

Weekly Messenger

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No. 1.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

All who have not yet renewed their subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger* are urged to do so without delay, so as to avoid any break in the receipt of their papers and much unnecessary expense to us.

We should like to have renewals, in every case possible, accompanied with new subscriptions.

Fifty cents a year and five copies for two dollars are such remarkably low prices that no urging should be required to extend the circulation of such a valuable paper.

Address all letters to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, Canada.

MR. PARNELL is reported to be about establishing large saw mills and stone quarries in Wicklow, Ireland. He ought to do something by way of return for the self-sacrificing generosity of his poor countrymen, who have saved him from bankruptcy, if not made him rich, out of their small means.

BURGLARS ARE SEEMINGLY growing more numerous, active and desperate in the Province of Ontario. Depredations and acts of violence, including murder, are reported from many places.

SOME OF THE FRENCH PRESS in Quebec are raising the cry that it is time the Dominion Government was doing something toward colonizing the older Provinces as well as Manitoba and the North-West.

THE SHIPBUILDING INDUSTRY of Maine has been better the past year than the previous one. 174 vessels were built, an increase of six, and the work was more evenly divided.

THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, Russia, strongly opposes the conclusions of the Commission that has for many months been preparing a reform of local administration. So great is the conflict between the Minister and the Commission that the Emperor has been called upon to decide between them.

SUSAN GIBBS, a reputed miser, was murdered at Humber, near Toronto, and a man named Williams was placed under arrest at the coroner's inquest.

A LETTER from a prominent gentleman to a Paris paper argues against the fears of disease from the use of American pork being considered chimerical. It quotes from the statements of an inspector in Chicago, who certified that diseased and dying hogs passed his house daily, which were sold cheap and shipped to Bordeaux and Havre. Later accounts say the inspector denies that he ever made the statements attributed to him. There is no doubt of a strong feeling being raised against American pork in France, and it is said to have been fostered by protectionists.

DYNAMITE AND GIANT POWDER have been successfully used in breaking an ice blockade that stopped late steamers at Coteau on the St. Lawrence River.

GENERAL GRANT was hurt severely but not dangerously last week by a fall on the pavement at his own door in New York.

ALEXANDER WARDROPE, aged nineteen, son of the Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph, Ontario, was shot dead on Christmas Day by a hunting comrade named Murray, who was experimenting with a hammerless gun that he did not know was loaded.

JAMES YATES, on his way home to Collingwood, Ontario, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, came to his death in Toronto by blowing out the gas in his room at a hotel.

A LAD NAMED COSMAN, at Petitcodiac, New Brunswick, fell a victim to the fatal folly of trying to drive across a railway track in front of an approaching train.

OVER TWO HUNDRED STUDENTS in Paris, offended by an article appearing in a Communist journal, besieged the office and demanded of the editor the publication of a retraction. The editor refused the demand, and the students dispersed to consider the situation later. They met and resolved that four of their number should visit the editors and demand satisfaction by resort to arms.

DRAGOONS STATIONED in Volhynia, a province of Russia, suddenly attacked and plundered the Jews in a certain village, who were helpless to resist. The Rabbi and several of his confederates died from their injuries.

RAILWAY WORKMEN revolted against the exactions of contractors at Lydia, Russia, and in an ensuing riot one official was killed and several workmen were injured.

DURING THE PERFORMANCE in a theatre in New York, Christmas Day, a panic was created by a young scamp crying "fire." Means of egress from the building were ample and the people got out without trouble or injury. On the same day a panic was caused in the German Evangelical Church, during the progress of a children's festival, by the outbreak of fire in an adjoining building. The pastor, assisted by a few others who kept cool, forced his way to the doors and held them, telling the people there was no danger and that not a soul should leave until the close of the services. Quiet was then restored.

GENERAL BUTLER, Governor of Massachusetts, has denied that he engaged the green-back organ to put his name forward for the Presidency.

ELIZABETH SOMERFIELD and her two children, living on Rich Mountain, West Virginia, were lately murdered and their cabin burned. A mail driver discovered the crime and reports having met two men before coming to the scene, who told him the cabin had been burned but said nothing of the murder. Portions of the victims' remains were strewn about the ruins.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER and gifts to four hundred children were given in New York by the Children's Christmas Club. President Arthur, whose daughter Nellie is President of the Club, was present.

A SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT in the iron trade is reported from Philadelphia during the closing days of the past year. Both there and in Pittsburg large lots of steel rails are in demand.

HITHERTO SAILING VESSELS have monopolized the petroleum trade but a few days ago a steamer left New York for Italy with 10,000 barrels of the article. Dulness in the grain trade has sent steamers looking for other business. Steamer building has been overdone in Great Britain, and petroleum men in the United States are considering the advisability of securing the services of some of the surplus steamers in their business.

MRS. MOORE, Toronto, was burned to death by a lamp upsetting upon her.

A RESOLUTION has been passed by the Upper House of the Prussian Diet, forbidding hunting on Sunday under penalty of heavy fines and imprisonment.

ABOUT FORTY PROFESSORS of modern languages met in New York a few days ago, with a view of establishing an association for promoting the study of foreign languages.

A DECREE has been gazetted in Madrid removing certain restrictions upon trade between the United States and Cuba.

REPRESENTATIVE SCOTCH-IRISHMEN from Great Britain and the Colonies and the United States will hold a reunion in Belfast, Ireland, on July 4th, 1884.

A SHOCK OF EARTHQUAKE at Zepee, Bohemia, was so severe as to make the inhabitants take to the fields.

IMMIGRANTS FROM FINLAND who have settled on the Upper Ottawa, Canada, have proved a most industrious class of settlers. They have assisted friends to come out and are encouraging others to follow their example.

A LAMP-LIGHTER in Birkenhead, England, on Christmas Day saw two men watching a canister burning opposite a dwelling house. He rushed up to the canister and kicked it a few yards, when a terrible explosion broke the windows of all the houses round. The men who were watching the machine escaped, leaving behind them a fuse a foot and a half long. Upon investigation the police gave the opinion that the explosion was the work of mischief-makers wanting to get up a dynamite scare in the vicinity.

THAT STRONG DRINK IS RAGING is proved by the large number of tragedies occurring in places where liquor is sold. A recent instance is the case of W. N. Travis, who in a saloon in Tracy City, Tennessee, shot and killed two men and fatally stabbed a third.

A GRACE DARLING has turned up in the Province of New Brunswick, and the Canadian Government intends to present her with a testimonial in recognition of her efforts in saving life. Her name is Miss Boyd, and her father is a pilot and keeper of the lighthouse at Spruce Point, St. Croix River. One night last summer Miss Boyd and her mother were sitting in the lighthouse, when they were startled by hearing cries for help. Miss Boyd without any hesitation launched a boat and rowed to the rescue of two men who were drowning and saved them.

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN who are claimants under the Fortune Bay award are to receive seven percent of the amounts allotted at the first disbursement, the rest of the fund having gone to pay lawyers' fees, commissions, interest on former awards and other expenses.

GENERAL THOMAS L. KANE, who was Colonel of the Bucktail Regiment in the War of the Rebellion, and a brother of the famous Arctic explorer, died in Philadelphia a few days ago of pneumonia.

THE FRENCH SENATE, by 201 to 51, has voted to restore the salary of the Archbishop of Paris to 45,000 francs per annum, the Chamber of Deputies having reduced it to 15,000.

M. DE LESSEPS has been boasting in a lecture delivered in France that so long as he or his sons lived the Suez Canal would be under French control.

A NUMBER OF WORTHLESS IRISHMEN—saloon keepers and loafers—in Buffalo, New York, are talking about getting up an expedition to the chief Canadian cities, to destroy British and Canadian property. Their main object is probably similar to that of the same class in New York—to attract the pennies of their simple-minded countrymen and women, whom they delude into the notion that they are the self-sacrificing saviours of Ireland.

THE CONTRADICTED REPORT, that a crank who wanted to kill President Arthur was arrested at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York on Evacuation Day, is now said to have been true. It is said the matter, hushed up at the time, came out when the President's quarters at the hotel were changed during his recent visit. When the man was searched a bowie knife and loaded revolver were found upon him, and he said he had instructions to serve the President as his predecessor had been treated.

THE FAMOUS CANADIAN OARSMAN, Hurlan, has been giving exhibitions of his strength and skill at San Francisco, where he rested awhile on his way to Australia.

A MAJORITY OF THE COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS in the United States House of Representatives are said to be in favor of reducing customs taxation, or a tariff for revenue purposes mainly. Mr. Mills, a member of the Committee, is reported as having said he was an uncompromising reformer and thought if protection was an evil it should be dug up by the roots and there should be no half-way policy. He favored an open and straightforward fight for revenue reform. The Committee would report a bill and it would undoubtedly pass the House, but he did not expect the Senate would pass it.

A PROTEST IS BEING RAISED by the native Indian press over the proposed compromise in the bill giving native judges jurisdiction over Europeans. By the compromise Englishmen would have the right to be tried by a jury composed of a majority of their countrymen. Agitation in favor of the bill being passed in its original form is being counselled by the native press.

DOUBLING THE MISSION DOLLAR.

'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day
To turn from her toys and her careless play
With a questioning glance of sad surprise
And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes;
For something so strange she had heard
Them say,—

Those older ones, talking that summer day,—
They thought she had come for a fond caress,
Nor dreamed their meaning the child could guess.

She listened while shadows came down
Then crept to her treasures with earnest face,
And there in the twilight she told it all
To one little hearer—her patient doll:
"Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea
Are millions who never will Christians be
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
And how they may go to the home above.

"And I heard them say that to lands afar
A packet is going—the 'Morning Star'—
To carry the Gospel! I believe they said,
'If the people to giving are only led.'

Now I have a dime that I meant for you,
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,
But perhaps it will help them sail the ship;
We'll give it!" she said, with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,
And lovingly stroking the curly head,
She noted the words that were softly said.
"Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
And sometime we'll help them, perhaps,
I hope you will bless them, O Lord, Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep,
But the head on the pillow turned once more,
A puzzled expression the child-face wore,—
"I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard,
The meaning of sacrifice,—that's the word."
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,—
Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar
The wonderful light of the "Morning Star,"
And into her soul shall His presence shine,
To beckon her on to the life Divine;
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
And she kept her desire of greatest worth
To "carry the Gospel" to all the earth,

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
She remembered the lesson learned that day
In the magical hour of childish play.
The dime to a dollar had now increased,
The blessing of giving had never ceased,
Her sacrifice often took shape anew
In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.

For Europe and Asia her pleadings rise,
For Africa, too, with her burning skies,
For sin-enslaved souls in isles of the sea,
That Jesus' atonement might make them free,
'Twas very surprising and sad indeed
That she had forgotten her country's need,
That over in Southland and prairies vast
Her eye in its searchings had blindly passed;

And then into retrospect, one by one,
Came duties neglected and work undone;
The voice of Conscience seemed close by her side,
"Your dollar for missions you must divide,"
And many another, by impulse stirred,
Sprang up at the sound of the whispered word,
And dollars divided went o'er the sea
And out through our country so broad and free.

But what of their mission? 'Twas half complete,
Though harvests were gathered both rich and sweet,
Yet came not their fulness, and white fields wait
The work of the reapers so grand and great.
And back o'er the ocean this message came,—

Send more for your love of the Saviour's name;
And up from the Southland and prairies vast,—
Send more lest the day of hope be past.

And she who remembered the days of yore—
The mother's fond counsel she knows no more—
Again in the starlight and silence deep
Forgetteth her care in a quiet sleep.
A presence whose coming the child had blest
Brings now in her dreaming a peaceful rest:

The problem whose study seemed all in vain
Grows simple and clear in the resting brain.

"You asked me, my darling, one summer day,
When you had grown weary with childish play,
What sacrifice meant, and now by your side
I come to make plainer the word 'divide';
The promptings of conscience were right and good,
'Twould all have been well had you understood,
She bade you go forth on a mission wide,
And double your dollar,—'twas not divide."

The story is simple, and still I see
The lesson which surely is meant for me,
And I am so thankful that I may hear
The calls for assistance that reach my ear;
I ask of my conscience to guide me right,
The answer makes duty a pathway bright,
While sinners afar from their Saviour roam,
Not less for the Foreign;—as much for Home.

For millions of strangers have reached our shores,
For them in their darkness the heart implores;
The dusky-faced tribes on our Western slopes
Are compassed in faith by our Christian hopes;
Those ransomed from bondage are clearly heard,
"Send us your pity the saving Word;"
And so by this present we must abide,—
'Tis double your dollars, and not divide.

MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT.
Augusta, Me., 1883.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")

CHAPTER LVII.—MRS. HOME'S DREAM.

Still, there was a weight on Charlotte Home's mind. Much had been given to her, so much that she could scarcely believe herself to be the same woman, who a few short months ago had pawned her engagement-ring to buy her little son a pair of shoes. She was now wealthy beyond her wildest dreams; she was wealthy not only in money but in friends. Charlotte Harman was her almost daily companion. Charlotte Harman clung to her with an almost passionate love. Uncle Sandy, too, had made himself, by his cheerfulness, his generosity, his kindliness of nature, a warm place in her affections; and Mr. Harman saw her more than once, and she found that she could love even Mr. Harman. Then—how well, how beautiful her children looked! How nice it was to see them surrounded by those good things of life which, despite them as some people will, still add charms to those who possess them! Above all, how happy her dear husband was! Angus Home's face was like the sun itself, during the days which followed Mr. Harman's confession. This sunshine with him had nothing to say to the altered and improved circumstances of his life; but it had a great deal to say to the altered circumstances of his mind. God had most signally, most remarkably heard his prayer; He had given to him the soul for which he pleaded. Through all eternity that suffering, and once so sinful, soul was safe. Mr. Home rejoiced over that redeemed soul as one who finds great spoil. Added love to God filled his grateful heart; his faith in God became more and more, day by day, a mighty power. Thus Charlotte Home was surrounded by as much sunshine as often visits a human being in this mortal life; yet still this unreasonable woman was discontented. The fact was, success had made her bold. She had obtained what her heart had pined for. She wanted another little drop

of bliss to complete her overflowing cup. Charlotte Home was unselfish in her joy. There was a shadow on another's brow. She wanted that shadow to depart; in short, she wanted Hinton and Charlotte to meet; not only to meet, but as quickly as possible to marry. Charlotte's heart was still with this lover whom she had given up, and who seemed to have forsaken her. Mrs. Home saw this, though on the subject of Hinton Charlotte still refused to speak.

She said once, and only once to her friend: "We have parted, we have most absolutely parted. There is no use now looking back on the past; he must never share my disgrace. Yes, my dear and beloved father has repented nobly; but the disgrace remains. He must never share it. He sees the wisdom of this himself, so we will not speak of him, dear Charlotte; I can bear it best so."

This little speech was made with great firmness; but there was a strained look about the lips, and a sorrow about the eyes which Mrs. Home understood very well. She must not speak, but no one could prevent her acting. She resolved to leave no stone unturned to bring these two together again. In doing this she would act for the good of two whom she loved, for Hinton was also very dear to her. She could never forget those nights when he sat by the bed of her almost dying child. She could never forget the prompt interference which saved that child's life. She had learned enough of his character, during those few weeks which they had spent together, to feel sure that no disgrace such as Charlotte feared would influence him to cause her pain. It is true she could not in any measure account for his absence and his silence; but she was quite wise enough and clever enough to believe that both could be satisfactorily accounted for. She could, however, do nothing without seeing Hinton. How could she see him? She had written to his chambers, she had written to his lodgings; from both addresses had the letters been returned. She thought of advertising. She lay awake at night trying to devise some scheme. At last one night she had a dream; so far curious, in that it conducted her to the desired end. She dreamt that Hinton came to Waterloo station, not to remain in London, but to pass through to another part of England. There was nothing more in her dream; nevertheless, she resolved to go to that station on the next day. Her dream had not even pointed to any particular hour. She looked in Bradshaw, saw when a great express from the south was due, and started off on what might truly be called a wild-goose chase.

Nevertheless, instinct, if nothing higher, had guided Charlotte Home; for the first person she saw stepping out of a carriage of this very train was Hinton. She saw Hinton, he also saw her.

"You must come with me," she said, going up to him and laying her hand on his arm. "You must come with me, and at once, for God has sent me to you."

"But I cannot," he answered, "I am catching another train at Euston. I am going on special business to Scotland. It is important, I cannot put it off. I am ever so sorry; but I must jump into a cab at once." He held out his hand as he spoke.

Mrs. Home glanced into his face. His face was changed; it was pale and worn. There was a hard look about both eyes and mouth, which both altered and considerably spoiled his expression.

"I will not keep you if you still wish to go after hearing my story," answered Mrs. Home; "but there will be room for two in youransom. You do not object to my driving with you to Euston?"

Hinton could not say he objected to this, though in his heart he felt both annoyed and surprised.

As they were driving along, Mrs. Home said: "Have you heard anything lately of Mr. Harman?"

To this Hinton replied, "I have not; and, pardon me, Mr. Harman does not interest me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Home, "he interests me very much. He—he told my husband a strange tale—a tale about himself."

"Did he confess his guilt? I know that he is a very sinful man."

"He has been a great sinner, but he has repented. He has confessed that early and terrible sin of his youth. He has not only confessed, but he is taking steps to make full reparation."

"Indeed! then you will come into your rights? Let me congratulate you."

"You knew of his sin? You knew what his sin was, Mr. Hinton?"

"Yes, I knew."
"Charlotte had honored to keep that disgrace from you."
"Ah!"

"She gave you another reason for breaking off her engagement."
"Yes, a weak and futile one. She could not expect me to believe it. I did what she had but done before me. I went to Somerset House and saw that will which has been so greatly abused."

"She never knew that."
"Pardon me, she did."
"I fear I must be rude enough to contradict you. She said most distinctly that you were fully satisfied with the reasons she had given for breaking off the engagement, that perhaps you might never now learn what her father had done."

Hinton looked at his companion in some perplexity.

"But I wrote to her," he said. "I wrote a letter which it seemed to me, any woman who had a spark even of kindness would have answered. In that letter, I told her that I held her to her promise; that I knew all; that even if she did not write to me I would call and try to see her. She never replied to my letter, and when, after waiting for twenty-four hours, I went to the house she absolutely refused to see me."

"She never knew you called," answered Mrs. Home, "and she never got your letter."

"Good heavens! how do you know?"
"I know her too well; but I will ask her directly."

Hinton assented.

After a short pause, Mrs. Home broke out passionately:

"How dare you insinuate doubts of so noble a creature?"
"I could only believe facts."

"Has a letter never gone astray? Has a letter never failed to reach the hands it was meant for? Mr. Hinton, I am ashamed of you."

"If you can prove that she never got it?"

"I know she never got it. She's changed; her heart is half broken. But I will prove it. I will go to her at once. Are you still going to Scotland?"

"I need not go until I hear from you. You have astonished me greatly."

"Then drive to my house. Ah! you do not know our new address; it is—; wait for me there, I will be with you in an hour or so."

CHAPTER LVIII.—JOHN.

Hinton went to Mrs. Home's house. The children were out, Mr. Home was not visible. Anne, now converted into a neat parlour-maid, received him with broad grins of pleasure. She ushered him into the pretty, newly-furnished drawing-room, and asked him to wait for her mistress.

"Missis'll be back afore long," she said, lingering a little to re-adjust the blinds, and half hoping, half suspecting, Hinton to make some surprised and approving remark on the changed circumstances of the Homes' surroundings.

He made none, however; and Anne, with a slight sigh, left him alone. When she did so he rose to his feet and began to pace quickly up and down the room. After a time, half an hour or so, he pulled out his watch. Yes, he had already lost that express to the north. A good piece of business would probably be also lost. But what matter! beyond ascertaining the fact that he had missed his train, he did not give the affair another thought. To tell the truth, his mind was agitated, his heart was full; hope once more peeped upon the horizon of his being. A month ago—for it was quite a month ago now—he had received as sharp and cruel a shock as falls on most men. Fortune, love and trust had all been dashed from the lips which were already so close to the charmed cup that its very flavor was apparent. The cup had never reached the lips of Hinton. Fortune was gone, love was gone; worst of all, yes, hardest of all, trust was gone. The ideal he had worshipped was but an ideal. The Charlotte he had loved was unworthy. She had rejected him, and cruelly. His letter was unanswered. He himself was refused admittance. Then his pride had risen in revolt. If she could so treat him, he would sue no longer. If she could so easily give him up, he would bow to her decision. She was not the Charlotte of

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his love and his dream. But what matter! Other men had come to an ideal and found it but a clay idol. He would recover; he would not let his heart break. He found, however, that he could not stay in London. An uncle of his, his only living near relation, was a solicitor in the south of England. Hinton went to visit his uncle. He received him warmly and kindly. He not only promised him work, but kept his word. Hinton took chambers in a fashionable part of the town, and already was not idle. But he was a changed man. That shattered trust was making his spirit very hard. The cynical part of him was being fostered. Mrs. Home, when she looked into his face, was quite right in saying to herself that his expression had not improved. Now, however, again, as he paced up and down, soft thoughts were visiting him. For what doubts, what blessed doubts had Mrs. Home not insinuated? How irregularly his heart beat; how human he felt once more! Ah! what sound was that? A cab had drawn up at the door. Hinton flew to the window; he saw the soft fawn shade of a lady's dress, he could not see the lady. Of course, it was Mrs. Home returning. What news did she bring? How he longed to fly to meet her! He did not do so, however; his feet felt leaden weighted. He leant against the window, with his back to the door. His heart beat harder and harder; he clenched his hands and said: "There was a quick step running up the stairs, a quick and springing step. The drawing-room door was opened and then shut. He heard the rustle of soft drapery, then a hand was laid on his arm. The touch of that hand made him tremble violently. He turned his head, and—Charlotte Home—but his Charlotte, beautiful and true, stood by his side. Their eyes met.

"John!" she said.
 "My own, my darling!" he answered.
 In an instant they were clasped in each other's arms. That swift glance, which each had given to the other, had told all.
 "John, I never got your letter."
 "No!"
 "John, you doubted me."
 "I did, I confess it; I confess it bitterly. But not now, not after one glance into your eyes."
 "John what did you say in that letter?"
 "That I held you to your sacred promise; that I refused to give you up."
 "But—but—you did not know my true reason. You did not know why—why?"
 "Yes, I knew all. Before I wrote that letter I went to Somerset House. I read your grandfather's will."
 "Ah! did you—did you indeed? Oh! what a dreadful time I have gone through."
 "Yes, but it is over now. Mrs. Home told me how your father had repented. The sin is forgiven. The agony is past. What God forgets don't let us remember. Lottie, cease to think of it. It is at an end, and so are our troubles. I am with you again. Oh! how nearly I had lost you."
 Charlotte's head was now on her lover's shoulder. His arm was round her.
 "Charlotte, I repeat what I said in that letter which never reached you. I refuse to absolve you from your promise. I refuse to give you up. Do you hear? I refuse to give you up."
 "But, John, I am poor now."
 "Poor or rich, you are yourself, and you are mine. Charlotte, do you hear me? If you hear me answer me. Tell me that you are mine."
 "I am yours, John," she said simply, and she raised her lips to kiss him.

CHAPTER LVIII.—BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
 A month after—just one month after, there was a very quiet wedding; a wedding performed in the little church at Kentish Town. The ceremony was thought by the few who witnessed it to be, even for that obscure part, a very poor one. There were no bridesmaids, or white dresses, or, indeed, white favors in any form. The bride wore the plainest gray travelling suit. She was given away by her gray-headed father; Charlotte Home stood close behind her; Mr. Home married the couple, and Uncle Sandy acted as best man. Surely no tamer ending could come to what was once meant to be such a brilliant affair. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom went away for two days, and Mrs. Home went back to Prince's Gate with Mr. Harman, for she had promised Charlotte to take care of her father until her return.

Many changes were contemplated. The grand house in Prince's Gate was to be given up, and the Hinton were to live in that large southern town where Hinton was already obtaining a young barrister's great ambition—briefs. Mr. Harman while he lived, was to find his home with his son and daughter.

Mr. Harman was now a peaceful and happy man, and so improved was his health—so had the state of his mind affected his body, that though he could never hope for cure of his malady, yet Sir George Anderson assured him that with care he might live for a very much longer time than he had believed possible a few months before. Thus death stood back, not altogether thrust aside, but biding its time.

On the morning of Charlotte's wedding-day there arrived a letter from Jasper.
 "So you have told all!" he said to his brother. "Well, be it so. From the time I knew the other trustee was not dead and had reached England, I felt that discovery was at hand. No, thank you; I shall never come back to England. If you can bear poverty and public disgrace, I cannot. I have some savings of my own, and on these I can live during my remaining days. Good-bye—we shall never meet again on earth! I repent, do you say, of my share! Yes, the business turned out badly in the end. What a heap of money those Homes will come in for! Stolen goods don't prosper with a man! So it seems. Well, I shall stay out of England."

Jasper was true to his word. Not one of those who knew him in this tale ever heard of him again.

Yes, the Homes were now very rich; but both Mr. and Mrs. Home were faithful stewards of what was lent them from the Lord. Nor did the Hinton miss what was taken from them. It is surely enough to say of Charlotte and her husband that they were very happy.

But as sin, however repented of, must yet reap its own reward, so in this instance the great house of Harman Brothers ceased to exist. To pay that unfulfilled trust the business had to be sold. It passed into the hands of strangers, and was continued under another name. No one now remembers even its existence.

THE END.

A new and interesting story, entitled "QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM," by Miss L. Bates, will be commenced in the next Weekly Messenger.

A STUDY THAT GROWS UPON ONE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with that boy, he tries me beyond endurance."

"That boy" was out of sight or hearing as his mother made the remark. Aunt Ruth said nothing for a few moments, then, as she saw her niece was waiting for her to speak, she ventured: "If there don't know what to do with him, there should not rest day nor night till she finds out. Phil's a fine boy, and there shouldn't be in the dark as to him. I wish I had such a one!"
 Phil's mother felt the reproof, but, trying to stifle conscience, said: "Well, auntie, what would you do with Phil if he were yours?"
 "Study him; think about him every minute I had to spare. I'd find out what he liked best, and try to like it too, or if it were not a good thing, I'd try to show him something better. Where's the boy gone now, Mary?"
 "I don't know. He raised such a rumpus up-stairs that I was glad to get him out of the house."
 "There was a good deal of noise—I suppose there must be, if the boy is well; but there has a garret!"
 "Yes; it was in the garret. He has an affair he calls a trapeze, and if I'd let him bring boys into the house he'd stay up garret for hours. But I know what boys are—they'd ruin the stair-carpet."
 "Mary, I think there does not know what boys are, when these values a carpet more than the boy."
 Mrs. Dinsmore flushed uneasily: "Why auntie, Phil's not far; probably on his velvet, or—"
 "Pitching pennies on the avenue, as he was when I passed him yesterday."
 "Aunt Ruth! I've forbidden him to

pitch pennies or go with those boys on the avenue."

"And so make it one of the things he'd like to do. I'd give him so many pleasant things to do, and so much better company, that he wouldn't care for pitching pennies. Mary Dinsmore, I mean to tell thee somewhat that thy mother kept from thee—thy father was a gambler."
 "Aunt Ruth!"
 "Yes, and the boy may have the fever in his veins. Now, does thee know what to do with the boy?"

There was no answer; the mother's tears were falling, the mother's heart beating fast with apprehension. After a moment she rose to bring her boy home, but Aunt Ruth stopped her.
 "Don't call the boy till thee knows what to do with him. Thee'll not learn all at once—it's a study. A good beginning would be to start a gymnastium in the garret. Could thee spare twenty dollars if thy boy were ill and needed a doctor, Mary?"
 "Indeed I would, no matter what I did without."
 "Well, then, have bars and ladders put up, and buy dumb-bells; let him have four or five boys, to whom thee knows, to turn and toss, as boys love to do. I wouldn't say anything yet against pitching pennies, but I'd take care he has a little pocket-money, and keeps an account of it. By and by thee might show him the danger ahead."
 The mother's tears were dry; the fancy-work that had been so engrossing, and which the racket up-stairs had disturbed, was laid aside; together the two women mounted to the garret and discussed the outfit, and Mrs. Dinsmore grew rapturous over a grand box of nine-pins she meant to present to the club. Phil heard nothing of the new plans till the next Saturday; but as he was invited to the park by Aunt Ruth, who sat contentedly watching a "beautiful game," and discussed the formation of a "home nine" with him, the boy never noticed that the garret was locked.

"His surprise and delight when invited to visit his old play-place, and his declaration that mother was just 'too jolly for anything,' when he heard of the scheme, repaid the loving women for their trouble. The boys soon trooped in, and now and then were invited to take tea and spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore; for Mary found that studying her own boy had led her to study his friends, and 'Phil's mother' was soon the referee in all matters of dispute among the boys.
 "Thee is learning, and once begun it's a study that grows on one," said Aunt Ruth, as she had her last talk with Phil's mother before leaving.—Sunday School Times.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.
 (From Peloubet's Select Notes)
 January 13.—James 1: 16-27.
 ILLUSTRATIVE.
 I. "Every good gift" (ver. 17.) Mr. Ruskin notes the fact that God has so made the world that the most beautiful forms are the most abundant. So that you can almost determine which lines or curves are most beautiful by finding out which are the universal and plentiful.
 II. "The Father of lights." God, as the author of all our spiritual light, receives a faint illustration from the sun, as the source of natural light. The rays from the sun are of three kinds, differing from one another probably only as to the length of the waves of which they are composed. (1.) Light rays. Nearly all the light we receive comes from the sun. Even the moon's light is but reflected sunlight. Even when we are in the shade, or in the house, where we cannot see the sun, the light we receive is sunlight, dispersed from the particles in the air, reflected from all things around us; even the light of our lamps and gas burners is but sunlight which has been stored up in the earth. So it is that all our spiritual light from whatever sources it seems to come, is really from God. Our white sunlight is really composed of thousands of colors, shades, and tints, which fill the world with beauty. Such variety is in the pure light from God, reflected from our manifold natures, needs and circumstances. (2.) Heat rays. Nearly all the heat comes directly or indirectly from the sun. The fires that warm us and that are the source of power, are from the wood or coal in which the heat

of the sun has been stored. Such is God's love to us. (3.) Chemical rays, which act upon plants, and cause the movements of life. These rays are in a sense the source of life, the instrumentality of life. So God is the source of our spiritual life. Light, love and life all come from the Father of lights.

III. "Hearers and Doers" (ver. 24.) When we see ourselves in a mirror, the image is there only while we are before it. It is not imprinted on the glass. But when we sit before the prepared glass of the photographer our image is fixed upon it, and remains there. The first is the symbol of the action of the truth upon the hearer only, the latter of the action of the truth upon the doer also.

IV. If we strip the leaves from a tree, and keep it bare from all manifestations of its inner life, it will die. So no Christian can live the Christian life, without manifesting his spiritual life in good works.

APPLE "TURNOVERS."—The child is defrauded of its rights who does not know the taste of a "turnover," baked purposely for small consumers. Roll out a pound of crust about the size of a dessert plate, pull it into oval shape. Put two tablespoonsful of rich apple sauce, or else apples in the finest slices that you can cut, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, quite into the centre of the crust, turn it over and pinch the edges closely together. Wet the crust with a little sweet milk and bake brown in the oven.

Question Corner.—No. 1.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was emperor in Rome when Christ was born?
2. Who was king of the Jews at that time?
3. Under what emperor was Christ crucified?
4. Were the Jews then an independent nation?
5. Who was governor in Judea then?
6. Under what Roman general were Jerusalem and its temple finally destroyed?
7. Where were any Christians slain in the siege of the city?

BIBLE STUDIES.

Somebody whose name signifies "One of the Other Side." He was quite a young man when he had a son, whose name means "Division," and he lived several hundred years after this birth. You will find him mentioned in St. Luke's genealogy of our Lord.

Another person of the same name is spoken of in the Bible as the descendant of a kinsman of Moses. He had a wife whose Hebrew appellation was equivalent to "Wild, or Mountain Goat."

I am reminded of a native of Great Britain who distinguished himself by a prize poem while in college; who afterwards became a bishop in the Church of England; who wrote the life of a man who rose from a lowly position to great honor and celebrity; who accepted a foreign missionary see and died in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties before he was fifty years old.

What is the name?
 Who was the son of the first mentioned? how old was his father at the time of his birth, and to what age did he attain?

From whom was the other descended?
 Who was his wife?
 Give the Bible references.
 To what British author and bishop do I allude? Where his father did he write? Where was the scene of his labors?
 How and where did he die? What hymn of his is sung by all Christian bodies?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 23.

- (1.) 2 Kings 4: 1-7. (2.) Judges 7: 16-29. (3.) Esther (4.) Ruth 4: 7. (5.) Judges 9: 7-15. (6.) Exodus 12: 39. (7.) Exodus 31: 29-35. (8.) Gen. 21: 19. (9.) Jonah 4: 6-10. (10.) Exodus 7: 19. (11.) Deut. 3: 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- A. CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—2 Tim. iv. 8.
 1. Cymbal 1 Chr. xvi. 5.
 2. Raveus 1 Kings xvi. 14.
 3. O-mir 2 Kings vii. 26.
 4. W-ages Luke iii. 14.
 5. N-gain Gen. vii. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Sarah L. Rodgers, Mary Jane W. McGill and Lillie A. Greene.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

THE TONQUIN TROUBLE.

The total French loss, in the taking of Sontay, Tonquin, was 320, of which 250 were killed. All the advantages of the victory were likely to be lost owing to Admiral Courbet having to wait for reinforcements. In the present position of affairs the Tonquinese suffer from all sides. The French Government affords no protection against the robbers who pillage and burn the villages, which cannot protect themselves, as they have been disarmed for over twenty-five years. Each expedition into the country reveals on all sides villages robbed and burned, pagodas destroyed and people suffering from the pangs of hunger and terror. If they declare openly for the French they are exterminated by the mandarins imported from Hue; if they are indifferent their property is destroyed and sacked by French reconnoitring parties. Marquis Tseng, the Chinese ambassador, has been staying at Folkestone, England, for a while and was to have gone to Paris to resume negotiations with the French Government this week. He is reported as having said that if the French make the demand for indemnity said to have been in their intention there would be an immediate rupture of diplomatic relations. France has received very satisfactory assurances that Germany has no ulterior designs upon her in connection with the Tonquin matter. The German Government has informed her that no German officers are in the service of China, and explained that a report to the contrary was due to Herr Krupp, the gunmaker, sending a number of artillerymen with the first guns he delivered to the Chinese Government. Further, the German Government warned the Chinese Government that the ironclads now being constructed in Stettin docks will not be allowed to sail from there until it is evident that there will be no war between France and China. A close watch is also kept to prevent two Chinese corvettes just completed at Kiel, Germany, from making a surreptitious departure. The London *Times* believes China wants peace, and will abate some of her first pretensions if France will show a conciliatory spirit. It thinks if France is not satisfied with securing the northern bank of the main navigable branch of the Red River, the anti-foreign party in Pekin would triumph which means danger to all European interests in the country. Therefore, the *Times* considers the powers should mediate collectively, and, if there is any hesitation on the part of any of them, the right of initiative would rest largely with the United States, which is bound by treaty to offer her good offices whenever China requests them.

THE EDWARDS FAMILY, one of the best in West Virginia, is taking measures to press its claims to the ownership of six acres of ground in the heart of New York city, including the site of Trinity Church, the property being valued at six million dollars.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, of Dubuque, Iowa, whose father holds a Government office in Great Britain, has offered, if given the necessary funds, to go to England and "remove" Judge Denman, who sentenced the murderer O'Donnell.

THE WEEK

IT IS REPORTED in London that the King of Ashantee recently killed sixty-eight of ex-King Koffee's children and massacred hundreds of Koffee's adherents.

TWO GERMAN IRONCLADS have been sent to Japan and New Guinea upon a mission of punishment to the natives for recent outrages upon German residents.

TWO DESPERATE BUT UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS at robbery at the point of the pistol were lately made on a passenger train between Perpignan and Narbonne, France.

ANOTHER BRIDGE across the Niagara is talked of, supposed to be in the interest of the Grand Trunk Railway, giving it greatly improved connections with the United States.

DIPHTHERIA is alarmingly prevalent and fatal in Kennebunk, Maine.

THE LATEST STORY of all the strange ones from the South is that a peck of gold and jewels, valued at \$20,000, has been found at the root of a tree in Wilkes county, Georgia. It is said to be part of the treasure lost by the Confederate Cabinet during its flight.

MR. HENRY VILLARD, the railway man celebrated in connection with the promotion of the Northern Pacific, is said to be in poor health.

AN IMPRISONED NIBILIST has sent a harrowing account of suffering to the Nihilist paper, *Will of the People*. He says the dungeons are below the water level and bitterly cold and damp, causing a frightful prevalence of diseases in summer. Men and women are kept within cells all the year round. The officials extort money from prisoners who have it for necessities. Those without money are fed on horse-flesh and confined in the outer cells, where, between their battles with the waters and the rats, they soon perish.

PROMINENT SCOTTISH CITIZENS of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, are combining to bring suit against the Allan Steamship Line for damages for having indirectly caused the death of Mrs. William Henderson. Two months ago Mr. William Henderson bought two full-fare tickets from Glasgow to Pittsburgh, and gave them to his wife and son, who travelled on them to Boston. At Boston the woman was given one full-fare and one half-fare ticket to Pittsburgh although she was entitled to two full-fare tickets. The mistake was discovered on the train, and the woman, having no money, was with her son several times put off trains. In Albany she walked the streets all night. The shock to her system was so great that she died just after reaching home. A criminal as well as a civil action is contemplated against the Allans.

A REPRESENTATIVE of Nicaragua, Central America, has obtained a guarantee of three percent upon ten millions from the Government of San Salvador and is trying to obtain a similar favor from Guatemala, for the purpose of raising money to construct the Nicaragua Canal. This canal, which has long been proposed, and has been a rival of the Panama Canal project, is designed to connect the port of Rivas on the Pacific with Lake Nicaragua, from whence the Atlantic may be reached by way of the San Juan River, flowing from that lake into the Caribbean Sea. It will be a good thing for commerce to have competition in short cuts between the oceans across Central America.

SEALS HAVE MADE a numerous appearance lately in the lower harbor of New York.

MR. CALLAN, an Irish member of the British Parliament, is at Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America, his business being supposed to be negotiating for the introduction of Irish colonization in that country.

MR. TUKE, chairman of the Tuke emigration committee, has published in the London *Times* letters expressing the gratitude of emigrants who had been assisted to America, many of whom are returning their passage money. Of 6,400 assisted in 1883, one-third have gone to Canada and two-thirds to the United States, and Mr. Tuke says:—"From the emigrants themselves, from their employers and from American bishops and priests we have accumulated evidence that they have enjoyed great happiness in helping to swell the ranks of the prosperous, free and intelligent millions of the Irish race in America."

WHEN BARON VON PUTLITZ, a professor in the University of Berlin, committed suicide recently, it was said he did it rather than fight a duel that had been forced upon him by a colleague. Now, however, it is believed the unnatural crime was due to jealousy of his wife, who is already engaged to be married to a diplomat who was Baron Putlitz's most intimate friend.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS in Topeka, Kansas, have elected their candidate for mayor over the candidate of the party favorable to raising a revenue from saloons. Other party issues were absent from the contest, so that it was a fair struggle between prohibition and license.

A MARRIED WOMAN named Vanderhinden, at Leyden, in the Netherlands, is in custody and has confessed to the murder of sixteen persons, nearly all relatives and, it is supposed, including five of her own children. The crimes were committed within the last few years, and the motive was to get the amounts of insurance policies the woman held upon her victims' lives.

A SCHOOL OF THE GERMAN JEWS AT GALATA, a suburb of Constantinople, was lately burned, the flames spreading so rapidly as to cut off the escape of many children. Some were thrown or leaped into blankets held in the street, many being hurt in the descent. Nineteen charred bodies were recovered from the ruins, and thirty persons altogether were missing.

NYIREGYHAZA, Hungary, was unenviably famous within the past year for a trial of Jews charged with slaying a Christian girl by way of sacrifice. Upon trial the charge—which, by the way, was a revival of an invention made by the false accusers of the early Christians—was found to be baseless and the case was dismissed. An appeal was taken by the Jew-haters to a higher court, which has just rendered judgment dismissing the appeal.

WORKINGMEN in the United States and Canada are agitating for restrictions upon the importation of labor under contracts from abroad. They are simply seeking to have the theory of protection applied directly in their behalf, having found that the fine promises of what it would do for them in protecting the manufactures were delusive.

A THOUSAND EMPLOYEES are thrown out of work by the closing of the Vulcan Steel Works in St. Louis, Missouri, which, it is believed, will not resume operations for several months.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, of Russia, attempted recently to escape from his exile in Turkestan, by flight into India on a horse-back, but he was overtaken and brought back.

MR. BRADLAUGH, member several times elected for Northampton in the British Parliament, declares he will forcibly take possession of his seat in the House of Commons next session. He was kept out two or three years ago because he did not want to take the oath, the solemnities of which, he said, had no meaning to him. Upon every subsequent opening of Parliament he offered to be sworn, but the House refused to let him take the oath because he spoke so disrespectfully of it.

A CONGRESS OF SOCIALIST LABOR ORGANIZATIONS has been held in Baltimore. These people seem to imagine that any change that strikes their fancy would be a reform worth fighting for. At this convocation they demanded the abolition of the offices of president and vice-president of the United States, and the substitution thereof of a federal council. Among other demands they made was the submission to popular vote of any law that might be demanded by a given number of applicants. In a discussion of the views of the notorious German Socialist, Herr Most, the congress generally denounced his sweeping doctrines and declared that a more conservative cause would be more effective.

MOUNT AUGUSTINE in Alaska was last October the site of terrific volcanic disturbances. Immense volumes of smoke and flame burst from its summit, obscuring the sky, and in a few hours great quantities of pumice dust began to fall. Ashes fell to a depth of five inches, making the day so dark that lamps had to be lit. At night the surrounding country was illuminated by the flames from the crater. After the subsidence of the disturbances it was found that the mountain had split in two from the base to the summit, and that the northern slope had fallen to the level of the surrounding cliffs. A new island showed above the waters seventy-five feet high and a mile and a half long. During the disturbances an earthquake wave thirty feet in height came rushing in over the settlement, sweeping away all the boats and flooding the houses. Had the tide not been low at the moment the settlement would have been destroyed. Two dormant volcanoes in the peninsula of Alaska were wakened into activity.

ALARM HAS BEEN raised at the destruction of the forests on the Adirondack Mountains by the Canal Boat Owners, and Commercial Association, comprising six hundred members. It had been long observed that the clearing of the Adirondack forests lessened the supply of water, and the Association was informed by a member that unless the process was checked, the State would have to spend millions to build reservoirs to supply the canals with water. It was resolved to memorialize the Legislature to put a stop to the destruction of the forests.

SOUTH AMERICA can, it seems, produce better revolutions than those of the sword. The Government of the Argentine Republic is about to issue four million dollars to advance public instruction in the provinces and for building three hundred schools.

A. D. SMITH & Co., Providence, Rhode Island, running 87,000 spindles and employing 1,000 to 1,200 persons, have failed, with liabilities of \$1,700,000 and comparatively small assets.

A HEAVY FIRE in St. Louis, Missouri, on Christmas Eve destroyed four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

THE DECREE CONCERNING AMERICAN PORK has been published in France. It admits, until January 20th only, fully cured, wholesome and well-preserved meats, upon being pronounced satisfactory in every way by an expert.

THE BISHOP OF HURON, Episcopal Church of Canada, has offered the first preferment falling vacant in his diocese to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, as an evidence of sympathy with him in his suspension from the curacy of Kingston Cathedral, in the bishopric of Ontario, for having identified himself with the work of the Salvation Army.

AN ORANGE PROCESSION at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on Wednesday of last week, was attacked by Roman Catholics, who were armed with sealing shot guns. According to Orange accounts the attacking mob fired without warning, and five men fell dead, including two of the assailants who had got mixed with the procession, and five fell mortally wounded, and over a dozen were hurt more or less seriously. On the part of the Catholics it is said they did not intend to use anything but sticks until the head policeman shot down one of their number, when they fired a volley from the sealing guns, with the result stated and putting the processionists to rout. A large number of persons have been arrested, and the lamentable occurrence has naturally caused much excitement on the island. Large numbers of Orangemen attended the funeral of their slain comrades, dressed in the Society's regalia. It will take years to heal the terrible breach made between citizens of that one country by the intolerant and murderous attempt of the Irish Romanists to prevent others from enjoying the freedom they and their fellow-religionists throughout the world are the most forward in claiming for themselves.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTES has rejected a bill of credit for fifty million francs to colonize Algeria, by a vote of 249 to 211. France is evidently becoming aroused to the fact that its Government has been spreading itself too much over the globe.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Finance Minister of Canada under the Liberal Administration, who has been out of public life since the general election, has been elected to fill a vacancy made for him in the seat for South Huron in the House of Commons. Being the ablest political economist and champion of free trade principles on his side, if not on any side, in Canada, his return to Parliament, while many of the promises of the protection gospel are failing, is important and significant.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT is taking over the railways of the Empire, and it offered certain terms for the purchase of the Berlin and Hamburg Railway. The Company owning the line refused, whereupon it is announced that the Minister of Railways will sequester the property. That is how they do things in Germany.

QUEEN VICTORIA has been buying more Irish poplins with a view to promoting that industry in Ireland.

PATRICK MURPHY killed a fellow-patient named F. X. Thounin, in the Beauport lunatic asylum, Quebec, on December 28th by beating him on the head with a small tub.

A LARGE FORCE of English and Indian troops was sent lately from Bombay to suppress a revolt of Thakvora against the Maharajah of Bikaner. It is believed the expedition proved successful, as at last accounts the troops were returning.

MUCH INDIGNATION is reported in London, England, over information that the graves of English troopers in Egypt have been desecrated.

THREE OFFICIALS of the military police were murdered lately in St. Petersburg, Russia, by the Nihilists.

THE CANADIAN LABOR CONGRESS, lately in session in Toronto, condemned assisted immigration and Chinese immigration, recommended nine hours as a day's work, urged the Dominion Government to pass a factory act next session to be applicable to tenements where manufacturing is carried on, also an act for the protection of life and property on inland waters, decided to petition Parliament for manhood suffrage, and denounced land monopoly by corporations and individual speculators.

JOHN MCCARTHY SCULLY, a prominent Fenian, died suddenly in New York a few days ago, from heart disease induced by severe literary labors in behalf of the Irish Nationalist cause.

WALLACE ROSS, the oarsman, has gone to England to row an oarsman named Bubar in March.

A BERLIN DESPATCH says that the Pope repeatedly tried to draw out the Crown Prince of Germany upon Church matters, but the Prince strictly kept his own counsel until the close of the interview. There are evidences, however, of a more conciliatory policy toward the Romish Church in Germany. Herr Von Gossler, Prussian Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, has sent the Bishop of Kulm 119 dispensations for priests in the diocese of Breslau, who had hitherto been debarred by the May laws from exercising their functions.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED CASES of measles, with sixteen deaths last week, are reported from Baltimore, Maryland.

MIDDLEBURY, Vermont, has had its business part swept away by an incendiary fire. Loss \$20,000.

A MAJORITY of leading coal companies in the United States have agreed to cut down production one-half from January 1st to April 1st.

A PROPOSED NATIONALIST MEETING at Cootehill, county Cavan, Ireland, which Orangemen were arranging to attend in multitudes, has been prohibited by Earl Spencer, the Viceroy of Ireland. Three batonies in the county Tyrone, where Nationalist meetings are announced, have been proclaimed under the Peace Preservation Act.

GRANT SILCOX was murdered in his store at Middlemiss, Ontario, the other night, by a robber, who, after robbing him at the point of a pistol, broke his skull with a counter weight, causing death in a few hours. Two men were arrested, one of whom was identified by Silcox's twelve-year old son, who was with his father when the crimes were committed.

ALEXANDER BROGDEN, an English ironmaster, has failed with liabilities of four million dollars, and Henry Brogden, an iron merchant, has followed with liabilities nearly as great.

LAUGHING GAS.

LIVING without work does not make a gentleman. It is just as liable to make a loafer.

BUFFALO has a dumb alderman. He cannot debate, and therefore has to content himself with making motions.

I SAY, Brown, that dog walking on three legs must be good at mathematics. "How so?" "Why, just see how naturally he puts down three and carries one."

A NOTICE of a certain lecturer states that "he always carries his audiences with him." We thought, when we heard him, he'd have to if he wanted to have any.—*Boston Post.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE has worked well in Colorado. The red trimming on the women's bonnets nicely match the vivid color of the politicians' noses.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A PERT LITTLE GIRL in Troy boasted to one of her young friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives a street car."—*Troy Times.*

WHAT IS the worst thing about riches? "asked a Sunday school teacher. "That they take unto themselves wings and fly away," promptly replied the boy at the foot of the class.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

ETTA had a student lamp—" 'Twas full of kerosene— She knocked it off the table, And—it didn't burst.

A FRENCH PAINTER has a comical little servant. The other day madam scolded her for being away all day. "Madam does not know," replied the ingenious soubrette, "that monsieur ordered me to go to the salon and remain all day." "What for?" "To be a crowd in front of his picture."

BECAUSE there were guests at dinner little Lucy had been told not to ask for anything. In serving a certain dish she was overlooked. A few minutes after her mother asked the maid to bring her a plate. "Will you have mine, mother, dear?" said Lucy. "It is quite clean."

SENATOR VANCE tells a story of a white man tried in North Carolina for stealing chickens from a Negro before a jury composed of seven whites and five blacks. A Negro was made foreman, and when the jury came in answered the clerk: "Have you agreed upon a verdict?" "Yes, sah," "What is it?" "De jury am gone Democratic, sah, and de prisoner am not guilty."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AN INLET, NOT AN OUTLET.

In whatever sense the Sunday-school is a child of the church, nothing is more certain than that multitudes of children do not go from one to the other. There is supposed to be an excuse for this in the case of the young children; but we have known the oldest scholars as readily steer clear of it as the youngest. Indeed, it is a common thing to see an entire school pouring out of church or chapel at the time the bell is tolling for the morning or evening service. Unhappily, too, the number of those who are leaving church is often twice or thrice the number of those who are entering it. Perhaps this is the way to make church goers; but we doubt whether persons will ever attend any service with regularity which they do not attend in childhood. Is not this the inevitable formation of a habit which, in older years, leads away from the church and makes its service irksome? Aside from this, too, it is a serious question whether all that is gained in the Sunday-school can make up for what is missed in the worship and associations of the home of God. The teaching or preaching is but a part. There is the whole matter of reverence and worship, in which the Sunday-school is often seriously lacking, and which certainly plays a most essential part in the formation of character. There can be no doubt whatever that this is a question which all parents who have at heart the best interests of their children should carefully look into.—*Ez.*

SUCCESS.—WHAT IS IT?

To how many lads is the present millionaire, who began life as a barefoot boy, held up as a type of all that is excellent! Some sturdy qualities he had, no doubt, such as pluck, self denial and perseverance, but a man may have accumulated a vast fortune and still be an amazing failure.

Talking some time ago with an acquaintance, we were surprised to hear him say, "I intend to bring my boys up to make money as their grand object." Many men may have the same thing in view, though few state it so frankly. Money is not to be despised nor scorned, nor condemned as a something in itself sinful. Neither is it a wholly ignoble aim, which leads a man to try accumulate it,—for wealth is power. But for one father who trains his little son to right giving and right spending, there are ten who train theirs in the way of saving,—which is right too, only it is not the one and only right thing. Every mother who presents her child with a tiny savings bank for his pennies and bits of silver, should at the same time give him a little box in which to drop his mites for the Lord's treasury. The truest success carries with it an ideal of beneficence, of kind planning and generous acting.

No poor boy need be ashamed of determining to become rich, if he resolves first to be God's servant. In that case, he will wait with patience till honest earnings win their slow but honorable gains. He will not be tempted to take a short cut to fortune, by indulging in questionable or doubtful speculations. On the other hand, he will avoid a frugality that is penny-wise and pound-foolish. The wise youth, anxious to succeed and having to make his own way, will not neglect to supply himself with good books. In these days good reading costs little, except concentration and desire. He will not be a spend-thrift of anything,—least of all, of health. He will be brave enough to wear an old hat, or patched shoes if need be, not deeming himself a hero in consequence. In the distance ever growing nearer, he will see the prizes of dignity and true manhood.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

You say you do not believe in foreign missions. Then there are certain other things which you cannot believe.

1. You cannot believe that God so loved the world that he sent his Son to save it, or that it is his wish that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance. You deny God's universal love.
2. You cannot believe that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. You deny its efficiency.
3. You cannot believe that he was the Son of God, or has any claim upon your obedience, who said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." You deny his authority.

Unless you find in the Gospel something which makes it worthy of being preached to all men, you have not found in it that which makes it of any worth to you; you have missed its meaning; you do not know its power. The root of unbelief in foreign missions is want of faith in the Gospel.—*Missionary Herald.*

DILIGENCE in learning is all very well; but unless the learner intends to put what he learns to practical use, his learning will not amount to much. The Bible tells of those who are always learning, and yet are never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; and even that knowledge which they reach after, if it were attained, should be counted only a means to an end—the end being a faithful and willing doing of the will of God, as disclosed in, and as stimulated by that truth. The blessings promised by Christ and his apostles are not for those who know, but for those who do; and right knowledge is of no value, in the moral and spiritual sphere, unless it bears its fruit in right doing.—*Ez.*

MR. GLADSTONE, the British Premier, was seventy-four years of age on Saturday last.

A REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION is shortly to be proposed by the Government of France.

A DAY HE WILL NEVER FORGET.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

It was not a very long time ago,—about four years, perhaps. But it seems quite a while back in the past to Mark Britton. He has changed considerably and learned much in four years; and whenever he sees a boy like one of his former school-fellows, Seth Denslow, he is apt to wonder a good deal that he could ever have admired any such companion. Several of the boys in the village, however, took a fancy to Seth when he first came among them, and Mark followed their example. They used to think that Seth was a very knowing fellow. He had lived in a large city, and—according to his own account—had also sailed the seas over with his father, who was captain of a ship. He was the largest boy in school, wore his hat carelessly on one side of his head, and smoked a pipe. Whenever Mark is reminded of him he recalls the day he will never forget.

The acquaintance between them began on one of those nights around the bonfire. Mark had sucked his lessons for that one evening to join the group; and when the fire had fallen to coals and the boys separated he went off with Seth, and three or four of his special cronies, to a mysterious hiding-place they promised to show him.

"I don't shut myself up in the house every night to get my lessons, not while I know myself," said Seth. "There's more fun out-doors."

"Of course there is," agreed one of the cronies, named Jim Turner. "Mark is foolish to stick in the house every night the way Horace Trescott does."

"So I say," put in another of Seth's followers. "But we'll show Mark a thing or two, I reckon."

Mark said nothing. He felt a little uneasy about slighting his usual study-hours, for he feared he would be in the lurch the next morning with his lessons. Horace Trescott and he were the first scholars in the school; and he knew that Horace was at home studying. But he wanted to see what kind of a place the boys had hidden away in the bushes, and he was a trifle flattered besides by the notice a big boy like Seth deigned to take of him. So he went on with him and the others until they reached a grove of stunted pines in the rear of the school-house. They blindfolded him then, led him among some bushes, and finally dropped him into a hole. When the handkerchief was removed he discovered that he was in a cave which they had dug.

"Here's where we fellows come when we want to be jolly," said Seth, lighting a tallow candle stuck into a bottle, and setting it on a barrel head in the cave.

"There are only five of us in the band, and Seth's chief," Jim Turner explained. If you want to join us, Mark, now's your time."

They had some cigars hidden away in a box which Seth commanded should be instantly produced; and when they were brought forth he handed one to Mark.

"Go ahead and light up," he said; "let's be social."

Mark hesitated. He had smoked a little on the sly, but he had always felt ashamed afterwards. Seth, however, would consider him green now if he refused.

If he could only have seen himself at that moment as he saw himself finally! There came a time when Mark would have given a good deal if he had never lighted that cigar. That first night in the cave was the beginning of much that cost him not a little anxiety, disappointment, and disgrace.

The next morning he was in a very poor condition to compete with Horace Trescott in the forenoon's recitations, for he had been deathly sick half the night. Horace, to his own surprise, had the field quite to himself; and as it was approaching the end of the term, and each day's rank was of much consequence he was considerably plesed. But Mark concluded that the loss of one day would not amount to much, nor even two days; he could make them up in time to outrank Horace as he had done before. In the evening he stole away again to the cave, to meet "the fellows."

What happened that night it is best, perhaps, not to relate. Mark does not enjoy telling about it, although he is always reminded of it when he happens to pass a certain apple orchard, a mile or more from the village, which is owned by an old gentleman who raises fruit. Seth and the other

boys had been there stealthily several times; but he had never been there before. They kept the apples in an old flour barrel at the back of the cave, and whenever the barrel became empty Seth usually planned to have it filled the first dark night. It was only one of the little frolics that the "band" indulged in under Seth's leadership; as one night after another passed Mark was initiated into several more. Indeed, at the end of a month, he had somehow become quite another boy. He had grown indolent, and lost his place in the school; he had fallen into the habit of swaggering a trifle, and pretending that he was a good deal wiser than he was; and he spent much time over trashy stories of miraculous adventures, such as he and the others frequently read together at night in the cave.

"If I were you, Mark," Horace Trescott said to him one day, "I'd steer clear of Seth Denslow and the other fellows you go with."

"Nonsense!" Mark answered. "I'm not going to be goody-goody. That's played out."

It turned out before long, however, that Mark thought of Horace's suggestion very seriously. One night during vacation Seth summoned his followers to the cave at an early hour, and made known to them a project he had on hand of a bold and daring adventure.

"It won't do for us all to go together," he said. "We must divide into couples, take different routes, and all meet about eleven o'clock behind Guttenberg's barn. We'll draw lots to see who shall go together."

It fell to Mark to accompany Jim Turner. "We'll go over through the woods, and row across the pond," Jim said to him, as soon as the others had started off. "It's the longest way there, but no one will see us."

"All right," Mark replied. "Let's hurry up."

The distance through the wood to Great Pond was half a mile, and across the pond to their destination as much farther. Both ran in a jog-trot sort of a gait until they reached the pond. But here they were obliged to spend a long while hunting for a boat, which Jim had supposed he could find immediately. Then, when they had discovered the boat, and got fairly under way, Mark clumsily let go one of the oars, and lost it in the dark. This delayed them again; and when they hastened up to the barn, they found that the boys had not waited for them.

"It's just my luck!" said Jim, sullenly. "I would have got here quicker if I had come alone."

Mark wished he had, for he began to realize that what they were about to do was mean and contemptible.

Jim gave a low whistle, and shortly some one answered him. "Come on," he said to Mark. "It's all safe; the fellows are over there."

Mark had decided to back out; he felt that the whole affair was beneath him; as he had in regard to the visit to the old gentleman's orchard. So he stood still until Jim had stolen out of sight.

Three or four minutes may have passed. Then he saw Jim rush out from one of the arbores followed by two men, and in another instant they had captured him.

"Ha! Vell, vell, so we have got anudder of you vellers, have we?" said Mr. Guttenberg in his best German English. "Ein, zwei, drei, four, five caught, and there's anudder stillsomewheres hiding. I see him mit mine own eyes come mit you."

Mark had dropped flat on the ground, and he felt his heart thumping his ribs rather violently. The only thing that could save him from discovery was the tall grass around him. The old German's hired man came out to the barn and looked about here and there some moments. Once he was within a few yards of where Mark lay; but he went back finally. It was a narrow escape. Mark realized as he skulked off. Every one of the boys had been caught except himself.

He crawled under a fence, and ran along the road toward the village, as fast as his legs would carry him; but it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Mr. Guttenberg either knew or would find out his name. Perhaps the boys would tell him; they would do one mean thing and they might do another. At any rate, it was not safe to go home, for Mr. Guttenberg was a severe

man and might come after him in the morning.

The rest of that night and all the next day are fractions of his existence that Mark does not care to experience again. He hid in the woods, and lurked about from one place to another afraid of his own shadow. Early in the morning he saw Mr. Guttenberg and his man carry the boys to the village in a farm wagon. After that the time between sunrise and sunset seemed a month. He became hungry and faint; but he did not dare to go home, or let any one see him. At last,—when it had begun to grow dark,—he ventured into the garden at home, dug a turnip to eat, and then climbed up over a shed into his room.

A door that opened into his little brother's room stood ajar, and he heard his mother and brother Rob talking in a low tone. She was putting Rob to bed, probably,—she always put Rob to bed, just as she used to put him to bed when he was a little fellow like Rob. He listened. They were talking about him.

"Why, Mark smokes all he wants to," said Rob in a pleading voice. "I don't see why I can't. I never did it until he did."

"Mark smokes!" The words were spoken very low and gentle, but there was a great deal of anguish in the tone.

"Yes, he smokes and stays away from school a good deal more than I do."

"O, Rob: Are my boys untrue to me?"

He heard her sob, and then Rob spoke indistinctly in a trembling voice. She was such a tender, loving mother; she had always trusted him so much! He and Rob were all she had.

For a moment or two he stood in the dark, dumb and hesitating. The close air in the room seemed to be stifling him. He rushed back to the window, and scrambled down into the garden again. He was ashamed and humiliated and wanted to get out of the way somewhere. God forgive him! he really had never meant to deceive her, or to set a bad example for Rob. Yet he had,—he had even given him some of those apples to eat, and told him slyly where they came from!

Seizing a pillow case from the washed linen that had been hung out to dry, he hurried away. The was one thing he could do,—carry back to the orchard all the apples that were left in the cave.

And that is what he did. He filled the pillow case and lugged the load on his back across the fields and through the woods a roundabout distance, until he finally dumped the apples in a pile under one of the trees from which they had been taken. It took him a long time to accomplish this undertaking, he had to rest so often; and he was so weak and tired that he could hardly get back home afterwards.

He fell down on his knees at his bedside at last, exhausted and worn out. There room was now lit with the quivering light of the moon, just rising, and as he looked around it,—all the little comforts that had been provided for him by her,—his glance rested on his mother's picture over the mantel piece. What a heartless wretch he was, he thought, to cause her pain. God helping him, he prayed as he wept, he would, henceforth, try to be what she had believed him to be! It had been a terrible day,—a day he would never forget.—S. S. Times.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Wycliffe died in 1384. Just about a hundred years afterwards William Tyndale was born. He it was who gave to his nation the priceless treasure of which it had been so long in need.

It seems that when he was a very young man, a student at Oxford, he made up his mind first to translate the Bible into English, then to print it and supply it to his countrymen. This became his one idea, his ruling purpose, and he carried it out, although he had to give his own life as a forfeit.

After studying at Oxford and at Cambridge he became tutor in the house of a wealthy gentleman who lived near Bristol. Here he went on with the work of translation which he had already begun, and here he had so many disputes concerning the Scriptures with the abbots and deans and others who were accustomed to visit his employer, that they at length ceased coming. They

preferred, it is said, "the loss of Squire Welch's good cheer to the sour sauce of Master Tyndale's company."

After a time, "Master Tyndale," fearing to get his kind patron into trouble, went off to London. He hoped to have help in his work from the bishop of that great city, whom he had reason to suppose favorable to his plan. He was disappointed in this, however, and after remaining some time in London he began to fear that it would be unsafe for him to stay any longer in England, lest his translating should be interrupted. So he borrowed ten pounds of a friend and sailed for Hamburg, where he was able to finish, or nearly finish, his translation of the New Testament.

After that he went to Cologne, where there were celebrated printing-presses, and where he expected to get his book printed. Again he was disappointed, for John Cochlens, a famous enemy of the truth, followed him to that city, found out where the printing was going on, and probably would have got possession of the Testament had not Tyndale fled with it to Worms. Here he was successful in printing two editions. These were secretly carried into England by merchants, who hid them in their bales and packages of goods. That was a sort of smuggling for which they have been honored ever since.

The books made a great stir in England. They were eagerly bought and read by the people, and as eagerly fought against by the abbots and bishops, who soon discovered their existence. The bishop of London sent a merchant named Peckington to buy up all that remained in Tyndale's possession saying:

"Gentle Master Peckington do your diligence and get them, and I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you: for the books are naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all, and to burn them at Paul's cross."

Tyndale, although he knew what they were wanted for, willingly sold them, for he said:

"I shall gette monye of him for these bookes to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world shall cry out at the burning of God's Worde, and the overplus of the monye that shall remain to me shall make me more studious, to correct againe, and newly to imprint the same."

This he accordingly did, and printed not only "the same" but also the five books of Moses and some of his own writings beside, indeed, he went on issuing edition after edition of the New Testament, and afterwards of a larger part of the Bible, with a perseverance that was most remarkable.

The King of England, Henry the Eighth, was persuaded to issue a decree commanding that all of Tyndale's books should be burned, and from that time Bible burning became the order of the day, in a land from which Bibles are now sent out all over the earth.

From burning the books the priests and prelates proceeded to the burning of some of those who loved them, and after a while it was thought necessary to secure Tyndale himself.

"If we can only destroy him," his enemies reasoned, "we will stop the publication of these dreadful books which make the people think that they know more than we, their old masters and teachers."

The priests reasoned wrongly. They could take the life of the man whom they hated, but they could not destroy the effect of his work. The Bible had found a home in the hearts of the people, and they would not let it be taken from them.

After several vain attempts to imprison Tyndale, he was at length secured by treachery. A man named Phillips, who was entirely without principle, was sent by the English Government to Antwerp, where Tyndale was then living. He pretended to be very friendly to the Reformer, boarded in the same house with him, talked with him, ate with him, and at length when his plans were all laid, first borrowed a sum of money from him, then accepted an invitation to dinner, and, on the way to the place where they were to dine, had him arrested by men who were in waiting.

Tyndale lingered for a time in prison, but in the year 1536 he was burned at the stake for the crime of having translated and printed the Bible.

His dying prayer was: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

QUEE

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QUEER CONVEYANCES.

Our little ones in the country may have smiled to see a chicken mounted on the old hen's back while she sat sunning herself in the yard. Perhaps the young thing with few feathers sang a soft "Cree-cree," to tell that he enjoyed his position. At night he would better like to be brooded under the mother wings.

When Biddy got upon her feet and went marching on, off tumbled chick. Now he must use his own legs or be left behind. Those bits of legs may well be weary sometimes with long journeys about the farm.

One or two species of birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs.

Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of large and stronger ones. They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out, and they would drop in the water and drown.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, these little birds assemble, to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railway station.

With the first cold blast the cranes arrive, flock after flock. They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry, as of warning or calling. It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start.

The small birds understand it so. They get excited. They hasten aboard, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats. If the passengers are too many, some will have to flit back to the hedges till the next train. How they chatter good-byes,—those who go and those who stay.

No tickets have they, but all the same they are conveyed safely. Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms.

The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese travelling together in cars or steamships. Their journey takes them through the air, high above the wide sweep of waters. They are close companions on the way.

By and by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing sweetly, as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time.

Indeed, God cares for the sparrows.—Our Little Ones.

Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.



CHIMNEYS: THEIR HISTORY.

Chimneys seem so natural to us that we forget that there was a time when they were unknown. They were invented about the same time with clocks and watches. No house in ancient Rome or Athens had them. The Greeks and Romans heated their rooms with hot coals in a dish, or by flues underneath the floor. The smoke passed out by the doors and windows. You could always tell when a Roman was about to give a dinner party by the clouds of smoke that came out of the kitchen windows. It must have been very unpleasant for the cooks, who had to do their work in the midst of it.

The tall chimneys that rise over the tops of the houses in New York and Brooklyn, pouring out their clouds of smoke, would have seemed miracles to our ancestors a few centuries ago. Even the pipe of a steamer or the chimney of a kerosene lamp they would have thought wonderful. In England, in the time of the Conqueror (1066), the fire was built on a clay floor or in a hole or pit in the largest room of the house. The smoke passed through an opening in the roof. At night a cover was placed over the coals. Everybody was by law obliged to cover up his fire when the bell rang at a certain hour. In French this was *couvre-feu*, and hence the word "curfew" bell.

Chimneys began to be used generally in England in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. No one knows who invented them, or when they first came into use. We find them first in Italy. In Venice they seem to have been not uncommon as early as 1347. In 1368 they had long been in use at Padua. They were at first built very wide and large, so that they could be easily cleaned. The wide chimney-pieces of some of our older houses are very curious.

But as time passed on chimneys were made taller, narrow, and often crooked. When they had to be cleaned it was customary to send boys up into them to

remove the soot and ashes. It was then that the saddest stories were told of the little sweeps who were forced to climb up the narrow flues, and come down torn, bleeding, and covered with soot. These poor creatures, who were often not more than seven or eight years old, were sometimes suffocated in the foul chimneys they attempted to clean. When they reached the top they were expected to look out and give a loud shout. No boy would ever become a chimney-sweep from choice, and they were often driven to climb the chimneys by the fear of a whipping. The cruelty of the master-sweeps was fearful.

The little chimney-sweeper has passed away. His place is taken by a patent broom and a colored operator. Chimneys are built two and three hundred feet high. In Birmingham, England, one fell down recently on a large factory, killing and wounding thirty or forty workmen and others. The tallest chimney in New York is that of the Steam-heating Company.

The chimney is one of the most useful of inventions. We can not well understand how the Greeks and Romans did without it. But with us it is everywhere. Our lamps would never burn without a chimney; our steam-boats and engines would be helpless without it; our factories are moved by it; it warms our houses, and gives employment to thousands of people.

In the days before chimneys were invented men lived in clouds of smoke. The walls of

the finest palaces in ancient Rome were soon covered with soot and filth. It was impossible to keep them clean. The mosaics and the paintings on the walls soon became discolored. In the castles of England and France it was still worse. Here the huge fire blazed in the centre of the great hall. The smoke covered the roof with black drapery, and the savage knights and squires were forced either to endure the cold, or to live and breathe in an air that was dangerous to sight, health, and life itself.—Harper's Young People.

THE SWEARER REPROVED BY A CHILD.

Some little children were sitting one day on the steps of a door singing, as they often do, some of their favorite hymns. They were suddenly surprised by a half-drunken man, who came up to them, and, uttering an oath, said—

"Does your master teach you nothing but singing those foolish hymns?"

"Yes," said a sharp little fellow, about six years of age; "he tells us it is wicked to swear."

The poor worthless man seemed ashamed of his conduct, and passed on without further remark.

THE RESTORED TEETH.

In the Messenger of Nov. 1st, it will be remembered, were given a number of sacred pictures offered by the Japanese to their gods in gratitude for their deliverance from some evil. One of these pictures with its story was crowded out of that number and we give it now.

This woman and her husband have suffered terribly from tooth-ache. The softest food made them jump with pain. But, thanks to their gods, they have not only recovered, but are so strong in their mouths that they can hold between the teeth, without a pang, a four-pronged anchor of a Japanese junk. Why the husband has painted only his wife with this trial in her mouth we cannot tell.

BE NOT simply good—be good for something.—Thoreau.



THE RESTORED TEETH.

COMMERCIAL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1884.

The New York Board of Trade observed both Monday and Tuesday of this week as a general holiday. We are therefore without our usual grain, flour and provision market.

BUTTER.—Operations have been moderate this last week as was but natural, and in consequence prices are more or less nominal. We quote as follows:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 19c to 36c. State dairies, fair to fine, 20c to 26c; State firkins, fair to best, 18c to 30c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 18c to 26c; Western imitation creamery, 18c to 26c; Western dairy, ordinary to best, 18c to 23c; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 9c to 19c. Rolls, 12c to 21c.

CHEESE.—Buyers and exporters have after a great deal of haggling come up to sellers' prices and this has increased holders' firmness. We quote: State factory skims to select, 5 1/2 to 13 1/2; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 4c to 7 1/2; Ohio flats, ordinary, 5c to 12 1/2c.

HOW LARGE INDUSTRIES are often based on the production of small articles is well illustrated in the manufacture of watch glasses. The number in use is enormous, and a still larger number are broken every year. Near the little village of Sarrebourg, in Lorraine, is the largest manufactory of watch glasses in the world—that of the Trois-Fontaines. Commenced in 1848, by a wise division of labor and the use of the most highly improved machinery, this establishment has achieved a commercial success almost beyond parallel. To manufacture a watch glass requires 35 distinct operations. Yet 520 gross have been turned out of this manufactory in a single day. This is equal to about 25,000,000 per annum. More than 500 employees are required to do this work. It is estimated that two and a half millions are made each year. During the last 50 years more than 70,000,000 have been sold. Probably not less than 86,000,000 or 87,000,000 watches are now in use, and every one must have a glass. But watch glasses are fragile things and nearly 50,000,000 are consumed annually.

TAKE THE LITTLE ONES TO CHURCH.—Our own strong conviction, formed by observation and experience, is that when a child is between three and four years of age he is old enough to be taken regularly to the Sabbath service of the church. The place for him to begin, moreover, is the church rather than the Sabbath school. If you want to train him in a reverent demeanor, the church is the place. Let him begin there; it will be time enough yet in a year or two for him to enter the primary class in the school. To take a little one to church involves some care and patience, to be sure, but it is abundantly worth everything it costs. It can be made a pleasure to the little one, moreover, rather than a hardship. Sometimes, perhaps, a little mild firmness may be necessary, and then it should be exercised. But the habit of church-going ought to be formed at an early age, and it is the parents' duty to see to it that proper habits are formed at proper times.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

MORAL PATIENCE.—The boy was in his place in the Sunday-school class one Sabbath—uneasy, frowsome and inattentive, as usual. The teacher almost lost patience with the little fellow, and thus not only failed to teach him any Christian truth, but as she thinks of it now, showed an impatience which might have made him question her sincere desire to do him good. The next Sunday the boy was in his grave, taken out of life suddenly and without warning. The teacher thinks now, unavailingly, of that lost opportunity, which was lost. She wishes that she had been more patient, more loving, more faithful. Treat your scholars so lovingly and faithfully that if it should be the last holy day either for them or for you, its recollections may be pleasant, and its influence forever blessed.—S. S. World.

THERE'S no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

MINDING MOTHER.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Hurrah, boys! Three more cheers now, for there's his mother looking out!" shouted Harry Green, as they left the school-room, crowding about Charlie Pratt, who was carried on Jim Brown's shoulders.

And yet three days before Charlie was laughed at as a "lady" and "goody," and very few of the boys would speak to him. The reason was this: the boys in Changeley were very fond of bathing in the river which flowed right through the town. Many of the mothers begged them not to go in so often, and at certain times Mr. Graham, the schoolmaster, strictly forbade it; but yet the boys heeded neither mothers nor teacher, and went in, even when the water was so cold that if they had been asked to wash in such water at home they would have shivered at the bare thought!

Charlie Pratt had only lived in the village during the winter and spring. His mother was a poor widow, and he, as her only son, was very precious to her. She told him the first time he asked her if he could "go in" that she wished him to wait till June. Charlie never asked again, and when the boys coaxed him to have a swim he simply said; "I can't; my mother doesn't wish it."

How the boys teased! They didn't believe he knew how to swim—mummy's darling!

Then Mr. Graham made a short speech in school expressly forbidding the boys to bathe, as it was still too cold. "Moreover," he added, "the bed of the river has changed since the spring freshets, and there are now deep holes that will drown some venturesome boy; so I warn you."

But the boys would not be warned. They made up a party that very afternoon of eight or ten to "go in." Though all could swim after a fashion, none were good swimmers, and Charlie, who, though the boys would not believe it, was a good swimmer, thought of the holes and felt they were running a risk.

It happened that he had an errand for his mother which took him close to the boys' bathing-place. He heard loud screams and hurried to the shore. Jim Brown was crying, Harry Green stood wringing his hands, while one boy was swimming still.

"Oh! Joe Daly's sunk twice," cried Harry.

"Where?" asked Charlie, his jacket and shoes off. They pointed to the spot. Charlie sprang from a post, dived, and after a second or two, which seemed an hour to the frightened boys, appeared with Joe. The boy who was still in the water helped Charlie bring poor unconscious Joe to shore. Men had been summoned by that time, and the boy was carried to a store, Charlie meanwhile running home with all his might, that his mother might not hear of his plunge from any one else.

"It was nothing, mother. Luckily I had on my old suit. But Joe had a cramp and might have died. O mother! what fools boys are—what a fool I've been not to mind you always. I'm glad I did this time—only I did hate to have 'em laugh at me."

The next day they paraded Charlie on Jim Brown's shoulders, and from that time he was a hero and a friend with all. The boys began to mind their mothers a little better, and those who before had been ashamed to say, "I won't do it, because my mother doesn't want me to," now spoke out boldly, taught by Charlie Pratt.

If the boys will only listen to their mothers they will be kept from many an evil.

The bravest boy is he who says "No" for mother's sake. One of the richest and most influential men in New York says he owes his success in life to his mother, who gave him wise counsels and made him promise never to touch intoxicating drink. That promise he has always kept.—Youth's Temperance Banner.

BLACK FRUIT CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, all kinds of spice, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one and one-half cups of currants, and one and one-half cups of raisins. Stir very stiff.

PLAIN SAUCE.—One pint of boiling water, one cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, one tablespoonful of flour mixed smoothly with cold water, and stir into the boiling water.

SOME WAYS OF WORKING.

TEACH JESUS.

"Now the disciples had forgotten to take bread." These words caught my attention as I turned the leaves of a new copy of the Bible handed me by my friend the other day.

My first thought was the beautiful simplicity of Bible language. Then I thought, Sunday-school teacher, here is a lesson for you. Every lesson you take to your class, failing to teach Jesus is like this negligence on the part of his disciples. Without bread so aptly called the "Staff of Life," who would not feel the meal was wanting, whatever else might be upon the table!

Jesus is himself the great store-house, to which we may ever have access. He is the "Bread of Life," and his command to us is "Feed my lambs." And he means that we should teach Jesus; simply and plainly Jesus; and no matter whatever else of instruction or interest or beauty we may have to bring before our classes, if we fail to show them Jesus so plainly that they can not help seeing him, we fail in the great essential.

Dear fellow-teacher, don't let one of your scholars go home and say, "Mamma, my teacher didn't tell me anything about Jesus Sunday." Don't let the Master say to you, "That disciple forgot to take bread."—Morning Star.

BE STRONG FOR GOD.

Now, spiritual disease comes as a result of disobedience to spiritual law, disobedience to God, departure from the Master, neglect of duty. A church-member must keep up devotion. Knees are always weak when they never walk. How many of us are invalids! How many of us can say, "I am an exceedingly useless member of the church! I water no roots, tend no vines, reap no harvest." Feeble knees carry the soul at a snail's pace. Useless people are always unhappy. How many need a prescription! Bestir yourself now and do something for others. The great cheer and glory of a revival is that it calls up the reserve. Oh, my dear people, none of us have yet done in a day all that we were capable of doing. We can adopt the old Roman Emperor's confession of too many of our days, "That day was lost!" Some of you this summer have built up bodily health on the wholesome delicious fare of the farm-house and have found it excellent diet. This Book is bread; this Word is milk. Happy is he who appropriates this food.

ROAST BEEF HASH.—Chop some old roast beef with half as much potato, a little fried onion if liked, and moisten with gravy, or with a good piece of butter. This may be served directly it is hot through, or left in the frying-pan until it has become crisp and brown on the under-side then turned out flat on a dish. This hash admits of infinite variety by the addition of a little parboiled celery chopped, or parsley, mushrooms, ham, or a table-spoonful of any cold boiled vegetable, such as carrot, turnip, or cabbage. Care must be taken, however, not to introduce any raw vegetable, even onion, as the hash takes so few minutes to heat through that the vegetable does not get time to cook.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

Jan. 13, 1884.] [James 1:16-27.]

LESSON II.

HEARING AND DOING.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 22, 25.

16. Do not err, my beloved brethren.

17. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father who is in heaven, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

18. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures.

19. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

21. Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

22. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

23. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

24. For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

25. But whose looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

26. If any man among you seem to be religious, and biddeth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.

27. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."—JAMES 1:22.

HOME READINGS.

M. James 1:16-27.....Hearing and Doing.

T. Matt. 7:1-29.....The wise and the unwise hearer.

W. Matt. 13:1-9; 18:23.....A Lesson on Hearing. Th. Ps. 19:1-14....."Making Wise the Simple."

F. Rom. 10:13-21.....Faith and Hearing. S. Ps. 149:1-16....."I Will not Forget thy Word."

S. Ps. 15:1-5.....Practical Piety.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Right Receiving of the Word. 2. Right Living of the Word. 3. Right Living of the Word.

Time.—A. D. 62. Place.—Written from Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The author of the Epistle [from which this and the two following lessons are taken is generally supposed to have been James, who presided over the conference at Jerusalem (see last lesson), and who is called by Paul (Gal. 1:19) "the Lord's brother" and (Gal. 2:9) a pillar of the Church. It is thought that James was probably about A. D. 62, toward the end of his life. It was addressed to Jewish Christians scattered throughout the Roman Empire, as the particular character of the epistle, and the fact that it is called general or "catholic," its object was to rebuke practical errors which prevailed among the believing Jews. The lesson to-day sets forth the nature of true religion. It has its origin in God (vs. 16-18). It requires us (1) to be teachers (vs. 18-21) (2) to be doers of the word (vs. 22-25); (3) to bridle the tongue (v. 26); to be the friend of the fatherless and widow; and (4) to keep ourselves unstained from the world.

LESSON NOTES.

I. V. 16. DO NOT ERR.—Revised Version, "Do not deceive." This caution, as appears from the preceding part of the chapter, is against the idea that God is the author of sin, and that the evils in this world are to be traced to him. V. 17. GOD INSTEAD OF BEING THE SOURCE OF EVIL IS THE AUTHOR OF ALL GOOD.—"Except ye shall give up all that ye have, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." FROM ABOVE.—FROM GOD. THE FATHER OF LIGHTS—THE SOURCE AND FOUNTAIN OF LIGHT. Light is the emblem of knowledge, of purity, and of happiness. (Compare John 1:5), and therefore cannot be the author of sin or the source of evil, which is darkness. NO VARIABleness—no change of purpose.—John 1:5, and therefore cannot be the author of sin or the source of evil, which is darkness. NO VARIABleness—no change of purpose.—John 1:5, and therefore cannot be the author of sin or the source of evil, which is darkness. NO VARIABleness—no change of purpose.—John 1:5, and therefore cannot be the author of sin or the source of evil, which is darkness.

II. V. 22. DECEIVING YOUR OWN SELVES.—The vain thought that hearing is all that is necessary. V. 23. NOT A DOER.—Revised Version, "a non-doer." AS IN A GLASS.—God's word is like a mirror held up before us. For the moment we see our faults, but we turn away and forget them. V. 25. LOOKETH INTO.—literally, stoopeth down to take a close look into. FATHERS OF LIBERTY.—the gospel rule of life, which gives freedom from the slavery of sin. IN HIS DEED—"in his doing." Ps. 19:11.

III. V. 26. SEEM TO BE—"thinketh himself to be." BRIDLETH NOT HIS TONGUE—"as a horse is curbed with a bridle, V. 27. BEFORE GOD—in his sight. VISIT—with help and sympathy. KEEP HIMSELF—with watchfulness. John 15:15; Job. 24. FIGHT THE WORLD.—its vices and corruptions. True piety will lead to doing good, and will make us pure in heart and holy in life.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God's word is the source of spiritual life.
2. That we are to receive it with a meek and teachable disposition, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice.
3. That we are to be doers of the word, and not hearers only.
4. That we are to bridle our tongues and set a guard over our words.
5. That we are to be kind and helpful to those in distress and pure and holy in all our conduct.

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