

Weekly Messenger

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The Weekly Messenger.

RIEL ROUTED AND CAUGHT.

Up till Tuesday, the 12th of this month, the rebellion in the North-West seemed to grow more and more serious. Gen. Middleton had won a victory which seemed to be so dearly bought that it was accounted a defeat by many. Newspapers viewing the battle at Fish Creek as a victory for the rebels fell into Riel's hands and greatly encouraged his followers. Col. Otter, too, had attacked Poundmaker, and if not defeated did not get much the better of the enemy. Before Col. Otter's attack on Poundmaker, the latter had made definite plans for an attack on Battleford. He had communicated with Riel and advised him to retire on Battleford if defeated and they would join forces. Even after Poundmaker had been attacked he seems to have sent messengers to Riel still hoping to make a stand against the enemy. The plans of both Indians and half-breeds, however, were put to naught by the events which occurred on Tuesday of last week. On Friday the 10th inst., the rebels at Batoche's kept up a brisk fire from their rifle pits and greatly annoyed the volunteers. The firing increased when the advanced skirmishers were called in, as this was thought by the enemy to mean a general retreat. During the fire one volunteer was killed and several wounded. All Saturday an intermittent firing was kept up, and through the greater part of Sunday, the houses in the valley of the Saskatchewan river near Batoche's were shelled. Many of them were destroyed and the rebels fled from them in consternation to the groves of spruce and poplar trees and into a ravine. Here a hot fire was poured in upon them at long range by the volunteers. The 90th Battalion of Winnipeg took a very active part in the fight, wishing to avenge themselves for the death of their comrades at Fish Creek. On Monday morning the fighting was renewed. Gen. Middleton contented himself however with shelling the rebel's position and using the infantry where they would be under cover from the enemy's fire.

The death stroke to the half-breeds' rebellion was given on Tuesday the 12th when after a

SHORT BUT DESPERATE FIGHT

the rebels were completely routed. On the underneath map the scenes of the battles at Batoche's Crossing and Duck Lake are marked with crossed swords.

To understand the mode of Gen. Middleton's attack it will be necessary to give some idea of the position which the rebels held. On the eastern side of the Saskatchewan lies the settlement of St. Laurent, marked on the map. North of this is a deep ravine and north of the ravine lies Batoche's village. The rebels had dug rifle pits on the south side of the ravine and it was here that they awaited Gen. Middleton's attack. After the General had captured St. Laurent, which has about a hundred houses scattered along the banks of the river, he advanced on the rifle pits, and as we have seen kept up a fire throughout Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and

Monday, not wishing to sacrifice more men than he could possibly help to the cool fire of the enemy from Winchester rifles. Early on Tuesday afternoon it became known to the volunteers that the period of inaction which was so vexatious to them, was to be put an end to in some way or other. The plans were kept secret so that the proposed attack should be a surprise to the enemy. At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon orders were passed round, and all were in readiness for a general attack. Shortly after the men were advancing quickly down on the rifle pits and when within range they advanced at the double with fixed bayonets. Quick as had been these movements, they were not so quick but that the defenders of the rifle pits had time to prepare a hot welcome for their adversaries, accordingly when the volunteers were within short rifle range they poured a volley into their ranks which wounded many and killed several. There was no time for a second such volley; the volunteers were upon the rebels and drove them at the bayonet's point from their rifle pits down into the ravine, out of the ravine into their last place of refuge, the village of Batoche; and before they had time to rally the rebels were chased from the village and utterly defeated. Their rifle pits extended about a mile in length, but the action only covered a third of this distance. Once the troops had possession of a portion of their defences, the rebels saw the uselessness of attempting to hold the rifle pits, and escaped into the ravine. They made a good deal of resistance here but the blood of the volunteers was up and they were finally driven out. When they retired on Batoche's and proposed to hold out there it was too late and they were forced to fly. Just as Gen. Middleton ordered the attack on the rifle pits, Riel sent a message to him asking that their women and children should not be fired on or they would kill all their white prisoners. Gen. Middleton sent back word that if the women and children were kept apart they would not be touched. The attack then began. Riel did not wish to keep to his promise, if breaking it could prevent the attack being made on the rebels, and he accordingly wrote on an envelope that he would kill the prisoners anyway. This last message had no effect and the attack was made before he had time to murder those whites whom he held, otherwise he would very probably have carried out his threat. The loss among the troops was four killed and eighteen wounded whilst the rebels' loss is estimated at from fifty to seventy killed and many wounded.

RIEL'S CAPTURE.

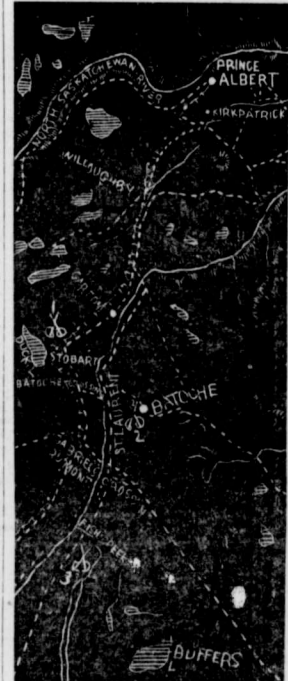
It is quite possible that Riel might have joined Poundmaker after his defeat at Batoche's and influenced that chief to make resistance to the last if he had not himself been caught. His capture was effected in this way. It was ascertained that the arch-rebel and several of his followers had moved towards the river after having evacuated Batoche's, seeking the means to cross it and join a party of rebels on the western border of the river. Scouts patrolling the river banks came upon Riel

and his small band and challenged him. The scouts were fired on but made a dash and the rebels scattered. Riel was soon recognized and was pursued. He had apparently taken the precaution to provide for a quick retreat or flight, and was mounted on a stalwart pony. He set off at a hard gallop on the scouts coming up, but was finally overhauled in his race for life and surrendered without firing a shot, but not without threats. On the evening of Friday of last week he was brought into Gen. Middleton's camp. He was taken direct to the General's tent and no one was allowed to see him. The three scouts who had captured him were some of the most reckless and daring men in the force. Gen. Middleton had previously promised him and his council a fair civil trial if they would surrender themselves. When he was caught therefore, he was anxious to know if he would still have this privilege. He prayed not to be shot. When informed by one of his captors that he would be tried by martial law he drew a long breath but said nothing. He had some hopes of getting off if tried by civil law but no chance of life if tried by court-martial. Afterwards he was informed by Gen. Middleton that he would be tried by civil law. The prisoner appears careworn and anxious, as well he may. He has let his hair and beard grow long and when caught was dressed in a poorer fashion than most half-breeds. He is terribly frightened and is constantly fearing violence at the hands of the soldiers. Gabriel Dumont is being looked for by the scouts and it is thought he may surrender.

The rebellion, so far as the half-breeds are concerned, has been summarily quelled. It now remains to be seen what course the Indians under Poundmaker and Big Bear will pursue. If they attempt to hold out in the woods, where the trees are now nearly in full leaf, it will be almost impossible to drive them from their native strongholds except by surrounding and starving them out. The forests are large and full of game so that if the Indians keep up hostilities it will necessitate a long protracted campaign against them. Efforts will be made to cut off their retreat to the west while they are yet between the North and South Saskatchewan, but it is feared that having heard of Riel's defeat they are already too far off to be intercepted in their flight westward. Poundmaker had marched his band some distance eastward to join Riel before the latter had been defeated, and on his way had attacked a train of thirty-one supply waggon going northward from Battleford. These he captured, ten of the teamsters escaping. On Poundmaker's receiving the news of Riel's defeat he began to retreat westward and it remains to be seen whether he will accomplish his escape past Edmonton or not.

The steamer "Northcote" had an exciting run down to Batoche's. The intention was to have her anchored about half a mile above that place but the rebels kept firing briskly at those on board and it was found necessary to advance five miles below Batoche's Crossing. Fortunately for those on board, the sides of the steambot were well barricaded

and C. School of Infantry returned the enemy's fire. At one time it looked as if the rebels might capture the boat, but this catastrophe was averted.



SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

THE NUMBER of laborers seeking employment in the United States in agriculture at the present time is unusually large; yet there are many localities in almost every section of the country in which more or less complaint of scarcity is made. Many correspondents speak of the prevailing aversion to farm labor or preference for employment in other branches of industry. In the Southern States many complain of the unwillingness of colored people to work steadily; others testify of increased industry on the part of the colored people, but attribute it to hard times and more urgent necessity for industry as an alternative to starvation. When there are farmers seeking for laborers and laborers starving for lack of work there is evidently something wrong in the way each of these classes go about finding its requirements. If the unemployed laborers in the city were to open an office through which communications might reach them from farmers they would quickly get work. This would be a better way than for individual men to roam round the country looking for jobs, and be subject to the risk of being taken for professional tramps.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS has granted an annuity of \$30,000 to the Princess Beatrice.

COMPETITIVE WORKMEN.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER III.

The next day, when they were alone, Ernest said:

"Fritz, I am going to learn to pray to your Jesus; and I shall ask him to make me well again. If he could stop that dreadful pain in my back last night, I am sure he could make me well, and I am going to ask him. Don't you believe he would?"

"I think he will if you ask him," answered Fritz.

"Why do you put such notions into that child's head?" said Mr. Stuart, coming in at that moment.

Fritz looked up in astonishment.

"What do you mean? Don't you believe that God hears our prayers?"

"Oh, I suppose he hears."

"And don't you think he answers?"

"Do you think so?" asked Mr. Stuart.

"I believe that what he has said he will do, he will do," was the reply.

"You saw yourself how quickly he heard last night."

"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

These words came to Philip Stuart's mind like a flash, but he put them away, and replied:

"Oh, that is easily accounted for. Ernest is very nervous, and just so long as his mind dwelt upon himself he felt the pain, but just as soon as his thoughts were drawn away from himself he grew quiet and slept."

"I can't see that it would make it any the less an answer to prayer, even if that were the case," replied Fritz.

"Well, I can't see it as you do," said Philip; "the age of miracles is past."

"Well, so it is said. You don't expect to see the sun rise to-morrow morning, do you?"

"Why, yes, I do! What has that to do with the question?"

"Very little, I suppose; only it seemed to me that if it is a miracle for God to keep on doing what he has always been doing in the spiritual world, in the way of answering prayer, it might just as well be called a miracle when he keeps on doing what he has always done in the natural world; so if, as you say, the age of answering prayer is past, why, then, of course, you can't depend upon the sun."

Philip laughed.

"Quite a speech, Fritz, my boy; but I am not convinced even by your argument that God condescends to pay attention to such little things as the aches and pains of the body."

"Queer!" said Fritz.

"What?" asked Philip.

"Oh, I was thinking how strange that he should have taken pains to number the hairs of our heads while he does not think of our aches."

"Oh! but you know that about the hairs of our heads is a figure of speech."

"Well, what truth would it most aptly illustrate?" asked Fritz.

Philip Stuart evidently thought that there was no prospect of bringing Fritz over to his views—if he might be said to have any views on religious subjects—and looking at his watch, he concluded that it was nearly school time.

Fritz Hettinger had come from a neighborhood where the religious element was in the ascendancy. Sabbaths away from the house of God were unknown to him. To have no Sunday-School, and to go through the week without a prayer-meeting, seemed like a relapse into heathenism. During the first six weeks of his life at the Centre he had been quietly taking observations. He had learned that a few of the people attended church service at the village, but that there were many sabbaths in the year when storms and bad roads kept whole families at home. He learned that several attempts had been made to have a Sunday-school in the old church, but all had proved futile. These and many other astonishing facts had developed themselves.

One day Fritz was sent to the village to the mill. Having to wait for his grist, he determined to make a move in the line of carrying out the plan which he had been developing in his not over-quick brain.

The Rev. Oswald Grant was busy with his sermon for the following Sabbath, when a servant informed him that a young man wished to see him.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, sir. He did not send in a card, and I could not get hold of the name. A commonish sort of a person, sir."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to see him," was the somewhat impatient conclusion of the minister, and our friend Fritz was accordingly shown in.

Fritz's heart was all aglow with interest in his purpose, though little was expressed in his somewhat solid face. Perhaps if Mr. Oswald Grant could have looked into the heart of the young man, he might have been prompted to answer him differently.

Fritz began:

"I hope you'll excuse me for troubling you, sir, but I have lately come to live at the Centre, and I find things different from what I've been used to. We haven't much Sunday out there, sir."

"Ah! I have supposed so. Rather a hard neighborhood."

"Well, in some respects, yes. But it has seemed to me that we might have better things, and I thought I'd come in and ask you if you could come out and preach to us of a Sunday afternoon, and show us how to begin a Sunday-school."

Mr. Grant's face expressed astonishment. Here was a bold request, indeed! Now it never occurred to the simple-hearted Fritz that any Christian minister would not be glad to be told of some place where the people needed the Gospel; and he was sincere in his request, and he was sincere in his refusal.

"My dear young friend," said the minister, "I assure you nothing would give me greater pleasure if I thought there was the slightest chance of success. But I am told that the experiment has been tried before this. So you see it would be a sheer waste of time and strength."

Fritz's heart sank. Then he knew how much his heart was set upon bringing the truth to his friends at the Centre. Mr. Grant was courteous, but decided in his opinion that nothing could be done there.

"Do you mean," said Fritz, "that you think the people out there cannot be reached? They are my friends, and I cannot bear to have to think that they are beyond the reach of God's mercy."

"Oh, my dear young friend! you jump at conclusions. I only mean that as efforts in that direction have heretofore failed, it does not seem to me to be worth while to spend the time that might be more profitably employed elsewhere."

"Of course you know best," replied Fritz, sadly. "You see I thought that perhaps if some one would go out and give us a start, we might manage to keep up a little service by ourselves—just a prayer-meeting and Sunday-school."

He bade Mr. Grant good-morning, and walked away, in no wise convinced that it would be a useless undertaking. So gladly had this boy received the gospel, and so narrow had been his sphere of action and observation, that he could not conceive of a people who would not drink in the same precious truths if they were presented to them. He argued that the people who could be so easily induced to come together for a literary and temperance gathering would also come to hear so novel a thing as a sermon. And he was sure of the children. Fritz was always sure of the children. By what seemed a sort of magic he could always hold them. No, Fritz was not convinced, neither was he discouraged. He only began to consider anew as to means. Finding that he still had time on his hands, he walked down to the pond. It was Saturday, and the ice was gay with merry skaters. He stood looking at the pretty scene, when a voice at his side said:

"You and I seem to be only lookers-on."

Looking up, Fritz recognized the owner of the voice as another of the village pastors. He answered quickly:

"I haven't forgotten how to skate, but I haven't time to join them to-day."

"I came down to look after my little daughter," said the gentleman; "but I am afraid I have forgotten how to skate."

Then, looking sharply at the boy, he added:

"Excuse me—you live out in the country?"

"Yes, sir; I live over at the Centre."

"Ah! I know where that is. I rode out that way last summer. I am a comparative stranger here. I believe they have no religious service over there?" he questioned.

"No, sir!"

And now Fritz's heart took a sudden courage. Something in the voice or face of the gentleman encouraged him to say what was in his mind.

"I have been thinking that if we could get a little help out there, we might keep up a Sunday-School or a prayer-meeting. It would seem good to have a service in the old church."

"Yes, indeed! Then you have not even a Sunday-school?"

"No, sir; we have nothing. I have been told that both Sunday-schools and prayer-meetings have been tried, but soon died out; but it seems to me as if something might be done."

"Yes," said the stranger, slowly. "As I said, I am a comparative stranger here, and I do not know what difficulties there may be in the way. I can scarcely conceive of a place where it would not be worth while to try to sustain a Sunday-school. Let's see! Who here you who would act as superintendent?"

"I don't know, sir. That seems to be a difficulty. There are two or three Christian men in the neighborhood, that I don't know. Well, those who would be likely to be interested are men who never take any part in the debates of the Literary Society, and I thought they wouldn't feel like speaking in public."

The gentleman smiled.

"I see," he said, "you have studied up the matter pretty well, and studied your men, too. But are you not a Christian yourself?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Well, what is to hinder you from acting as leader in this matter?"

The look of utter amazement which Fritz turned upon his new friend was almost laughable.

"What's to hinder? Why, everything!"

"Well, think of it; and would you like to have me come out and speak to your people, and help you to get started, or have you other plans?"

"Oh, if you only would!"

"Very well; have a notice circulated, and I will be there one week from to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock."

"Thank you!" And Fritz was turning to go when a sudden thought came to him, and he said: "The people with whom I live have a son who is an invalid. He is twelve years old; and he told me the other day that he had never seen a minister in his life, and had never heard any one pray. If you could manage to come up and see Ernest—"

"Indeed, I will manage it!"

And each went his way—Fritz thinking, "What a good man he is; how strange we should have met in this way!" The minister thinking, "There's good stuff in that young fellow. He looks young; but I shouldn't wonder if he would do to run a school out there. I must try to get time to go out this next week and look the ground over."

It had grown to be a common occurrence for Fritz to lift the invalid boy from his chair to the bed. Indeed, so often was he called upon for this service, and such a relief was it to the boy to be held firmly in the strong arms, that the weary mother often said she could not do without Fritz. That evening, as he was helping Ernest to bed, he said:

"I saw a minister over at the mill to-day, and he is coming out here to see about having a Sunday-school."

"Oh, won't that be nice! Do you know, Fritz, that I think I am getting better, and I think by summer I shall be able to go."

And it was true, to the great wonder and joy of them all, that Ernest had been better for a month past than at any time since his long illness. Since the day when he began to pray for recovery he had steadily improved, and he would say:

"I am sure to get well! I have asked the Lord to make me well, and he has promised you know. I never knew about the promises in the Bible until a little while ago, or I should have asked before."

This he said to Mr. Fisher, the minister, who called in the course of a few days after his interview with Fritz.

Under ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Wilson would not have been likely to welcome a minister very heartily, but when she saw the little look that came into the face of her darling, she was glad too. Mrs. Wilson had grown up with almost no religious training. She had been considered a well-

educated girl, and was an accomplished musician, and had kept up her practice somewhat, because it was sometimes the only thing that would quiet Ernest during his spasms of pain. She had never, even in her girlhood, been a regular church attendant, and since her marriage she had seldom been inside of a church. Mr. Fisher was quite unlike her preconceived notions of a minister.

"He was so friendly, and made himself so much at home, that I forgot to be nervous. I would not have supposed that I could have talked with him with so little embarrassment."

"I don't know why you should be afraid of a minister," said her husband.

"I don't know, either; but I was always taught to look upon ministers as very critical, and I grew to have a sort of fear of one. I supposed they talked religion all the time."

"And this one didn't talk religion?" said Mr. Wilson, laughing.

"Well, come to think of it, he did. No, he didn't! Well!"

"Seems to me you are rather mixed as to what he did do," said Mr. Wilson teasingly.

"All I know about him is that he is different from anybody I ever talked with. He never seems to forget that his business is to try to persuade people to be Christians, and yet he says very little about it. But for all, he don't let you get far away from the thought."

"Dear me! I should think it would be dreadfully uncomfortable to have that sort of feeling hanging over one."

"Oh, you don't know anything about what I mean! You just go and hear him preach. He is coming out to preach in the old church next Sunday afternoon."

"Whew! And so we are going to be a church-going neighborhood, in spite of ourselves?"

Then going into Ernest's room:

"How did my boy like the visitor?"

"Oh, I liked him. And father, I want you and mother to go and hear him preach. And do you know, he is going to begin a Sunday-school in the church, and next summer I shall be well enough to go!"

"My dear child, you must not think too much about being well, because you may soon be worse again; and the disappointment will be too great for you if you let yourself hope too much."

"But, papa, why won't you believe I am going to be well? You see I am so sure of it, because Jesus never turned away any one who came to him, and I have come!"

(To be Continued.)

"SUCH A POOR, MEAN THING!"

BY EMILY SARAH HOLY.

One of the most beautiful passages in Miss Holy's "Imogen" lingers in our hearts like a chord of sweet harmony. Few who read the touching story of Hrolf will soon forget the simple beauty of the old Dane's words and deeds. We feel sure many of our readers will gladly welcome the reproduction of this incident in our pages.

The circumstances are these. Edric, a prince, was shipwrecked during a coasting voyage, captured by King Ethelfrid, a heathen, a persecutor, a fierce enemy of Christians. The prince was cast into a dungeon to await a cruel death. The king consented to set Edric free should any man—not a woman—a freeman, of blood equal to Edric, voluntarily give his life for the prince. Hrolf, a Dane, an old man, an exile from Denmark, but a son of King Harald, comes forward, as thus told.

In a damp underground cell with an earthen floor, into which very little light penetrated, Edric, the son of Wulphers, Thane of Cantwara, was pacing restlessly up and down. He had just enough hope left to make him restless and unsubsmissive. If the news should reach King Ethelbert in time, his royal uncle might ransom him; and if he offered to do so, possibly Ethelfrid might not choose to risk offending the Bretwalda. Or if Brand should succeed in breaching his way to Breich-y-Duinns (of which the said Brand did not know a mile between York and Chester), and if Imogen could obtain somebody's help—the individual was mythic—to enlist the sympathies of Queen Aeca, and if Queen Aeca had any influence over her present husband, Ethelfrid—then there was a chance in that quarter. On this frail ladder of "Is" poor Edric

climbed to hope. Had he known of Nest's marriage with Acca's son, it would have added another rung to the ladder. Hope, as is well known, was the last tenant left in Pandora's box; and Edric could not have given up hoping had he tried.

But to-day he was more despondent than before. Time had gone rolling on, until both Pennaemawr and Canterbury might have been reached, and a messenger have returned from either. But no change came. Could no one do anything? It was hard to die causelessly at twenty-nine! Could God do nothing? whispered temptation always ready to slip in when a crevice is left open. Or was it that he would not? Or, yet further, was the fact one step more dreadful—was there no God, either to will or do?

The gaoler was in the habit of entering the dungeon only once a day. He had already paid his visit, and had brought the prisoner fare—a meagre allowance of ale and bread. The prisoner paused in his walk, and spoke aloud in his sore trouble.

"Oh God, is there no help?" he said. "Or is there no God? It is hard, hard to die just now."

"Would it be easier fifty years hence, young man?" demanded an unexpected voice out of the darkness.

Edric turned rapidly, and faced the direction whence the voice had come.

"Who art thou?" he said nervously, "and how earnest thou here?"

"I am none for whom thou carest," said the voice.

"Come forth and show thyself," said Edric, authoritatively.

The voice answered by revealing itself in human shape. Edric could scarcely see, but he made out that his visitor was an old man, and he caught metallic gleams of gold or silver about his dress, denoting that he was of noble blood.

"Art thou a messenger from the King?"

"Aye—a messenger from the King?"

"Is it for life or death?"

"Ethelfrid offers to give thy life for another. But there are conditions."

Edric shook his head sadly.

"How could I take another's life?" he said. "How so? Let me hear the conditions."

"He that shall die for thee shall be neither brother nor woman. He shall be thine equal in blood. And he shall give himself voluntarily."

"He might as well have imposed none!" said Edric contemptuously. "It were better to refuse bread to a beggar than to tell him to climb up to the moon and he shall find it."

"They are hard conditions to be done," was the calm reply.

"They are impossible!" answered Edric. "Nay, young man," said the messenger gravely. "Impossible is not a word for men's lips. Who can say that anything is impossible but God?"

Edric made no answer. Here he commenced his restless walk, and in its second turn stopped suddenly before his visitor.

"What is thy name, friend?"

"Am I thy friend?" was the ambiguous response.

"Art thou my enemy?" said Edric.

"I am thine enemy," answered the stranger, "and thy father's, and thy father's father's."

"Then why earnest thou here?—was it to mock my misery?"

"Thou wilt know why, to-morrow. But I am Imogen's friend."

"Imogen—my wife! Hast thou seen her?" cried Edric, eagerly.

"How much dost thou love her?" demanded the strange visitor.

"Nay, how can I measure love?"

"Dost thou hold her dearer than life?"

"Aye, a thousandfold!"

"And dearer than honor?"

Edric hesitated and reddened.

"It is well," said the old man. "There is but One who should hold that place. Yet the time may come, Thane, when thou wilt be constrained to choose between God and honor."

It was strange language which he spoke, and Edric only half understood him.

"It is hard work to die!" he said, turning away with a sigh, which, though he strove to smother it, came from the very depths of his heart.

"True, young man," said the stranger quietly.

"If I had been called to a warrior's death—if I had died with my hand on the spear at the moment of victory—that would have been brave and noble, and easy to be borne! But to die a dog's death—nay, a captive's,

a criminal's, a death of disgrace in the eyes of men—it is too much to bear! It is too much!"

"There was a death once," said the old man slowly, "which was a death of disgrace in the eyes of men, and yet it was the noblest death that ever man died."

"There was?" said Edric. "What was the man's name?"

"It was—Jesus Christ."

"Ah!" ejaculated Edric, reverently bowing his head.

"And I should never have known it—nor Him—if Imogen had not told me."

"Imogen told thee?"

"She told me. For more than seventy years I had turned my back upon Him. Colan of Y sought to tell me, and I cursed him. Thean of Bangor would have told me, and I chased him away with my spear. It is true they began wrong, they talked about me, and they should have spoken of Him. But Maur, her father, would have told me, and I silenced even him. Christ Himself would have come and dwelt with me, and I barred the door in his face."

"And at last a girl told me—this girl, whom I loved, because she reminded me of my dead child. I could not lift weapon to her—I could not curse her. It would have seemed like cursing my Thora in her grave."

So I sat and listened, just because I could not bear to vex the child. And I did not know at first what she was going to tell me."

"She told me that He was a King and a King's Son—the Son of God, greater than all my gods. He wrought and cared and suffered for men, she said, because He loved them. And He died at last, to save them from the horrible pit of Hell—because He loved them."

"But it was not that which won me, Thane Edric—it was not that!"

"Colan of Y had long ago told me that Christ had died for men that hated Him, and I mocked him to scorn."

"Among us Norsemen, life is held very lightly. We should despise beyond redemption the man who would hesitate to give his life for a friend. To sympathize with a friend is a virtue—the first of virtues, but to show compassion to a foe is weakness meet only for a woman. Yet there is one burden which no man of us would bear, not for the dearest friend on earth. Worse than the pit of Hell we dread disgrace. He that would bear shame for one that loved him, and whom he loved, would be a hero of heroes with us, but he that could bear it for one who did not love him, because he loved that one—we should deem him no less than a god. We should say, as thou saidst but now—'It is too much!'"

"And that was what Hedid for men. At the hands of the very souls He died to save He bore the death of shame—He drank the very dregs of disgrace—He died a death that only a slave could die!"

"And I could not bear that, Thane. It roused my indignation when she said Hedid this great thing for men, and they were not worthy of such love as this, but she did not stop there. She said He did it for men. For me, who had hated Him, and turned a deaf ear to his friends for seventy years! I could not bear it."

"She rose up when she had told me. She only said 'Good-night,' and left me. I could not answer her a word. Did she think I was angry, poor child? Nay, I was bowed down to the very dust in abasement of soul—not before her, but before Him. It was as if He stood before me, with those bitter wounds in His hands and in His feet, and said—'Look on Me! see whom thou hast rejected and despised. See whom thou hast barred out of thy door—hast kept out of thy life. Yet I loved thee, ay, it was thou whom I loved, thou for whom I died the death of a slave. Look on me as I am, and bar thy door against Me longer if thou canst! And I could not. I could only thrust it wide open and beg Him to enter."

"I have not seen Imogen since then. The child does not know what she did that night. And I do not know anything more than she told me. I do not know what I should do to please Him, except try to be like Him, and to do what He would do. And He forgave—so I must forgive, and He loves—so I must love; and He was always doing good—so she said so—I must try always to do good too."

"So I came here, because I thought I saw one bit of work which I could do for Him, and I fancied he meant me to do it, because I do not see any one else who is both able and willing. I cannot ask anybody if I am right

or wrong. But Imogen said he knew everything—even the thoughts of a man's heart. So He will know that I meant to please Him. And if I blunder and do the wrong thing, He will forgive it, with all my worse sins which He died to put away for ever. The only point which troubles me is that I can do so little for Him, and He has done so much for me. For this is only a very little matter, such a poor nothing else, to lay at His feet! But I have nothing else."

"Now farewell, Thane Edric. The old man is not often thus garrulous. But I wanted Imogen to know what she had done that night. I want her to know that I am Christ's servant, body and soul, to be ordered about just as He pleases. Whether he bid me carry gemmed crowns upon my head or iron fetters on my feet, what matter? The fetters will lie as light as the crowns if His hand fasten them on me. I am His coracle—may He not lade me either with wool or with gold!—His drinking-horn—may He not fill me at His pleasure either with mead or vinegar? I should like Imogen to know that He has stooped to take me into His service."

"That is all. Farewell, Thane."

Edric's mind was so confused and bewildered that he had opportunity but for one question before his mysterious visitor left him.

"Thy name, friend?"

The old man hesitated, as if doubtful whether he would tell it.

"It may be as well thou should know it. Men call me Hrolf Haraldson."

And Edric was once more alone.

As soon as he felt capable of a single clear idea, the question occurred to him—how was Imogen to receive Hrolf's message by his means, as the old man had seemed to imply? Hrolf might see Imogen again; but what probability was there that Edric would ever do so?

The quiet of the dark cell was destined to be broken once more that day. The gaoler entered very late at night.

"Sir Thane," he said grimly, "I am bidden to say to thee, that thou and thy fellow Thane Bertwulf must die at sunrise to-morrow."

And away he went without another word. It was a terrible night to Edric. The hours seemed at once winged and leaden-footed. Would it never be morning to end this horrible waiting!—and yet, would that the morning were a thousand years away!

The morning broke at last. And the first intimation Edric had of it was the unwinding of the outer bolt, and the entrance of the gaoler, bearing his official keys. Poor Edric felt a great deal of his courage forsake him at this critical moment.

The gaoler set the door wide open.

"Thou mayst begone, Sir Thane. Thou art pardoned and free"

"Free!" mechanically repeated Edric, doubting the evidence of his ears.

"Thou art free," said the gaoler again.

"I heard that I was to be set free on certain conditions only. How—?"

"The conditions are fulfilled, Sir Thane."

"But how—when—by whom?" gasped Edric feverishly.

"When the King sat yesternight in hall, one offered himself who fulfilled all those conditions."

"What—of equal blood with me?"

"Of better, seeing that he had a king to his father."

"His name?"

"Citron Hrolf Haraldson of Denmark."

"But did he die? Did the King let him die for me?"

"With Thane Bertwulf, at the sunrise he died."

For a moment Edric stood as if fixed to the spot; then a deep groan of pain broke from him.

"Greater love hath no man than this!"

He knew now at what price he had been ransomed. He knew now that the poor, mean thing, which had seemed to Hrolf so unworthy of being laid at the master's feet, was the old man's own heart's blood. For this had not been done for Edric's sake, nor even for Imogen's but for Christ's. And Hrolf was recompensed. Ere this, in the stony halls of Jerusalem the Golden, he had heard the King's "Well done!" He would know now how to please Him, for he should see His face.

Yet Edric understood the full meaning of the act only very little. He had never heard the story of Thora, and he did not know how completely grace must have vanquished nature before such a deed as this

was possible to Hrolf Haraldson of Denmark.

And then came slowly to his memory, as he thought, the first interview he had with Hrolf, when he deemed him a heathen barbarian. Thoughts of bitter humiliation followed. What had he, the civilized Saxon noble, whose Christianity was of eight years' standing, ever done for God or his fellows that could for one instant compare with the deed of this heathen barbarian, only just brought into the light? How much clearer was his light than Hrolf's—and how much less worthy of it his actions!

And now he could not offer even the poor tribute of thanks to the hero who had saved him. Saved him from Imogen—and in that hour Edric humbly determined that there should be no future question of another clause—saved him for Christ. He would take Hrolf's place as Christ's servant, he, too, would wear crown or fetter, as it seemed good to Him, he too would be—

"His cup to fill with wine or vinegar. Whichever drink might please Him at the chance."

"Hrolf Haraldson," he said, in his heart of hearts to the dead, "thou shalt not have died in vain!"

And with that vow registered in heaven, Edric went forth, a free man.—*Word and Work.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Pealouet's Select Notes.*)

May 31.—2 Tim. 3: 14-17; 4: 1-8.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Dwell briefly on the history of Paul's life after he wrote the first Epistle to Timothy, and the circumstances in which his second letter was written.

The subject of the lesson is, God's Word man's light and guide.

I. Early training in God's Word (vers. 14, 15). The duty and privilege of it, as making wise for salvation for this world and the world to come. Show how it does this. Press home the privilege of learning the best passages by heart. Were I to live my life over again, I would commit to memory much more of the Bible and of the best literature than I did.

Illustration. When some one said to Coleridge that children ought not to be prejudiced in favor of religion, he took him out into a garden full of weeds, and pointed to it as a garden not prejudiced in the spring in favor of flowers and fruits. As for himself, he preferred a garden prejudiced in favor of roses and strawberries. The child's mind ought to be prejudiced in favor of all that is noble, and pure, and true.

II. The Bible God's Word (ver. 16). Enforce the fact as inspiration, without perhaps dwelling much on the theories. Write on the minds of your scholars some of the main proofs that the Bible is God's word.

III. What the Bible does for men (vers. 16, 17). Its work is to perfect our characters to make a perfect world. It is composed in every form of literature, so as to culture every part of the soul. It trains and teaches every part of our nature. The Bible is perfect in order to make perfect men.

Illustration. Xenophon tells us that at one time the Persian princes had for their teachers the four best men in the kingdom. (1) The wisest man, to teach wisdom; (2) the bravest, to teach courage; (3) the most just, to train the moral nature; (4) the most temperate, to teach self-control. We have them all in the Bible, and in Christ our teacher an example.

Illustration. From Dickens' story of the Skiznaders, in his *Household Words*, a good illustration can be drawn. Those parts of their bodies which were not used fell off after a while. So that among the inhabitants, some had only head and heart, some only stomach, others only hands and feet, or nerves. Only a few were perfect in body. So the soul and the character may be imperfect. The Bible student of the whole Bible uses all his powers, and is trained in all, and so becomes perfect.

IV. The Bible taught (vers. 1-4).

V. The triumph of faithfulness to God's Word (vers. 6-8).

Illustration. I once saw a beautiful picture of a bright crown, with a vanishing cross beyond it, and this legend written underneath—

"Bidding my heart look up, not down, While the cross fades before the crown."

SLOW PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The Conservative members of the British House of Commons attempt to bring forward on every occasion that England is debasing herself and acting cowardly in her negotiations with Russia. What though Russia has maintained a firm stand so far and granted no important concessions? Is it not better for England to yield all she can with justice to herself, than for her to wage a destructive war with Russia? It is no longer the case with civilized nations that the one which is readiest to go to war on the least offence is considered the bravest, and most jealous of her rights. On Mr. Gladstone moving the second reading of the bill granting \$55,000,000 there were several bitter attacks made on him personally, and upon the Government. Mr. Gladstone, in reply to those speeches which were not too contemptible to be noticed, said that it was not without deep pain and regret that he had seen the change in the attitude of the Opposition so soon as the blessed prospect of peace appeared and when it was found that the war had been averted, which would have been a calamity to England, Russia, civilized mankind and the whole world.

Russia has a plan, all cut and dry, made out by one of her generals, for the total destruction of the English army if it should dare to attack the Russians and attempt to prevent them taking what they wish of Afghanistan. The General remembered that the severe climate of Russia, and hunger, and fatigue caused by long marches, had done more to destroy the armies of the Great Napoleon than had all the powers of Europe. His plan is then to draw the Anglo-Indian army, which would probably be the first to advance, 600 miles north of Candahar and there annihilate it. The Russian army between the Caspian Sea and Herat now amounts to 120,000 men, and to deal satisfactorily with this army, which has the advantage of being on the defence, it would be necessary to have an Anglo-Indian army of over 200,000 men. Gen. Komaroff in his latest despatch states that the Afghans sent an insulting message to the Russians before the Penjdeh affair, declaring that they would thrash the Russians as they had thrashed the English. Preparations for war are continued on a far smaller scale than formerly. There are preparations being made by England in India so that an army may be put into the field at a moment's notice. The peace negotiations are meantime being carried on slowly but steadily, and it is believed the two disputants will shortly come to terms.

The British Boundary Commission started for the Afghan frontier immediately after the Penjdeh battle. The Penjdeh valley through which the Commission passed, is a most fertile oasis and lovely country with splendid pasture land. In the spring time the ground is literally carpeted with flowers. The valley abounds in game. The party killed one hundred and fifty pheasants daily. The Murghab abounds in water-fowl. The hills are stocked with wild gazelle, antelope and wild sheep and pigs. The party saw the ruins of numerous ancient towns.

THE SOUDAN.

The climate of the Soudan does not at all agree with the English troops stationed at Suakin, and many of the men are sick. It has been stated in the House of Commons that the Government had reached a decision which practically involved the abandonment of the proposed advance on Khartoum to recapture it. The most advanced position to

be held, the Marquis of Hartington stated, was Wady Halfa, and this would be kept garrisoned for the protection of Egypt. The bulk of the British troops are to be withdrawn from the Soudan as soon as the Nile rises which will probably occur at the end of this month. Suakin will not be evacuated until some arrangement can be made for holding it again, the hostile Arabs, either by England or some other power. Osman Digna has been besieging the place for many months and it cannot be held without fighting. Digna has often declared that he was determined upon driving the garrison into the Red Sea. The Turkish envoy to England failed to effect an arrangement with England for the occupation of the Soudan by Turkey, because he claimed the right of the latter country to garrison Cairo. The anti-Mahdi has again defeated the original Mahdi.

will be heavily loaded, and apples will be abundant and cheap in the coming autumn. The cattle disease continues to develop in several of the western states and in some localities almost a panic prevails among the owners of horned stock.

PIE-A-POT AND YELLOW CALF.

Perhaps the most powerful chief in the great Qu'Appelle Valley is Pie-a-Pot who is at the head of a tribe of five hundred Indians. He has from time to time shown a rebellious spirit and he and his followers have fared ill since they came under treaty and took a reserve of their own choosing. There has been constant fear lest this chief should join the rebellion, but so far he has taken no part whatever with Riel. Yellow Calf, whose picture we also give this week, is at the head of a band of Cree Indians num-



PIE-A-POT.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

We have now had nearly a week of most reasonable weather which the farmers are improving to the utmost of their power in seeding their ploughed lands, and should the present favorable weather continue for a week or ten days more, seeding will be got through in pretty good time after all. The prospects for good crops, throughout the Dominion are favorable, but great complaints are still heard from the Western State where the wheat crop is estimated to fall short of last year's yield fully one hundred and fifty million bushels. Prices of cereals which had advanced considerably when there was danger of an European war, are again declining, but there is a decided improvement in the prices of fat cattle, while hogs are dull and declining. The prospects for fruit are very encouraging on both sides of the Atlantic, and except a severe frost should intervene, the orchards

being one fifteen families. They have a reserve in the Qu'Appelle Valley and have it well cultivated. They have bought a number of agricultural implements and will apparently make good farmers in time.

THE Nihilists in Russia talk as if they held the whole of Russia in their power. They determined at a meeting to permit the Czar to live for two years longer, and if he did not agree to a constitution which they proposed for the government of the State before that time, to blow him up. They contemplate a reign of terror and assassination never yet attempted. Their strength in numbers and influence is such that they cannot well be treated with contempt. Over four thousand officers in the Russian army are Nihilists, but would fight for their Government if there should be war with England.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT has passed regulations by which the importation of horses to Manitoba and British Columbia is prohibited until they have been examined by a duly qualified veterinary surgeon, approved by the Minister of Agriculture, and declared to be free from glanders or any other infectious disease. The owner or importer shall furnish a certificate to this effect to the proper officer of customs before an entry for the admission of such animal is allowed to be made. In the Province of Manitoba all horses from the United States or territories shall be entered in Emerson and in British Columbia at Victoria, New Westminster and Nanaimo. In order to defray the cost or examination the owner or importer shall pay in Manitoba a fee of \$1 for every horse examined, and in British Columbia \$2. All horses imported or attempted to be imported or introduced from the United States into either of these provinces contrary to the preceding regulations shall be forfeited, and may be forthwith destroyed or disposed of as the Minister of Agriculture may direct. This looks more like a measure to protect the horse ranches in the North-West territory than a means of guarding against disease as glanders is not very prevalent among horses in the United States, not so much so indeed as it is among horses in Manitoba. Although there is a law by which sick cows, sheep or pigs may be looked for and destroyed, there is no law authorizing a search for sick horses or for their destruction. Hence it is of the greatest importance that they should be kept out of the country until such a law is passed. The veterinary surgeons are very much disappointed that there is no law giving them a right to search out horses with contagious diseases, and see no reason why the horses should not come under the same regulations as cattle or sheep.

A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION of nitro-glycerine and dynamite occurred at the Somerset Chemical Works, a mile east of Somerset, Pennsylvania. The explosion occurred in the nitro-glycerine agitation house, where one of the proprietors, W. T. Beach of New York, was at work. He was blown into atoms; the largest piece of bones, flesh or clothes that could be found was not larger than a silver dollar. The nitro-glycerine building, with eight others, were strewn to the winds, portions of them being found miles away. The works were situated in an opening in a dense wood, large trees in which were uprooted and blown down for rods. None of the employees were in the building. Where the building in which the explosion occurred stood, there is a hole large enough to bury the building in. There were 900 pounds of nitro-glycerine and 3,000 pounds of dynamite in the different buildings. The loss is very heavy. Somerset town was itself badly shaken by the explosion.

THE Daily News fears that the English Cabinet will be defeated on the Crimes Act which they are going to pass if possible. This Act provides for the easy arrest of persons in Ireland suspected of endeavoring to raise a disturbance. Under the Act a policeman may arrest a person after dark without a warrant, and a person accused of a crime may be taken away from the judicial district in which he lives to be tried elsewhere, where sympathy will not interfere with justice. The Standard has fear for the Government on different grounds. It says that Mr. Gladstone will insist upon increased duties on beer and spirits, and that the Budget can only be saved by throwing all additional increase of revenue to be obtained on the income tax.

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THE WEEK.

BRITISH SUBJECTS are to have the same right in the territory on the western coast of Africa, which the Germans have seized, as the Germans themselves, and Germans are in future to be in perfect equality with British subjects in New Guinea. America's rights in Africa have not yet been decided.

IT IS JUST THIRTEEN MONTHS since the wrecking of "Daniel Steinman," on Sambro Island, and we have the news of the loss of steamship "Helvetia" of the same line, and commanded by the same captain as was the "Daniel Steinman. The Helvetia was bound for Montreal and had received many severe injuries by knocking round in the ice off Cape Ray, Newfoundland. The "Acadia" which was going from Halifax to Sydney was sighted, and took the passengers and crew of the "Helvetia" on board, for it soon became evident that the latter vessel must sink. The steamer was a very valuable one and carried a cargo worth \$400,000.

THE PUBLISHERS of General Gordon's diaries have refused an offer of \$60,000 for the copyright. The diaries will be edited by a cousin of the hero, and will occupy an illustrated single volume.

PRESTAN THE ARCH-REBEL of the United States of Columbia is besieging Carthagena, a strongly fortified city on the north coast of Columbia in South America. On his arrival at Carthagena the rebels had their camps illuminated and welcomed him with cries "Viva, viva Prestan," or "Long live Prestan."

THE EGGS of two kinds of locusts, prevalent in different localities in the United States, take seventeen and thirteen years respectively to pass through the maggot and chrysalis states and to develop into full fledged locusts. It so happens that the chrysalises of both these kinds are to mature this year and for the first time in 221 years these two kinds of locusts will come together. It will be another 221 years before the same occurrence will happen again. The insects are not of a very destructive kind and only attack fruit-trees.

STRONG EVIDENCE has been given in the trial of the dynamiters Cunningham and Burton connecting the former with the explosion on the underground Metropolitan Railway in London. A news-woman testified that she had sold Cunningham a paper at his lodging house on the night the explosion had occurred. He had been at home from 7.30 to 10 o'clock. The explosion had occurred at nine o'clock, and therefore, if this woman's evidence be correct, Cunningham can scarcely have been the one to lay the dynamite. After the testimony was all in, Burton was permitted to make a statement. He declared himself perfectly innocent and gave a circumstantial history of his doings for some time previous to the explosion. Notwithstanding the strong evidence given in their favor, the evidence against the prisoners was considered more reliable by the jury and both Cunningham and Burton were found guilty. The judge sentenced them to penal servitude for life.

MR. MASSEL, of New York, the juror in the Phelan-Short case, who visited O'Donovan Rossa during the trial, has been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment and fined \$250 for contempt of court.

A LOCOMOTIVE and all the cars of a train, save one containing passengers, went through a trestle bridge at Yale, British Columbia, a week ago and the fireman and brakeman were killed. Two other men were wounded.

A SERIOUS RIOT has occurred in Venice on account of hotel proprietors keeping gondolas for the use of their guests. The regular gondoliers or boatmen, were indulged at this and sunk many of the hotel boats. How unreasonable we in America would think this, and yet we do much the same thing in refusing to allow Chinamen admittance to compete with us. The Chinamen have as much right to become peaceable members of our community as the Venice hotel-keepers had a right to become members of the gondolier community by keeping boats for the use of their guests.

A PROCESSION OF GLASGOW ORANGEMEN marched last Sunday afternoon with Orange flags and regalia and a band playing Orange airs. The Catholics attacked the procession with stones and clubs. A fierce street fight ensued. The local constables finally restored order after several on both sides were injured. Sixteen rioters were arrested.

A TRIAL OF THE DYNAMITE GUN has been made in Washington and a number of officers witnessed the test, among them the captain of the Russian war ship "Strelok." The test was considered successful and the safety of the system is now considered assured.

THE STEAMER "Ville Marseilles" while on her way to Buenos Ayres was the scene of a terrible mutiny of emigrants who had been poorly fed. The mutineers were overpowered after a desperate fight in which the Captain was wounded and ten passengers severely wounded or killed.

INFORMATION has reached Paris that two dynamiters, with a new type of machines, have left New York, and the French authorities have warned England of a plot which has been hatched by a large party of dynamiters in Switzerland at Lausanne and Geneva.



YELLOW CALF.

THE CZAR has issued an order that hereafter the Russian language shall be taught in all schools in the German provinces along the Baltic and shall entirely replace the German. A similar edict has been issued in Warsaw, the capital of Poland, making the Russian tongue the sole language taught in the elementary schools throughout Russian Poland.

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL of the American exhibition, to be held in London, in 1886, have selected a site at Earlscourt, Kensington. Visitors will be enabled to see the British, Colonial and American Exhibitions at the same time.

A COMMISSION OF RUSSIAN SAVANTS has prepared the correspondence of Peter the Great for publication. They collected 8,000 letters and documents in their work.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY is likely to give up its aggressive foreign policy and it is believed that peace will be before long concluded with the Hovas, natives of Madagascar. This will be acceptable to the Hova government, and the French people generally will heartily agree with the plan although it is a half acknowledgment by France that she has been worsted and is not able to attain the ends she has so long sought. France has made several fresh annexations on the western coast of the Red Sea and south of Obock, which is a sea-port town on the Gulf of Aden near the Straits of Babel-mandeb.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY has been completed to Winnipeg and the track has been laid across the last of the gaps north of Lake Superior.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

[All persons wishing to send questions to our Question and Answer column, must put their names to them, and address to the Editor of Weekly Messenger, Montreal, Canada. Unless questions are useful to explain the replies they will not be printed.]

A SUBSCRIBER.—The population of Canada in 1881 was 4,324,800; of Ontario, 1,923,200.

EMMA.—"Will you please send me a receipt for a go-as-you-please-slap-him-on-the-back pudding?" Ans.—This name is rather curious and we cannot find it in any of the cookery books; however the name is a well-sounding one, and we promise to send the receipt in the next mail after we receive the pudding.

BEES.—There should decidedly be no windows in bee-hives by which light may enter them. Light crystallizes honey and the bees knowing this instinctively would cover the windows over as well as possible with wax. While honey remains in the dark it is perfectly liquid, but when exposed to the light gradually turns too hard for the young bees to eat.

F. M.—Benjamin Franklin was in London about the year 1725, when nineteen years old. The story of his finding employment there is interesting. He was not like many young men in these days who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:—

"Nathaniel said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate proof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, and returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster General, Member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, Ambassador to Royal Courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America named after the same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin.

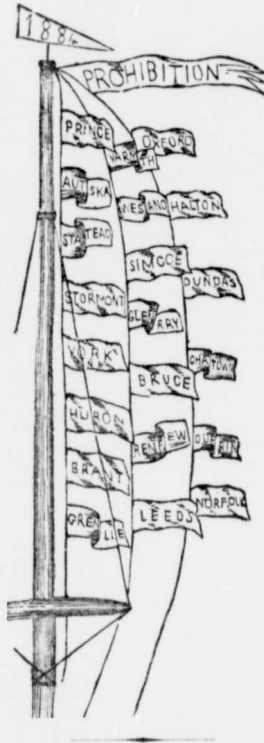
THE GREAT AVALANCHE in Iceland which took place last month did much damage. The particulars have just been learned. In one village \$20,000 worth of goods was destroyed. Twenty-four persons were killed and fifty fishing boats smashed.

THE SUFFERING Gen. Grant has been worse of late and his throat has been troubling him more than usual. It was necessary to administer morphine to the patient on several occasions.

QUEEN DOWAGER EMMA of the Sandwich Islands died on April 25th. She expired suddenly in a convulsive fit preceded by a slight headache.



War Noise.



AN ELECTION under the Canada Temperance Act will be held at Guysborough, County, N.S., on June 25th, Sheriff Pearsall, returning officer.

HURON.—At Brussels a local Scott Act Association has been formed, with 65 members to "co-operate with the county association in enforcing the Scott Act." The expectation are that the membership will swell to 300 or more.

YORK.—The petitions for the submission of the Scott Act in this county are now being circulated. They were given out to the canvassers for Woolwich a week ago last Friday. Twelve canvassers have been appointed and it is thought that at least one-third of the names on the voters' list will be obtained.

SIMCOE.—The Scott Act, which went into force on the 1st inst. had good effect next day. Among the large crowds in town not a drunken man was to be seen. Vigilance Committees are formed for every municipality, and liberal rewards are offered for information that will lead to the conviction of violators of the Act.—*Globe*.

WATERLOO.—A meeting of the supporters of the Scott Act was held on Tuesday of last week to take steps to have petitions circulated, praying for the submission of the Act in this county. We understand that these petitions will be presented for signature at once, with the probability that the Act will be submitted next fall.

TORONTO.—The city hall was packed on the 11th inst. in Toronto by those who were anxious to hear Mrs. Peck of that city speak on prohibition. She reminded her audience that over 290 enactments had been passed in England for the regulation of the traffic, but that it had always shown a terrific resistance to regulation and could only be driven out by prohibition. There were over a hundred ladies on the platform and the speaker was loudly cheered.

MIDDLESEX.—At a meeting of the Middlesex County Alliance, on motion it was unanimously resolved "That the members of the Middlesex County Alliance submit our protest against the action of the Senate in exempting wines and beer from the operation of the Canada Temperance Act, and further express our wish that said amendment may not receive the sanction of the House of Commons."

•A SHIPMENT of beer to Seaforth was found by the shipper in Montreal to be bound for a Scott Act county. He hastened to the freight shed and marked the barrels "patent drier." The shipping bill had been made out for beer, but it is understood that when it arrives at the far end the freight will be collected for patent drier. Some amendment will be needed for the Scott law making railways responsible for collusion of this Act.

PERTH.—It is to be hoped that the Dominion Government will order the vote to be taken in this county on the Scott Act some time before the end of the century; although from present appearance it seems to be waiting until that time comes. The "city" of Stratford will be included in the county in the taking of the vote, but should a majority of the electors of the "city" be against the Act, then the Act will, of course not come into force in that municipality.—*St. Mary's Argus*.

ACCORDING to a FABLE current among the Arabs, the vine in the early stages of its growth was tended by Satan, who first moistened it with the blood of a peacock, later on that of a monkey was used, then that of a lion, and finally that of a hog. So says the fabulist, it comes about, that in the various stages of intoxication a man first struts about with the vanity of a peacock, then he makes himself as ridiculous as a monkey, and passing through the stage of fancied bravery, lies down at last in the gutter like a hog.—*The Worker*.

SIMCOE.—Barrie is the head quarters of the county for Scott Act purposes and has an association for the enforcement of the Act. The citizens of Bradford determined to form a branch of the county association which is in connection with the Dominion Alliance, and at a meeting held for this purpose elected Mr. Campbell president. Six other gentlemen had been nominated for the position but declared in favor of Mr. Campbell. All the ministers of the place together with a number of prominent citizens were appointed a committee.

THE HALTOUN COUNTY Temperance Association has in a series of resolutions called attention to the disgraceful course of the Milton Champlain, in trying by every means in its power to defeat the operation of the Scott Act, and to abuse all who support the authorities in carrying out the law. One resolution calls on the County Council to remove the editors from their County offices. They consider that law defiers are not the proper kind of people to be entrusted with public office. The Haltonians mean business. When temperance men in other parts of Canada take hold in this way, they will rattle the liquor traffic in short order.—*Waterloo Chronicle*.

LENOX.—The Good Templars of the Napanee district have arranged a grand demonstration to be held in the Crystal Palace Grounds, Napanee, on Saturday, May 23rd, to assist the Scott Act Association in paying the expenses of the recent contest in this county. The array of speakers is the largest ever announced in the county and should attract a large gathering. Prominent among those who have signified their intention to be present are Hon. J. B. Finch, Mrs. Leonard, of New York, Mr. Shakespear, M. P. of British Columbia, besides a host of prominent British, American and Maritime Province gentlemen. The railways and steamers will give reduced fares to all who wish to attend.

RICHMOND.—The town council of Richmond must be thoroughly under the control of the rum party. During the past year, Judges Brook and Rioux have both held that the Dunkin Act is in force in the town, and on the 21st ult. a delegation of temperance people waited on the council, supported by a numerous signed petition, asking that the law should be respected and that no certificates for license should be granted, but the council, by a vote of four to two, granted certificates for obtaining four tavern and two shop licenses. It seems to us that

it is time for the Government to assert the supremacy of the law by refusing to grant licenses upon these illegal certificates, and not place itself a second time in the humiliating position of having to cancel them, and refund the licensees their money, as was done in Mississippi some years ago. The temperance people of Richmond have a genuine grievance, and we hope they will follow the matter up, before the Courts, until their rights are respected.—*Cornwall Observer*.

OXFORD.—Dear Sir,—Whiskey died hard in this county. The last few hours of the licensed liquor traffic were strikingly characteristic—the ruling passion strong in death. All over the county wherever there was a tavern there was an amount of drinking, cursing, and fighting that was simply terrible. However, Friday, 1st of May, came, and with it the Scott Act. And now speaking for Woodstock only, (as I have not heard from other places) I believe the law has been strictly observed. Saturday was our weekly market day, and there was a very large number of people here, but I have yet to hear of the first man who showed any sign of having tasted liquor. I know some who that day went home sober for the first time for six years. So far, all, including the great majority of those who opposed the passing of the Act, seem glad of the change. I trust this happy state of affairs may long continue. We shall see. Accommodation for man and beast is the same as before, with, in some cases, a slight advance in price.—*Letter to Canada Citizen*.

THE CORNWALL Reporter sent found the town to interview the doctors on the first effects of the Scott Act and their intentions concerning prescriptions of intoxicants. In answer to the question as to whether or not prescriptions for alcohol were numerous, the answers were almost identical and amount to this: that the profession in Cornwall does not intend to become degraded by prescribing liquor for drinkers. "You may depend upon it!" said one practitioner "that I am not going to become a purchasing agent for whiskey drinkers; neither will my professional brethren: we are resolved upon that." Still another doctor said: "I have three or four men and two women who are suffering reaction, but a little wholesome punishment, heroically endured will make them all right. As to prescriptions, I have issued one—without the patient's request or knowledge, because I considered the article was necessary. I have had either two or three bogus applications which I have refused. One thing you can put down: when I prescribe liquor, either for my own patients or for outsiders, I will not charge one cent to them. No one shall ever say that I made money by peddling whiskey."

KINGSTON.—The excitement in Kingston is too great altogether for it to be said that the coming vote on the Scott Act will be a one sided contest. A large meeting was held in the City Hall on the 7th inst. when the people flocked to hear the speakers. The building was packed, the two front seats in the room being occupied by ladies of the W. C. T. U. all of whom were enthusiastic. There were two speakers, Dr. Lavell who spoke for an hour in favor of the Act, and Mr. Mudie who spoke against it for the same length of time. The remarks of the latter gentlemen may be judged from the following statement he made as reported in a paper which is opposed to the Act:—"The best method to adopt to do away with drunkenness was moral suasion, and in this the people might take a few lessons from the Spartans who set their slaves drunk to let their children see how foolish they looked." This was greeted, the paper says, with loud applause. Mr. Mudie argued that the Spartans trained their children morally and were noted for their temperance. This argument of of the Anti-Scott Act speaker goes to show that the people of Kingston should keep a number of their citizens in slavery to drink in order that the remainder might profit by their loss and have moral suasion presented to them in the form of drunken men and women. This reference to the Spartans' plan will scarcely work any good to the moral suasion theory. At the close of the meeting a show of hands was taken and the mayor declared it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell which side had the best of it. Many of those who have public influence in Kingston are on the fence as regards the Scott Act and will try to be the first to shout for the winning side.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS from noted English papers will be of interest as showing the turn things are taking in England in respect to the liquor traffic. The *Evening Standard* says:—"Athletes and others who undertake severe physical feats are well aware that to begin to drink beer early, and to continue to do so at short intervals throughout the day, would be absolutely destructive of their power to accomplish their tasks. Beer promotes rather than assuages thirst. Oatmeal with water, with a dash of lemon or lime juice, gives more support than beer, and is far better to work upon: and if farmers will provide plenty of this for their workers, and will add the money hitherto spent on beer to the men's wages, there can be no doubt that the latter will be in every way benefited by the change."

The *Daily Chronicle* gives this instance of the fruits of the traffic and comments on it: "Robert Smith, host of his capacity to drink large quantities of spirits, made a wager the other night that he could consume within a short time six shillings-worth of brandy. He went forthwith to a public house and drank thirteen glasses of brandy, which was one more than the terms of his bet required. After this feat he became, says the report of the occurrence, 'very drunk.' It would have been strange indeed if he had not. His attempt to dispose of all this fiery liquid within a certain time showed a strange ignorance of the fatal effect likely to be produced by such potations. He soon sank into a lethargic state, and he died a few minutes after he was carried home."

The *Standard* makes comments on this case: "Birmingham is said to be a model town in such matters as the Corporation, boards innumerable and a zealous police can regulate. But it was possible there for a man to get thirteen six-penny-worths of brandy in the same public house, within, we may suppose, a very short time. These Robert Smith drank for a wager, and promptly died. It is not worth while to point morals at him or his like. But when such incidents take place, in this age of the world, it is safe to foretell that Local Option is not very distant."

IN A PLEASANT SPOT in Lower Canada lives a small family of such social habits that his evening home intoxicated was once no unusual thing. His wife urged him in vain to sign the pledge. "Why, you see," he would say, "I'll sign it after a while, but I don't like to break right off at once; it ain't wholesome. The best way always is to get used to a thing by degrees, you know." "Very well, old man," his helpmate would rejoin, "see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, while you can't take care of yourself and nobody near to take you out." Sure enough, as if to verify the prophecy, a couple of days after, returning from a spree, the old fellow reeled into his own well, whose opening was level with the ground, and which fortunately for him was not very deep. After a good deal of spluttering and trying to see his way out of his trap, he had to resort to calling for his consort whom he knew to be cool blooded enough to treat him with a good deal of severity. The worthy woman took her time about hearing the cries for help. Finally,—"Didn't I tell you so," said she, looking coolly down into the well, "You've got into a hole at last, and it's only luck I'm in hearing, or you might have drowned, you old dog you! Well," she continued, after a pause, letting down the bucket, "take hold." And up he came higher at each turn of the windlass, until the old lady's grasp slipping from the handle down he went to the bottom again. This occurring more than once, made the temporary occupant of the well suspicious. "Look here," he screamed in a fury at the last splash, "you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!"—"Well now, I am!" responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding up once more. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to get used to a thing by degrees. I'm afraid if I were to bring you right up on a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome!" The old fellow grumbled out something as he was again being wheeled up ready for another plunge, and drawing in his breath as he thought he was about to descend once more, screamed out: "I'll sign the pledge, let me up." "Much more sober after his bath he walked off after being let up, his wife cautioning him that if he ever got there again she would leave him stay."

THE FAMILY THAT IS TO BE.

BY QUERCUS.

"I hope," so he mused within himself, as he sat in his room alone in the evening hours, "I hope that the time will come before many years when I shall have a home of my own. My business relations are progressing on the whole as well as I could expect. I shall not have to wait a great deal longer before I can take the step and become the head of a family. But," and here his musings took a very serious turn, "that family that is to be will be shaped largely by what I am. If children are borne to me they will inherit physical and mental and even moral characteristics from me. I have a responsibility, not for myself alone, but for them. I must care for my health, but only for my own sake, but for my children's sake. My children?" The young man almost laughed aloud at the idea. And yet he was thoroughly right in the line of thought he was following. It is a vast pity that more of the fathers that are to be do not come to a sense of their responsibility long before they become fathers. The foundations of the future family are laid in the early youth of the man and woman who by-and-by come together to establish it. It would be a great point gained if, without purring fancies or weak sentimentality, our youth would realize that there is a real responsibility resting upon them now."

"There is Jack Spader," his thought ran on, leaving the abstract for the concrete. "I declare I did not have a moment's peace that evening, when I dined with him, until thaturchin of his was taken off to bed. Why, that urchin is just a bundle of nerves. I can't say that I wonder at it. Jack is of a nervous temperament himself. He never seems to take a great deal of exercise, and he was a confirmed smoker. Mrs. Spader seemed nervous too. I think Jack told me once that she was an only child, and had always lived in a boarding house. I dare say confectionery—not a part of the boarding-house menu, though—was a part of her daily food. I don't mean that the boy is bad, but he hasn't body enough to balance the nervous energy that seems to be stored up in him, and consequently he don't seem to enjoy himself; he is not as placidly happy as a boy of three ought to be. And it is not his fault. His father and mother laid the foundations of his irritability years ago in their own failure to comply with some of the laws of health. Jack mourns over little Johnny's irritability, and is endeavoring to correct it, but he hardly realizes how much of it the little chap gets by direct descent. "But it is not the body only that is to be looked after," so the young man's thought ran on. "There are mental and moral qualities that descend as well. How often I find myself looking at questions just in the way father does. I don't believe this is all education, it's nature. It is bred in the bone. Well, I want my children to get nothing but good in any traits they may inherit from their father—that perhaps—is to be. My children?" Again he smiled softly, yes reverently, at the thought. Then he turned to his desk and began a letter to the dear girl who, by-and-by, was to help him make the home that rose so pleasantly in his thought, and for which he was laying the foundations, pecuniary, physical, mental, moral.

Was it by one of those curious and inexplicable commingings of the spirits of friends that are far separated that through the mind of the fair girl somewhat the same thoughts were running at the same hour? "Hygienic reform," she had been reading, "ought to begin with our grandmothers." "Well," she said to herself, "it did begin with my grandmother, for both mamma and I have splendid health. How glad I am, Charlie won't have a sickly wife, whatever else he fails to find in me. Charlie himself has a good constitution and no bad habits. We shall have health in our home, whether we lack other things or not. I mean, of course, general health, for no home is proof against sudden or communicated attacks of disease.

"Poor Mrs. Whelpley, I was so sorry for her to-day when she was telling mother about the sickness and death of four of her children! She said they seemed to have no constitution, and the moment disease seized them they seemed doomed. She has always been sickly herself, and I don't see how it could be otherwise than that her children should be feeble.

"Dear me, it's a solemn thing to be married! If it was not, as some one said,

more solemn thing not to be, I should shrink from it—if I could give up Charlie! But we won't give each other up, and our home will be what he and I make it. If children come to us they will be, in some sense, reproductions of ourselves. We shall see ourselves in them. I want to be a good wife and a wise mother. I am glad—almost—that we have to wait a few years before Charlie's circumstances will allow us to marry, for it gives me time to cultivate my mind not only, but to study the art of home-making and home managing. I want my home that is to be as nearly a perfect home as God will give me grace and wisdom to make it. Charlie and I, to a good degree, are settling that question now. Indeed we have been settling it all along, even before we knew each other. My home here has been very dear to me, always will be dear. But my home is the one that is to be. The one here has been made for me. That other one I am to help to make."

She could not help it; she sat down and began a letter to Charlie.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"CLOSING TALKS."

No part of the superintendent's work seems to me to carry with it greater opportunity, or weightier responsibility, than the closing talk. The lesson has been taught; each teacher has presented the points that seem to him or her most important; and now all faces are turned toward the superintendent, and in perfect quiet they wait his closing words. Many nails may have been driven and not clinched; many hearts stirred, only to forget as soon as they pass out of and away from the school. What is there in the lesson that will help in the practical daily life of the coming week? What in it to clinch the nails driven, to fasten and deepen the impressions made? What to win the unconverted to Christ? What to give comfort and strength to the longing heart? Such questions as these should suggest and form the basis of the closing talk.

I try to study the scholars at all times, and I have frequently noticed some, restless, apparently inattentive, or perhaps endeavoring to prevent attention in the class; and this of from those whose demeanor is usually good. Often the reason of such conduct is, that no one may suspect how the Spirit is striving with the heart, which though apparently so unconcerned, is inwardly crying for help. In the class, the scholar is at such times "on guard" watchful of the teacher's or superintendent's every look, and frequently ready to repel any personal effort; but now in the moments of the closing talk, looking into the faces of these same scholars, lost, as they suppose, in the mass of the school, I see they are "off guard," and I can but note their wistful, longing hope that they may find help and comfort in my words. Time and again, as I have looked into the upturned faces, and read there the wants of hungry, thirsting souls, I have felt the responsibility was greater than I could bear, and I hardly dared attempt to say anything so deeply did I feel the importance of saying the right thing; and yet I dared not neglect the opportunity. Many times a heart that is inaccessible in any other way can be reached and touched in these closing talks. Though to me, as to many other superintendents, the closing talk is a trial, a burden almost too heavy to carry, I believe we ought to give more prayer and more attention to this part of the Sunday-school service; and by praying more earnestly for divine help and wisdom, these few moments may be made, with God's blessing, instrumental in bringing souls into the light of his love, and may also help and strengthen many who are trying to walk in the light.—*The Baptist Superintendent.*

STOCKING DARNING.

There may be, as you choose to look at it, a great deal of drudgery or a great deal of romance and poetry in your weekly darning. There is really a noble self-deception, it seems to me, to small household tasks. Perhaps it should not call it self-deception, but a determination to like what one naturally dislikes. For instance: you "hate darning," it is something to be "gotten over" somehow, and "through with" as soon as possible.

But now suppose, instead of seeing merely the pile of brown, gray, and cardinal stockings, you see the feet which they encase;

recall the first glimpse of Will's baby foot as you mend your eldest born's manly sock; what a little crushed rose leaf it seemed; How you longed to have it grow strong! Then that first day he "felt his feet" how the gentle pressure on your lap throbbled to your very heart! How many times you have asked God to guide his steps! How many times He has guided when you did not ask! Why, Will's socks are mended and folded away, and you turn to Nettie's or Rob's with a thought peculiar to your girl just growing into womanhood, or to your merry, romping school-boy whose noise and frolic you would miss sorely, though they try your patience now and then. Look back and see the goodness and mercy which have followed the children and yourself. Perhaps you have expected to see the goodness and mercy ahead of you! But that is not the promise. How Rob does wear out his knees! Ah, well, all that love for marbles and tarts is but "up a fine constitution. Better be mending than nursing! So, with thoughts of the past and prayers for the future, an hour goes by as you have really enjoyed what has always before been a hard task.

But I wish to be practical, and so would give the benefit of my experience in darning. I find that too many mothers do not know that they should leave a loop at each turn of the darn, as the stocking has shrunk and the darning cotton has not. Then, too, I always "run" the heels and knees of new stockings, or else herring-bone a lining on them; if you line the heels put your lining on the right side, lest the seam hurt the foot. Do not turn in the edges of the lining, but herring-bone it neatly. Then again, instead of darning large holes, patch the children's stockings. Last of all, if you have a leisure half hour now and then, lay aside stockings which are too far gone for your own children and re-foot them for some of God's little ones. Such mended stockings can always be used at the different "Homes," or given to some poor member of your own church. It is a very great help to your Christian life to lay aside one afternoon in the week when you will work for the poor mending or making garments. This is quite a different matter from making some beautiful art needle-work to be sold at a fair. But it is more Biblical. We don't hear anything about the firecreens or table-scarfs that Dorcas was engaged in when she fell asleep! "Think on these things."—*Hope Lofgard, in The Congregationalist.*

LOVE THE GREAT CONQUEROR.

Superintendents who have not perfect order in their schools, and teachers who have little or no control over their classes, are frequently heard lamenting that the corporal punishment and the discipline used in the day schools is not allowed in the Sunday-school. Yet there are men, like Mr. Schaufler, who will have order at any cost, and who do not hesitate to discipline offenders. But there is a better way. When love reigns the Law is fulfilled. And in secular schools love has conquered where punishment had only hardened. A little six-year-old Irish boy used to come every morning to his teacher, Miss Ford, and, while the others brought gifts of fruits and flowers, being poor, he would only throw his arms around her neck and say, "I brought you a bushel of love." His teacher had no difficulty in controlling him, but one day his mother came to her and complained that Johnnie played truant every afternoon, and she could not break him, altho, she had punished him severely. Miss Ford called the child to her and directed him to go home immediately after school was dismissed. The following morning Johnnie's mother came with the complaint that he had not returned home until after dark. Miss Ford then told the little truant that if he disobeyed her again, he should be sent to the principal for correction. "I won't do it," said the child, quickly and firmly. The teacher answered kindly but as firmly, "I cannot allow my little boy to speak to me in that way. He must go to the principal now." "I won't!" More defiantly than before the words were spoken. Miss Ford took the boy in her arms and carried him to the foot of the stairs and bade him ascend. He caught hold of one of the banisters and wound his little body around it and again refused. The lady brought a rod and punished him, but could get from him only the

same stubborn "I won't." She then called the principal and the two used their united strength but could not force the little body from the banister any more than if he had been a part of it. They left him and went to an adjoining room for conference. It was decided that the principal should go upstairs and leave him with his teacher, but that he should not be punished if he could be persuaded to do as they wished. Miss Ford said to him, "Johnnie didn't bring me anything to-day." "Yes, I did," quickly. "No, you did not." "Yes, I did, I brought you a bushel of love." "I know you said so, but you didn't." The head was lifted, there were tears in the boy's eyes. "I did, Miss Ford." "No, Johnnie, if you had brought me any love you would have gone up-stairs when I asked you." Very slowly the arms and legs were unwound from the banister. Presently the boy's arms were around the teacher's neck. "I did bring you a bushel of love. I will go up-stairs." That boy never played truant again, and when a few weeks afterward he died, his teacher only regretted that she had not tried first the power of love instead of using it as a last resort.—*The Illustrator.*

TO PRESERVE CARNATION CHERRIES.—

Choose the finest of these most beautiful of all cherries, and those that are not too ripe. Take out the stones. Allow one pound of white sugar to one pound of the fruit. Put them together in a kettle, and let them boil gently until clear. Another way, preferred by some persons, is to make a syrup in the proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of water. Pierce the skins of the cherries with a large needle to prevent bursting, drop them in whole without removing stems or stones, and cook them gently until perfectly clear. Before putting the cherries in syrup it is better to let them get well heated through in plain water. This prevents that shrivelling up of the fruit that is so disappointing to the preserver, rendering the skin tender, so that the syrup can easily penetrate it.

Question Corner.—No. 10.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

A STRANGE DWELLING.

Of all dwellings ever heard of since the appearance of men on the earth, no one perhaps ever seemed less fit for the use of men than this one. In fact, several men renowned for their bodily strength were utterly destroyed by approaching too close to its door! Yet four persons lived in it for some time on the same day without being injured thereby. What is more, to three of their number, at that time the very deadliness of this dwelling-place did a very good turn. Who were these three? Where did this happen? And what does their experience teach us about the way to be saved?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 8. SCRIPTURE SCENE.

If you look at a map of Palestine, you will see that the hills run all down the middle of it, and streams run off right and left to the Mediterranean sea, or to the Jordan. They come to an end at the south, and nearly at the end is Hebron. It stands in a fine valley, running north and south; along the bottom is a stream which afterwards turns west to the Mediterranean. The situation is a good one for a town, and you are not surprised to find this note in the Bible, that Hebron was built before Zoan in Egypt. Generally we may say that the cities in Egypt were much older than those in Palestine, so that Hebron would be older than any of its neighbors, unless we leave out Damascus, which is also known to have been very ancient. Among the chiefs who helped Abraham, you will notice the name of Eshcol; this chief led his name to a fine spring of water at the northern end of the vale. It was on these hillsides that the best grapes grew, and here the spies cut that large bunch of grapes of Eshcol, which they had to carry on a pole. The spring is still called by his name.

When Caleb took possession of the place it was called Kirjath Arba, or the city of Arba. Arba it seems was the father of these giants whom Caleb had to drive out. You have read how Abraham lived here, or rather in the plains near the hills, called the plains of Mamre; for being the owner of large flocks, he would not choose very hilly ground to pitch his tent on. You have also read how he purchased a cave in the hillsides, called the cave of Machpelah for a burying-place. From Genesis xlii. 31, we learn that six persons in all were buried there, about whom there is a curious thing to be said; the hameanians who live in that country now reverence the memories of the great men of the old Testament, though they hate the Jews. They say that all the bones of these six persons are still there in a ball in the centre of the hill. No Christian, however, has been able to get into it, so that we have to be content with what the inhabitants say to travellers.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Hannah E. Green, Theodore Gregory, Jane Miller, Bala F. Christie, and Albert Jesse French.

