true goodness, by driving away those who might embrace it by its repellent aspect. Happiness is the twin sister of right doing; to preserve their union with sacred care is the highest office of philanthropy; to divorce them is the surest road to degradation and ruin.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BISHOP KEEN, of Richmond, Va., in a recent address, said: "I again appeal to all Catholics engaged in the liquor business, and beg of them, for the love of our Lord Jesus, not to sell liquor on Sunday. I also most earnestly entreat and exhort all Catholics never to buy liquor on Sunday, nor to enter any place where it is sold on that day."

NOT HIS MOTHER'S FACE.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN.

It was only a hospital groan! That was not anything unusual, and why should it be expected to attract particular attention, among the doctors and the nurses, in a place where the walls seemed designed to echo suffering sounds.

But this was a new groan. The surgeons had been busy with a fresh subject that morning, and had taken up their instruments and departed to other duties.

"It's a chance if that last subject pulls through," they had remarked, and one gentle-faced woman among the corps of nurses had heard it, and her mild blue eyes had been dimmed for a moment at the thought of the suffering one who seemed little beyond boyhood.

She hovered near him all that day, and the sight of his face was pain to her. His right limb had been amputated. The surgeons had done their work well; hundreds of times right in the same room they had performed the same operation, upon patients who had gone away at last from the hospital seemingly as sound as ever, but for the lost limb. Then, why not expect the same from this last subject?

I will tell you. Jim Hurdie had kept no resources of strength in reserve, upon which he could count in a great physical emergency. He had, in fact, overdrawn; he had, through nights of dissipation, and days of reaction, undermined his constitution, so that any assault of disease would easily take the citadel of his life.

"It will be a quick consumption," the new doctor said to the nurse. "Poor, poor fellow!"

The doctors usually did not have time to say much about hospital patients. Generally they hurried away after the fewest professional words possible.

The hospital really was a very unpleasant place, and why should they stay when other patients awaited in pleasanter homes their ministrations. Perhaps it was because this one was a new doctor that he found time to say a word out of his regular professional line of duty—I cannot say as to that; and perhaps it was because the woman with the gentle face was a new nurse that she had a tear for the young man. I cannot tell that, either. But I can tell that about a week after the amputation, the new doctor, in his rounds, stopped several minutes at the bedside of the young man, and when he left, there were tears in his eyes, and he said to the nurse, "I was obliged to tell him that the chances are against him—that he cannot live. He would have the truth, but it is so hard to tell a young person that he must die! You had better talk with him, Miss Devine."

That very afternoon the nurse had her talk with him, and learned his story. "You see there are some things I want right," he said, "and now that I know I can't live, I must ask some one else to try and right them. I've been a dreadful boy myself; I know it now. I've lost money and time and all through drink; but there's one thing—I've no family to disgrace. My father and mother and sisters are dead."

"My father was a gentleman; and my mother—if she had lived, I couldn't have gone wrong; I think; of course I couldn't expect other mothers to look after me, but I used to think, sometimes, if a woman who seemed something like what my own mother was, could have said a word to me, I could have been saved."

"But I didn't find many women, many mothers, that came up to my idea exactly."

"At last I had a friend and I loved him so much that sometimes it seemed I could have died to save him harm."

"I had begun to drink then, I don't think my friend knew it, and I said nothing at first, to lead him to suspect it, for I felt I could not do without him then—he was all to me!"

"But about his mother—I went there once, and as soon as I set my eyes upon her, I said she has a face as sweet and gentle as my mother's was."

"She was very kind to me, too; and I longed to tell her all my faults and temptations, so that I might get a word of help and comfort from her sweet, womanly lips, for I had no doubt she had them ready for me, she seemed so like my mother."

"It might have been a month after that night, that I had a night of intoxication—I, so young and so proud."

"I did not go to my place of business for

a week. I was very naturally discharged from my position. I don't blame them, I said to myself, they are men, they haven't woman's tenderness and pity!"

"Oh, how bitterly I thought of my folly, and repented in a way, too, and made resolutions to do better!"

"Oh, how I longed, then, to see my friend and tell him all."

"He did not come to me, he does not know where to find me, I argued, my worship for him made me reason that way."

"When I, at last, found a new position, I made up my mind that I would go to my friend's house, and even if I found him cold toward me, I felt sure the sweet-faced mother would interpose a word for me."

"I remember how excited I was as I rang the bell that night. The servant left me to wait in the parlor—my friend Ned wasn't home, but I had asked for his mother."

"Soon I heard footsteps, and the lady stood before me. But how was I shocked to see no look of love for me, no hand of welcome held out, but instead an expression of hardness, and almost of hatred."

"I am almost ashamed to tell how I pleaded to be taken back into the old friendship, how I begged for one word of pity and love, and received nothing but scorn from first to last."

"I ran down those steps and out into the street, not really in my right mind."

"Maddened by my disappointment at not receiving what my soul had day and night hungered for—cursing the woman; cursing my own folly that had led to it all—I vowed then to have vengeance."

"It was an awful oath—but I swore. I would be revenged, through my friend. If I could not be allowed to go up to him, he should come down to me. I would not be separated from him! It should be heaven or hell for us both, which, I did not seem to care."

"It took months to accomplish my purpose, and then I had the satisfaction of being near my friend, of hearing his loved voice. Again and again we met at a saloon; we drank together, we smoked, we spent our evenings this way."

"Then, one night he was taken home, an intoxicated young man."

"I saw his mother once after that, and the change in her face told what the trial had been."

"They removed to another city soon after, and I was left to mourn my loss, and to sink deeper into sin, and this broken leg witnessed to my last drinking day, and you know all the rest."

"The eyes of the listener could not hold the tears that had long been welling up, and they dropped one by one, some falling upon the bright hair of the sick man."

"You are exhausted now," she whispered; "another day you can finish."

"But he shook his head."

"I must say all now; I may not stay long. I want to tell you that even before I came here and was free to think as I ought to about my life, and all, that I began to feel terribly that I had led my friend into wrong, and his poor mother's face has haunted me. Many a time in my sober moments I said to myself, 'I will write to her and tell her how sorry I am.' But I would remember her look of scorn, and I had not courage. After I really began to take hold of the promises that you read to me, you seemed from the first to know just what I needed. I felt if only I could be sure Ned would believe too, that a dreadful sinner can be saved, I should be so happy; for somehow I've been thinking since his mother scorned me, that she might not know how to lead a sinner."

"I will write," said Miss Devine, as he finished. "I will write to her to-day."

Each morning for a week the rapidly-falling hospital patient asked with eager voice:

"Have you heard?"

At last a morning came so bright and beautiful that it could not seem that its day would carry death as well as life in its bosom.

The young man did not ask if there was news in the morning. He asked his loved nurse to read again the penitential psalm; and as she finished, he pressed her hand saying:

"You have helped me to die in peace."

Then his mind began to wander, and he seemed to be living over the past.

At last the light of reason shone again in his face. He lifted his head, and looked toward the door, as if expecting some one.

The door opened, two persons advanced to the bedside.

"Ned!" he cried, as he lifted his hands, and the words were almost a shout.

The mother of Ned pressed close to the dying one. He looked into her face but whether what he saw there, or whether a gentle voice calling to him from over the border, brought the answer, "Mother," to his lips none could tell.

And so he passed on to peace. And his friend Ned closed his eyes with the Christian's hope in his heart. But the woman, in losing a blessed opportunity, had lost for her own crown a soul that might have been the brightest jewel in it.

She had lost it because she neglected her opportunity, a blessed one, of using her mother tact, and love and pity, to save one of the many unfortunate ones to whom gates of interpenance are opening at every turn. What mother will find here a lesson—*Church and Home.*

BOYS AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.) LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL AND THE HUMAN STOMACH.

Besides a sedative, what is an effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body? A first effect of alcohol when taken into the animal body is, to produce what is called irritation.

What is irritation when applied to the animal body? Irritation is an unusual action in any of its parts.

How is irritation in any part of an animal body caused? Irritation in any part of the animal body is caused by contact with what is both disturbing and injurious.

How is it known that alcohol, when taken into the animal body, produces this irritation? We know it from the character of alcohol itself, to which may be added the demonstration of universal experience.

Suppose this irritation is continued by the frequent use of alcohol, what follows? One of two things follows: either the mouth, and throat, and stomach lose sensibility, or irritation is followed by inflammation.

What is the consequence of the loss of sensibility in the stomach and in the organs leading to it? Much of the natural pleasure that comes of taking common, healthy food and drink is at an end.

What is inflammation? Inflammation is the pain, redness, heat and swelling, caused by an irritation of any part of the animal body.

Does inflammation always follow irritation? It does, unless the cause that produces the irritation is removed.

WHY THE BOOK-KEEPER STOLE.

He had a wife; his salary was \$2,500 per annum. But she complained; she wanted a better house, better clothes—nothing fit to go out in, no country cottage, no carriage nor front pews, nor society; she coveted a place on the ragged edge of the select 500.

She kept it up, night and day, and moaned and groaned and growled and wept.

He lacked style, also; as well as new clothes every six weeks, and various other things.

He knew how his employer made several hundred daily on the street; a thousand or so would not be missed for a few hours.

So he took it, went upon the street, and won, and she got her scalps. He took it, again, and lost; more to get that back, and lost; more yet, defalcation discovered; he wears the Penitentiary check—others are going to. Beware! If you lose, society will sit down on you.

Beware! Better is a modest room up two pairs of back stairs, than a cell in the Tombs; and a plain woollen jacket—rather than a pair of prison uniform pants on poor Charlie's legs.—*Graphic.*

IT ISN'T NIGHT YET.

Two ragged, hungry-looking, shelterless tramps lounged at sundown near an iron railing in the heart of a great city. They were overheard to wonder where they should spend the night. "Never Mind," at length said one, "it isn't night yet."

Alas! the unnumbered needy, shelterless, hopeless souls abroad—profligate wanderers from Father's home—who know, by dread forebodings, their coming hour of darkness and need, but who show no higher wisdom than this: "Never mind; time enough; it is not night yet." But isn't it high time to get ready for the night? For many a soul already the dark shadows begin to gather in the places where, for years, they have labored and laughed and sung in the sunlight. Whatever is to be done at all must be done quickly. The night cometh in which no man can work.—*Morning Star.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

February 11.—Acts 4: 1-14.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The rejected stone." I have heard a story of one of the stones cut out for Solomon's Temple, that being of a curious and peculiar shape, it seemed to have no place in the building. They tried it one place and another, but it did not fit, and finally they threw it one side. During the years the temple was building it became covered with moss and rubbish, and was the laughing-stock of the workmen as they passed by. But when the temple was almost completed, and the multitudes were assembled to witness the dedication, enquiry was made for the top-stone, the crowning beauty of the whole. They found it in this despid and neglected stone; they lifted it to its place amid shouts of joy, and it became the crown and glory of the temple. So it was with Christ. So it will be with the doctrines and principles of Christ. So too the greatest heroes will be found, not on historic fields, but on the silent battle-fields of the heart. The truest martyrs are often those crucified on unseen crosses, and burned with invisible flames in our cottages and villages. But their crowns and white robes and golden harps will come at last.—P.

II. "Christ the power for salvation." Dr. Chalmers bears testimony that for years he preached morality in the village of Killmeny, without any perceptible effect or reform in morals. He heard of no one made better or more honest. Yet he preached with all his masterly eloquence. After a time Chalmers was converted, and began to preach Jesus Christ; and immediately there followed all those moral reforms he had sought for in vain by the preaching of morality without Christ.—P.

PRACTICAL.

1. Verse 2. We must expect opposition from the enemies of Christ.
2. Verse 4. Persecution does not destroy but increases the converts, as the wind does not put out the fire, but makes it blaze brighter, and scatters the fire-brands far and wide.
3. Verse 8. Christ fulfils his promise to the letter.
4. Verse 10. Jesus Christ is the wisdom and power of God.
5. Salvation makes whole, entire, complete, what sin mars and destroys.
6. Verse 11. Whatever is true and right however despised and unpopular, will at length become a crown and a glory.

"Though right's a crown on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne; Yet that scaffold sways the future, and within the dim unknown, Standeth God within the shadows, keeping watch above his own."—LOWELL.

7. Verse 12. Salvation is only through Christ. No other has power to save.
8. Verse 13. True and deep religion gives courage and character—is an educating, elevating power.

9. If we belong to Christ it will appear in our lives and character.
10. We are changed into the likeness of Christ, by abiding with him.

11. Verse 14. The good effects of Christianity are the one unanswerable argument.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Christ the power of God can be deeply impressed by this lesson. (1) We see his power in times of trouble and persecution, vers. 1-4, adding all the more to the Church; (2) we see his power in giving aid to his disciples, vers. 5-8, fulfilling the promise to Peter of courage and right words; (3) he is the power in the salvation of men, vers. 9-12, the only name by which men are saved for this world and the next; (4) power in changing character, vers. 13, 14, making his disciples like himself.

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THE LOTUS.

The singular beauty and usefulness of the large water-lily, called the Lotus, have in all ages attracted to it an extraordinary interest; and, combined with the fables of the Egyptians, the Hindus and the Chinese, have exalted it in the East to honors almost divine.

It was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. Representations of it were sculptured upon the monuments; the sun was seen rising from it, and Osiris and other deities sat upon it, or were crowned with it.

In India and Ceylon the flower is held very sacred. When princes enter the idol temple they have this flower in their hands, and when the priests sit in silent thought it is placed in a vase before them. It is related that a native, upon entering Sir William Jones' study, seeing flowers of this beautiful plant lying upon the table for examination, prostrated himself before them.

The Sanscrit name of the flower is Padma, and by that name it is usually known in Buddhist countries. The words *Om Mani Padma hum!* "Oh, Jewel (Precious One) in (on) the Lotus, Amen!" form the most frequent prayer of many millions of mankind. "These six syllables which the Lamas (Buddhist priests) repeat," says Koeppen, in his work on Lamaism, "form, of all the prayers of the earth, the prayer that is most frequently repeated, written and printed. They form the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words that the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsman by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in his devotions. One meets with them everywhere, wherever Lamaism has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper and so forth.

The Buddhists of China and Japan also greatly venerate the flower, and associate it with all the leading deities, who are represented in the images in the temples as seated upon it.

The power attributed to the Lotus is in nothing more marked than in its imagined helpfulness to the souls of the deceased. It figures in Chinese paintings of the punishment of the dead. In these pictures the deceased are represented as suffering tortures of various kinds. By their children, however, such valuable gifts are offered as to induce Kwanyin, the Goddess of Mercy, to appear upon the scene, and cast the Lotus upon the miserable sufferers. This at once ends their punishment, and the evil spirits are unable to torment their victims any more! Such pictures are shown by the Bud-

dhist priests to move the compassion, terrify the consciences, and open the purses of the friends of the dead.

But, notwithstanding the sacredness in which the Lotus is held, and the fables and superstitions which are associated with it, many of the Chinese largely cultivate it. The fragrant blossoms reach a diameter of ten inches, and find a ready sale. The seeds or beans are eaten as they are, or are ground and made into cakes; the fleshy stems supply a popular nourishing vegetable; while the fibres of the leaf stalks serve for lamp-wicks.

The ancient Egyptians also largely cultivated the Lotus on the waters of the Nile, the beans, the stems and even the roots being extensively used for food. The seeds of the plant were enclosed in balls of clay or mud, mixed with chopped straw, and cast into the Nile. In due season the beautiful petals appeared,

course; you wouldn't think of telling anything else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself, if I can. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight of a new employer ever hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him I'll be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the younger man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother, said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best," said his mother, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*Standard.*

"FOR ME."

Little Carrie was a heathen child, about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight, neat form.

A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking." "What are you thinking about?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands, and said: "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believe his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! it is for me! and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour."—*Morning Light.*

PRAYER will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—*Bunyan.*

PEOPLE look at your six days in the week to see what you mean on the seventh.



shortly followed by buds, flowers and seeds. From which practice the inspired writer enforces the duty of self-denying zeal and faith: "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my old carelessness. I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit-jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one."

"Tell the truth, James, of

told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good-humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him,—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21st, 1883.

The advance of last week has not been maintained, and the market has been almost stagnant, with prices nominally unchanged. We quote: Canada White Winter \$1.08 to \$1.10; Canada Red \$1.12 to \$1.14; Canada Spring, \$1.08 to \$1.09. Peas, 89c per 66 lbs. Barley, 55c to 65c per bushel. Oats, 35c to 36c. Rye 60c per bush.

FLOUR.—The advance has also had the effect of checking the sales of flour. The market having been very quiet all week. To-day, however, sales were brisk at slightly reduced prices. Quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$4.90 to \$5; Extra Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.80; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.65 to \$4.70; Superfine, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Strong Bakers', American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$4.00; Middlings, \$3.70 to \$3.80; Pollards, \$4.10; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.30 to \$2.35; do. Spring Extra, \$2.20 to \$2.25; do. Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Unchanged. Oatmeal, \$4.75 to \$5.00. Cornmeal nominally \$3.90 to \$4.10. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—No change to report. Home markets quiet. Demand for export small. Quotations:—Creamery, fresh made, fine flavoured, extra, 26c to 27c; do., good to fine, 23c to 25c; Eastern Townships, 2c to 22c; Morrisburg, 15c to 21c; Brockville, 17c to 20c; Western, 15c to 19c. Add 2c per lb. to all of the above for the jobbing trade. Cheese firm, but small business.—10c to 11c for August, and 13c to 14c for choice September and October; common grades, 7c to 9c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—The market is fairly active. Dressed hogs do not sell as freely as usual at this time of the year, the prices demanded being very high. Mess Pork, \$21 to \$22 for Western and Canada mess; Lard, 13c to 14c per lb; Hams, 15c to 17c; Bacon, 13c to 14c.

Eggs.—Quiet at 23c to 25c per dozen for limed and 25c to 26c for fresh.

ASHES.—Pots, firm at \$5.05 to \$5.15.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Owing to the large arrivals of beef cattle at the markets here of late prices have declined about half a cent per lb live weight, and drovers who have been paying rather high figures for their cattle, are now compelled to sell at a loss. Good butchers' cattle bring from 4c to 5c per lb, and large fat cows and fair conditioned steers, 4c to 4c. A large proportion of the beef cattle offered here lately were ordinary sized dry cows in pretty good condition, which were sold at about \$35 per head, or rather under 3c per lb live weight. Lean stock have not been so numerous of late but there seems to be less demand for them than was the case a short time ago, owing to a decline in the price of beef quarters on the farmers' market. Calves are scarce and any that are in fair condition bring pretty high prices. Sheep and lambs are dull of sale. A lot of over 50 good lambs were lately sold here at \$4.50 per head, or rather less money than a similar flock could be bought for six weeks ago. There have been no live hogs offered here lately, but a carload is expected in a few days. Dressed hogs bring from \$8.40 to \$8.75 per 100 lbs.

FARMERS' MARKET.

With favorable weather and good roads the attendance of farmers at the markets here has been pretty large of late, and with liberal supplies of produce, prices are generally lower. Oats are being marketed in large quantities but meet with an active demand at about former rates. Potatoes are also plentiful and although the local demand is good, prices are easier. Cabbages are somewhat lower in price, although considerable quantities are being shipped to the United States. Frozen poultry and beef quarters are decidedly lower priced, yet they are still much dearer than at this time last year. With a larger supply of fresh-laid eggs, prices have declined nearly ten cents per dozen from the very high rates which lately prevailed, and old eggs are also being offered at lower rates, and a still further reduction in prices of eggs is expected shortly, especially if the weather should continue mild. Liberal supplies of hay are being brought to market by farmers and prices are weaker, ranging at from \$6 to \$10

per 100 bundles of 15 lbs., most of the sales of hay of fair quality being made at from \$8 to \$9 per 100 bundles. Straw is sold at from \$3 to \$5 per 100 bundles of twelve lbs. The following are the prices of the principal kinds of farm produce:—Oats and potatoes 70c to 90c per bag; peas 50c to \$1 per bushel; buckwheat 55c to 60c; beans \$1.50 to \$2.25 do. Dressed hogs \$8.50 to \$9 per 100 lbs.; beef forequarters 4c to 5c per lb; do. hindquarters, 5c to 7c do. Dressed turkeys 10c to 15c do.; geese 9c to 12c; ducks 12c to 15c; fowls 10c to 14c do. Tub butter 18c to 25c per lb; print butter 25c to 40c do.; fresh laid eggs 35c to 40c per dozen; old eggs 25c to 30c do.

NEW YORK, Jan. 30th, 1883.

GRAIN.—Following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, \$1.15 Jan., \$1.15 Feb., \$1.17 March, \$1.20 April, \$1.20 May. Corn 71c cash, 68c Jan., 68c Feb., 67c May. Oats, 48c cash, 47c Jan., 46c Feb., 47c March, 47c May. Rye, no sales, Western, 75 afloat. We quote: Canada, in bond, 75c; State, 75 to 76c. Peas—Canada field, 55c to 90c; green peas, \$1.35; black-eyed Southern, \$2.90 to \$3.00 per two bushel bag. Buckwheat, 74c.

FLOUR.—Low Extra, \$4.00 to \$4.35; Superfine, \$3.35 to \$3.80 Spring, \$3.50 to \$3.85 for Winter; Western Spring Clear Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.90; Poor to Choice Fancy, held at \$6.75 to \$7.25; Inferior Clear Extra, \$5.30 to \$6.05; Straight Extra, \$6.55 to \$6.15, up to \$6.55 for Choice, and \$6.55 to \$6.65 for Choice to Fancy; Patent Extra, \$6.30 to \$7.75; Choice Fancy Family Extra, \$6.40 to \$6.80; Buckwheat Flour, \$2.85 to \$3.10 per 100 lbs.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.50 to \$6.00; Coarse, \$5.75 to \$7.00 per brl. Cornmeal, Brandywine \$3.75 to \$3.90; City Sacked, coarse, per 100 lbs, \$1.25 to \$1.30; Fine white, and yellow, \$1.45 to \$1.50; no sales. Corn flour, \$4.25 to \$5.00. Grits \$3.75 to \$4.50.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$22 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$19 to \$20; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$17.50 to \$18; 50 lbs. or medium feed \$17.50 to \$18; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$17.50 to \$18; rye feed at \$19 per ton; barley feed, \$22.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, per lb., prime, 14c; fancy, 14c to 15c; timothy, 12c to 13c; domestic flaxseed, \$1.28 to \$1.30; Calcutta linseed, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

BEEF.—Market still very dull. We quote: \$11 for plain mess; \$12 to \$13 for extra mess; \$12.50 to \$13 for plate; \$14 for extra plate; \$25 to \$27.50 for city extra India mess and \$15 to \$15.50 for packet.

BEEF HAMS.—Steady market at \$18.00 to \$19. Small sales.

BACON.—The Chicago market prices are, loose long clear, \$8.75; short clear, \$9.15; short rib, \$8.85; shoulders, 6.50; boxed clear, 9c per lb; short clear, \$9.35; short rib, 9.10c; shoulders, 6.75c.

CUTMEATS.—Demand better than last week. We quote: 9c to 10c for pickled bellies; 8c to 8c for pickled shoulders; 11c to 12c for pickled hams; 9c for smoked shoulders; 13c to 13c for smoked hams.

DRESSED HOGS.—Hogs at 8c to 8c and market pigs at 8c.

PORK.—Higher prices all round. \$18.50 to \$19.00 for new mess; \$14.50 to \$15 for extra prime, \$18 to \$19 for family.

LARD.—Prices but little changed. Sale still small. We quote 11c for Western steam and 10c for city.

STEARINE.—We quote 11 to 11c. Oleo-margarine, 9c to 10c.

TALLOW.—We quote 8c to 8c for prime. Sales of 60,000 tons reported.

MEAT STOCK.—Western heavy wethers, 6c to 6c per lb; Jersey and near-by 5c to 6c. Spring lambs, 6c to 7c. Live calves, State, fair to prime, 8c to 10c; Jersey, 8c, 10c to 10c; butter-milk fed, 5c to 6c; grassers, 4c to 4c. Dressed veals, from 10c to 11c for poor to fair, to 13c to 14c for choice.

FOR POLITICIANS ONLY.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the Government, were under a tavern porch, when an old toper named Joel—a person who was loquacious when tipsy, but exactly opposite when

sober—said that he would tell them a story.

They told him to go on. Whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it happened one day that the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoned his nobles, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and they started. While journeying they met a countryman mounted on a jackass.

"He advised them to return, 'for,' said he, 'it will certainly rain.' They smiled contemptuously upon him and passed on. Before they had gone many miles they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a shower coming up drenched them to the skin. When they had returned to the palace the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knew more than you do. He told me that it would rain, whereas you told me that it would not." The king then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me how you knew it would rain?" said the king.

"I didn't know," said the countryman, "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," said the rustic.

"The king then sent the rustic away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him, the jackass, in the office the philosopher filled.

"And here," observed Joel, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake."

"How so?" inquired the auditors.

"Why, ever since that time," said Joel with a grin on his face, "every jackass wants office."

A DISCOVERY.

As a metal aluminum has the desirable qualities (without the faults) of most of the metals now employed in the arts, and would soon replace them if it could be cheaply produced. But, in spite of very considerable reductions in the cost of reducing it from the ore, it is still a hundred times too costly to permit of its general use as a substitute for iron. Hence the importance attached to the report from Europe that a new and cheap process of reducing aluminum has been discovered. No detailed information regarding the process employed has been received, but the Birmingham correspondent of the London News says that it is the invention of Mr. Webster, of Hollywood, near Birmingham, and that the metal made by this process has been actually introduced in the arts in the shape of a bronze alloy in which aluminum takes the place of iron. The cost of production is said to be less than \$500 per ton, against \$5000 per ton by old processes. The correspondent also says that the aluminum can be made in immense quantities in a few days and that the British Government is in treaty for the purchase of a supply of the metal to the Royal Gun factory at Woolwich, where aluminum bronze has been tested and found to have higher resisting power than either gun metal or Bessemer steel. Among the by-products of the manufacture is said to be a blue dye, which will probably supersede indigo for color printing, "as it permanently retains its color and is not affected by acids."

HOW TO WARM COLD FEET.—People who write or sew all day, or rather those who take but little exercise, may warm their cold feet without going to the fire. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or to jump up and down, but simply to rise—to the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do, in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. Even the half frozen car-driver can carry this plan out. It is one rule of the "Swedish movement" system, and, as motion warmth is much better than fire warm-

ing, persons who suffer with cold feet at night can try this plan just before retiring to rest.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VI.

Feb. 11, 1883. [Acts 4: 1-14.]

NONE OTHER NAME.

COMMIT TO MEMORY V. 10-13.

(Revised Version.)

And as they spake unto the people, the 1 priests and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees came upon them, being sore 2 troubled because they taught the people, and proclaimed in Jesus the resurrection from the dead. And they laid hands on them, and put 3 them in ward unto the morrow: for it was now eventide. But many of them that heard 4 the word believed; and the number of the men came to be about five thousand. And it came to pass on the morrow, that 5 their rulers and elders and scribes were gathered together in Jerusalem; and Annas the high priest was there, and Caiaphas, and John, and Alexander, and as many as were 6 of the kindred of the high priest. And when they had set them in the midst, they enquired, 7 By what power, or in what name, have ye done this? Then Peter, filled with the Holy 8 Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders, if ye will day after day examine 9 carnal a good deed done to an impotent man, by what means this man is made whole: be it known unto you all, and to all 10 the people of Israel, that in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom 11 God raised from the dead, even in him do all these things which were done by you to the 12 builders, which was made the head of the corner. And in none other is there salvation: 13 for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we 14 must be saved.

Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. And moving 15 the man, which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—ACTS 4: 12.

TOPIC.—Christ the Only Saviour.

LESSON PLAN.—I. THE ARREST OF THE APOSTLES. VS. 14. 2. THEIR ARGUMENT BY THE COUNCIL. VS. 5-7. 3. THEIR NOBLE ANSWER. VS. 8-14.

Time.—A. D. 30, immediately after the last lesson. Place.—Jerusalem, at the meeting of the Sanhedrin.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our last lesson left Peter in Solomon's Porch preaching to the crowd. He was suddenly interrupted. Priests and Sadducees were indignant at his speech, and got the captain of the temple to stop it and put Peter and John in prison. The next morning they were brought before the council, and were asked by what power they had wrought this miracle. Our lesson tells us how Peter answered the council.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. THE CAPTAINS OF THE TEMPLE—an officer who commanded the Levites, who kept order in the temple. SADDUCEES—who disbelieved in the resurrection. V. 2. GILDAS—indignant through Jesus—as an example. V. 3. IN HOLD—in prison. EVENTIDE—evening. V. 4. HOWEVER—in spite of the opposition. V. 5. THEIR RULERS, ETC.—the Sanhedrin. V. 6. ANNAS—he had been high priest and was the father-in-law of CAIAPHAS, who was high priest at that time. V. 7. DREW THIS—cured the lame man. The form of the question admitted the fact of the cure. V. 8. FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST—receiving a fresh inspiration, which gave him the right answer and made him bold to utter it. V. 9. GOOD DEED—no crime had been committed; a man hindered from birth had been made whole. V. 10. BY THE NAME OF JESUS—by his authority and power. WHOM YE CRUCIFIED—he fearlessly charged home upon them their guilt. This had stirred the priests against him. V. 11. THE STONE—Ps. 118: 22; Isa. 28: 16; Matt. 21: 42. SET AT NAUGHT—rejected as worthless. Jesus himself used these same words only a few days before his death. V. 12. SALVATION.—Not only had this lame man been healed by the power of Jesus, but there was salvation for the souls of men in no other. If they, the priests and rulers of Israel, were ever saved, it must be through this very Man whom they had killed. Unless we are willing to build on this foundation, we must be lost for ever. JOHN 3: 16; 17: 4; 1 Cor. 3: 11; Gal. 3: 12; 2: 20. V. 13. THE BOLDNESS—literally, "the speaking out all"; their readiness and fearlessness of speech. TOOK KNOWLEDGE OF THEM—recognized them as men they had seen before with Jesus. They saw also something of his spirit in them—his meekness, his possession and courage—as they were strangely reminded of the holy Sufferer who only a few weeks before had stood before them. V. 14. NOTHING AGAINST IT—they were completely silenced. They could not deny the reality of the miracle or the truth of what Peter said. The living proof was right before their eyes.

TEACHINGS:

- 1. When the gospel is preached with power, it will meet with opposition.
2. The enemies of religion can bring no charge of evil or of wrong against it.
3. Those who have been with Jesus will show it by their words and lives.
4. Only the name that cured the cripple has power to save the sinner.
5. The gospel is so clearly of God that its opposers can say nothing against it.

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