

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

Sir Leonard Tilley, in the Finance Minister's annual statement, announces a surplus of \$150,000. Without the \$500,000 obtained by sales of land in the North-West, and which should not be reckoned as ordinary revenue, there is a deficit of \$350,000. No important changes are to be made in the tariff this year. Canadian millers had been expecting an increase of the duty on flour from 50 cents to 75 cents a barrel. The customs and excise duties on tobacco and cigars have been doubled—and the tobacco men are very angry.

The municipalities of Ontario which gave bonuses to railway lines, since taken over by the government or the C. P. R., are petitioning to have the money returned. Sir John, however, is scarcely expected to comply with this request.

In answer to a question by Mr. Blake, Sir John Macdonald says that the Canadian Pacific has not made application to be relieved from embarrassments.

Sir Richard Cartwright made a severe attack on the government for making those celebrated advances of \$300,000 to the Exchange Bank, at a time when that institution was known to be in a rather shaky condition. The most that could be said in defence was that Sir Richard Cartwright had once done much the same thing himself, though the banks helped by him were of greater importance.

Sir Alex. Campbell, Minister of Justice, has introduced a bill providing imprisonment for life as the punishment for anyone causing an explosion endangering life or property, and seven years for any one planning to do such a thing.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

The Sudan, serious as the position of affairs is there, is just now of small importance beside Afghanistan. It is a plain and awful fact that Europe is on the brink of a tremendous war between Britain and Russia, and that a little indiscretion on either side will be enough to set flame to the powder. The British Government has shown that it will stand no trifling, and it only remains for Russia to choose between withdrawing her troops from Afghan territory and fighting the whole British Empire. It is feared that the Czar's advisers belong to the warlike party, and that the troops will not be withdrawn. British and Russian troops are both being sent forward. There is now little doubt that the offers of the colonies to furnish troops will be accepted. The Turkish government, which has for the last few years been protesting and even using threats against Britain, is now believed to be anxious to conclude an alliance, so that the Turks may once more fight against their mortal foes the Russians.

A dispute between Prince Bismarck and Lord Granville was getting unpleasantly warm, but it is hoped and expected that Count Herbert Bismarck, who recently

vent to London, has succeeded in once more bringing the two Governments into harmonious relations. And the German Emperor is likely to enforce on Russia the necessity of keeping peace with Britain. At the same time, the British and Germans in various parts of the world are doing their best to cause a quarrel. Germans have pulled down the British flag at a mission village in the Cameroons country of West Africa, and explanations are now being waited for.

THERE is a deficit of about \$50,000,000 in the British exchequer this year. An increase in the income and succession taxes is expected.

A NEW "AGE OF MIRACLES."

The power of the mind over the body is well-known to be very great. Some persons, imagining themselves to be afflicted with a certain disease, will really suffer all the pain that the real disease would have caused. And it is probably also true that some having great faith in the system of healing which they employ, really enjoy all the benefits of being healed—though the same system would not have the least effect on other people. Visitors to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, near Quebec, notice the crutches left there as evidence that the owners have been cured by the miracle-working saint. Most of the cases in which such cures are stated to have been wrought are cases of disordered nerves, which are particularly subject to the mind's influence. There is little doubt that many sick people have been "healed by faith." They themselves might attach a different and stronger meaning to the words; but we shall not enter into such a deep and mysterious question as that of how far the believing mind is itself the cause of the body's recovery. We shall only chronicle reported facts; and we give to-day the following very interesting account from the London, (England) Times:

The Press Association states that some faith-healing miracles in connection with the Salvation Army are reported from Hanley. Major Pearson, who professes a power of restoring the blind, the deaf, and the lame, held services on Sunday in the Tontine-street Circus, Hanley. Many thousands of persons attended, including over 100 invalids of all ages, some of whom were brought to the circus in Bath chairs, being unable to use their lower limbs. After the ordinary service the faith-healing ceremonial commenced. The major and his subalterns threw off their outer garments and descended into the arena. A lad who had been a cripple from an early age was first operated upon, and while the major vigorously rubbed the disabled limb his followers and the congregation, at the request of the major, engaged in prayer. They prayed earnestly and long, and finally the lad was induced to rise and walk about a little. The major, amid the greatest excitement, proclaimed that the Almighty had answered their prayers.

Before this result was brought about the major's followers had dispersed themselves

over the hall, the detachments surrounding one of the many who had come to be healed. They prayed vigorously, and the scene, which lasted until midnight, was of a most exciting character. An old woman, who represented that she had been deaf for 40 years, stated that she had regained her hearing, and a young woman who went to the building stone deaf testified to her cure. Another young woman, a confirmed invalid who was taken to the circus in a Bath chair, was prayed for and finally staggered to her feet and walked a yard or two, and a few minutes afterwards another woman walked feebly across the building, her Bath chair being hoisted over the heads of the people, the throng shouting "The Lord be praised," and making use of the ejaculations expressive of their astonishment. Several persons ascended the platform and publicly testified to their cure, and the congregation joined in thanksgiving for these miraculous recoveries.

A FEMALE MISER.

If Vanderbilt is the richest man in America, Mrs. E. H. Green is the richest woman. All her securities were in the hands of Cisco & Son when they failed, and when she heard the rumors affecting the credit of the firm, she wrote to have her account closed and her balance of \$450,000 transferred to other banks. The firm asked her to leave her deposit as cover for \$800,000 due from her husband, which she declined, as she keeps all her financial affairs separate from his. At that time Mrs. Green had in a box in their charge \$26,000,000 in stocks and government and railway bonds locked up as a special trust. Mrs. Green was the daughter of a New Bedford whaler, who left her \$5,000,000 and being a "keen blade" she has multiplied her heritage on the Stock Exchange. She is even said more than once to have had a "corner" in Reading railway stocks, and her interest in Louisville and Nashville is immense. She does business regardless of sentiment and relationship, is close fisted, never indulging in luxuries. She has walked to a social reception in a heavy snow-storm rather than pay for a coach. Once she got out of a Broadway stage in front of the Cisco banking office in Wall street with a bulky parcel under her arm. Mr. Cisco was looking out of his office window at the time, and a few minutes later when he found that the bulky parcel contained over \$200,000 in negotiable securities, which Mrs. Green had brought down to place in the vault, he said: "Don't you think it was rather risky for you to have brought these bonds down town in a public stage? You should have taken a carriage." "A carriage, indeed!" said she—"Perhaps you can afford to ride in a carriage. I cannot."—Anglo-American Times.

THE THIRD OF MARCH was kept as a public holiday in Sydney, New South Wales, and immense crowds assembled and cheered the Australian volunteers who were leaving for the Sudan.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN republics of Guatemala and Nicaragua are at war, for some reason or another.

HOW A SOLDIER DIES.

Mr. Burleigh, the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, who was wounded at the battle of Abu Klea, has written a vivid description of the fight. After relating how the ferocious Arabs charged, spears flashing and teeth glistening, down upon the little British square, the correspondent tells how the dauntless Colonel Burnaby rode out to defend a skirmisher who, in trying to get back to the ranks, was hotly pressed by an Arab Sheik on horseback:

"Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks brought the sheik headlong to the ground. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Col. Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and pulling it backward, Col. Burnaby leapt forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrust. But the length of the man's weapon—eight feet—put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice Col. Burnaby just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan and straight-haired tawny complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steppe were fast closing in upon our square.

"Colonel Burnaby fenced the swarthy Arab as if he were playing in an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance. With that lightning instinct which I have seen desert warriors before now display in battle while coming to one another's aid, an Arab, who was pursuing a soldier and had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear, turned with a sudden spring, and this second Arab ran his spear point into the Colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound. Enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle and defend himself from this unexpected attack.

"Before the savage could repeat this unlooked for blow, so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted, a soldier ran out and drove his sword bayonet through the second assailant. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of his saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground.

"Half a dozen Arabs were now about him. With blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat, the dauntless Guardsman leapt to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne and left helpless and dying."

THE FARMERS' UNION of Manitoba has held a meeting at which great dissatisfaction was expressed at the treatment of the Province by the Dominion government; some members even advocated secession from the confederation.

THE UNCEASING MELODY.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Like some pink shell, that will not cease
Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release
His anthem full and free :
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on thee."

The music of the melody
Has floated down the years,
A soul-substating harmony ;
It elevates and cheers,
And, like the voice of Deity,
It dissipates all fears.
Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,
Beyond the frown and sigh,
Beyond the world with discord rife,
It lifts the soul on high,
To find a calm and restful life,
By faith in Christ brought nigh.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul
Whose trust on God is stayed ;
While pressing onward to the goal,
It hears, all undismayed,
The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

And this is why, without release,
My heart sings fall and free,
The anthem that will never cease
Through all eter ny :
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."
—Parish Visitor.

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let me show you one of the finest
pieces of cloth I have seen for six months,"
said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship
was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards,"
replied the customer. "The silk and bat-
tons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no
trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to
show my goods," said the storekeeper,
drawing from a certain shelf the piece of
cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it
upon the counter. "There," he added, as
he unfolded the glossy broadcloth and clapped
his hand upon it complacently, "there
is something worth looking at, and it's cheap
as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and
worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at
the auction yesterday, at a good bargain.

"It's cheap, enough, certainly," remarked
Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down
to inspect the cloth; "but I've no money
to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied
Edwards, "at least none from such men as
you."

Jacobs looked into the man's face in
some doubt as to its meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards,
smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked
a man to trust me in my life," returned the
customer.

"I'll trust you half that is in my store,"
was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a
little flattered by a compliment like this.
"But I've no want in dry goods to that ex-
tent. A skein of silk, a dozen buttons for
my wife, are all that I require at present.

"You want a new coat," replied the
persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand
upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and exam-
ined it closely.

"This one is getting rusty and thread-
bare. A man like you should have some
respect as to his appearance. Let me see.
Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost
but eight dollars, and I won't send in your
bill for six months. Eight dollars for a
fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bar-
gains of this kind don't grow on every
tree."

While Edwards talked thus, he was dis-
playing the goods he wished to sell in a
good way to let the rich, glossy surface catch
the best point of light, and his quick eye
soon told him that the customer was begin-
ning to be tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he,
taking up the yard-stick. "I know you
want it. Don't hesitate about the matter,"
Jacobs did not say "No," although the
word was on his tongue. While he yet

hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off
and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half-
triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips.
"And the greatest bargain you ever had.
You will want trimmings, of course."

As he spoke he turned to the shelf for
padding, lining, silk, and while Jacobs, half
bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one
piece to another until the coat trimmings
were all nicely laid out. This done Mr.
Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing
his hands from an internal feeling of delight
and said—

"You must have a very handsome vest
to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," replied
Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment
which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will
never do to go with a new coat," said
Edwards in a decided tone. Let me show
you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting
his customer until he sold him a vest and
pantafoons in addition to his coat. After
that, he found no difficulty in selling him a
silk dress for his wife. Having indulged
himself with an entire new suit, he could
not, upon reflection, think of passing by his
wife, who had been wishing for a new silk
dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of anything else?"
inquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to sup-
ply whatever you may want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered
Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five
dollars; and he had yet to pay for making
his coat, pantafoons and vest.

"But you want various articles of dry
goods. In a family there is something called
for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send
down for whatever she needs. Never mind
about the money. Your credit is good with
me for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his
wife what he had done, she, unreflecting
woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of mus-
lin," said she. "We want sheets and pil-
low cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs.
"We won't have to pay for it now.
Edwards will send in a bill at the end of the
six months, and it will be easy enough to
pay for it then."

"Oh, yes, easy enough," responded his
wife, confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on
the credit account. But things did not stop
here. A credit account is too often like a
breach in a canal; the stream is small at
first but soon increases to a ruinous current.
Now that want had found a supply source,
want was more clamorous than before.
Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs.
Jacobs did not order something from the
store, not dreaming, simple souls, that an
alarming heavy debt was accumulating
against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not
large. He was, as has been intimated, a
clerk in a wholesale store, and received a
salary of seven hundred dollars a year.
His family consisted of a wife and three
children, and he found it necessary to be
prudent in all his expenditures, in order
to make both ends meet. Somewhat
independent in his feelings, he had never
asked for credit of anyone with whom he
dealt, and no one offering it, previous to
the temptation inducement held out by
Edwards, he had regulated his outgo by his
income. By this means he had managed
to keep even with the world, though not to
gain any advantage on the side of fortune.
Let us see if his good credit had been of
any real service to him.

It was very pleasant to have things com-
fortable for a little display, without feeling
that the indulgence drained the purse too
heavily. And weak vanity on the part of
Jacobs was gratified by the flattering opin-
ion of his honesty entertained by Edwards,
the storekeeper. His credit was good and
he was proud of the fact. But the day of
reckoning drew near, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry-
goods store, there was no more money in
the young man's purse at the end of six
months than at the beginning. The cash
that would have gone for clothing when
wanting called for additions to the family
wardrobe, had been spent for things the
purchase of which would have been omitted
but for the fact that the dollars were in the
purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands,
and tempted needless expenditures.

The end of the six months' credit ap-
proached, and the mind of Jacobs began to
rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and
to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As
to the amount of the bill he was in some
uncertainty, but he thought it would not
be less than forty dollars. That was a large
sum for him to owe, particularly as he had
nothing ahead, and his current expenses
were fully up to his income. It was now,
for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt
the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed
at times as if it would almost suffocate
him. One evening he came home feeling
more sober than usual. He had thought
of little else all day accept his bill at the
store. On meeting his wife, he saw that
something was wrong.

"What ails you Jane?" said he kindly
— "Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply, But her
eyes drooped as she said it, and her husband
saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said her
husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheek from be-
neath the half closed lids—her bosom I-
bored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me Jane," urged Jacobs, "if any-
thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me.
Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was the
quick reply. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has
sent in my bill."

"That was to be expected, of course,"
said Jacobs with forced calmness. "The
credit was for only six months. But how
much is the bill?"

His voice unsteady as he asked the
question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars!" and
poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled
husband. "Impossible! There is some
mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars!
never!"

"There is the bill," and Mrs. Jacobs drew
it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up
of the long column of figures. There were
numerals to the value of one hundred and
twenty.

It can't be," he said in a troubled voice.
"But I am sorry to say that it's all right. I
have been over it and over it again, and
cannot find an error. Oh dear, how foolish
I have been. It was so easy to get things
when no money was to be paid down. But
I never thought of a bill like this.
Never?"

Jacobs sat for some moments with his
eyes upon the floor. He was thinking
rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said at
length, taking a long breath. "What a fool
I have been. That fellow Edwards has gone
to windward of me completely. He knew
that if he got me on his book, he would
secure three dollars to one of my money,
beyond what he would get by the cash-down
system. One hundred and twenty dollars
in six months. Ah, me, are we happier
now for the extra dry goods we have
procured! Not one whit. Our bodies
have been a little better clothed, and our
love of display gratified to some extent.
But has all that wrought a compensation for
the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was
she repenting of her part in the folly they
had committed.

To a time came, but neither husband nor
wife could do much more than taste food.
That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars
had taken away their appetites. The night
that followed brought to neither of them a
very refreshing slumber; and in the morn-
ing they awoke sober-minded, and little
inclined for conversation. But one thought
was in the mind of Mr. Jacobs—the bill of
Mr. Edwards; and one feeling in the mind
of his wife—self reproach for her part in the
work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs in
a voice that was unsteady, looking into her
husband's face with glistening eyes, as she
laid her hand upon his arm, causing him
to pause as he was about to leave the
house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the
young man gloomily, "I shall have to see
Edwards, I suppose, and ask him to wait.
But I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whip-
ping. Good credit! He'll sing a different
song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband
and wife stood looking at each other. Then
as each sighed heavily, the former turned

away and left the house. His road to busi-
ness was past the store of Mr. Edwards, and
now he avoided the street in which he
lived, and went a whole block out of his
way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill?" murmured
the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work
for the twentieth time, as he sat at his
desk, and giving his mind up to troubled
thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner
in the establishment came up and stood
beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he kindly,
"how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful as
he replied—

"Pretty well, sir," but his voice had in it a
touch of despondency.

"Let me see, remarked the employer,
after a pause, "your regular year is up to-
day, is it not?"

"Yes sir, replied Jacobs, his heart sink-
ing more heavily in his bosom, for the
question suggested a discharge from his
place, business having been dull for some
time.

"I was looking at your account yester-
day," resumed the employer, "and I find
that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing
ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," re-
turned Jacobs. "Living is expensive, and I
have six mouths to feed."

"That being the case," said the em-
ployer, "as you have been faithful to us,
and your services are valuable, we must add
something to your salary. Now you re-
ceive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and
fifty."

A sudden light flashed into the face of
the unhappy man; seeing which the em-
ployer already blessed in blessing another
added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for
the coming year. I will fill you out a
check for a hundred and fifty dollars as
balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much
agitated to trust himself to oral thanks, as
he received the check which the employer
immediately filled up; but his countenance
fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards the young man
entered the store of Edwards, who met him
with a smiling face.

"I have come to settle your bill," said
Jacobs. "You needn't have troubled your-
self about that," replied the storekeeper,
"though money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted,
when Edwards rubbing his hands, an
action peculiar to him when in a happy
frame of mind, said—

"And now what shall I show you?"

"Nothing" was the young man's grave
reply.

"Nothing? Don't say that," replied
Edwards.

"I've no money to spare," answered
Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit
is good for any amount."

"A world to you good," said Jacobs,
beginning to button up his coat with the
air of a man who has lost his pocket-book
and feels disposed to look well that his
purse doesn't follow in the same unprofit-
able direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked
the storekeeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and
twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied
Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards
looking serious.

"It's a very plain case," answered Jacobs.
"This credit on account at your store has
induced myself and wife to purchase twice
as many goods as we would otherwise have
bought. That has taken sixty dollars out
of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have
been spent under temptation because it was
in the purse instead of being paid out for
goods credited to us on your books. Now
do you understand me?"

The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning Mr. Edwards," said
Jacobs. "When I have cash to spare I
shall be happy to spend it with you; but no
more book accounts for me!"

Wiser will they be who profit by the ex-
perience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit ac-
counts are a curse to the people with mod-
erate income, and should never under any
pretence be opened.—Ed.

LITTLE MRS. FAY'S DOCTOR.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

Little Moll Fay and Tom Gates were firm friends. As Moll was two years older than Tom they might not have played so much together if the other children in the neighborhood had not been very rough and ill-mannered. Moll was very gentle though determined, and Tom was "old-fashioned," his mother said. They had few playthings, and so "made believe" a great deal when they were together. One day Moll's old wooden doll had a fearful attack, which she described in detail to Tom, the family doctor, as "something like the colic, but much more like the leprosy."

Tom said it was "regular worst kind of leprosy; for that was very prevalent." And he went on in a way very wise for him, but one that would have proved an older doctor fit for a lunatic asylum.

Moll received it all as wisdom, and, with a comical pucker of distress on her sweet face, she asked if the "leprosy was often chronic."

Tom said: "Very seldom, unless it runs into fits; but Maria Jane appears to me to look fitty." You had better send right away to Wilkins' potheary-shop, Mrs. Fay, and buy three pints of whiskey or rum. I will mix Maria up some excellent bitters, and you must give a gill of them to the poor child every ten minutes, until the fitly look passes off; then she may not die before daylight. If you don't hurry about it we must give Maria up."

Tom talked through his nose in a peculiar solemn way, but little Mrs. Fay replied very briskly:

"Oh! no, Tom—I mean Doctor Gates—I won't do any such a thing. I can't let Maria have any sort of fits that need bitters, and I don't employ any whiskey doctor for my family."

"Why, Maria's system requires bitters!" gasped the doctor, quite surprised.

"Then Maria's system sha'n't have it, for her ma don't approve of it. Do you think I can go hunting all around saloons very late nights for Maria as poor Mrs. Wilcox goes?"

Tom looked so puzzled at this outburst from Moll that she began to explain. "Mother says that dreadful drunkard, old Bill Wilcox, was once a sober, good man, but something ailed his stomach, and a doctor told him he would feel better if he took a little brandy every day. He began, and he kept right on until he lost all his work and his pretty house. Now he beats his children, and they never have enough to eat—all because that doctor started him drinking. Mother says he could have got along without brandy; and even if nothing but that would have cured him, Tom, if he had been your father, would you not rather have lost him when he was good?" Now he is a wicked, horrible man. No, Maria has got to have cinnamon-tea or castor-oil."

"Well, Mrs. Fay, now you speak of it, I have seen castor-oil well rubbed in cure awful cases of leprosy, and Maria doesn't look as fitty as she did a while ago," said the doctor.

But "Mrs. Fay" was not a very faithful nurse, for she coolly tumbled her poor daughter behind a water-pail and left her to her agonies while she told Tom about "pretty little Mary Wilcox."

"She never had a present last Christmas, Tom; no, and not one of them had anything fit to eat until mother found it out and gave them plenty for that time."

Tom heard it with a grave face, and, when she ended, said: "I mean to be a really and truly doctor some day, but I won't tell anybody to drink whiskey. You'd better pick up Maria and see if she's dead." Maria was as much alive as she ever had been, so they proposed a new play.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE MOTHER'S CHAIR.

"Do go away! you're more bother than you're worth."

Mrs. Baker spoke as she was apt to, thoughtlessly, little thinking what a dagger she had sent to the heart of her seven years old boy. She had called him in from his play, to assist her in winding some yarn, he had come willingly, even gladly, but, getting tired, and as the skin seemed to him endless, he became careless, and, before he knew it, the yarn had fallen from his hands in a tangle. His mother, nervous and in a hurry, as she always was, dismissed him with the above harsh words. With her mind

upon the tangle, she did not notice the quivering lip, or the sad look that came over her boy's face, as he turned and walked out doors, but could that well-meaning mother have looked into her boy's heart, would she not have shuddered at the effect of those terrible words!

Poor Freddie! he could not play, but he hurried around to the backyard, threw himself upon the grass, and thought it all over. "More bother than I'm worth; more bother than I'm worth! Now I wonder if I am. I try to help mother all I can, I rock the baby, I go to the post office, she sends me after meat and milk, and I pick up lots of chips, and tease her most every day to let me wipe the dishes, and when I do all she wants me to, she never tells me that I have been a good boy, or that I have done well, but if I am naughty or make a mistake as I did with the yarn, she is sure to tell me of that. Oh dear! there is no use in trying." And poor Freddie ended his sad thoughts with a cry.

Now, dear sisters, are we not more apt to speak of the mistakes, than we are to praise the good in our little ones! There is an apology for the half sick and overworked mothers, and it is not strange that they are often cross and impatient, while if they would only try to appreciate the many, little favors they receive from their children, and not be afraid to tell them so, but be willing to give them all the credit that is due them, how much better it would be for all.

We must not think our duty done when our children are fed and clothed, no matter how carefully and daintily it may be done, their young hearts long for a mother's sympathy and tender love. We ought to be as anxious to notice and develop the good in the hearts of our little ones as to exterminate the evil. But first of all we must put our own "house in order." Regulate our own heart. Repress anger, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in our heart, and thoughts of our child's good fill our mind. For in reality these little ones are not ours they are our Father's. He has lent them to us for a season, we are only stewards in the service of our Master. How important, then, that we should be very careful in the training of these dear ones, knowing that we are doing work for eternity. We must pray for His guidance, that we may be enabled to lead those precious treasures to Him, and be rewarded for care and tenderness by hearing the Spirit whisper of well done.—*The Household.*

AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

It was a little amusing to see in the new magazine, *Babyhood*, under the head of Nursery Pastimes, rules for that very old source of amusement for little ones—cutting paper dolls: "An oblong piece of stiff paper—thick wrapping paper will do very well—should be folded over and over until it has about ten thicknesses. The size of the paper may be about 4 x 20 inches, and it should be folded in spaces of two inches. Then double it and cut out the figure of a boy, being careful not to sever the connection of the hands. Unfold and a row of little boys with clasped hands will greet the delighted eyes around you. Join in a circle and the little group will stand firmly on chair, table or floor. Now repeat the same process, cutting out the figure of a little girl this time. "More, more," the little insatiable voices will cry." The writer suggests that chairs, tables, sofas, and even beds for little paper dollies to sit on and lie in may be cut out with little sheets, pillows and spreads of white paper. "Use a lead pencil to add eyes, nose, and mouth to the dolls, and to make patterns on the dresses." All this the writer has done and more. Unnumbered plates and dishes, boxes and boats, sugar bowls with four compartments, and other articles as attractive to the little ones have been made again and again. On a wet day when the little ones cannot go out to play, these paper toys will afford hours of entertainment. And since some of the children have been old enough to do a little cutting, they amuse themselves and their juniors in this way. Use a round-pointed pair of scissors, as children are apt to be careless with scissors and sharp-pointed ones are very dangerous. The round points will cut paper almost as well as the sharper points, and safety is a most important consideration.—*N. Y. Observer.*

RULES FOR WINTER.

The following rules, published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered, also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment, it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When horse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

LAYING DOWN OUR LIVES.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

"Isn't it sad about poor Mrs. Brook?" said a friend to me the other day; "she is growing weaker and weaker, and the doctors say she cannot live much longer."

"But why should it be sad?" I answered. "She is a Christian, the heir to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, why should she not go joyfully home?"

My friend, though a child of God herself, looked at me in surprise, as though I had spoken in an unknown tongue.

And yet, why indeed is it, that so many of us fail to meet death gladly, as "the line of shadow, across which we are to step into eternal sunshine?"

Alas, it is easy to see why we fail of this high privilege. If we neglect the laws of health we are sick, if we break the laws of our country we are punished, and can we follow at such a distance the laws of Christ, and yet hope for all the blessings of the gospel?

It is no longer necessary to lay down our lives in the arena, fighting with wild beasts, while a cruel world looks on amused, but none the less are we to lay down our lives, our selfish ease, our stubborn wills, our ambition, our vanities, for the sake of our families, our neighbors, our country, the whole human race.

All of us, thank God, know some Christians, who so live, that like Paul, they are able now to say, "I count not my life dear unto myself," and when they are ready to be offered, and the time of their departure is at hand, doubtless they will echo Paul's triumphant exclamation, "To die is gain." *S. S. Times.*

ENGLISH APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Peel core, and slice fifteen good-sized apples, and put them over the fire in a saucepan, with half a pound of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a little ground cinnamon. When quite soft and puffy, push them through a colander, or sieve. Cut the crust of a stale loaf of bread into slices of an inch thick. Fit them, as well as possible, to a mold, or large bowl, dip each piece in melted butter, and lay into the mold. Pour the apple into the centre, covering it with buttered bread, and put the charlotte into the oven till the bread is well colored. Turn the contents out of the mold, glaze the bread with any kind of jelly, and serve hot. Every part of the mold must be well covered with buttered bread, or the charlotte will not turn out well.

PUZZLES.

PRONETIC CHARADE.

My first and second a name disclose
That every reader of Sterne well knows;
My last is shakespeare, but slightly disguised,
Which Shakespear's pen has immortalized.
My whole is an ornament, useful and light,
Admired by day, and still more by night.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is an infirm old man like a musical character?

ANAGRAMS.

The bar.
The law.
Yourself.
To love ruin.

A VERY HEARTY BREAKFAST, IN TWENTY-ONE COVERED DISHES.

This morning at breakfast each one had something to say on the topic of feeding tame birds.

"In that field yonder I have gathered from every acre a myriad of insects for my birds," said Su garnishing her remarks with such a shrug as to astonish our friend from Chautauqua. I laughed softly, while Su went on talking and gesticulating.

"If I feed one of them before I do Jack, he will go at me almost as fiercely as a cross parrot; yet he has more droll, sweet, saucy ways than all the others. If I should put on too sombre a dress, he would droop or keep silent till I brightened it up with flowers or gay ribbons; then with a manner that shows his approval he cheers up at once.

"He can be effectually distressed by my pretending to weep; but let any one say 'beg, Jack; beg good fashion,' and he will twitter most pitifully till I very often feel sorry for having teased him.

"He is not afraid of wind, but terribly frightened by thunder.

There is a spot at one side of the yard to which he flies the minute I let him out of the cage, where he begins to scratch the enamel on the glazed wall, or to pick leaves from the vines. If I cry out: 'Stop! I expect you will choke yourself with one, you greedy bird,' he will open his bill in this way." And Su mimicked Jack in such a funny way that we laughed till breakfast war over.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

1st = Mar
2nd = tin
3rd = Lut (of late)
4th = her

MARTIN LUTHER.

ENIGMATICAL AUTHORITIES.—Black stars, 2 Cow-per, 3 Hood, 4 Gold-smith, 5 John-son, 6 Chaucer.

ANXIOUS.—Ar-Ara-Atad-Atabi-Atabia, ENIGMA.—Hishnarugo.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Isaac Uter, Everett D. Stone, J. P. Leeks, and Isabel McLaughlin.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

We know a commercial traveller who has taken dangerously ill in Glasgow, when far away from his home. When the medical man saw him, he said—

"You must have some brandy."

"No," he answered; "I have studied the nature of brandy, and I will not take it."

The medical man protested that it would save his life.

"I will not take it," replied the patient. The ladies in the hotel were told of this, and two of them went into his room and implored him, for the sake of his wife and family, to imbibe the brandy.

"No," he replied; "I believe that brandy is of no use as a medicine, and I will not take it."

The medical attendants then proposed to call in an eminent physician, and have his advice. To this the traveller at once assented, and expressed his readiness to pay the consultation fee.

The great man, white-haired and venerable, came to the bedside of the invalid and carefully examined him. In quiet tones he then said—

"You are in great pain. Yes, in great pain, my friend. They tell me you will not take brandy." You are quite right. You need no brandy. Nor was any stimulant given him. Quiet, rest, warmth, wholesome food, and some gentle medicine cured him of the pain and sickness, and he has done many a good day's work since. Had he taken the brandy everybody would have said that it, and it alone, had cured him. But he recovered without it.—*Rev. George W. McCree, in Union Signal.*

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

We quoted last week a statement by the chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison, as to the number of criminals who owed their outlawed position to drink. And here are a few more testimonies from prison authorities in the Union:

J. S. Pomeroy, West Virginia Penitentiary:—I believe the experience of the Massachusetts chaplain is about right. It is safe to say that between eighty and ninety per cent of all the crimes committed in this State can be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating liquors. The percentage of crimes is much less in counties where there is no license to sell, than where it is free.

E. L. Johnson, Superintendent, Indiana Female Reformatory:—I can confirm the experience of the Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison by my own. Fully two-thirds of all crime is attributable to alcohol. There is a difference between the number of commitments from license and no-license communities, and where there is Prohibition they are lessened.

Rev. Charles Reynolds, Chaplain, Albany Penitentiary:—My experience confirms the statements made by the Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison. I think that fully eighty per cent of the crime that has come under my observation has been due to drink. We have always found a difference in the number of commitments when the liquor-shops were closed, even on Sunday. Crime has decreased, and the work of the police has been lessened.

Ellen C. Johnson, Superintendent, Massachusetts Women's Reformatory:—My experience fully agrees with that of the Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison. My observation shows a very large percentage of crime to be due to the use of alcoholic drinks: perhaps ninety-five per cent.

Rev. A. Howard, Chaplain, Connecticut State Prison:—The statements made by the Chaplain of the Massachusetts State Prison are perfectly in accordance with my own experience. I have kept an accurate account of the causes which led to the commission of crime by the convicts of the Connecticut State Prison for the past five years, and find that eight out of every ten can be traced to rum. There is a very great difference in the proportion of commitments from license and no-license counties, and where Prohibition is enforced it has lessened crime most decidedly.

C. P. Holt, Warden, Colorado State Prison:—I cannot say that my experience confirms that of the Massachusetts chaplain. As for the amount of crime due to alcoholic drinks, I should say between fifty and sixty per cent.

Rev. A. C. Merrill, Chaplain, Iowa State Prison:—We can endorse the Massachusetts chaplain's experience as our own. When the Prohibition Amendment was asked for in this State, 163 of the 185 convicts confined here at the time, put their names to a petition in its favor. No doubt a large majority will vote for prohibition. I do not care to estimate the percentage of crime due to liquor, for even records on our books are not reliable. It is found that men will lay their crime directly at the door of liquor, with a notion that people may be more charitable to them, or that they are shielding themselves, when the real facts reveal a different cause. We have as many cases of murder

from prohibitive as from non-prohibitive counties, but the enforcement of the prohibitive law has lessened the number of commitments to this institution from localities where it is enforced.

N. C. Justice, Clerk, Buffalo Penitentiary:—I am of the opinion that 75 per cent of the prisoners confined here are so confined because of their excessive use of alcoholic drinks. There is a difference in number of commitments as between license and no-license localities, in favor of the latter. This is for minor crimes, but for felonies and crimes of a higher degree there is no difference. Since the enforcement of the Sunday laws, or the closing of the saloons on Sunday, we receive fewer prisoners on the following Monday than we did when they were open.

OUR LIBERTY IN DANGER!

Sound the alarm!

"Personal liberty" men to the front!

A fearful attempt has been made to enslave the free men of Ohio, and dictate to them what sort of stuff they shall take into their bodies. And even now the worst has not been told. The attempt is succeeding. The legislators of Ohio, by a vote of 65 against 3, have passed a bill providing that any person who keeps a place "where opium is sold or given away to be smoked," and any person who visits or resorts to such a place for the purpose of smoking opium, shall pay a fine not exceeding \$500 or be imprisoned three months, or both. There is "sumptuary legislation," with a vengeance!

How is it that in a State where the whiskey trade is practically free, and where, accordingly, life and property are about as unsafe as if Cincinnati were a city in the Sudan, the legislature almost unanimously resolves to suppress a comparatively harmless trade like that in opium? The legislators know, of course, that the opium habit is a fearful evil, and should be nipped in the bud and not allowed to flourish and bear its fruits on this soil. They know, also, that no man's claim to "personal liberty" can have any weight when to allow that claim would be to expose the whole of society to danger. But these arguments apply with ten-fold force to the trade in alcoholic drinks—for that trade is already a fearful scourge to society, and any comparison of the results of the two trades would be simply absurd. How is it, then? By a paradox as true as it is humiliating, the crying evil of the fearfully powerful drink traffic is either let alone or feebly tinkered with for the very reason that it is powerful.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

A convention at Hagersville, composed of 300 delegates from all parts of Haldimand, has unanimously decided to submit the Scott Act to a vote in that county. At an enthusiastic mass meeting, \$1,000 were pledged for expenses, if necessary.

Missisquoi is being thoroughly worked up, with every prospect of success. Mr. Fisher, M.P., has been speaking in favor of the Act.

Victoria has been thoroughly committed to a contest by a large and enthusiastic convention at Lindsay. Mr. W. Eyres, of Mariposa, is President of the Scott Act organization.

The Dominion Grange, committee on temperance, at the session in Toronto, has declared strongly in favor of the Scott Act.

A mass meeting of children and parents at St. Thomas on Saturday afternoon was addressed by Mrs. Youmans, and a thousand

little hands went up in a silent appeal to the electors to vote for the Scott Act.

A convention is to be held in Beauharnois County; the priests are favorable to the movement.

The Argenteuil County convention at Lachute was a grand success, and a campaign is to be opened at once.

The Lambton contest is getting hot, and the county will prove a very hot one for the liquor party on the 19th!

The Kingston petitions were signed by 742 electors; only 604 were necessary to bring on a contest. The Rev. D. V. Lucas has been lecturing here, as well as in Huntington, Beauharnois and Missisquoi.

The exact majority obtained by the Scott Act in Northumberland and Durham was 2,187. The vote stood 6,050 to 3,863. Kent still retains the honor of the biggest majority (2,353).

Drummond, Quebec, has adopted the Act by about 800 majority.

Miss D-wes, of Halton County, has been speaking and organizing a Women's Christian Temperance Union at Peterborough. "Forward" is our watchword!

TIGHTEN THE ROPE round the monster's neck!" is the public demand in Kansas, and in reply the Legislature has granted some important amendments to the prohibitory law. As the law now stands, those who sell or make intoxicating liquor will be punished with fines of \$100 to \$1,000 each and imprisonment for 30 to 60 days. Any sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, police judge or police officer, who knows of a violation of the law and does not inform the county attorney and equip him with the proof, shall be fined not less than \$1,000 and shall forfeit his office. If the county attorney, sitting as a grand jury, receives evidence of a violation of the law, he shall forthwith file his information or complaint, which shall have the same effect as if sworn to positively. If any county attorney fails to prosecute, he shall be fined the same as a saloon-keeper and shall forfeit his office. Any drummer for any house located in another State, who solicits orders from any persons other than those authorized to sell, is liable as a saloon-keeper. Section thirteen establishes as common nuisances all places where intoxicants are either sold or manufactured, and provides for abating those nuisances. Druggists are forbidden under any circumstances to sell to any person after having received warning from any relative of such person not to sell. And a Kansas paper says that an effort is being made in the legislature to pass a "search and seizure bill." By this measure any one possessing a receipt for the Federal tax on liquor sellers (one of those "licenses" of which we have heard so much) will be taken as *prima facie*, a liquor seller; and the possession of the necessary appurtenances of the trade, such as counters, decanters, &c., will also be considered *prima facie* evidence of guilt.

PROHIBITION ALIVE YET!—We have often heard the cry that "the Prohibition party is dead" in the United States; and in some places Republican temperance men, as they have the assurance to call themselves, have voted in favor of liquor licenses simply to spite those who voted for St. John last year. In most cases, however, municipal elections show a decided gain in the vote of the new party, and we notice that in Wayne county, Pennsylvania, in spite of a united opposition from the two old parties, Prohibitionists have been elected to every important office. Mr. Johnson, President of the Prohibition club, had votes to spare. No, Prohibition seems a very healthy "corpse!"

THE PLAGUE OF BEER.—Not only is beer not driving out whiskey, but many a young man launches on the apparently innocent stream of beer to find himself carried out into a whirlpool of whiskey. A writer in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, signing himself "Gath," says: "This cheap and enlivening drink has probably done more to change the morals of the American people than anything, except the cotton gin. The chief of police of Baltimore, a very conservative and Democratic city, told me some ten years ago that he regarded lager beer as having done more harm to the boys of the United States than anything he had ever heard of. Said he: "Boys were never seen in drinking places as long as whiskey was the standard. But after lager beer was introduced, the boys would go the saloons, where games were prepared for them, such as bagatelle and pool, and in a little while you found drunken boys."

A MEDICAL REFORM.—The *Lancet* continually publishes accounts of various cases of disease, with their treatment, for the benefit of other members of the medical profession, "Esculapius," in the New York *Voice*, points out a very remarkable and encouraging fact. He says: "I have carefully examined each number of the London *Lancet* (Amer. Ed.) for the last six months, and fail to find the report of one case, out of the many cases treated by the best English physicians, in which alcohol in any form was ordered or used. Is it not high time that the fraternity in this country become equally intelligent?"

THE CONSISTENT BREWERS.—The secretary of the United States Brewers' Association is reported as saying to a newspaper interviewer with reference to Iowa: "The Prohibition law which has recently gone into operation there has made terrible havoc among the brewers, and many of them are completely ruined. As a consequence, their political influence has been greatly diminished." But these same brewers, on the first opportunity, will be heard exclaiming that "Prohibition does not prohibit in Iowa!"

DRINK BRINGS DIVORCE.—Mr. G. F. Lewis, of Coity, Pennsylvania, writes: "The remarkable increase of divorces in Western N. Y. and Pennsylvania caused a meeting at Erie to consider the remedy. Judge Galbraith, one of the clearest headed judges in the State, a man of unspotted integrity, told them plainly that to stop divorces, the chief cause, intemperance, must be removed: Prohibition means abolition of the saloon and all other agents that make vice reputable."

THE NUMBER OF LUNATICS in Paris asylums at the beginning of last year was 8,907; in December last it had increased to 9,500. The increase is attributed partly to an unreasoning fear of cholera and typhoid fever, and partly to the spread of drunkenness among men. Drunkards now form 55 per cent of the insane, as compared with 45 per cent twenty-five years ago.

THE NEW JERSEY SENATE has voted to submit a prohibitory constitutional amendment to a popular vote. The House has still to give its opinion; and if that is favorable the proposition must again come before both Houses next year. The proposal to submit a similar amendment in West Virginia has been "tabled"—which means almost certain defeat.

THE REPAIRS to the House of Commons and Westminster Hall, after the dynamite explosions, cost \$43,000. The extra police to look after dynamiters have cost \$190,000 in one year.

THE WEEK.

A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE is being caused on the Missouri Pacific Railway by a strike of the employees.

THE KING OF SERBIA is being generous; let us hope his generosity will not be abused by the 700 political prisoners who took part in a revolution last year and have just been released by him.

NINETEEN SOCIALISTS were expelled from France on Saturday. Sixteen of them were Germans, two were Italians, and the other was a Russian.

AN EXTRAORDINARY revival is afoot in Turro, Nova Scotia. Owing to the preaching of Mr. Meikle, an evangelist from New Glasgow, hundreds of people are joining the various churches, and all local amusements are paralysed.

THE POPE has given a high appointment—that of Secretary of Papal Briefs—to Cardinal Ledochowski, who refused to obey the laws of Germany and was forbidden to perform religious offices in that empire.

THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT has decided that the Act prohibiting the sale of "oleomargarine" is quite constitutional, and must be obeyed.

THE POPE has granted a dispensation allowing the marriage of Baron Podraghy, a Hebrew, and the Countess B. anche Castrone, a pious Catholic. The marriage must be solemnized in the Catholic Church, and the Baron agrees to educate his children in the Catholic faith.

A BOSTON PRIEST, preaching in Montreal last Sunday, denounced mixed marriages, saying that a Protestant wife would teach her children that the religion of their Catholic father was false. He said that dispensations for mixed marriages were only granted in certain cases to prevent scandal.

DR. WIGGINS, the Ottawa "weather prophet," says there is going to be a terrible storm on the Atlantic on the 18th of this month. It will not be much felt on this continent, he says. If it is like his last great storm, it will not be felt much anywhere.

THE SIMPLE MINDED inhabitants of St. Jean Port Joli, L'Islet, are reported to be in a state of great excitement and alarm because of the immense shoals of porpoises which have been noticed off there in the St. Lawrence lately—a most unusual thing—from which they imagine that great misfortunes await the country.

TWO FEARFUL MINING catastrophes have to be recorded by us this week. At Usworth colliery, near Sunderland, England, 150 men were imprisoned by an explosion; 26 bodies were taken out, but the search was then stopped by fire. And at Karwin, in Austrian Silesia, 123 men have been found killed by an explosion, while only five of the remaining 24 have been found alive.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are pouring in for a National British memorial to General Gordon. One writer suggests that a great State, free to all and protected by all the powers of Europe, like that just made in the Congo region, shall be formed in the Nile Country, including the Soudan, and shall be called the Gordon Free State.

"POOL SELLING on races is a kind of gambling which is too often neglected by the police. It is good to hear that several Coney Island pool-sellers have just been sent to gaol—one of them for three months—and will be heavily fined when they come out.

MR. JAMES G. BLAINE, when at the funeral of his sister at Baltimore the other day, met the priest who attended the family of which Mrs. Blaine, Sr., was a member. The reverend gentleman urged the ex-candidate to return to the Catholic fold.

"MISS B." is said to be the name of a person arrested in Paris, who was found to possess detailed plans for the destruction of public buildings in London, St. Petersburg and Berne. She is said to be a "Canadian lady." There are a good many unmarried ladies in the Dominion whose names begin with that letter, so it is easy to make such a statement without fear of contradiction!

CHOLERA has broken out at Batavia in the island of Java.

THE SPANISH BUDGET for this year is expected to show a deficiency of \$5,500,000.

A MAN named Turly was terribly beaten in his own house by ruffians, on Sunday night, and when his wife interfered she was killed.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has ordered the Governor of the Philippines to annex the Carolines. This large group of islands has already been claimed to belong to Spain.

THE CLEVEREST of "Lion Tamers" as they call themselves, can never be certain that the wild beasts will not suddenly assert their nature. But men will commit any folly so long as other people are deprived enough to go and see them. A celebrated lion-tamer, named Williams, was putting eight lions through their tricks at a Paris circus on Sunday night, when one of the lions bounded on him and seized him by the fleshy part of the back and thighs. A terrible struggle followed. The spectators, shrieking with alarm, broke into the ring. Women and children fainted. The lion relaxed his hold for a moment, and Williams, with extraordinary dexterity, eluded a second attack and escaped from the cage. Then he fell unconscious, covered with blood.

WHEN A MURDERER named Goersen was being hanged at Philadelphia, another convict, who could hear what was going on, was frightened to death in his cell.

EVERYBODY KNOWS, as a historical fact, that the eastern part of the United States once belonged to Britain, but it is not often that we hear of documents of the old time being brought up in present-day lawsuits. In 1708—says the *New York Herald*—Queen Anne issued a land grant to Lancaster Symes for a large territory on Staten Island. The heirs of Mr. Symes have lately made claim to several hundred acres of valuable water front on the property alleged to have been bestowed upon their ancestor. An extensive array of lawsuits followed the presentation of the claims of the Symes heirs. The matter was referred to Attorney General O'Brien on the question of the validity of the original grant. Mr. O'Brien has just rendered a decision denying that the titles to the property in dispute, under the original grant, were valid.

ONE OF THE LAST official acts of President Arthur was to order a court martial for the trial of Gen. Hazen, chief signal officer. He is charged with officially and publicly blaming his superior, the Secretary for War, for not taking his advice to send out a Greeley relief expedition in September 1863.

A WOMAN named Abigail Gardner, 77 years old, has just confessed to the murder of her husband in Massachusetts, thirty years ago. She was convicted of the crime and sentenced to imprisonment for life, but has always claimed to be innocent.

MR. CLEVELAND gave a very able address on being inaugurated President of the United States, though he did not say anything of importance about the greatest questions of the day. The new Cabinet certainly contains some of the best men in the country. The different offices will be held as follows:—Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware; Secretary of Treasury, Daniel Manning, New York; Secretary of War, William C. Endicott, Massachusetts; Secretary of the Navy, William C. Whitney, New York; Secretary of the Interior, L. C. Q. Lamar, Massachusetts; Postmaster-General, William F. Vilas; Attorney-General, A. H. Garland, Arkansas.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY may sometimes be told in half a dozen words. A young Englishman was recently married; he went to the gambling tables at Monaco, and lost \$25,000; then he destroyed his own life.

THE PRESIDING JUDGE at the Police Court at Lausanne was shot at in court the other day. The murderer missed his aim, but he badly wounded a clerk and an usher before they could overpower him.

A NEGRESS in Georgia has been left \$400,000 by her master, David Dickson, of Sparta; his own relatives got a very small amount.

A NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR at Augusta, Maine, is being prosecuted in the criminal courts for getting up a lottery to increase his journal's circulation.

SHAKESPEARE, in one of his dramas, makes one person ask another—"What o'clock is it?"—though clocks had not been invented when those persons actually lived! Artists have often committed the same sort of blunders. Titoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, represents them armed with guns. In Cigoli's painting of the circumcision of the infant Saviour, the aged Simeon has a pair of spectacles on his nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick the bystanders have periwigs on their heads. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the Wise Men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth and taking the knife," he is represented as holding a blunderbuss to Isaac's head. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin. A French artist, in a painting of the Lord's Supper, has the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar lighters. Another French painting exhibits Adam and Eve, in all their primeval simplicity, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

THE DUBLIN CITY COUNCIL wants the House of Commons to appoint a commission to enquire into the state of Irish industries. There is no doubt that Ireland sorely needs the money and enterprise of the English capitalists whom she has been driving out. The Queen, by-the-bye has ordered a quantity of Irish poplin—sometimes called Bengaline—for Princess Beatrice's wedding trousseau. This has set a fashion which will no doubt do a little to help Ireland's manufacturing industry.

THE GOVERNMENT of Italy is going to lease its railways to private individuals.

THE FIRST STEAMER to reach Milwaukee from the east coast of Lake Michigan was the "Wisconsin," which got in on Sunday evening. She had seen several steamers fast in the ice; one of them had been stuck out in the lake for more than three weeks.

THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, of Ontario, announces that the Government will prosecute all grocers, in Toronto, who sell liquor after the 1st of May, and all retail liquor-sellers who have only a license from the Federal Government.

MR. L. G. BAILLARGE, Q. C., a retired advocate at Quebec, has given \$10,000 to Laval University to maintain a professor of "sacred and profane eloquence." Hitherto, the Quebec Seminary has paid all expenses of the University.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY Co. is known to be in need of more money to complete its track, though the line is said to have been in many places built in a very slipshod fashion. The *Toronto Mail* proposes that the government should "lend" the company four millions more, to be repaid out of the proceeds of a new issue of bonds. To make these bonds sell at a good price, the government is to give up its mortgage on the road, to the amount of \$30,000,000, taking in exchange seven and a half million acres (at \$2 an acre) and \$15,000,000 of the new bonds.

THE QUEBEC PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE opened its session on Thursday, 5th March.

THE workmen of Toronto are urging the government to commence work on new Parliament Buildings.

THE COMING VISIT of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland is the cause of a great deal of excited talk. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is a red hot Nationalist, said that he would haul down the flag from the Mansion House when the Prince came. He afterwards explained that he meant no insult, but only that the city and the Lord-Lieutenant were at such enmity that if the Prince came as the Lord Lieutenant's guest he could not be welcomed by the city. It seems that there are some Nationalists more fiery even than Mr. O'Connor, for he has been threatened with death because he made even that small piece of "apology." The *New York Herald's* Paris correspondent says that a meeting of eight "Invincibles" has sent a letter to the Prince, as "Grand Master of the English Freemasons," promising that neither he nor the Princess shall be harmed while in Ireland. The letter says—"Go and see for yourself what the Irish people have suffered. We shall thank you, although you are the residuary legatee of centuries of usurpation and attempted extermination. The life of Your Royal Highness, apart from the good feeling shown in the proposed journey, has no definite connection with Ireland's aspirations or Ireland's wrongs."

THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT has introduced a "redistribution bill," by which the electoral districts will be re-arranged. The object is stated to be the better proportioning of representation to population. But the proposed changes are evidently also intended to help the government's party to keep in power.

THE PEOPLE of Stratford, Ont., at a special election for the purpose, have given a majority of 840 in favor of incorporating the town as a city.

A FRENCH GOVERNMENT transport vessel—formerly well known as the "City of Paris," of the Inman Line—has been sunk by collision with another transport. Twenty-four lives were lost.

FIVE MONTHS AGO, Captain Traynor and Fritz Federman sailed from Bath, Maine, for England, in a boat thirteen feet long. They have not since been heard of. There can be little doubt that their folly has been fatal.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE. (Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER II.—FERMENTATION.

What is fermentation? When moist animal or vegetable matters are exposed to warm air, certain changes which take place alter their nature; these changes are produced by a process called fermentation. When sugar is turning to alcohol and carbonic acid, the latter escapes in little bubbles, giving the entire liquid the appearance of boiling. We call this process, and others much like it, fermentation, from a Latin word which means to boil.

There are several kinds of fermentation. In these lessons we shall learn about only two of them.

I. Vinous Fermentation—the change of sugar to alcohol.

II. Acetous Fermentation—the change of alcohol and other substances to vinegar.

VINOUS FERMENTATION.

BACTERIA AND YEAST.

If you should look at a drop of stagnant water under a strong microscope, you would be quite likely to find it full of small living things, so tiny that you could not see them at all with the naked eye; these minute animal and vegetable forms are alive, and often in rapid motion.

In the air, also, are many living forms, too small to be seen by the naked eye, called bacteria.

There are particles coming from them much smaller than the full-grown bacteria, which will become bacteria by growth. These are called spores, and are floating almost everywhere in the air, and, from their extreme smallness, can get into places where the bacteria might not be able to come.

They have been carefully studied with the help of the microscope, and we know that, instead of the air, it is these bacteria or their spores in the air, which produce fermentation in certain liquids.

The juices of the grape, apple, and many other fruits, will, if placed under the right conditions, ferment by the action of these living forms.

In order to ferment some other liquids and thus obtain intoxicating drinks, yeast* must be added. In this way some people brew home-made beer—by steeping various roots, barks, and herbs in water, and adding yeast and sugar enough to cause fermentation. The alcohol that is formed by the change on the sugar, makes the beer a dangerous drink.

When a liquid is fermenting, the little bubbles of carbonic acid carry a froth to the top, which can be used as yeast to act on other liquids. At the bottom lie the "settles," a half-solid mass, sometimes called the lees. Between the froth and the lees is a thin, intoxicating liquid, which people drink under different names, as wine, cider, beer, etc.

Dry sugar will not ferment, nor will alcohol be formed in liquids which have an excess of sugar. The united action of sugar, water, heat, and of the bacteria or spores in the air, or of yeast—each in the right proportion—are always required to produce alcohol.

ALCOHOL FROM GRAINS.

Starch forms a large part of rye, corn, barley, and other grains. If these are kept moist and warm—as when planted in the earth in spring or summer,—their starch turns to sugar, when the grain, which is a seed, begins to grow. Chew a grain of sprouted corn or barley, and you will find it sweet.

Barley is kept moist with water until it sprouts, or throws out little roots. During this process, most of the starch that is in the barley changes to sugar. Heat is then applied, strong enough to dry out all the moisture of the barley and kill the young roots.

Grain thus treated is called malt, and from this malt, pale ales and beers are made. Heating to a higher temperature, so as slightly to burn the sprouted grain, makes dark malt, from which porter and stout—dark colored drinks—are manufactured.

If the sugar thus formed in barley is dissolved out of the grain with water, and yeast is added, and the whole exposed to warm air

* Yeast is really a plant, and it is the growth of the yeast plant which causes fermentation in these liquids.

another change takes place,—the sugar which was once starch, becomes alcohol, and carbonic acid. By this process, a good food has become a poison; for the barley has become an intoxicating drink—ale, beer, or porter.

ALCOHOL AND BEER.

We must not conclude that fermentation is never a good thing. If it is stopped at just the right point, and the alcohol all driven off by heat, it improves some kinds of food.

Crushed grain, or flour, is a valuable food; but, in this form, is not pleasant to eat. Yeast added to warm, moistened flour causes fermentation. A little of the starch in the flour turns to sugar, and then to alcohol and carbonic acid gas. This gas, in a thin liquid, would pass off into the air. But it is imprisoned by the sticky dough, and puffs it up with little cells in its efforts to escape, thus making the otherwise solid mass, light and spongy.

The very small quantity of alcohol which was formed, evaporates, and the gas escapes when the dough is placed in the strong heat of the oven, and a light, sweet loaf of bread is left, that is better food than the flour.

Alcohol turns to vapor with less heat than food. In bread baked enough to be food fit for the human stomach, there is no alcohol. It has been turned to vapor by the heat of the oven, and has passed off into the air.

People who are ignorant of the truths you are learning in these lessons, have supposed that because fermented dough makes good bread to eat, therefore fermented barley-juice must make good beer to drink. But you know the alcohol stays in the beer, and not in the bread, and that simple fact makes the difference, in this case, between a food and a poison.

AMOUNT OF ALCOHOL IN FERMENTED LIQUORS.

In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of apples, or cider, there are from two to ten parts of alcohol. In one hundred parts of beer—the fermented juice of barley—there are from three to ten parts of alcohol.

In one hundred parts of the fermented juice of grapes and other kinds of fruits, or wines, there are some six to twenty-five parts of alcohol.

It is estimated (in 1880) that twenty-two and three-quarter million gallons of alcohol are consumed every year by the people of this country, in beer alone.

This makes nearly one-half gallon of pure alcohol used by every man, woman, and child of our 50,000,000—if all were foolish enough to drink it.

As very many people drink no beer at all, some of the beer-drinkers must get more than this one-half gallon of poison during each year. Further study will show you the consequences of the use of this great quantity of alcohol.

HEAT AND FERMENTED LIQUORS.

If you were to place fermented liquors of any kind in an open kettle over strong heat, their charm for the wine, cider, or beer-lover, would soon be gone. It is for the sake of the alcohol they contain, that people are fond of these drinks, and this passes away in the form of vapor from the boiling liquid; the liquid which is left, has an insipid taste and no one would care to drink it.

ALCOHOL IN NATURE.

It is a mistake to suppose that because grapes, apples, and barley, are healthful foods, that wine, cider, and beer, made from them, must also be healthful.

It is important to remember that fermentation entirely changes the character of the substance it works upon. Nature rots her various plant forms; but while the juice remains protected from the air by the skin or husk of the unbroken grain, plant, or fruit, its sugar will not ferment;—therefore, alcohol is never found in them.

ACETOUS FERMENTATION

ALCOHOL AND VINEGAR.

All vegetable substances come from earth, air, and water, and return to them again.

Through the process of fermentation, vegetable liquids go back to earth, air, and water. After the alcohol is formed, if it remains in the vegetable juice, exposed to moderately warm air, the second kind, or acetous fermentation, takes place, changing

the alcohol to a sharp acid called acetic acid, commonly known as vinegar.

When the cook has not baked the bread at just the right time—that is, has not stopped the fermentation before the alcohol began to turn to vinegar in the dough, we say, "the bread is sour." This acetic acid does not pass off in the heat of the oven as alcohol does, but leaves its sour taste in the bread.

Vinous fermentation, producing alcohol, cannot take place in jellies and preserves, because they contain an excess of sugar. When they begin to "work"—as they may, if kept in moderately warm air—acetic acid, or vinegar, is produced in them by acetous fermentation; the acid is not made from alcohol in this case, but is the result of other changes in the fruit juices. "Scalding" makes them sweet again, by driving off this acetic acid, which can escape from a thin liquid, but not from a dough.

This acid is as different from alcohol, as alcohol is from sugar. It is used for food. Vinegar is made in this way from hard cider and other fermented liquors, and will change in its turn, if left in the same conditions that produced it, and lose its acid taste; its water all evaporating, nothing will remain but a brown powder.

The earth, air, and water have claimed again the matter only loaned to make the fruit, plant, or grain.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

- 1. What is fermentation? 2. Define vinous fermentation. What are bacteria?—spores? 3. What four things are needed to produce alcohol. 4. How is malt made? What liquors are made from it? 5. Define acetous fermentation. When does it take place? 6. What causes sour bread?—the "working" of jellies? 7. How may vinegar be changed to earth, air, and water?

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

March 22.—Acts 26 : 19-32.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The steps to the lesson are very short. A simple review of the scene, with the place, the speaker, the audience, and the address of Paul as far as presented in the last lesson. We may take for our subject,—Different ways of treating God's invitations to serve Him.

I. Paul's ways (vers. 19-23.) (1) The way of obedience. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. We can emphasize here the fact that while we can do nothing without God; he has done his part, and we cannot be saved unless we do our part. "Thus," says Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, "in a very solemn sense, God has placed our everlasting destiny in our own choice. If we receive life from Christ, it is because we will to come to Him; and if we die eternally, it is because we will to die."

(2) The way of work for Christ. Paul immediately after finding Christ himself, began to labor for the salvation of others. Note the range of places where he preached. (3) Paul's teachings, both practical and doctrinal. In many classes it may be well to dwell somewhat on these,—on repentance, and its fruits, and on the suffering and risen Christ, as giving the light our souls need.

Note persecution for preaching the truth; dependence of God's help.

II. Festus' way (vers. 24, 25.) He disobeyed because it seemed from his standpoint to be madness to be a Christian. What in Festus' circumstances would lead him to this opinion; his parentage, his education; his worldly riches and honors, his sins and bad habits, etc. But in reality he was mad and Paul was reasonable.

Agrippa's way (vers. 26-29.) Note that Agrippa had knowledge of religious things, and believed the Bible, and yet he was not a Christian and rejected Christ. His faith was a dead faith.

Illustration. On the state-house grounds at Columbia, S. C., is an iron tree, an almost perfect imitation of the palmetto. The long thin leaves of iron, life-like even to the hair-like fibres of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr, and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of five rods.

—Journal of Chemistry. Contrast this with a living, growing, fruit-bearing tree.

Reasons why it would be hard for Agrippa to become a Christian. Even if we do not take the authorized version of ver. 28, yet we may speak of the almost Christian. One who was trained as Agrippa was in religion, knew the facts about Christ, and accepted the Bible as true, but was not persuaded.

Illustrations. (1) Sailors, after a long voyage, wrecked within sight of home. (2) A ship was sailing along the coast of South America, and was short of water. The crew were almost perishing for want of water to drink. They hailed another ship and begged for water. The reply was, "There is fresh water all around you, for you are in the mouth of the Amazon; the surface of the sea there is fresh water. You have been suffering, and might have died of thirst, with water so near that you had only to let down your buckets and draw it up."

Note Paul's desire that all should be like him. In what respects he had the advantage of that brilliant audience. Such is the Christian's wish for all, "like me, except the burdens of sin and imperfection."

IV, Paul vindicated (vers. 30-32.) Providential guidance in his not being set at liberty.

DON'T TRY.

A sister asks that some "able house-keeper" tell her how to be always "cleared up neat," etc., yet never tired. If there is among the seventy thousand housewives who read her letter, one who does all her work and cares for her little ones, yet always is cleared up neat and tidy, let's hear from her. In my humble opinion it can't be done. Not even if she hires her washing done, and has occasionally the help of a sewing woman.

Children require a great deal of care. By care I mean all the thought and labor occasioned by their existence. It will be a happy day for the world when the rearing of children is looked upon as a science, requiring special preparation and special provisions. But so long as one woman tries to do the work of three, just so long must there be confusion and neglect. Nothing is easier, it is said, than to get a new wife. So, dear sister, when you are wearing yourself out, consider what follows.

I believe the reform here must be brought about by women. There is sound sense in Helen Herbert's "Man's Way and Woman's Way." God plans wisely when he gives some women time to think. We need their thoughts; but we need most of all to think for our-selves. We bear out too nearly the accepted idea that we are unsexed creatures. Every woman who takes upon herself the name of wife and mother is under obligation to live. Husband needs her, children need her. Therefore sacrifice accomplishments, fancy work, art, society, reputation as a house-keeper, but health never. Ah, dear sister, try your house being in disorder so long as nothing unwholesome is in it. Look upon bare walls and dearth of beautifying articles, do with fewer clothes and less trimmings, put away unnecessary ceremony, and enjoy life as only they whose wants are few can enjoy it; simply, healthfully, holly.—Household.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—To correct children for trifling offences continually, at home or in school, has a bad effect. It is confusing to the child and does not tend to develop or cultivate the moral sense. It tends to make distinctions between right and wrong which do not exist, and for this very reason weakens real ones. It is surprising to see how early children begin to look into the hidden things of metaphysics. "Is it really wrong, mamma," a little boy said the other day, "or only against the law?" The astonished mother questioned the child, and found that some one had told him stories of the fugitive slaves, and of the laws of their time, and he had, with the reason for generalizing which many children have, applied his knowledge to the circumstances and events occurring around him. To be perfectly honest with children, and at the same time to cultivate a power to pass by their small transgressions, which are often committed without premeditation, is sometimes well for parent and teacher. It is only necessary to think ourselves back to childhood to understand how different the child's point of view is from that of an older person, and to do this occasionally would be helpful to most parents.—Exchange.

HOW THE KING OF SWEDEN WAS CONQUERED.

The year 1659 was a sad one for the land of Denmark. The winter was unusually severe; trade was at a standstill; the harbors were icebound, and an invading army was laying the country waste from sea to sea.

It was the ice that had betrayed Denmark. It made a bridge so firm and wide that Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, had crossed the Great Belt upon it, marching his troops over the white plain that only a few weeks before had been an expanse of stormy water. It was a daring deed, and the Danes trembled as they pondered what sort of a man this Swedish king must be.

He was indeed a fierce and dangerous man. "A prince should always be at war," he was heard to say, "for by that means he best amuses his subjects and terrifies his neighbors." He had overrun Poland; he had fought with Prussia, and now he was invading Denmark.

The Danes could make but little resistance. They were out-numbered and out-generalled. One town after another fell into the hands of the Swedes.

The little city of Nykoping was one of the last to be taken. It made a gallant fight for its liberty; but it was conquered at length, and Charles Gustavus demanded a large sum of money as an indemnity for the trouble it had given him.

But Nykoping was poor—poorer than ever just now, after enduring the bad times, and the siege, and after paying for all the gunpowder which had proved so useless—it could not pay the ransom.

"Then it must burn," the Swedish king said calmly.

"Our men shall rest in it for a few days, and then there shall be a bon-fire huge enough to warm all Denmark."

But on this Sunday heard many of his officers attended service in one of the Danish churches. He wore a plain uniform, with nothing upon it to reveal his rank, and no one recognized him as he took his place amongst the congregation.

The minister was roused to indignation at the sight. His eloquent words rang loudly as he spoke of the cruelty of men one to another; of the grasping greed that brought fire and sword on a peaceful land; of the guiltiness of needless bloodshed; and of the wrong and robbery that were cloaked under the name of the Prince of Peace.

Much more he said; and then his words grew softer, and his eyes were filled with light as he talked to his weeping flock of the "comfort" that remained even yet for them. They had erred and gone astray; they had forgotten their God in the time of prosperity; and now this trial time had come to draw them homeward; their sore troubles were sent by One who was as a Father pitying His children.

Low sobs sounded through the church as the sermon ended. Then there was a trampling of many feet, and a slight creak of steel as the congregation dispersed.

The minister went home to his house, and in spite of all he had said his own heart was very sad.

"Thou art tried to death," she said to him. "I will serve thy dinner, and then thou shalt sleep until the time of the evening service."

"It is not time for sleep," he answered, thinking of the misery which lay upon Nykoping, misery which it was his duty to cheer as far as his poor words could reach.

A violent knocking at his door started him. The old woman hurriedly opened it. Four Swedish soldiers stood there.

"Tell Pastor Lencus that the king is coming to dine with him," said they.

"The king!" stammered the good dame, aghast.

"Ay, the King of Sweden—he that may be King of Denmark, too, if it so should please him," answered the soldier, sharply.

The minister had arisen from his chair, now he stepped forward.

"Tell the king," he said with gentle dignity, "that the misfortunes of my country have left me but a handful of peas and a rind of bacon. It is not possible to let him partake of such fare as that. You will tell him so!"

He returned to his seat, vexed and flushed. Charles Gustavus, king though he might be, could never be a welcome guest beneath his roof.

Yet he was to be his guest notwithstanding.

Another knock at the door, and an officer entered whose face the minister had noticed amongst the Swedes that morning. Doubtless he had come with a message from his master. But he removed his helmet and sat down without a word.

"I have sent to tell the king that it is impossible that he should dine in my humble house," said the minister, standing before his self-invited guest, and regarding him with troubled looks.

"Bacon and peas you named, I think," the Swede said, "a good dinner; and here it is! Let us to table, my friend. I am the king, a plain man, you see, and a hungry one, upon my word!"

required a strong effort to fix his wandering thoughts. "I am a worthless follower of the King of Heaven, since I am thus excited by the presence of the King of Sweden, I fear," he said to himself wearily. "Lord, teach me to feel Thee close; teach me to trust to Thee whatever befall!"

That night, when the little Lutheran church was filled with the sad company who had gathered here "for the last time," as they said, a folded paper was delivered into the minister's hands.

It only contained these words: "I have conquered Denmark; Lencus has conquered me. Nykoping is safe."

Very heartily praises went up to God from that little church that night. The pastor chose part of the first chapter of St. Paul's letter to the Corinthians as the lesson, and his voice trembled as he read the words: "God is stronger than men. . . . He hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. . . . He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."—Crona Temple.

TO TAKE OUT scorch stains from white goods simply wet the parts and lay on the grass in the sun.

I once gave a young man of fine ability and education—I believe he was a graduate of Yale—a class of half-grown boys. I had experienced some difficulty in getting the class together, but finally succeeded, and thought I had got an excellent teacher for it. It went along swimmingly for a while, and then the teacher commenced to absent himself occasionally, then oftener, and so on from bad to worse. I had tried hard to get good substitutes, but the class, which was a difficult one to hold under more favorable circumstances, dropped off one by one, till at last the entire class was lost. As this young man wandered his way across the room towards the adult Bible class one Sunday, I said to him, not without a good deal of feeling, "Mr. —, what have you done with that class of boys that I gave you some weeks ago?" His face flushed, and he stammered, "I don't believe I am fitted for a teacher," and I entirely agreed with him except that he thought God had made him so, and I believed he had made himself so.

For a teacher to absent himself or herself from the class without an excellent reason, I regard as a breach of faith. If I make an engagement with you to meet at a certain time and place, and you fail to keep your appointment, you must either apologize to me and give me a good reason for your absence, or I will never trust you in like manner again.

That is the rule between business men. It is the rule everywhere (except in sacred things).

When you take a class in Sunday-school you tacitly agree with those boys or girls, men or women, that you will meet them there every Sunday at a certain time. When you fail to be there you owe them an explanation and an apology. When you must be absent, and we, of course, recognize this as an occasional necessity, provide a good substitute, if possible, and do not leave your class to be injured, it may be, by being entrusted to one unprepared or unfitted to instruct them. And if this be impossible, then, if you can, send word to the superintendent. Do not lose your interest in your class on account of a prolonged absence. Write them and send special messages to each scholar. You can hardly imagine how much interest such a course will excite. It is cold comfort for a class, however zealous they may be, to come together Sunday after Sunday without a word from the absent teacher, and has cost many a school many a good class.—Standard.



PRESENCE OF THE TEACHER.

He drew his chair to the table as he spoke, and the pastor's sense of courtesy forbade him to utter another word of remonstrance. The bacon and the hard brown bread were passed before the monarch, and the old man waited upon him silently.

"Sit down, my friend," said Charles Gustavus. "I am come to talk to you; your discourse this morning. Sit down, I say and eat. It is ill arguing with a fasting man."

If the pastor could not eat, the king found out that he could talk! Very bravely and plainly he urged upon his visitor the things that he had touched upon in his sermon. He asked what use or glory would come to Sweden from the burning of Nykoping, a town whose only faults in Charles's eyes could be its bravery and its poverty. He urged that history reckoned cruel victories as a disgrace, but merciful ones as a glory. He bade the king remember the great house from which he came—a house that held as its brightest star Gustavus Adolphus, "the merciful victor."

The king stared Lencus full in the face for a minute or two, and then he burst into a laugh.

"Denmark should make thee her chancellor!" he said. "Truly thou art a son of thunder! I came to make you unsay your first sermon and, lo, you have given me a second!"

"I may have given you a sermon, sire," was the reply; "but it is God only that can give you a tender heart."

With another light laugh and half jeering word the king took his departure, and the pastor opened his Bible to prepare his mind for the evening service in his church. It

This subject of looking up your scholars suggests the question of the constant attendance of the teacher. You cannot expect your scholars to be constant in their attendance if you are neglectful of this duty yourself. I confess I have little patience and less respect for a teacher who has so slight an interest in his or her class that any trivial impediment or trifling cause will keep them away. Such a teacher fails to recognize the personal responsibility resting upon him or her. If it is not convenient or agreeable for them to attend, they quietly and calmly leave their class to shift for themselves, acknowledging no responsibility, furnishing no substitute, not even notifying the superintendent, even though another member of the same household is present at church or school. Indeed, I have known teachers in my own school to attend church in the morning and at the close turn their backs upon the school and upon their classes, and walk away with as cool an air as if there had been no school within a thousand miles. The burden so frequently thrown upon a superintendent is a grievous one, the injury to the class incalculable, and the whole school suffers.

MUTTON STEW.—Two pounds of mutton from the neck or loin, two pounds of potatoes, peeled and cut in halves, half a pound of onions, peeled and sliced. Put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of the stew-pan; then some of the mutton and onions; then another layer of potatoes, and mutton, and onions, and repeat this until the mutton and vegetables are used. Add one and a half teaspoonful of salt, a small teaspoonful of white pepper, three gills of broth, or gravy, and two teaspoonfuls of mushroom catsup. Cover the stew-pan very closely, so as to prevent the steam from escaping, and stew for an hour and a half on a very slow fire. A great slice of ham is a great addition. Great care must be taken to prevent burning. The hour and a half must be reckoned from the time the stewing begins.

SIMPLE BREAD PUDDING.—Pour a quart of hot milk upon a pint of nice bread crumbs that have been placed in a buttered dish, add two eggs, flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, put in a few raisins and bake it twenty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XII—MARCH 22.

PAUL VINDICATED—ACTS 27, 19-32. COMMIT VERSES 27, 24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.—Acts 27:42

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God can't see; let us obey.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27:1-8.

T. Acts 27:19-32.

W. Acts 27:1-12.

Th. Acts 27:1-12.

F. Isa. 59:1-22.

Sa. John 10:1-12.

Su. Luke 18:1-30.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

DR. WHEATON—after seeing Christ and hearing him bore witness...

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY—Where was Paul? How long since his imprisonment?

SUBJECT—DIFFERENT WAYS OF TREATING GOYS INVITATIONS.

I. PAUL'S WAY (vs. 19-23). 11. ORIENTED.—To what "heavenly vision" does Paul refer?

12. WORKS FOR CHRIST.—What did Paul do as soon as he returned?

13. TEACHINGS.—What was the practical teaching of Paul?

14. FESTUS' WAY (vs. 24-25).—What did Festus think of Paul's teachings?

15. AGRIPPA'S WAY (vs. 26-29).—What was King Agrippa's knowledge of the gospel?

16. THE VINDICATION (vs. 30-32).—What was the result of this hearing?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God gives us all a call to the Christian life.

II. As soon as we know Christ we should seek to lead others to him.

III. Our teachings should be both practical and doctrinal.

IV. True repentance will be proved by its fruits.

V. An earnest, devoted, self-denying Christian seems to be beside himself in the eyes of the worldly.

VI. There is no madness so great as the neglect of eternal life for the sake of worldly possessions.

VII. One may know the truth, and believe and yet not be a Christian.

A GREAT LIBEL SUIT has just come to an end in Montreal.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, March, 10, 1885.

The English grain markets are firm for "future" wheat, but somewhat weaker for "spot." Corn is steady.

The local grain market is very dull and prices are more or less nominal. We quote: Canada Red Winter, 92c to 93c; White, 90c to 91c; Canada Spring, No. 2, 90c to 91c.

FLOUR—This market continues extremely quiet. The quotations are: Superior Extra, \$4.05; Extra Superior, \$3.90; Fancy, \$3.75; Spring Extra, \$3.65 to \$3.70.

MEALS unchanged. DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter continues exceedingly dull, and prices are lower again this week.

EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in bbls, 25c to 29c; Western, poor to fancy 25c to 29c; Limered, Canada and State, 17c to 18c.

PUKE PHYSIOLOGY.—Dr. W. B. Carpenter, whose reputation as a physiologist is world wide and deeply founded, when in this country in the fall of '82 gave a lecture in which the following sentences occurred:

"The introduction of alcohol into healthy blood can do nothing but mischief; and 'no one who is familiar with the action of poisons upon the living animal body, and has made the nature of that action a subject of special study, has the smallest hesitation in saying that alcohol is a poison.'"

FARMERS' MARKET. The farmers' market has been abundantly supplied of late with nearly all kinds of seasonal produce.

LIVE STOCK MARKET. There is considerable dullness in the Live Stock Market at present, and prices of cattle, sheep and hogs, are unusually low for this time of the year.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 88c March; 89c April; 90c bid May; 91c bid June; 92c July. Corn, 51c bid March; 50c bid May and June.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat, Superfine, \$2.70 to \$2.75; Low Ex-

tra, \$3.10 to \$3.35; Clear, \$3.60 to \$4.65; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.60 to \$5.65. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.30; Clear (R. and A.), \$4.20 to \$4.45; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.05 to \$3.20; West India, sacks, \$3.35 to \$3.60; West India, barrels, \$4.55 to \$4.60; Patent, \$4.60 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.75 to \$5.20; Patent \$4.55 to \$5.65. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.60; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.40; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.85.

MEATS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.25 in bbls; ordinary, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter—Creamery, ordinary to fancy 20c to 34c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 23c to 30c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 11c to 25c. Cheese.—State factory, family to fancy, 8c to 12c; do. light skins, good to choice, 7c to 9c; Ohio flats, ordinary to prime, 5c to 10c; Skims, 1c to 2c.

EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in bbls, 25c to 29c; Western, poor to fancy 25c to 29c; Limered, Canada and State, 17c to 18c; do. Western 17c; do. foreign 16c to 18c.

PURE PHYSIOLOGY.—Dr. W. B. Carpenter, whose reputation as a physiologist is world wide and deeply founded, when in this country in the fall of '82 gave a lecture in which the following sentences occurred:

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