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THE EGYPTIAN DIFFICULTY.

The conference of representatives of the great European nations, which has been meeting in London to discuss the affairs of Egypt, has come to nothing. The delegates were unanimous in recommending certain changes and in seeing the necessity of a new loan to the Egyptian Government. But France and England absolutely could not come to an agreement as to the treatment of receipts and expenditure. England offered several concessions, but France was obstinate and would not withdraw a particle of her demands. England therefore "resumes entire liberty of action;" she is in possession of Egypt, and France may say what she likes. This, as Mr. Gladstone says, means that England's responsibility for affairs in Egypt has been very much increased. The British newspapers say that the failure of the conference will be a great relief to the country. The Government is now free to make a new start, being now quite independent of France. The French are furious with England now; but the other governments of Europe say they will not concern themselves in the matter, so France is not likely to bite. She has been barking for a long time.

In Egypt itself, there is nothing very new to report. The Governor of Dongola, who persists in declaring that he remains faithful to his Egyptian masters, telegraphs that he has sent on a letter from General Gordon to Cairo, where the messenger is expected to arrive on the 17th. According to latest accounts, the Mahdi is fighting some negro tribes who refused to join him, and says that he has sent a force to Khartoum to capture General Gordon, dead or alive. Gordon himself, if a report received at Cairo is correct, has recently been making a number of fierce sallies against the rebels, who have built a wall along the bank of the Nile.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

It is estimated that about 2,300 deaths have already occurred during the present epidemic of cholera in the south of France. The disease is not now so intense as it was, but larger districts are now tainted with it. In several parts of Italy, for instance, the cholera has appeared, and the Pope has had several conferences with his clergy to decide whether they will work with the authorities in case the disease spreads over the country. It is said that cholera has broken out on two ships which recently arrived in English ports; they have been forbidden to communicate with the land, and there is as yet no trace of the disease in the British Islands.

The people of Toulon, who fled from that plague-stricken city, are returning to their filthy lodgings, and the doctors fear another outbreak of the cholera, probably small-pox and typhoid fever besides. The swallows, that left when the disease broke out, have not yet returned, and the city is deserted even by sparrows. This has been taken as evidence that the atmosphere is still impure and bonfires are being kindled as a remedy. Many people in the stricken stations have

taken a great horror for the doctors, imagining that instead of wanting to cure are really encouraging the cholera as a means of getting rid of surplus population.

Perhaps the best thing yet published on this subject is a letter from Miss Florence Nightingale, the lady whose name is revered by the whole civilized world for her heroism in nursing the sick and wounded during the Crimea War. Writing to the *New York Herald*, she says that the only way to avoid cholera is to put earth, air, water and buildings in a healthy state, by scavenging, lime-washing and every kind of sanitary work. If cholera does break out, the people must be removed and the place cleaned. Miss Nightingale, after enforcing the necessity of clearing out cesspits, privies, dustbins, cowsheds, pigsties, stables, lodging houses, yards and crowded places, says: "Set your house in order, in all ways, sanitary and hygienic, and all will be well."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Holiday makers who are frightened to go to France or Italy are crowding into the mountainous districts of Switzerland. All the English watering places are also getting more than their usual share of summer profits, and so many tourists have gone to Scotland that shares in Scottish railway companies have risen five percent in value.

THE BRITISH REFORM STRUGGLE.

It is quite evident now that, in spite of all the ticklish affairs in many quarters of the world where Britain has any interest, the British people are most concerned about their own private affairs. The people care a good deal more to get the Reform Bill passed than to crush out a rebellion in Africa. And the refusal of the House of Lords to pass the measure has simply made people seriously discuss the question whether the House of Lords is worth keeping at all. The Liberal Government, if their Reform Bill had been passed without much effort, might have been defeated in the general elections, because of their refusal to adopt a very warlike policy in Egypt. The Conservatives in the House of Lords of course would have liked this to happen; but their mad action in throwing out the plan of reform, has roused the anger of the whole country, and the Government is as popular as ever. The electors are assembling in their thousands and demanding that they shall not be thwarted by a body of men who have no claim to authority except that their fathers had that authority before them. The most remarkable thing about these meetings is the perfect order kept at them; there is no rioting whatever. The people do not lose their temper or threaten violence. The cause is easy to find. The people of Britain know that they are infinitely stronger than the Lords, and that the Lords themselves admit that whatever the people wish will have to be done. The difficulty is that some of the Lords have to be convinced of what the people really do wish.

The latest demonstration took place at Birmingham on Monday, when no less than 20,000 persons assembled, and peacefully

but firmly demanded the surrender of the 'Lordships' position. Mr. John Bright, beloved of the people, was in the procession. Mr. Chamberlain, too, a member of the Cabinet,—who made a strong attack on the House of Lords. This agitation will go on till October, when a new session of Parliament will be held, to give their Lordships one more chance to accept the scheme they have rejected.

THE PROHIBITION CANDIDATE.

Speaking of the Hon. John P. St. John, who has been nominated by the Prohibition Party as their candidate in the Presidential election, the *Union Signal* says:—"Since 1882 he has been actively engaged in the temperance canvass, and as a speaker no one has been more effective in bringing the prohibition issue clearly before the people. He is in demand in all parts of the country, and wherever he goes makes the impression of calm, clear thought, good sense, business ability and thorough uprightness. No man in prohibition circles can rally a larger number of voters."

The same journal, the official organ of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, says that: William Daniel, candidate for Vice-President on the Prohibition ticket was born in Maryland about fifty-six years ago. Since 1860 he has been in the practice of law in Baltimore, has served his State in the legislature, and latterly most efficiently as head of the State Temperance Alliance, which has secured prohibition in fourteen out of the twenty-three countries of Maryland. He is a man of means and liberality, and a life-long Republican until the Republican National Convention last June. He is a good speaker, a man fine social qualities, and deeply devoted to the idea of national as well as State prohibition.

TWO NOBLE NIHILISTS.

The following account is given in an English magazine; the writer, in his intense and righteous hatred of the tyranny under which Russia is groaning, is somewhat carried away by his admiration of the persons who plan such terrible deeds to overthrow the tyrants. Still, there is real patriotism in the hearts of many of these Nihilists, and it good to have a close glimpse at some of them, such as we have here.

"Sophia Perovskaia was young and beautiful. She belonged to the highest aristocracy of Russia. She was connected on all sides with the governing classes, and had she not chosen a holier mission, might have lived and died surrounded by every comfort and luxury that to baser minds make life worth living. Yet such is the abnormal state of things brought about by tyranny, that this girl—this very daughter of the despotism as it seemed—was destined to plan the attack, and to give the signal which sent Alexander II. to his long account. She was one of those who began by desiring knowledge, and who ended by dying for liberty; and commencing her career by joining a circle whose object was mainly the spread of "reform" ideas, she came to see that preachings alone would never break the tyranny, that words without deeds are dead; and she ended by being one of the right hands of the Terror. One year of her young life were spent in a Russian dungeon;

three years was spent in confinement under the strictest surveillance—but they were wholly insufficient to break her spirit.

She was at last tried and acquitted, but an acquittal in Russia is by no means the same thing as in England. From the hall in which she was found not guilty she was dragged back to prison, but she escaped, and again took up the threads of her work where she had been obliged to drop them, and became one of the most determined and skilful organizers of the revolutionist party. To give you some idea of the confidence with which she inspired all who came into contact with her, it is only necessary to say that the conspirators who attempted to blow up the royal train had entrusted her with the duty of firing the nitro-glycerine which, in case the police came to arrest them, was to blow her, themselves, and everybody concerned into the air. They trusted her with perfect confidence that her hand would not tremble or her heart fail her. Let me close this very short and meagre sketch of this daughter and martyr of liberty with an eye-witness's account of her death: "I have been present at a dozen executions, but I have never seen such a butchery. Robaldio and Geliaboff were very calm; Timothy Michailoff was pale but firm. Sophia Perovskaia displayed extraordinary moral strength. Her cheeks even preserved their very color, while her face, always serious, without the slightest trace of parade, was full of true courage and endless abnegation. Her look was calm and peaceful; not the slightest sign of ostentation could be discerned in it.

Just a few words of Demetrius Lisogub. This man was a millionaire, one of the largest landowners in Russia. But he lived a life of greater poverty than the humblest tenant on his estates, in order that he might devote the whole of his riches to the service of the revolution. But this was the least of his sacrifices, for in that service he gave up love, family life, and all those things which good men value more than riches; and he always volunteered for the post of danger and the task of difficulty. He had never been identified with any revolutionary scheme of violence, and the worst accusation that the Government could bring against him was that he had spent his own money, and refused to say how. But that was quite enough for the Russian judges, and he was sentenced to death. He was advised to petition for pardon, and it was hinted to him that the petition would be granted, but he scornfully refused to plead to the Russian Emperor, and he died the death of a patriot and a hero on August 8th, 1879. Well, these are but types, and types that are by no means few or hard to find amongst the thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who have drawn the sword for freedom, and who never mean to return it to its scabbard until the battle be won."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the Advancement of Science meets in Montreal on August 27th. One good result of the meeting being held on this continent will be the permanent settling in the country of a number of people who have come out from the Old Country with considerable capital, and who intend to invest it in farming, fruit growing, cattle-raising, and other kindred enterprises which cannot fail to add materially to the resources of the country.

At CROSTADT, in Germany, a party of French visitors expressed pleasure at the insult recently offered to the German flag in Paris. A German resented the remark, a quarrel ensued, and he was killed by a sword-stick in the hands of one of the Frenchmen.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY FANSY.

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

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"What has happened," she asked, in a voice which though excited was low, as of one who was often obliged to keep troublesome things to herself. "Who are you? And where is Spunk's master?"

Reuben had a faint idea that Spunk had been his own master for a long time, but he hurried to explain. "I'm Reuben Watson Stone, ma'am; Spunk's master offered me a ride, and Spunk got wild and ran away, and his master went to sleep; he's all safe, I guess, I kept him tucked up as much as I could, but he's sound asleep as a nut."

"Asleep!" repeated the lady, and her tone was full of horror and dismay.

Reuben felt sure that she knew, without any other explanation, just what was the matter with him.

"Wait," she said, "I'll get a lantern," and she glided into the house. Back again in a few minutes, with a lantern which she set down in a sheltered place on the piazza; then she came close to the sleigh.

"Boy," she said, still speaking in that low tone, "Are you strong? Do you suppose that you and I could get him into the house and to his room without any other help? There's no man in the house but Mike, the new servant, and I don't like him, and don't want to trust him to see Edward sick in this way. He is sick, of course, or he would never have gone to sleep when the horse was running. And she turned and tried to look sharply into Reuben's face.

"Yes'm," said Reuben, simply, "I'm strong; I think we can manage it," and he felt as if there was the strength of a young lion in his little body just then! He was so sorry for the lady! He wondered if "Edward" was her son, and what his mother would do if her son should ever come home in such a fashion. "I never will! never, never!" he said to himself, and set his teeth hard. Then he hopped down like a squirrel and began tugging at the stupid lump which had slipped to the floor of the sleigh. How heavy he was! Yet he was a very slightly built young man; Reuben wondered how he could be so hard to lift; the mother—if it was his mother—tugged with all her might; fortunately the bottom of the sleigh was about on a level with the broad piazza, so after much puffing and panting, they had the sleeping mass pulled well across the piazza inside the brightly-lighted room, Spunk standing still and looking on with as much quiet patience as though he had never thought of dancing or running.

"Now do you think we could get him on this bed?" the lady asked, and she threw open the door leading to paradise—at least it looked somewhat so to the cold, tired boy. He took in the picture almost without knowing that he saw it; a great, beautiful room, with rich crimson curtains at the windows, dropping in glowing masses to the very floor. A large, beautifully-carved bedstead, made up in spotless white; a great crimson-covered easy chair,—the crimson of the same strange brightness of the carpet, which made him think of the woods aflame with red-gold leaves in autumn,—and two mirrors turning around whenever he did, and making three or four of him in different corners of the room!—At least this was the way that Reuben's fascinated eyes took it in, during the moment that he stood staring.—Then he said, "Yes'm, I guess we can," and turned toward that senseless fellow on the floor.

"How very small you are!" said the lady in surprise, seeming to look really at him for the first time. "I don't believe you can possibly lift him; why, you must be very young."

"I'm going on eleven, ma'am," said Reuben, drawing himself up, and looking as tall as he could; there seemed no need to tell her that, but the day before had been his tenth birthday!

Then he stooped to prove his lifting powers; the lady came to help him, and though he told himself that if she had been his mother he would never let her lift like that, and though he declared to himself, that that beautiful white bed, fit for a prince, was no place for such a lump as this! still they put him there, he helping only by turning over just when he ought to have kept still, thereby nearly pitching himself out of bed, and muttering something about being let alone.

Oh, such a sigh as that poor mother gave when it was finally accomplished, and she stood looking at him! It went to Reuben's heart, and fixed certain resolves which had been growing stronger every minute for the last few hours. What was to be done next? The strange lady acted as though she had already forgotten him, and stood with such an utterly mournful gaze fixed on her son that Reuben could hardly bear to see it.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, ma'am?" he asked at last, and she started and turned towards him. "You, poor boy!" she said, pityingly, "how tired you look! Where do you live?" and when he told her, she declared promptly that he must not think of going home; "it is more than three miles from here, and it is after midnight now; you are too cold and tired to think of going; it would be dangerous; you might freeze to death. Do you think I could let you go? I suppose you have saved my poor Edward's life. Boy, do you know what is the matter with him?"

"Yes'm," said Reuben, simply. What else could he say?

"And have you a mother?"

"Yes'm, I have; I'm her only son, the man of the house; and I ought to be home this minute; she will be scared to death."

"It won't kill her; I have waited for my Edward until morning, many a time; you can make her heart glad over the whole story to-morrow. Look here, Reuben,—did you say your name was Reuben?—Well, do you never go home to your mother as my only son has come home to me to-night!"

"No, ma'am," said Reuben, solemnly, "I never will." Then he gave his attention to business. "What about Spunk, ma'am? He ought not to stand out there like this, after such a trip as he has had."

"True enough," said the lady with another great sigh. "I have forgotten the poor beast. I suppose I must try to rouse Mike to take care of him."

Whoever "Mike" was, she evidently disliked him, and dreaded so much to call him on the scene, that Reuben said, "If you would like ma'am, I think I can fix Spunk out all right for the rest of the night; we are pretty well acquainted; ought to be by this time."

"Are you sure you are not afraid of him?" the lady asked anxiously.

"Not a bit, ma'am," and as he slung the lantern on his arm and went in search of the barn, he said to Spunk, "Do you suppose I intend to be afraid of you, or most anything else, old fellow, after to-night?"

Much troubled was Reuben about his mother, and Beth. While he was putting Spunk to bed, he felt so wide awake and ready for anything that he told himself he meant to go "right, straight home," but the lady was watching for him when he came back, and opened the door, and then opened another door and pointed up stairs, and told him to go right up and to bed, he would find everything comfortable for him. And by this time, the excitement in which he had been living so long, having cooled down, the warm room, and the stillness, and the thought of the bed, made the poor ten-year-old boy feel so very tired that he knew that he could not make his feet drag over the frozen distance between him and mother.

"I guess I shall have to give it up," he said, wearily, "I meant to go home, so mother wouldn't be scared all night; but I'm afraid I couldn't get there."

"Of course you couldn't," his hostess told him promptly; "it would be just committing suicide to try it. Go right upstairs and get to rest; in the morning bright and early you can make it all right with mother. If I had anybody to send, I would let her know this minute that you are safe; but we have just lost our faithful hired man, and this Mike is a new servant, and—she came closer and spoke low— I think he drinks; indeed I am sure he had been drinking to night when he came home, and I am afraid of him."

"Ugh!" said Reuben aloud, when he got safely into the up-stairs room. "Two drunkards! I ought to stay all night to take care of her. Reuben Watson Stone if you needed a temperance lecture I think you have had one to-night."

"Hail Columbia!" this remark followed an amazed stare which he took around the beautiful room into which he had been directed. Soft carpet, soft curtains, soft bed, bright fire, bright gas-light! Reuben had never in his life been alone in such a room before. For fully five minutes he

wandered up and down, examining, admiring, delighting his eyes with a sight of all the beauty; trying to charge his memory with the details, in order that he might describe it all to Beth. Then the tears suddenly gathered in his eyes as he thought of Beth watching, waiting, crying; of his mother growing pale with watching and fear.

"I oughtn't to have staid!" he said, remorsefully; "I ought to have gone right straight home, even if I had most froze." At that moment his eyes rested on a little stand which was carefully covered over with a napkin showing irregular mounds of something underneath. He raised the napkin curiously; bread and butter, and the wing and the leg of a chicken, and a piece of frosted cake, and a dish of canned strawberries! Then Reuben discovered that he was hungry. Why not? When was it that he had that breakfast with Miss Hunter? "Seems three days ago, at the very least," he muttered, and he felt in his pockets for the packages she had sent by him to get. Yes they were safe. "She'll think I went to Greenland to get 'em!" he chuckled; "and I did most."

Tears and laughter were both very easy for Reuben to-night. He fell to eating the bread and butter, and decided that not even Miss Hunter's was quite equal to it. While he ate he pulled off his boots, and decided that his feet were very tired. Presently the jacket was thrown aside, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, he was in the middle of the nice bed. He had decided to rest himself just a little while, and then get up and slip away home. He would not go to sleep at all, he told himself, for fear he should not be able to waken in a few minutes. But the bed was so soft, and the room was so warm and bright, and his head and feet and arms and hands were so, very, very tired! He had just time to say to himself, "What a lovely, lovely bed this is! If I should go to sleep I don't believe I could wake up again;" and then that was the last he knew of himself for hours and hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

The next thing that Reuben knew, the sun was shining directly into his eyes. He sat up straight and looked around. "Halloo!" he said, utmost amazement in his face, "what's all this? Who am I, and how did I get here? Beth?" but of course, Beth being three miles away didn't answer. "This is the biggest dream I ever had!" he said; then memory began to wake up, and take him back over that long, wild ride, of the night before. "I declare it's morning!" he said at last, much astonished; "and here I am in bed, instead of being at home." Whereupon he hopped out to the middle of the floor, and began to dress in haste. His plan was to slip out and away, and get home before the people in this grand house would know anything about it. But the sad faced mother down stairs did not intend any such thing. He opened his door very softly, but she also opened one on the opposite side of the hall, and smiled a good-morning. "I want you to come in and take some breakfast with me," she said, as they went down the wide staircase together, "and after that, my son would like to see you for a few minutes."

"I ought to get home just as fast as my feet will take me," declared Reuben, dismayed at this new delay. "I meant to go last night, after I had rested a little bit; but I got asleep. I don't know how I came to do it, and I don't know what mother will think."

"She will think you did just right when you tell her about it," the lady said smiling; "you see if she don't. It will not take you long to eat some breakfast, and by that time the South-side cars will begin to run, and they will take you faster than your feet."

"Yes'm," said Reuben, "but my feet will do it cheaper." But he followed her into the elegant dining-room; there did not seem to be anything else that he could do, just then. As he did so, the memory of his breakfast the morning before, flashed over him. "I declare! I take my breakfasts out now-a-days," he said to himself, laughing over the queerness of it all. This was a very different dining-room from Miss Hunter's. It was handsomely furnished, and the table was set with silver and china, and glistened with a dozen pretty things of which Reuben did not know the name. It was set for two, and Reuben presently found himself seated opposite the pale lady and

waited on, by a deft servant, to steak and toast and coffee and canned fruit and griddle cakes and maple syrup and well,—a number of other dishes with which he was unacquainted. Never had he taken breakfast in such style before. Indeed, I may say he had never expected to be surrounded by such elegance; but looking around on it all, it took him but a second to decide that he liked it; and, in about one second more he had resolved on having his dining room furnished in just this way when he became a man.

"So you are the man of the house?" said his hostess, as if being able to see his thoughts.

"Yes'm," he said, blushing over the thought of what she would say should she know how he was planning to furnish his house. "I have a mother and sister to support. I haven't been able to do it yet; mother has to work, and so does Beth; but then I help, and one of these days I expect to do it all."

"I believe you will," she said, looking at him earnestly. It was much the same words that Miss Priscilla Hunter had spoken to him the morning before. It was certainly very encouraging to find that these two women neither laughed at him, nor were doubtful about it; they evidently believed in him. I can't say he enjoyed this breakfast quite so much as the one in Miss Hunter's south room. The truth was, he felt a little embarrassed by the largeness of his napkin, and the weight of his silver fork, and the careful attention of the servant. Still he managed to eat quite a hearty breakfast, in haste though he was, for of course it would not do to go until Spunk's master, or rather Spunk's owner saw him, since he wanted to do so.

The grave-faced lady was very pleasant, and was very much interested in his mother and Beth. About the latter, especially, she asked many questions, as to her age, size, appearance, and the like. And Reuben, who thought his sister was a beauty, had no objection to describing her; so the conversation went on nicely. At last the lady arose from the table and said, "Now we will go in and see Edward a moment." Through the hall, across another room, large and elegant, into the same bright spot where he had landed the night before. Edward was still in the bed where he had been rolled and tumbled by Reuben himself; but all trace of disorder had disappeared. He was awake and himself; though very pale, with heavy rings of black under his eyes. "Well, my boy," he said, as Reuben stood in the door, and waited, "I hear that you and Spunk had a time of it last night. Ran away did he? the scamp! I remember something about his being restive, but one of my hard headaches came on in the afternoon, and I was soon beyond having much idea of what was going on. How came you to be with me, my boy, I don't remember!"

"You asked me to ride, sir," said Reuben, "and I remembered Spunk, and thought I would like a ride with him."

"You remembered Spunk!"

"Yes, sir; I held him for you, one day, and you gave me a shiner by mistake."

"Ah, yes, and you ran back to me with it. I remember your face now; I thought it looked familiar. Well, let me see, didn't you finally send off before I paid you? Or didn't I go off? How was it? Anyway, I don't believe you got any pay; that was a regular cheat,—wasn't it? Well, we must try and make it right. How far did you travel last night?"

Reuben, as well as he could, described the route and the plan of getting home, Mr. Edward occasionally interrupting him to say, "Is it possible?"

"I declare!" he said when the story was finished, "you are a plucky fellow; very few strangers can manage Spunk, though he is well behaved, generally, too. Well, I owe you a great deal of thanks for your skill, and good sense. Now, what else do you need, besides thanks. Mother tells me you have a family to support."

"Yes, sir," said Reuben, gravely; "a mother and a sister."

"Pretty heavy burden at your age; what do you do for a living?"

"Hold horses, and all such things," said Reuben, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Then you have no regular employment."

"Yes, sir, my regular employment all winter has been to look for steady work; but I haven't found it yet."

His questioner interrupted him to laugh heartily; and then said, "I'm disposed to think I can help you in that business. Are you particular as to what you do?"

"I am if I can get it to do; I've tried for the particular things first, and stood ready to take the others, if the particular ones didn't come along."

"I see. Well, mother, don't you believe this chap is just the one they need down at St. Marks?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if he would suit them," the lady said.

"I think he will. I'll recommend you, my boy, and you will be pretty sure to secure the place if I do. I have some authority there; it will be a good place, steady work, and good wages; you can begin to support that family of yours on a better plan than you have been doing lately."

"What is St. Marks, if you please?" asked Reuben, his sparkling eyes saying "thank you" for him, with every twinkle.

"Well, it's a wine parlor, one of the best in the city; a sort of cash boy you would be, and waiter in general; I hardly know what your duties would be; but I know the work is not hard, and the pay is good."

Then did all the sparkle go out of Reuben's eyes. There stalked up before him the memory of his resolution, not only, but his positive promise, made but the night before. "I'm very sorry," he began, with a red face, "that is I mean, I think," and he paused in great confusion.

"Well, what's the trouble? You need not fear not being able to suit him; you are just the quick-witted chap that they need, and I suppose I may as well say that you shall have the place, though I don't meddle with their hired help as a rule; I'll make this an exception."

"I thank you," stammered Reuben, "but if you please I would rather not; that is, —well you see, sir," and having resolved to speak out, he held up his head and spoke boldly. "The fact is, I have made a pledge never to work for rum, in any shape; sell it, or drink it or help other folks to drink it; and so I can't go; though I'm much obliged to you for the chance."

"Upon my word and honor!" said the owner of Spunk, rising slowly on one elbow and staring at Reuben as though he were a curiosity. "You are really the coolest chap I ever came across. So you won't take the place, eh? Very well; of course, if your wish for regular work is all a humbug, why you can afford to throw away chances like this. I supposed you were really in earnest. Then I don't know of anything that I can do for you. Mother, I guess you may as well let him go. He is simply impudent, and that is the most there is in him." And the gentleman slowly let himself down from his elbow, and turned over and shut his eyes. Reuben did not speak at all. If he had had anything to say, he couldn't have said it then. His voice was choked with tears. It was a great and sore disappointment; to be so near to regular work and good wages, and then to have to see them slip away from him was too much. He turned away and wiped two great tears from his eyes with his threadbare jacket sleeve.

"I am afraid you have been very foolish," the plaid lady said, speaking sadly; "Edward had taken a fancy to you, and would have done well by you; he or us the saloon; people will sell liquor, you know; and people will buy it; you might as well earn your living that way, as in any other; because you work in a wine parlor is no reason why you should drink liquor, you know; I hope you will never do that; but you must not throw away your chances to help your mother, for the sake of mere notions." Poor Reuben! the tears were dropping rapidly now, and he was so ashamed of them, and so angry about them, and so disappointed about Spunk's master.

"Never mind," the lady said, kindly, seeing the tears. "I am very grateful to you for all that you did last night; so is Edward; he is a little vexed now, for you must remember that you were rather rude to him, though I know you did not mean to be; he will get over it; and when you have had time to think about this, and change your mind, come and see me, and I think I can still secure the place for you; that is if you are not too slow; but I think you are one who does things in a hurry. Meantime, I want you to take this basket that I have packed to your mother, with my love; and in this paper is something to help you sup-

port your family. Here is a street car ticket; you take the Blue line on the South side, you know." And Reuben, still in a maze over the rapid changes of his affairs during these days, almost before he realized what he was about, found himself signaling a Blue line car, a large market-basket, as much as he could carry, on his arm, and a little bit of a paper package in his hand.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DID THE ANGELS WIPE IT OUT WITH?"

[An authentic letter from a lawyer in New Orleans to his brother in Pittsburgh, Pa.]

Dear brother: You know that for many years I had been an unbeliever and a follower of strange gods—a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was a self-righteous one, who thought I had a religion of my own, better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell, except allegorically. I believed that God was bound, as he had created man, to save him. I knew I did not serve Him; knew Him not personally; had no communion with Him; obeyed His laws only just so far as it pleased myself and my own understanding of them. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Christ, and thought all such believers were idolaters; and I would not believe in the trine God, unless I could understand how He was such.

You know what my early teachings were, instilled into me by my own dear pious old mother. God had put these truths, received through her instructions, deep in my heart, though they were then buried deep from sight or thought by the filth of pride, sin and the world; prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the corrupt tree that, springing up, brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

So I lived, and so I would have died, had not God remembered His promise to His loving children, showing mercy unto thousands (of the generation) of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

Now and then better thoughts, holier desires, and sometimes doubts and fears of a judgment to come, would spring up within my heart, which, however, were soon stifled.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As the boy Theodore, with God's finger marked out on from his birth, grew up, our natural love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him; his mind turned over what little he had learned of God through his nightly prayers, taught him by us from habit and superstition more than any conscientious feeling.

His questions often puzzled me, and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor sinful father, to know more about his Heavenly Parent, and that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had sung to him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him. A feeble accent of gratitude would steal up in my heart and fill me with something like regret, and bring back the time when I loved that blessed Saviour, and believed more of that "happy land."

A greater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I learned from mother, with you and our other brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow on me, and made me think oftener. Still I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach him—Christ and Him crucified, or Universalism; or let him learn what he could from the Jesuits, in whose church he had been baptized? Blessed be God! He, in his sovereignty will chose for me. One of his little friends had died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it—wanted to know "why God had done it; it was very hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished He wouldn't do it." I, of course, tried to say and explain the best I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed. My wife and I were seated by the fire. She had been telling me that Theodore had not been a good boy that day, and what he had been doing, and I reproved him for it. All was quiet, when suddenly he broke out into a loud crying

and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter. "I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there!" "What, my child—what is it?" "Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad I've done to-day. I don't want it there; I wish He would wipe it out;" and his distress was greatly increased.

What could I do? I did not believe, yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said: "Well, you need not cry, you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want." "How, father, how?" "Why, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it."

I did not have to speak twice; he jumped off his bed, saying, "Father, won't you come and help me?" Now came the trial, the boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so earnestly, that the big man, who had never bowed down to God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside that dear boy, and asked God to wipe out his sins and, perhaps, although my lips did not speak it, I included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down on the bed again; and in a few moments he said: "Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?" Oh, how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the words came from my lips. "Why, yes, my dear son, the Bible says so; if you asked God from your heart for Christ's sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done." A smile of pleasure passed over his face, as he quietly asked: "What did the angels wipe it out with, with a sponge?" Again was my soul stirred within me, as I answered: "No, with the precious blood of Christ!"

The fountain had at last burst forth—it could not be checked—and my cold heart was melted within me, and I felt like a poor, guilty, ignorant sinner; and, turning away, said: "My dear wife, we must first find God, if we want to show Him to our children; we can not show them the way unless we know it ourselves."

After a little time the boy, with Heaven (almost) looking out of his eyes, came from the bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to me and said: "Father, are you and mother sinners?" "Yes, my son, we are." "Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour; don't you love God; why are you sinners?" I answered as best I could, and in the silent hour of the night I bent in prayer over the dear boy, and prayed: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over the boy, until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we said it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child; and God heard our prayer, and received us, as He always does those who seek Him with the whole heart, for he has said unto such, they "shall surely find Me."—The Word of Life.

THE FATAL CHURCH RAFFLE.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation, convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach even his gloomy cell. As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began, giving the mother's tender message, with the interest all the Church felt in his welfare. As has the youth broke out:

"Do you know you was what did it?"

"What have I done?" replied the pastor, striving to understand the strange language. "I began the business," returned the youth, speaking very loud, "in your Sunday-school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I gained and sometimes I lost. Money I must have for lottery. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names, and hear I am. Don't let the Church come blubbering around me. They may thank themselves! Their raffling was what did it! It ruined me!"—Golden Censer.

PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.
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The initials and finals the name of the author.

Cross words.—1, to repair the upper part of shoes; 2, a city of Portugal; 3, part of the teeth; 4, a poor style of architecture; 5, a hard blow.

BEHEADINGS.

Behold to skin and leave a fish. 2, Divide a rabbit. 3, Draw back, and call out. 4, Spatter, bind, strike, a tree. 5, Touch in passing, and press forward. 6, Whiten, wash, every one. 7, Swing, fish.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A grain.
2. A wind instrument.
3. A kind of cord.
4. To want.

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

The perpendicular line is of one letter. The upper word across is the work of a rough instrument; the next is the upper word beheaded and curtailed; the next the second word beheaded and curtailed; the centre letter is the third word beheaded and curtailed.

The lowest word of the hour-glass, imperfect marks; the next above, the lowest word beheaded and curtailed; the next above, the lower word beheaded and curtailed; the letter above, the same as of the upper part of the hour-glass, and is from the beheading and curtailment of the word beneath.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DIAMOND.

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MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.—GOLD.

PROVERB PUZZLE.—BUNKER HILL.
ENIGMATIC TREES.—1, Ash. 2, Bass. 3, Bay. 4, Shad. 5, Buckthorn. 6, Button. 7, Cabana. 8, Cedar. 9, Moose wood. 10, Cucumber. 11, Chickasaw Plum. 12, Locust. 13, Fir. 14, Oak. 15, Crabwood. 16, Holly. 17, Cypress. 18, Coffee tree. 19, Judas tree. 20, Hercules. 21, Umbrella tree. 22, Elder.

Delta Smith sends correct answers to several puzzles.

SUNLIGHT AND FURNITURE.—An article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of sun the free by to all parts of our dwellings cannot be to highly estimated.

Indeed, perfect health is nearly as dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walking should be in bright sunlight, so long as the eyes are protected by a veil or parasol when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money; but remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the sun are generally stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—Herald of Health.

The Weekly Messenger

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

THE WEEK.

THE TRIAL of the dynamites, at Warwick, England, has resulted in John Daly being sentenced to penal servitude for life, and James Egan to 20 years imprisonment, while William McDonnell was liberated on condition that he would appear when called on.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE of the House of Lords has rejected the bill permitting a ship canal from Liverpool to Manchester, on the ground that Liverpool's trade would be injured.

MR. E. P. MORGAN, of Cleveland, Ohio, a prominent merchant, has lost over \$300,000 by his son, Charles Morgan, and other members of his family, who invested large sums in works at Bay City for the manufacture of soda ash from salt. The venture was a failure.

MR. STANLEY, the explorer, has received the decoration of the Order of Leopold from the King of Belgium.

THE SON of the British vice-Consul at Rodosto, Turkey, has been captured by brigands, who demand £7,000 ransom.

THE GERMAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY invites the public to assist in the founding of farming and commercial colonies in Central Africa.

TWO MORE COLLISIONS on the water have occurred. The steamer "Dione" was sunk by the "Camden" in the river Thames, England, at night. Passengers were only saved by jumping overboard and being picked up by tugs. The "Richard Owen" was sunk at sea after colliding with the "Belle Star," and four of her crew were drowned.

SINCE 1882 no less than \$12,500,000 which was owing to the landlords by farmers in Ireland has been wiped off, so that it is seen that the Land Act is doing the farmers good.

CAPTAIN NEWTON, a passenger upon the ill-fated steamer "Lanham," which recently sank in a collision, escaped with fifteen Spaniards and landed at Muros. He states that after the collision the captain of the "Gijon" shot himself.

A BOSTON DESPATCH says the Seal Island mackerel catch has been very successful, though the fish are small.

THE PRESIDENT and vice-president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, New York, have issued an address asking their co-workers to support the Republican ticket in the coming contest.

A FIRE BROKE OUT on Friday morning in the Delaware Hudson Railway freight house on the wharf at Plattsburg, N.Y., and spread to the Plattsburg Dock Company's building. Both were destroyed, with the freight. A number of loaded freight cars were burned and a steamer was damaged.

MR. STANLEY, the great American explorer in Africa, thinks that it was just billiousness that made General Gordon send gloomy despatches, and that he needs no help from England. Mr. Stanley also says that to crush the slave trade the dealers must be approached both from Khartoum and from the Congo,—that is, from the East and West coasts of Africa.

AN ESTABLISHMENT where explosive bombs are manufactured has been discovered in Paris, and a workman and his mother and brother have been arrested.

SOME MEN, supposed to be dynamites, broke into a colliery magazine at Airdrie, Scotland, last week and stole 65 pounds of dynamite.

THE GREELY RELIEF squadron arrived at Portsmouth, N.H., last Friday and was received with flags flying on the ships in the harbor, band playing, &c. Several noted persons, including Mr. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy, and General Hazen, boarded the "Thetis," on which Lieut. Greely was. Mrs. Greely also arrived to meet her husband, who had not expected her, and the meeting between them was very affectionate. There was also an affecting meeting between Greely and his mother.

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS are now as much an institution in England as banking is, although they have been very much opposed. The principal kind of co-operative association is the retail store, of which there are 1,200 which have 640,000 members, \$30,000,000 capital and annual sales of about \$90,000,000. Besides interest on their shares, members get a portion of the profits according to the amount they have purchased at the stores during the year. Besides these retail stores there are two Wholesale Societies;—one in England, with sales of \$22,000,000, and one in Scotland with sales of \$7,500,000 a year. There are also 22 manufacturing societies with a business of \$1,200,000 a year, and five cornmills with a business of \$6,500,000. The business of the workmen's societies for twenty years has been over \$1,200,000,000, and the profit \$100,000,000, most of which has gone into the workmen's pockets.

MESSRS. Redmond and Sexton, two of the Irish members of Parliament, have left the Old Country for Boston to attend the meeting of the American National League.

THE KING of ANNAM has died, after a long illness.

PIGEON STATIONS are going to be established at the centres of the British army, and officers have been sent to study the way pigeons are used in France and Germany for carrying military messages. About 30,000 pigeons will be used.

THE SULTAN of TURKEY has allowed the Jews to keep possession of that part of the Mount of Olives containing the graves of the prophets Haggai, Zachariah and Malachi. This piece of land had been bought by some Russian priests, but the Sultan granted the Jew's request that they might keep it forever.

SEVEN HORSE THIEVES are hanging from trees at the mouth of the Mussel Shell River. The settlers are desperate, and will lynch all thieves as they are caught. Seventeen thieves have been caught at Willow Valley, Oregon. Two of them were hanged, and the rest handed over to the authorities.

A BURGLAR in womann's clothes on Monday entered a house in Rome occupied by an American lady. The doorkeeper got a policeman, who dashed at the burglar. The burglar drew a revolver upon the policeman. The latter, thinking discretion the better part of valor stood out of the way. The burglar fled, the crowd pursued, caught, and finally hanged him.

A NUMBER of WOMEN and girls have been arrested in Russia for conspiracy against the Government.

THIRTY-SIX DEATHS have occurred in Pleshoff, Russia, from Siberian plague.

A DISASTROUS FIRE OCCURRED last week at Marash, a town of Asia Minor. A thousand shops, two hundred houses, four hotels, three mosques, and the principal palace were destroyed.

A NEW FRENCH DIVORCE LAW has come into force. Three thousand suits for divorce have already been begun. This is certainly a bad beginning.

CAMPBELL, THE GILLIE, who killed a laborer during an affray between deer-stalkers, gillies and laborers, near Inverness, Scotland, on the estate of Mr. Winans, the American millionaire, has been committed for trial on a charge of murder.

ALL THE VESSELS in the BRITISH NAVY which carry divers, are to be supplied with telephones for submarine communication.

THE BALANCE to the CREDIT of depositors in the Canadian Government Savings Bank on the 30th June was nearly \$16,000,000, being an increase of \$1,700,000 over last year.

ON SUNDAY, July 27, a collision occurred between the steamers "Corsican" and "St. Lawrence" in New Alexandra Bay on the St. Lawrence; happily, however, without any very serious consequences. It seems that both steamers started almost at the same moment; that the "St. Lawrence" raced up, overtook the "Corsican" and steamed across her bows, that the latter unavoidably struck the "St. Lawrence;" but at once reversed her engines, and thus prevented a repetition of the shock, which might have had disastrous consequences.

THE CROPS in South Russia promise well.

THE MAORI KING will return from England to New Zealand by way of New York and San Francisco.

AT THE BRADFORD glassworks on Wednesday there was a serious riot between unionists and non-unionists. Two of the latter were seriously beaten. The police arrested four of the ringleaders. The most severely injured man is the "boss" workman of the new gang, who will probably lose the sight of both eyes.

A DUEL is PROBABLE between Mr. Clemenceau, one leader of the Republican party in France, and Deputy Arene. A political dispute is the cause.

THE STEEL STEAMER, "J. M. Osborne," was sunk on Sunday night on Lake Superior by coming into collision with the "Alberta," owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The "Osborne," sank almost immediately. The "Alberta" was very much damaged and had to proceed to port for repairs. The cause of the collision was a dense fog. In all, eight persons were lost, and the number would have been much greater had it not been for the conduct of Captain Wilford.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT, the "Reichstag," will dissolve at the end of October. Disputes are said to exist between the National Liberals and the United Liberals.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT has voted 25,000 francs for the expenses of the occupation of Upper Senegal.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has taken off 60 percent of the export duty on sugar from Cuba.

THE ENGLISH HARVEST is doing much better than a week ago when the prospect was as black as the skies.

THERE HAVE BEEN very destructive storms in Dakota, and at Pleasant Valley about \$200,000 worth of grain is destroyed.

ENVOYS FROM THE King of Abyssinia have started for England.

A PRIEST on THURSDAY in Witplish, Russia, led a mob against the houses of Jews. The military dispersed the mob, and several were arrested.

A ROYAL MEETING will be held in Copenhagen in August. The Czar of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and the Duke of Cumberland are expected to be present. The latter is being urged to resign his claim to the throne of Hanover, which is now part of the German Empire.

THE POPE will recall its representative from Buenos Ayres, in case the Government of that country insists upon the dismissal of a certain priest for a letter against employing American school-mistresses.

MR. YARKER, the new manager of the Federal Bank, Toronto, has stated that both creditors and shareholders.

MR. BLAINE is alleged to have said some unpleasant things, three years ago, of the French-Canadians in State of Maine, who, it is stated, voted for the late President Garfield. They number about 12,000 voters; and they now propose to avenge themselves upon Mr. Blaine for the slights he put upon them. The Republicans have tried to conciliate them, but hitherto without success.

RUSSIAN DETECTIVES have discovered a Nihilist printing house in Serator. The owner of the press shot himself when the detectives appeared on the premises.

CAPTAIN ISBISTER, of the Allan Line Steamship "Pomorie," has disappeared in a strange manner from his ship. He was seen at the bow of the boat during the forenoon of May 23rd., and it is supposed that he was looking over the bow and toppled in. A boat searched for several hours, but could not find him. The steamer was on her way home to England from Burmah, and had got about as far as St. Helena.

THE STEAMSHIP "Lydian Monarch," which left London for New York on July 19th, is disabled by the bursting of a steam cylinder. The captain refused assistance from two other vessels because they asked too much for towage, and the captain expected to meet one of his own line. A passenger, Mr. Secord, managed to get aboard the "Austral," which was spoken on the 31st. He says the "Lydian Monarch" was drifting to the southward, being unable to steam, and the sails being of little use.

JUST FIFTY YEARS ago slavery was abolished, by act of parliament, throughout the British dominions. So far back as 1562 England had connected herself with this horrible traffic, and for long she was the most staunch supporter of the system in the world. The year 1788 marked the beginning of the agitation for the abolition of the traffic; but it was not till 1843 that success crowned the efforts of those who took up the cause of universal human freedom. Among the noble band of abolitionists, Willberforce, by his unceasing energy and eloquence, stands out in the front rank. In spite of the malignity of those whose interest it was to maintain the existing order of things, such a body of opinion was created against the continuance of the traffic that the government was at last obliged to pass a measure for its absolute abolition. The first, or "gradual abolition" act, came into force on August 1st 1834. A measure absolutely freeing the slaves became law in 1843. To the noble spirits who triumphantly fought for truth and liberty and universal brotherhood, the world owes a deep debt of gratitude.

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THE LABEL CASE of the British Solicitor-General for Ireland, Mr. Bolton, against William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, was considered on Thursday. A verdict was brought in in favor of the plaintiff, giving him \$1,500 damages for the charge of felonious practices, and \$300 on the other issues.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT denies that the reported defeat of its troops in Madagascar was a defeat at all. It says that the soldiers went out to reconnoitre and did so, coming back without having an engagement.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE difficulty appears to be not yet settled; nevertheless, in spite of all the threats of the French Government, war has not yet broken out. One account says that the French will not insist on receiving the money demanded, if China extends French privileges in the southern provinces of the celestial empire; another report is that the United States will be asked to act as arbitrator in the dispute. At any rate, there are Frenchships of war waiting opposite the Chinese port of Foo Choo, and British sailors have been landed to protect their fellow countrymen in the city, as the ignorant Chinese are likely to revenge themselves for a French attack by attacking all foreigners, French and English.

THE KU KLUX KLAN.

Mr. D. B. Wilson gives a most interesting account, in the *Century*, of this secret organization by which the negroes of the South used to be kept terror-stricken. He says:

The Klan had a large membership; it exerted a vast and terrifying power; but its influence was never at any time dependent on, or proportioned to, its membership. It was in the mystery in which the comparatively few enshrouded themselves. It is an error to suppose that the entire male population of the south were Ku Klux, or even a majority of the people were privy to its secrets and its sympathy with its extremest measures. To many of them, perhaps to a majority, the Ku-Klux Klan was as vague, impersonal and mysterious as the people of the North, or of England.

One or two incidents will illustrate the methods resorted to, to play upon the superstitious fears of the negroes and others. At the parade in Palaski, while the procession was passing a corner on which a negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted and stretched out his bridle rein toward the negro, as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so, the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The negro stood not upon the order of going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you: "He done it, suah, boss. I see him do it." The gown was fastened by a drawstring over the top of the wearer's head. Over this was worn an artificial skull, made of a large gourd or of pasteboard. This, with the hat, could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless.

Such tricks give rise to the belief—still prevalent among the negroes—that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to. Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands. These were made of bone or wood, with a wrist or handle long enough to be held in the hand, which was concealed by the sleeve of the gown. The possessor of one of these was invariably a friendly turn, and offered to shake hands with all he met, with what effect may be readily imagined. A trick of frequent perpetration in the country was for a horseman, spectral and ghostly looking, to stop before the cabin of some negro needing a wholesome impression, and call for a bucket of water. If a dipper or pail was brought it was declined, and the bucketful of water demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst, the horseman grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every

drop of water was poured into a gum or oiled sack concealed beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed negro with the remark, "That's good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behavior made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded.

ITALIAN LABORERS.

A despatch from Flemington, New Jersey to the *New York World* says:

The filthy habits of a gang of Italian laborers on the Lehigh Valley Railway who are bivouacking here have caused the inhabitants to live in dread of an outbreak of cholera. The Italians eat the common toads and land turtles, which they seem to regard as delicacies. A few days ago a cargo of sheep arrived. Five which had died en route, when thrown away were secured by the Italians and served up as a stew. All the chickens dying from cholera are gathered up eagerly and eaten by the workmen, who have a great liking for young meat, and frequently steal calves and lambs but a few days old. The citizens have resolved to band together and drive the pest breeders from the place.

UNFERMENTED WINE FOR THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

(Published by request of the Montreal Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

It is a well known fact that when fermented wine is used for sacramental purposes the reformed drunkard cannot put the sacred cup to his lips without incurring the danger of a relapse into former habits. "One of the members of our church told me that before we gave up intoxicating wine, it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to resist taking more after the taste was excited," writes a deacon in a western church; and this man's experience is that of many. For this reason, if for no other, churches should be careful to use unfermented wine, and they would no doubt be glad to do so if they knew how to obtain that article. Miss Willard, in her book entitled "Woman and Temperance," tells how the problem was solved in a church in an American city. The lady who solved it, says: "Some time ago our church decided not to use fermented wine, but somehow a sort of logwood decoction got into the chalice, which was entirely out of place and harmful to our cause. Some of the deacons said, 'We cannot have such a mixture as this—it will not answer!' and they were right. The matter troubled me. At last I said to my husband, 'I can't go out much to the temperance meetings, or take an active part in the work of the Woman's union, but I can prepare wine enough for our church of eight hundred members for all the Communion of this year, and I'll do so.' It was no easy undertaking. It kept me in my kitchen wide awake, and on the alert for several days; but I've got the wine all bottled up, and the people are well pleased with it."

"Let some lady in each church," says Miss Willard, "go and do likewise, and she will have helped our many-sided cause in a noble, efficient way." This lady's receipt is as follows:

Take twenty pounds Concord grapes and add two quarts of water. After crushing the grapes put them into a porcelain kettle; when at a boiling heat the juices separate from the pulp and skins. Then strain through a tin sieve or colander, using a little more water; add six pounds granulated sugar. After the sugar is all dissolved, strain through a thick cloth. Then beat hot and pour immediately into stone bottles, and seal tightly while hot. The above will make three gallons, and if properly put up will keep any length of time; but all air must be kept from it till wanted for use. It is better for each Communion.

A Montreal lady has for a number of years prepared all the wine used in the church to which she belongs, from a very similar recipe, at the small cost of 25c. a bottle. Her plan is as follows:

Take twenty-five pounds of grapes and a pound of sugar, mixed with a quart of water; bring to the boil, and when cool squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix the juice with four pounds of sugar, boil fifteen minutes, and skin and bottle while hot in bottles taken out of boiling water. Seal with beeswax and rosin. This makes a very excellent article.

Another well recommended recipe is the following:

Take one gallon of grapes, mash them well, add half a gallon of water and let stand in an

earthen jar for three days. Then run off the liquid which is at the bottom, being careful to disturb as little as possible the skins and seeds that have risen to the surface. Add a pound of sugar to each quart of grape juice, bring to the boil, and while at that temperature can in self-sealing jars or sealed bottles.

These directions are published in the hope that temperance ladies throughout the country will take the matter up, and see that the churches are provided with a pure wine for the Communion table. In regions where grapes are not to be had, arrangements might be made with a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in some other place to provide the necessary quantity at a reasonable price.

THE TWO MILK-MEN.

A TRUE STORY BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A milk-man, who had a large dairy and a long list of customers, carried on his business for several years without the slightest complaint or dissatisfaction by those who dealt with him. He kept his cows well fed and sheltered; was gentle and quiet himself, and never allowed rough handling, harsh tones, or fast driving to and from pasture.

After a while he sold out his business and stock. He was mistaken in the character of the man who bought them. The new owner was intemperate, and ill-tempered, and often scolded and beat the poor animals. Soon there were complaints of the milk. Little children were made sick by it. One case after another occurred among infants, of very serious, almost fatal, sickness; and even adults suffered from it.

Most mothers at this day who use a nursing-bottle, are aware of the great importance of obtaining pure milk. The food of the cow, it is known, exercises great influence upon the quality of the milk, and is hardly second in importance to the animal's soundness. It is just as true, though not so generally known, that the milk of cows which are frightened or roughly handled, scantily fed, or whipped and fast driven, often produces disease, and with young children, tends to convulsions.

In the case of the milk-man referred to, the details of the story would be of little interest; but the dissatisfaction increased, and resulted in utter loss of custom. After the business passed into other hands, no further complaint was made of the milk from these very cows. A man who was employed on the farm where they were, during the whole time that the business was thus changing hands, asserted that the milk was never adulterated, and was managed in precisely the same way throughout, giving certainty to the inference that the excitement and fear of the cows from their cruel treatment caused the change in the milk.

It seems strange, indeed, that any human being can be so savage as to ill-treat these gentle, harmless creatures—indispensable to our comfort, and even our children's lives. But we know the fact, and when we have the opportunity to speak a good word for the patient cow let us not think it a matter of little consequence. Certain it is that the all-merciful Creator has in countless ways linked retribution and suffering with cruelty to the creatures of His hand—*Our Dumb Animals*.

THAT IS A PRACTICAL METHOD of expressing his disapprobation of tobacco-using, which was adopted by Dr. Eliphalet Clark in his gift of \$50,000 to the Methodist Seminary at Kent's Hill, in Eastern New England. One provision of his will is: If at any time a member of the faculty or one of the teachers connected with the institution shall use tobacco in any form, and shall refuse to abandon the habit, and the case is not attended to by the faculty, then for that year the interest shall be added to the principal." In other words, if an instructor in that institution decides that tobacco is essential to his sustenance or comfort, the donor of the beneficiary fund will let that instructor live on tobacco. He can have his regular salary without tobacco, or tobacco without his regular salary, according as he chews or chooses. That is what might fairly be called a "quid pro quo."—*Ex.*

If thou art inwardly good and pure, then wouldst thou be able to see and understand all things without impediment.

Thou, a Kemptis.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.

Boettie.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

OPENING FIRE AND CLOSING RANKS.

THE WAR BEGINS IN WINNIPEG—SOUTH-WESTERN ADVICE—THE CHAMPION DUST-THROWER—A SOUND PRESENTERY—WHISKEY ORATORS PREACHING TOTAL ABSTINENCE—THE HALTON CONTEST.

THE EXECUTIVE of the Manitoba branch of the Alliance are setting to work with true Western "push." They are not going to let the city's liquor traffic remain as a plague spot in the midst of all the country round that is ridding itself of the curse. A committee has been appointed for each of the six wards in Winnipeg, and the circulation of the petitions is beginning at once. The campaign will be opened by a grand prohibition demonstration.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC meeting at Brandon, Manitoba, has declared for the Scott Act.

Mr. J. C. Jopp, of Moosomin, writes to friends in Grey urging them to adopt the Scott Act, and telling of the immense advantage the North-West Territories enjoy from the prohibition of the liquor trade there.

THE SCOTT ACT petition in Prince Edward County has now been completed, and is found to bear the signatures of 1,652 voters, or 40 percent of the whole number.

THE LIQUOR DEALERS of the Western States have not been very successful in filling voters' eyes with dust; they have, therefore, applied to Mr. E. King Dods, well known as an expert in that art, and have offered him a series of hundred lectures. Surely he will not refuse to go to their rescue! Not that he cares for the money. O, dear no, it must be simply from principle, from a very strong moral principle, that he opposes prohibition. It is of course, only an accidental circumstance that money comes in as the eloquence flows out. Mr. Dods will surely not lose the opportunity of inoculating the Western farmers with the doctrines of the New Gospel, which teaches that the licensed saloon is an aid to temperance and morality.

THE MEN OF RENFREW are setting to work in right earnest, and hope to catch up with the other counties. Several townships have already organized. Men who have hitherto sneered at temperance measures are now working for the good cause. The Roman Catholic priests, with Bishop Lorrain, are likely to do their share of the work.

SHEEP OR WOLVES—That temperance sentiment has taken deep root in the hearts of the people of this province is evident from the course adopted by the anti-Scot Act lecturers. Our township was honored, a week or so ago, with one of those well paid talkers, and it is seldom that a better total abstinence address is listened to. This is a little too curious—it won't hold water. How liquor-sellers are to prosper in a community of total-abstainers would puzzle a Chinese juggler, or even King Dods, to explain.—*Oranston Times.*

THE BRUCE COUNTY PRESENTERY, at its last meeting, held a temperance conference, and passed resolutions recommending all sessions and congregations to work for the Scott Act.

A STRONG ORGANIZATION has been formed in the town of Parli.

OF TWENTY six polling stations in the recent election in Arthabaska only one gave a majority against the Scott Act, and in that exceptional case there was a majority of just one vote.

THE HALTON PETITION.—The Halton *News* says: "An order has been granted the Scott Act party staying proceedings on the anti-petition for two weeks (the time asked for) in order to give the Scott Act party time and opportunity to present their objections to the petition. If the petition be allowed to pass by the City Council, no election can possibly be held before the end of September or first of October. The *Champion* says the correct number of signatures on the anti-petition is 2,102. There is a slight difference between that number and 2,520. Take off about 100 more and the remaining names will no doubt be genuine. Then calculate that 200 of the 2,000 will vote against the repeal and you will be getting down to about where the anti Scott Act vote will stand on the night of election."

APPROPRIATED EVERYWHERE.—A correspondent of the *Daily Examiner*, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, tells of the growing prosperity of the Northern Light Division of the Sons of Temperance, and adds: "In connection with this, the members of the division have subscribed for and secured copies of *War Notes*, a paper published in Montreal, and a deservedly popular and highly esteemed sheet for its bold and fearless advocacy of temperance and right, and open exposure of intemperance and the evils and ill in connection therewith."

"WAR NOTES" is a real live paper. Subscription price, one dollar, for which 20 copies are sent every week for six months, 40 copies a week for three months, &c.

UNDER THE VERY WALLS of Prescott's breweries, in the town where not a newspaper can be found with independence enough to publish even an announcement for temperance people, a splendid meeting has just been held, and the work has thus made a grand beginning.

A CONVENTION and mass meeting are reported from Stratfordville, in Elgin County—public meetings have also been held at Richmond, Vienna, Port Barwell, Aylmer, Fort Stanley, St. Thomas, Dalton, Bismarck and Rodney.

"WAR NOTES" next week will contain some capital extracts from recent speeches by Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Cardinal Manning.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY THE REV. WM. B. CARY.

Riding over the hills of one of the beautiful towns of Connecticut one day, where a delightful view of the mouth of the river with the white houses of Saybrook sparkling in the morning sunlight burst upon the view, I noticed an old stone chimney blackened with smoke on the crest of a ridge and all around it signs of former habitation. Currant bushes in the aforesaid garden, lilac bushes in clusters, the old well with a long sweep, the moss-covered bucket dangling within the well-curb, the broken, patched, and thrice-broken fence intertwined with vines and bushes, all suggested a once happy, contented home.

"Who lived there?" I asked of my companion.

"Oh, different folks, within the last twenty years. It was built by a thriving man, about sixty years ago, a fisherman; but when he died his family was broken up and the house went into other hands."

"Why didn't his widow keep it?"

"Well, it's a long story all told. But do you see that little red house down the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, that house devoured this one."

"How was that?"

"The fisherman who lived here sold his shad down there near that house, which was then and always has been a tavern. They used to catch lots of shad in those days, and the fishermen all grew rich; that is, for this part of the country. They sailed all the shad down there at the wharf. There wasn't any fresh shad sent to market; but they took schooner-loads of salt ones. Well, the fishermen had some rough nights, and being cold and wet many times, went into the red house to warm up. And what was more natural than to take a glass of Santa Cruz rum? They had it good in those days. So this man got to taking his rum; and it grew on him. He staid away from home more and more, and when he came home brought less and less money with him. Year by year rum had more and his family less. The little red house did a lively business for its owners. And when the fisherman died the only effects of value he possessed were about a hog-head of empty bottles and jugs in the cellar. The homestead had all been drank up, the widow and children were turned out, and the little red house put in a tenant at thirty dollars a year."

"Well, but how did it come to be burned?"

"Rum's tenants would, somehow, fail to pay the rent after awhile. Their cows would go, their pigs, their furniture, and all; and then they would go, and the little red house would put in another tenant. So it went. This was a sort of tender to the house down there. I've often thought of the red house as being painted with the blood of women and children. Maybe I ain't right; but it kind of seems so to me. Well, after a while, about five years ago, a man moved in here with seven children. His wife was dead. They say he killed her; but I don't know. His eldest girl was about thirteen, and she did all the housework and cooking, and mighty little cooking there was, too, in that house. You could get a drink of whiskey any time, but you couldn't get anything to eat. I believe in my soul them children was hungry more'n half the time; and he wouldn't let them go to the neighbors for anything. He told 'em he'd kill 'em if they did; and the poor little things would go out in the woods here and eat berries, and them little wild apples, and sassafras, and birch, and such like. Things went on so for a long while. Finally, the long, cold winter of '74 and '75 came on. The neighbors kind o' looked out for them children; but they had to be cautious, for if their father had known of it, I believe he'd a killed 'em. He was an ornery cuss, as ever lived, and whiskey made him so. The snow was deep on the ground one night, and the wind blew a livin' gale. It was one of them nights when a man bolts the door, draws up to the fire, and thanks God that he ain't out in it. I remember that night as if it was only last night. I was down to the white house there visitin'. All of a sudden, as we was eatin' hickory nuts, some one said: 'Hush! What was that? We all held our breath, the wind roared like mad. We couldn't hear anything else."

"What was it?" asked some one.

"I thought I heard a little cry under

the window. And, my soul, John! if there ain't a fire up there on the hill! Put on yer coats, boys, and go out and see if them children's burnt up!" said the Missus.

"At this we all jumped for our souls, for, an' I tell you, if we didn't make time! The door was opened and we was a-rushin' out when what should we see but a lot of shiverin' children huggin' the doorstep. No questions were asked. We knew what it meant. They were taken in, an' we ran up the hill. Half-way up I come to a little bundle of something in the road. I took it in my arms. If it wasn't a little girl, with both feet frozen! I give it to one of the women to carry back to the house and run on. Well, as I come to that piece of fence there, I could see the old house burnin' and something curled up under that big rock. I went to it. It was the oldest boy. I opened my overcoat, sat down, and took him into my breast, all I could, and tried to warm him; but he was stiff. He never moved. I hurried down to the house with him, but—the poor little skeleton—there wasn't no meat on his bones more'n there is on one o' them old peckers. I carried him in (he was light as a feather) and we tried to bring him to; but we couldn't—he was dead. The other six lived; but they all wadly frozen in their hands and feet. You see, they was tryin' to keep warm and built up as good a fire as they could in the old, cracked stove. But the first thing they knew the house was afire. Where was the man, you ask? Oh, he was down to the little red house before a red-hot stove, drinkin' healths to all around. And when the children couldn't stay no longer they left the house and stood out around it to keep warm. The boy crawled behind that stone where I found him, and froze there. They was afraid to go to a neighbor's, for fear their father'd kill 'em; but finally did start when they couldn't stand it no longer."

"What became of the man?"

"Well, I dunno. I never saw him again, nor nobody else around here. I dunno where he went or what became of him."

"What became of the children?"

"Oh, they was cared for. The neighbors took 'em. One of 'em has been married since, and I hear her husband is a temperance man, who lectures sometimes. The last I heard of 'em they were all doin' well, except the little girl I picked up in the road. She died in the hospital about six months afterward. Yes, it's true, that little red house devoured this one, and it grows redder and redder every year."

"But is nothing done to stop its work?"

"Oh yes; we've held meetings and passed votes and made speeches about it a good many times, and the red house would be a little quieter for a while after we talked about it; but in a month or so it would open out worse than ever. Why, old Mr. Mill says, and he knows more about the history of that place than any one else, that they have killed or ruined one man each year for the last twenty years. I kin count ten myself that's died, violent deaths in ten years, and all from the red house rum, to say nothing of starvin' women and children, all layin' the blame for it on that place. But two years ago we voted no license; and when the red house sold liquor we went for 'em. We seized their rum three times, and fined the tavern-keeper heavily; and he kind o' took the hint that we meant business, and stopped sellin'."

"I thought it was a quiet, orderly place, when I came by there yesterday," I said.

"Oh yes; the next time he sells without a license he'll go to gaol, and he knows it. I tell you," continued my friend, in a burst of enthusiasm, "talkin' and holdin' meetin's and votin' again rum ain't no good if it ends there. You've got to vote, and then you've got to execute the laws. The only way to shut up these rum-holes is to put the law on 'em; and that'll do it every time, if you kin get officers to do it who ain't in league with them," he added, dubiously.—N. Y. Independent.

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SHAPE OF RICE.—Put a tea-cupful of rice into a pie-dish with a pint of milk, and let it break for about three quarters of an hour. Then remove the brown skin and put the rice boiling hot on the yolks of two eggs, with a little sifted sugar and lemon flavoring. Beat all together. It must not be boiled again after adding the eggs. Press it into a mould, and let it stand some hours before turning out.

"LOOK AND LIVE!"

BY D. L. MOODY.

Behold the camp of the Israelites; look at the scene that is pictured to your eyes! There in that past age, and right here in the present age, all—all are dying because they neglect the remedy that is offered. In that arid desert is many a short and tiny grave; many a child has been bitten by the fiery serpents. Fathers and mothers are bearing away their children. Over yonder they are just burying a mother; a loved mother is about to be laid in the earth. All the family, weeping, gathered around the beloved form. You hear the mournful cries, you see the bitter tears. The father is being borne away to his last resting-place. There is wailing going up all over the camp. Tears are pouring down for thousands who have passed away; thousands are dying, and the plague is raging from one end of the camp to the other.

I see in one tent an Israelitish mother bending over the form of a beloved boy just coming into the bloom of life, just budding into manhood. She is wiping away the sweat of death that is gathering upon his brow. Yet a little while and his eyes are fixed and glassy, for life is ebbing fast away. The mother's heart-strings are torn and bleeding. All at once she hears a shout in the camp. A great shout goes up. What does it mean? She goes to the door of the tent. "What is this noise in the camp?" she asks those passing by, and some one says: "Why, my good woman, haven't you heard the good news that has come into the camp?" "No," says the woman, "Good news! What is it?" "Why haven't you heard about it? God has provided a remedy!" "What! for the bitten Israelites? Oh, tell me what is the remedy?" "Why, God has instructed Moses to make a brazen serpent, and put it on a pole in the middle of the camp; and he has declared that whosoever looks upon it shall live. The shout that you hear is the shout of the people when they see the serpent lifted up."

The mother goes back into the tent, and she says: "My boy, I have good news to tell you. You need not die. My boy, my boy, I have come with good tidings; you can live." He is already getting stupified; he is so weak he cannot walk to the door of the tent. She puts her strong arms under him and lifts him up. "Look yonder; look right there under the hill." But the boy does not see anything; he says, "I don't see anything; what is it, mother?" and she says: "Keep looking, and you will see it." At last he catches a glimpse of the glistening serpent, and he is well.

That Hebrew boy is a young convert. I can fancy that I see him now calling on all those who were with him to praise God. He sees another young man bitten as he was, and he runs up to him and tells him "You need not die." "Oh," the young man replies, "I cannot live; it is not possible. There is not a physician in Israel who can cure me. He does not know he has not to die." "Why, have you not heard the news? God has provided a remedy." "What remedy?" "Why, God has told Moses to lift up a brazen serpent, and has said that none of these who look upon that serpent shall die." I can just imagine the young man. He may be what you call an intellectual young man. He says to the young convert: "You don't think I am going to believe anything like that! If the physicians in Israel cannot cure me, you don't think that an old brass serpent on a pole is going to cure me?" "Why, sir, I was as bad as yourself!" "You don't say so?" "Yes, I do." "That is the most astonishing thing I ever heard," says the young man; "I wish you would explain the philosophy of it." "I cannot, I only know that I looked at the serpent, and I was cured; that did it. I just looked; that is all." "Well I don't believe you were bitten as badly as I have been." The young man pulls up his sleeve. "Look there! That mark shows where I was bitten, and I tell you I was worse than you are." "Well, if I understood the philosophy of it I would look and get well." "Let your philosophy go; look and live." "But, sir, you ask me an unreasonable thing. If God had said, take the brass and rub it into the wound, there might be something in the brass that would cure the bite. Young man, explain the philosophy of it." I see some people before me who have talked in that way since I have been here. But the young

man calls in another and takes him into the tent and says: "I just tell him how the Lord saved you;" and he tells just the same story; and he calls in others, and they all say the same thing.

And so it is with the religion of Jesus Christ. One and another tells the same story; and by-and-by all God's people will tell how they have been all saved in one way—by Jesus of Nazareth, no other name, no other way. If all nations could talk one language, they would only tell one story only name, one name, one remedy.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

August 17.—2 Sam. 18: 24-33.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. The results of early habits.—A tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is this: "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it with all its affection lean towards God or away from Him?"—Anon.

II. Confirmation in evil. I have seen a print after Correggio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits foot-bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him. Evil Habit is mailing him to a branch, and Repentance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. When I saw this I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away I wept, because I thought of my own condition. Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself.—Charles Lamb.

III. The folly of gaining our ends by doing wrong. A bee in inflicting a sting, it is said, leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and being thus mutilated, inevitably dies. In ninety cases out of a hundred the stinger dies, while the person stung lives. The bee stings itself to death in trying to sting some one else. There are men and women who might learn the lesson from this fact. If you purpose to sting others, remember that you may be more likely to injure yourself than them. Your stinging may hurt others and kill yourself.—Dr. Hastings, in the Christian.

PRACTICAL.

1. David professes, and I believe with truth, to desire that he had died for Absalom, but that was a vain wish. He ought to have lived more for Absalom. He ought, by his own character, to have taught him to do right wrong. A bee in inflicting a sting, it is said, leaves its barbed weapon in the wound, and being thus mutilated, inevitably dies. In ninety cases out of a hundred the stinger dies, while the person stung lives. The bee stings itself to death in trying to sting some one else. There are men and women who might learn the lesson from this fact. If you purpose to sting others, remember that you may be more likely to injure yourself than them. Your stinging may hurt others and kill yourself.—Dr. Hastings, in the Christian.

2. Pious parents are justly more anxious for their dissolute children than for the pious and obedient.—Berleburger Bible.

3. David found consolation in the death of Bathsheba's young child. "I shall go to him;" but the death of Absalom was lighted up by no ray of hope.

4. Every such instance of tender love should stand in our hearts as the type of His love who left the Father's throne for our sakes. Let the human affection interpret the Divine, and do not waste either.

5. "Is it well with the young man?" I. Title: "A sermon to young men." I. When is it well with a young man? When he loves his Father in heaven, and obeys Christ as his king. II. When is it not well? When he becomes a ringleader against God; when he impugns the government of the Saviour-king; when he blows his own trumpet rather than God's. III. When can we know if it is well? By watching till we see the end.

SACRED EGYPTIAN SCARABÆUS.

The sacred Egyptian scarabæus is in a biological as well as in an archaeological sense the most interesting beetle which inhabits the countries of the Mediterranean. It has been made famous by the honors paid to it by the ancient Egyptians; it played an important part in their animal worship. It is represented in their hieroglyphics, and displayed upon their monuments, and hewn from stone in colossal proportions, was placed in their temples. Adrian speaks of it, and Pliny says, "This beetle makes monstrous pills of manure, rolls them backward with its feet, lays small eggs in these balls, from which beetles emerge, the ball serving as a protection to the young."

In cases of fever, besides the means employed by medical science, it was thought to be efficacious to bind on one of these beetles.

The head is semicircular with six deep indentations. These beetles fix upon a piece of manure, preferably cow dung, bear it away from the heap, and knead it into an irregular ball, in which the female deposits an egg. After they have made the ball, which is often larger than themselves, they roll it to a convenient spot, using their hind legs to direct the ball, and the other four legs for locomotion, so they seem to be standing on their heads, as the hind legs are elevated to guide the ball. Often one of the beetles pushes the ball with its head. This ball, which at first was uneven and soft becomes, by much rolling, firm and smooth. They then dig a deep hole, in which they bury the completed ball. The filling up of the hole with earth finishes their wearisome labor, which was necessary to prepare a place for their young.

A second and a third egg require the same labor, the beetles remain near the place where they have buried the balls and die. New life is developed in the buried balls, and the larva, as it emerges from the egg, finds a rich supply of provisions, by means of which it attains its full growth. It takes several months for the development of the larva. The next spring the beetles come forth from their birthplace, and the young, following the example of the parents, roll up balls in their turn.

A German artist in one of his excursions into Italy observed a beetle employed in rolling a ball upon uneven ground. Unfortunately the ball rolled into a hollow and the beetle exerted itself to

the utmost to roll it out again; but finding its efforts in vain it went to a neighboring manure heap and disappeared in it, but soon came forth again accompanied by three beetles. All four labored with their united strength, and at length succeeded in rolling the ball from the hollow. Scarcely were their efforts crowned with success than the three assistant beetles left the place and returned to their dwelling place.

Beetles possessing similar habits are found in almost every part of the globe, but they are not all equally skilful in the construction of the balls for containing their eggs.—From *Brehm's Animal Life*.

HAVING SOME FUN.

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledding, snow-

Now, boys, it will be just as easy for us to saw, split, and pile up that load of wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two objected, and could not see the fun; but the majority went for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always result from well-doing.

It did not take long for seven smart, healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and to shovel a good path from doorstep to woodpile. They felt great pleasure and satisfaction over their fun; and then all went to a neighboring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for carrying away, and each brought an armful. Then they went home with light and joyful hearts.

The next morning, when the poor weary widow returned from watching at the sick bed, and saw

ravens." "Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But mother, what God has done once may he not do again? I will go and unclosethe door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and enquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had. So he quickly led the boy to his own house and then sent him back with food that filled the humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again; for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

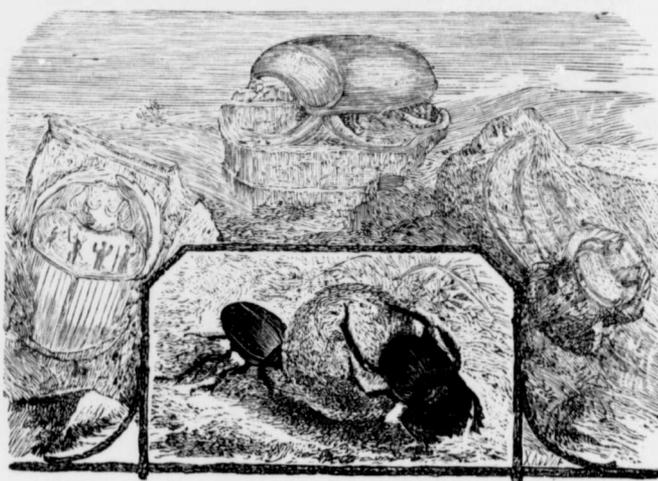
THE FULL MOON OF COCOA-NUTS.

In Bombay, when the rainy season is over the fishermen and their wives and children gather by hundreds to keep a festival which they call "the full moon of cocoa-nuts."

The feast occupies two whole days. The idea which inspires it is that the sea is very powerful. The simple-minded people think they ought to praise it because it gives them their bread; and so as they stand on the shore they beg it to be good to them. They ask it, in caressing words, not to be angry or stormy when their little boats shall go out, and they tell it they hope it will give them plenty of fish.

Not only the fishermen, but owners of boats and ship-builders, and sometimes rich merchants, go to the seaside to court the favor of grim old Neptune. Every person carries a gift of cocoa-nuts. Wading out into the surf as far as possible, he flings the rough brown fruit into the waves. After the cocoa has been received by the billows, the devout finish by offering a crown of flowers. The waters are covered with beautiful wreaths and garlands, which are given in thankfulness for past favors.

"BEER causes the stomach gradually to lose its tone."—*Dr. Munroe*.



SACRED EGYPTIAN SCARABÆUS.

balling, and fun generally. "What is it?" asked several at once:

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a saw?"

"I have. So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws, axes and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favorite with all; and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up all night with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day; and I heard her tell him that, unless she could get some one to saw it to-night, she would have nothing to make a fire with in the morning.

what had been done, she was astonished, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed; and when afterward told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them could they have heard it.—*Youth's Examiner*.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

In a town of Holland there once lived a poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to him for food. On arising from her knees, her eldest child, a boy about eight years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophets with food brought by

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON VII.

Aug. 17, 1884. [2 Sam. 18: 24-33]

ABSALOM'S DEATH.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 32, 33.

24. And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked and beheld a man running alone.

25. And the watchman cried and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

26. And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings.

27. And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

28. And Ahimaz called and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered us out of the hands of all our enemies.

29. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

30. And, behold, Cushai came; and Cushai said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee.

31. And the king said unto Cushai, Is the young man Ahimaz safe? And Cushai answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do hurt here, be as that young man is.

32. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Ahimaz, my son, my son Ahimaz! would God I had died for thee, O Ahimaz, my son, my son!

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death.—Mark 7: 10.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 15: 16-37. ... Ithai's Fidelity. T. 2 Sam. 16: 1-14. ... Shimei's Hatred. W. 2 Sam. 17: 1-29. ... Ahimaz's Counselors. Th. 2 Sam. 18: 1-18. ... The Battle and the Victory.

F. 2 Sam. 18: 24-33. ... Father's Love. Sa. Ps. 71: 1-24. ... Confidence in God. S. Ps. 141: 1-4. ... Thanksgiving for Victory.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Waiting for Tidings. 2. The Tidings Brought. 3. The Father's Lament. Time.—c. 103. Place.—Mahanaim.

LESSON NOTES.

1.—Study the Home Readings for the intermediate history. V. 24. BETWEEN THE GATES—in the space between the outer and inner gates of the thick walls. The king sat on the tower over the gateway, in which were chambers for the watchmen. V. 25. ALONE—messengers were not permitted to ride, but by swift-running footmen. His being alone indicated that he was such a messenger. APACE—rapidly. V. 27. AHIMAZ was a good man—true to my interests, loves me well. He had been a messenger of good tidings to David. (Compare ex. 15: 31, 33 and 17: 14-17.)

11.—V. 28. FELL DOWN—in token of respect. V. 29. THE KING'S SERVANT—Cushai, who was close by. He is unwilling to tell of Absalom's death, and so evades the question. V. 30. TURN ASIDE—wall thine ear from the other. V. 31. AVENGED THEE—procured thee justice. (See Rom. 12: 19.) V. 32. CUSHAI ANSWERED—debate yet plain answer.

11.—V. 33. THE CHAMBER—Hebrew, "the elevation," that is, above the gateway. (See verse 24.) O MY SON ABSALOM—words of intense grief coming from the depths of the father's heart, showing an affection in character like that of our Saviour when he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," and a type of the greater love of that greater Father who sent his Son to die for us.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That there is great depth and tenderness in a father's love. 2. That children who dishonor their parents will sooner or later meet with punishment. 3. That in life and in death a wayward, ungodly son is a disgrace to himself and a grief to his parents. 4. That God's love for his sinful children infinitely exceeds David's love for his rebellious son.

HAM CAKES.—Take cold bits of ham, chop fine, and to one teacup of chopped ham add two teacups of bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper, salt, and enough milk to moisten quite wet. Put them in small spoonfuls in a spider. When cooked on one side turn over. Don't let them bake too long. They should be moist when done, not dry and hard.

LAMB SCALOP.—One cupful of cold lamb chopped fine, one cupful of stewed tomato, one cupful of fine bread-crumbs. Arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper; put bits of butter on top and bake.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Aug. 5, 1884.

As the crop reports collected in various manners and from different sources, come in, it is evident that the crops this year will be of not only good quality, but at least up to the average as to quantity. The prospects for good prices are, however, no better than last week but rather worse. The American crop will be a heavy one; the English crop will this year be a considerable factor, and the crop of the East is larger than ever before. So that there is very little prospect of high prices, although it is of course impossible to say what will be the price when the market opens on new wheat, the present prices being no criterion.

The decline in Chicago which has taken place during the week, appears to be only due to the prospects of a full crop for the world, as futures have declined further and faster than present delivery. Quotations are: August 82c; Sept 83c; Oct. 84c; Nov. 85c. Corn is about steady at—Aug 54c; Sept. 53c; Oct. 52c and November 47c.

The local market is very dull and values are unchanged. White Winter Wheat is quoted at \$1.08 to \$1.15; Red do., \$1.14 to \$1.17; Canada Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.16; Peas, 91c per 66 lbs.; Oats, 40c per 33 lbs.; Barley, and Rye, nominal.

FLOUR.—There is nothing doing in flour on the Exchange, and values are strictly nominal. The following are the quotations:—Superior Extra, \$5.20 to \$5.35; Extra Superfine, \$4.65 to \$4.75; Fancy \$4.25 to \$4.35; Spring Extra \$4.20 to \$4.32; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.75 to \$5.00; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered) \$2.75 to \$2.80.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Cheese. The shipments of cheese this year have so far exceeded in quantity that of any other year, and the shipments of last week—74,189 boxes, exceeded by 14,000 boxes, that of any other week in the history of the trade. The price has advanced also, by 1/4 to 1/2 cent a pound, and cheese is now quoted at 9c to 10c with the price in Britain at 51 shillings per hundred weight. The butter market is somewhat firmer and prices are better. We quote creamery at 19c to 20c; Townships 15c to 17c; Western 12c to 14c.

Eggs, if good, bring from 16 to 17 sh. Hog products are quiet. The following are the quotations:—Western Mess Pork \$19.00 to \$19.50; Canada short cut, \$21.00 to \$21.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, western, 10c to 11c; do.; Canadian, 10c to 10c.

ASHES are unchanged at \$3.90 to \$4.05, as to tars, for Pots, and \$4.80 nominal for Pearls.

NEW YORK, August 4, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat 94c August; 95c Sept; 97c Oct; 99c Nov. Corn, 61c August; 62c September and 62c Oct. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 34c August; 33c Sept.; 33c Oct. Barley, nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR dull but steady. We quote:—Low Extras, \$3.30 to \$3.60; Spring wheat extras; low shipping to choice clear \$3.45 to \$4.85; Patent, from \$5.50 to \$6.20; Winter wheat extra, inferior shipping to choice Family, \$3.40 to \$6.00 Family Extras, \$3.20 to \$5.55.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.35 to \$3.45 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS, dull. Clover 10c to 10c; Timothy, \$1.50 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.60 to \$1.70.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Cheese is in fair demand, 8c to 10c; Butter in small demand at 19c to 23c.

Eggs, steady, 18c to 19c per dozen.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.50 to \$17.50; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$12.00; Lard \$7.70 to \$8.00.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

The supply of grass-fed butchers' cattle is rather large and prices have still a downward tendency. A few choice small cattle sell at 4c per lb., but pretty good steers and

cows can be bought for 4c and sometimes less, while ordinary dry cows sell at 3c to 3c do. There is an active demand at present for shipping cattle, but very few really good animals are now offered. Large grass-fed steers in fair condition are bought by shippers at from 5c to 5 1/2 c per lb., but superior stall-fed beasts would bring over 6c per lb. Sheep and lambs are plentiful, but good lambs still bring pretty high figures. Sheep sell at from \$3 to \$6.50 each, and lambs at \$1.75 to \$4. Live hogs are in fair supply and prices are declining, or at the rate of from 6c to 6 1/2 c per lb. Good milch cows have been rather scarce for over a week and prices of this sort are advancing, but small cows and strippers are difficult to sell. There is almost nothing doing in the horse market.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers are busy at home attending to hay-making, when the weather permits, and very few of them have time to bring produce to market. Grain, especially oats, are very scarce and high priced. Potatoes are a drug on the market, as the rot has become pretty general, and this has caused farmers and market gardeners to market their potatoes, even at this busy season when prices are so low. Enormous quantities of cabbages and green onions are brought to market and though the quality is above the average, prices are very low. A large amount of cabbage is being shipped to various towns and villages throughout the Dominion. The supply of small fruits is not large, and the quality not good, yet prices are pretty high. American apples are abundant and decreasing in value. Tomatoes are getting more plentiful but command pretty high rates, selling at \$2.75 to \$3 per bushel. Good print butter and fresh laid eggs are rather scarce and higher in price; poultry are in fair supply at about former rates; fish are plentiful, except salmon, and prices of most kinds have a downward tendency. The supply of hay is not large and prices pretty high. Oats are \$1.15 to \$1.30 per bushel; new potatoes 25c to 30c do; tub butter 15c to 19c per lb; eggs 16c to 25c per dozen; apples \$3 to \$5 per barrel; raspberries 60c to 90c per pail; currants 75c to \$1.00 do; blueberries 25c to 30c per gallon, hay \$6 to \$10 per 100 bundles.

WHEAT OR CHAFF? OR, GEORGE HOWLETT, THE COALWHIPPER.

About thirty years ago, in a gang of London coalwhippers, who were constantly in the habit of spending, when in full work, from four to six shillings a day each in the "public"—a rate of expenditure which hundreds of them could testify was a matter of common occurrence—there was one man of the gang who wisely began to think; thinking led to resolving, and resolving to acting. Many a night had he paid his Saturday night score at the ale-house, amounting to twice, and not infrequently to three times, as much as he carried home for the feeding and clothing of his wife and family, and he now began to think this was not right. One day he resolved that he would, by God's help, spend no more of his hard-earned money so foolishly as he had done, but that he would strive to do his duty as a father to his family, and set a good example to his mates.

The next day, instead of going with his comrades to the public-house at drinking time, he went to the nearest coffee shop and had a cup of coffee and a good slice of bread for luncheon.

His mates jeered and cursed him, but he was as firm as a rock, for he happily sought God's help. With good, nutritious food and his coffee he kept pace with the gang. Although they were obliged to admit, after a few days, that he got through his work as well as they did, yet they constantly "chaffed" him, but without effect.

The tables were turned when pay-night came. The "score" for drink against every other man was so heavy that not one of them had more than thirteen shillings to receive. The man who had thought, resolved, and acted, now came forward.

"What's the score against you, George Howlett?"

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply.

The astonished paymaster could not credit the statement, but on inquiry he, of course, found it to be quite correct.

He then handed to the brave water-

drinking man the sum of two pounds seven shillings!

Turning round to those comrades who had been the loudest in ridiculing his wise conduct, and showing them the two sovereigns two half-crowns and two shilling pieces, he said, "Now, lads, you've chaffed, me hard enough, but I think that now I've got the wheat, and you've got the chaff."—*David of Hope Review, September.*

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