

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

No. 25.

The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

In the *Weekly Messenger* is given a clear and comprehensive view of the general news of the world, also interesting local happenings and business reviews gathered from all parts of this continent, together with editorial commentary and essays; also markets and a great variety of home reading illustrated with fine engravings. The *Temperance Worker* gives news of all the temperance organizations in the country, and any intelligence of that nature is gladly received; it contains articles upon temperance topics intended to encourage, stimulate and counsel temperance workers, and indicating the attitude of the temperance party toward the outside public and the liquor traffic so far as that can be discerned. The whole paper costs the small sum of half a dollar a year, and to clubs of ten it is given for the smaller sum of forty cents. We confidently solicit the kind aids of those who know the paper's worth in enlarging its constituency and its good influences. Address all orders to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

GRAND LODGE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, in connection with the original Independent Order of Good Templars, met in Halifax on the eighth of June, Mr. Shippy Spurr, G.W.C.T., in the chair. According to the report of the G. W. C. T., the order was not in as flourishing a condition as usual within the jurisdiction. It was decided to request the R. W. Grand Templar to assist in providing a lecturer to labor in the Province during the coming year. Following is the list of officers elected:—G.W.C.T., George Knight, Halifax; G. W. C., E. A. Wilson, Halifax; G.W.V.T., A. Stewart, Grand Pre; G.W.S., G. J. Graydon, Halifax; G. W. Treas., B. D. Rogers, Stellarton; G. W. Chaplain, M. Theakston, Halifax; G.W.M., A. H. Blake-ney, Halifax; G.W.G., Charles McMillan; G.W.S., G. M. Hill; G.W.A.S., J. Avery, Halifax; G. W. D. M., E. R. McPherson, Stellarton; Gen. Supt. Juvenile Templars, Ellen McElvie, Stellarton, P. G. W. C. T., S. Spurr, Annapolis; Representatives to R.W.G.L. of the World, Rev. W. G. Lane and J. Genders, with G. Knight and S. Spurr as alternates. The R.W.G.T., Joseph Malins, of Birmingham, England, installed the officers, he with other leading members of the R.W.G. Lodge being in attendance at the sittings of the Grand Lodge. He also officiated in presenting Mr. R. R. Duncan, of Grand Pre, the honorary Grand Secretary, with a handsome regalia in recognition of his valuable services to the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. Several of the distinguished visitors from abroad delivered addresses at the installation. In an address to the Grand Lodge Mr. Insull, of Middlesex, England, said the District Lodge there was the largest under the Grand Lodge of England, there being in the district more than one hundred and thirty subordinate lodges with an

adult membership of nine thousand. They held their District Lodge session every month in the heart of the city of London, and it was largely attended. There were three thousand children in their Juvenile Temples, and the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, which was doing a grand work, was arranging for a grand Temperance Fete next month in the Crystal Palace, where three choirs, comprising fifteen thousand voices, would sing temperance hymns. He also referred to the Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Mission, saying he had himself been the means of securing twenty thousand pledges in a poor district of London, and one of his converts, a poor woman, had obtained over seven hundred pledges. Mr. Insull is an abstainer of over thirty years' standing, and is connected with a number of temperance and religious organizations. The Grand Lodge closed its session on Monday afternoon, and that evening held a reception in the Province Building, when the representatives of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, the Rev. W. G. Lane, read an address of welcome and presented Mr. Malins, R.W.G.T., with a handsome breast pin of pure Nova Scotia gold in the quartz as taken from Montague Mines. Mr. Malins having suitably replied, addresses of welcome were made on the part of the Provincial Templars by Mr. George Graydon, G.W.S., of the Army; Mr. G. M. Hill, of Colchester county; Mr. B. D. Rogers, G.W.T., of Fictou county; Mr. Broadfield, of the Navy; Mr. S. Spurr, P.G.W.C.T., of Annapolis county; Mr. T. D. G. Scotland, P.G.W.Con., representing the colored members of the Order; Mr. C. J. Wolf, of King's county, and Isaiah Wilson, of Digby county. Replies on behalf of the R.W.G. Lodge were given by Mr. Turnbull, of Scotland; Mrs. Green, of Liverpool; R. W. Supt. of Juvenile Templars; Rev. Burford Hooke, of Wales; Prof. Hastings, of Tennessee; Mr. Oscar Eklund, of Sweden; Mr. T. N. G. Clare, of the Bahamas; Mr. C. A. Stevens, of Boston, and Mr. W. M. Artrell, colored, of Florida. A public meeting was held in the Academy of Music on Sunday, the building being packed and the addresses of delegates to the R. W. G. Lodge of a most interesting character. A number of the city pulpits were occupied by delegates.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE OF THE WORLD.

The biennial, twenty-eighth session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, Independent Order of Good Templars, met in the Masonic Hall, Halifax, on Tuesday morning, June 13th. The following officers were in their places:—R.W.G.T., Joseph Malins, England; R.W.G.C., the Rev. George Gladstone, Scotland; R. W. S., J. T., Mrs. Green, England; R. W. G. S., William W. Turnbull, Scotland; R. W. G. Chaplain, the Rev. D. Burford Hooke, Wales. Vacant offices were temporarily filled. Representatives were present as follows:—

SCOTLAND.—Rev. George Gladstone, Glasgow; Gilbert Archer, Leith; Wm. W. Turnbull, Glasgow.

ENGLAND.—Joseph Malins, Birmingham; Rev. Enoch Franks, Wigan; Rev. H. J.

Boyd, Huddersfield; Samuel Insull, London; Henry J. Osborn and Mrs. Osborn, Bristol; Mrs. Green, Liverpool, and W. James Rae, Reading.

IRELAND.—Charles Green, Liverpool. WALES, (English).—Rev. D. Burford Hooke and Mrs. Hooke, Rhyl.

ISLE OF MAN.—T. Goldsmith, Douglas. SWEDEN.—Oscar Eklund, Stockholm.

MEDITERRANEAN.—Geo. Graydon, Halifax.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Jessie Forsyth, Boston, Mass.

QUEENSTOWN.—Shippy Spurr, Annapolis. CAPE COLONY.—George Hudson, Mass.

INDIA.—Reuben Forknall, Mass., and Major Theakstone, Halifax.

FLORIDA.—W. M. Artrell, Key West (colored).

Bahamas.—T. N. G. Clare, Nassau, N.P. VIRGINIA.—W. S. Wilson, Norfolk (colored).

TENNESSEE.—Prof. W. P. Hastings, Maryville.

NEW JERSEY.—George Phillips, Pennsylvania.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—George Knight, Halifax.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Rev. W. G. Lane and J. Genders, Halifax.

MASSACHUSETTS.—C. A. Stevens, Boston.

After the admission of representatives, the R. W. G. L. degree was conferred on thirty-six candidates. The R. W. G. Templar's report begins thus, "For the first time in the history of our beloved Order our Supreme Court meets in 'New Scotland,' at the invitation of its Grand Lodge—the oldest within the jurisdiction of this Right Worthy Grand Lodge." It then expresses the sentiment that those present will not forget the interests of distant Grand Lodges that could not send representatives. Since last session difficulties had to be met and overcome, and others would be laid before this session. The Order and cause were making gradual and good progress. There are a hundred and thirty thousand adult Templars and seventy thousand juvenile in the United Kingdom, the stronghold of the Order. The Grand Lodge of the Channel Islands had influenced the Jersey Legislature in cutting off thirty drink licenses and enacting Sunday closing in all licensed places except hotels. Even "the little Grand Lodge of the Isle of Man" was doing a good work, and the local Legislature—the "House of Keys"—only failed by one vote in conferring the privilege of local option. Gratifying prosperity marks the Order in Scandinavia, the Grand Lodge of Norway making steady progress and being well represented by an adult and a juvenile Templar's organ, and the Grand Lodge of Sweden making the greatest progress of any in the world during the past year. Its institution was only reported at last session, and already it stands third among the Grand Lodges in point of membership, twenty thousand, and has its official organ. Denmark, with two subordinate Lodges at last report, has had a Grand Lodge since August, 1882, when there were twelve Lodges, which have since doubled. In appreciation of the work done by the Lodge in Kolding, Denmark, the mayor recently, in behalf of the town, presented it with a splendid banner costing three hundred crowns. The Grand Lodge has a little weekly organ called the *Ilfing*, the name of

a river in Finland, which, an ancient fable says, divided the good from the evil. The Grand Lodge of the Mediterranean had been resuscitated. English Lodges existed at several leading German ports. A Lodge had been started in Geneva, thus introducing the Order into Switzerland, a country in which total abstinence is a new and strange doctrine. In Asia fair progress was being made. Medals had been given by the Grand Lodge of India to its soldier adherents who stood by their principles in Afghanistan. A Grand Lodge had been started in Ceylon which has a few naval and military lodges. The Grand Lodges of Natal and Cape Town, Africa, had shown advances, Egypt had been attached to the Mediterranean Grand Lodge, and the Order had been planted in Mauritius. Progress had been made in the West Indies and South America, and the Grand Lodge of the Bahamas rejoiced in local option having been obtained in the colony. Lodges in and near Barbadoes and Trinidad are hoped to be able soon to combine in a Grand Lodge. Sunday closing had been obtained from nine o'clock in the morning in the latter island. British sailors have been chiefly instrumental in promoting the Order in these Southern American regions, and had taken advantage of temporary peace to plant it in Chili and Peru. Good accounts are on the whole able to be given of the Order throughout Australasia and New Zealand. In the latter country a former Premier and a Past Grand Worthy Chief Templar, has been stimulating temperance teaching in the public schools by offering prizes for competition among the pupils.

The following summary of membership is from the R.W.G. Secretary's report.

	Lodges.	Members.
Europe, British Isles	2,617	120,625
"Continent	453	25,405
Africa	34	1,751
Asia	117	3,402
Australia and New Zealand	328	16,853
West Indies	45	1,045
North America	180	7,453
	3,782	196,600

There are thirty-four Grand Lodges at present working under the jurisdiction of the R.W.G. Lodge. To the adult membership has to be added the membership in the juvenile section, which amounts to fully 81,000, making a gross membership of 277,000.

The R.W.G. Treasurer's report showed an income of about four thousand dollars and a balance of assets over liabilities of over two thousand dollars.

Following is the list of officers, elected and appointed, for the ensuing year, who were installed by the Rev. George Gladstone, P.R.W.G.T.:

R.W.G.T.—Joseph Malins, Birmingham (re-elected).

R.W.G.C.—Rev. W. G. Lane, Halifax.

R.W.S.J.T.—Rev. Enoch Franks, Wigan, England.

R.W.G.V.T.—Jessie Forsyth, Boston, Mass.

R.W.G.S.—Wm. W. Turnbull, Glasgow, Scotland (re-elected).

R.W.G. Tr.—Gilbert Archer, Leith, Scotland.

R.W.G. Chap.—Rev. H. J. Boyd, Huddersfield, England.

R.W.G.M.—Oskar Eklund, Stockholm, Sweden.

(Continued on eighth page.)

A CALM MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN HIS COFFIN.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY, IN THE BOSTON CONGREGATIONALIST.

The trains collided. I am a calm man. I confess I was startled; but resigned myself manfully, and was calm. I got a thump on my spine and the lack of my head. I lay beside the railway track amid the dying and the dead. I felt pretty well, quite sensible and rational, was not in pain, but I could not move. Even my tongue refused to stir. My body seemed dead, my mind and spirit were in full life. "Remarkable state," calmly reflected I, "wonder what will come of it!"

What came? A doctor came. He chuckled me under the chin, turned me the other side up and back again, put his ear to my chest, got no response, muttered, "Dead! Fatal blow on the head and spine," and considerably gave his best attention to the living. I am not only a calm man, but a just. I did not blame him, but inwardly remarked, "My situation is disagreeable—very."

I lay with the unclaimed dead a long while; yet not perhaps very long, for I remember that I calmly reasoned even then: "Time naturally moves slowly in such unpleasant circumstances, my friends will inquire for me when the railway disaster is known." They did, and I heard snatches of conversation respecting myself as follows: "John Harkee was on the train?" "What was he West for?" "Dead!" "Telegraph back to family." "Charming young wife. Fine baby boy. Hope he leaves them comfortable. Shocking intelligence for her." "She is young and will soon get over it."

My calmness was tried, but I soothed me by reminding myself that I, who loved my Amy most, should least regret that she would so "soon get over it." Yet I tried hard to rise, to cry out, to do anything, to save her the "shock" of the telegram. Alas, my body was practically dead. I wondered if ever another was in a state so afflictive. I recalled recorded facts of persons brought to just such a state by the Syrian fever, and who revived and lived. I did not quite despair, yet my future to my calmest view looked dark.

Time passed. Voices again said over me, "Telegram from the East. Harkee's remains to be expressed without delay." "No lack of means." "Beautiful corpse. Mercy he was not disfigured. Always was fine looking." "Appears as if asleep; almost as if he were alive and wanted to speak." "Painless death. Wonderfully calm!"

For a moment I was tempted to curse calmness, but an instant's reflection convinced me that the awfulness of my situation demanded absolute self-possession.

Properly enshrouded and encoffined, I was "expressed without delay," and found myself in my own drawing-room, the centre of attraction to a crowd of weeping, admiring friends. Such appreciation was quite flattering to my pride. Only for a moment, however, for I calmly reflected that my warmest admirers in death had least appreciated my virtues in life. Among them were hard debtors, hard creditors, despisers of my adversity, envious of my prosperity; hardest of all, slanderers of my good name in life glorified it in death. The few who had been tender ever, and true, wept so silently that they passed my closed eyes almost unrecognized, save that, being very calm, I knew each by the smothered sob, the whispered name, the tender touch, the mysterious magnetism which reveals to the soul the presence of the loved and true.

"This would be edifying were my situation less precarious, positively disastrous; calmness, however, is the part of wisdom."

Where is Amy? Somehow I looked for her love to rescue me—for power there is in such a woman's love. Could I lie there and let her break her heart in twain for me? Surely I must respond to the power of her voice, her touch.

When all were gone she came. Alone with her dead! Voiceless, tearless, in her great anguish. Clinging to me, prostrate beside me, broken hearted, inconsolable, and I a living man, yet dead to her! It was horrible. I fainted. Yes, I fainted, but did it calmly, knowing when and why I swooned; and when I revived remembered it all. With that memory my last hope of rescue fled, and striving to forget the trifling incidents of a living encoffinement and burial, I solemnly reflected upon my prospects for eternity. The present seemed to me a momentous hour pregnant with eternal

consequences. Wholly conscious was I that my soul was not prepared for its immortality. My past life, virtuous, just, reasonably charitable and quite equal, was to me, in that hour, loathsome. Why had I wasted on trifles the powers of an immortal nature! Why neglected the Word of eternal life! Why failed to test the power of Christ's salvation! Might I even now, acquaint myself with Him and—

Such salutary and appropriate reflections were rudely interrupted by a fashionable undertaker, and his bodyguard of assistants.

The coffin, in which I had begun to feel somewhat at home, was regarded as not good enough for the decay of mortal flesh, and I heard whispered gratulation that this new one cost five hundred dollars, and that as much more money would not pay for the flowers which were to adorn it. "Lovely corpse," briskly observed the undertaker, "money plenty; rare opportunity to make our best display. Funeral at the church, too. Crowds drawn by the railway disaster and Harkee's popularity. Big funeral sermon expected; minister specially happy in his material there, too; such a faultless life! calm, serene as a summer's eve; I could almost preach upon it myself; so unlike my last case, when the minister was positively at his wit's end to get hold of anything to the credit of the departed. He did his best, though, and made him out almost a saint. But Harkee, here, was lovely in his life, and in death he is not divided—that's not exactly the wording of the text, perhaps; the preaching you know, is not my vocation, but my business, as Harkee was lovely out of his coffin, to make him lovely within it; so here's to duty."

And amid subdued laughter I was lifted out of my snug retreat, and re-arranged for the tomb in more elaborate and costly apparel. All this, as before intimated, sadly sundered the thread of my solemn reflections, and by the time I was satisfactorily bestowed, and adjusted in the five hundred casket, I was so fatigued and disgusted that, while endeavoring to recover my habitual equanimity, I fell asleep only to be awakened by fresh devices of the undertaker, preparatory to the private funeral, which I understood was to precede the public. It was the mention of my wife's name that awakened me.

"Mrs. Harkee is hard to manage about the funeral," said the undertaker. "She's not fond of display, would like to be much with her dead—preposterous idea that; deprives our profession of its only opportunity. Great also there is to find one withered rosebud, which I lost out of the first coffin. It seems he put it on her breast the morning he left home, so she wants that and makes nothing of five hundred dollars' worth of hot-house flowers. They couldn't get her off her knees to have her mourning fitted till we appealed to her respect for the dead. She don't care even for his funeral sermon, but told the minister—looking here—says she to her pastor, 'Dear sir, this is an hour for honest words, and alas, neither you nor yet I have interested ourselves to know if his soul, in life, was at peace with God. Summoned in an instant, what dare we say of the future? I would give my soul to know that his is safe; for I love him better than I do myself.'"

"God save her intellect," solemnly put in the florist. "She must be going wild to answer the reverend gentleman in that way. So many tender, sweet things she might have told him to ornament the funeral sermon. The effect of that lily on the pillow is fine; the cheek, by contrast, has almost a life-like glow. Uncommon corpse!"

I tried to be calm in my coffin and prepare to die but such a fuss was there, above, about, around, over and under, beside and beneath me, with mottoes, wreaths, crosses, harps, crosses, anchors, and no end of floral decorations, that I felt my poor soul's chances were so slender as to be scarcely worth considering.

"Sweet mottoes," breathed an amiable lady, Amy's friend, overlooking the work. "Safe in the arms of Jesus." "Sweet rest in Heaven." "The gates ajar." "Angels welcome thee." "A crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." Beautiful floral idea, that actual crown and harp of flowers, with the rest of the motto spelled in flowers between! That must go over to the church."

Awful to relate, the last "beautiful floral idea" so struck my inherent sense of the ridiculous that I laughed—in spirit—and then, either for horror that I had laughed, or from an empty stomach, I once more

fainted, and revived only as they jostled me on entering the church. The first sounds I took in were the words spoken by the minister as I was borne up the aisle: "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." My soul grasped them. "Sweet rest! No, no. That was my mother's rest, my Amy's rest. I knew there is such a rest, and that I possessed it not. Yet the organ and the choir were chanting, "Requiescat in Pace." I stopped my ears, to use a metaphor, and said boldly to my soul; "Be calm, and deal truly with thyself, O immortal soul; though organs, choirs, hymns, mottoes, sermons and their authors lie, lie thou not to thyself, for soon thou wilt be with thy God, where truth alone shall stand." Thus charged my soul made honest answer; "Thou art no believer, and He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

The singing of sweet hymns of love and peace in Heaven kept creeping in to mock me, and over my head the pastor read of the pearly gates and golden streets, and I caught, "The Lamb is the light thereof," and "Whose names are in the book of life." They meant it kindly for me, I knew; but they all might have known that by my spirit heard I should know better than to let it appropriate. Then my solemn dealing with my soul was sadly put about by the sermon. It seems very ungrateful to come down on a man, especially on a good man, my own dear pastor, he my personal friend and college classmate, too, for anything so well meant, so solemn, tender, appropriate, and altogether up to the times as a model funeral sermon over a calm, peaceable, moral man in his coffin. But truth compels me to say it almost cost me my soul to lie there and listen to it. It put me into Heaven so neatly, in theory, that had not the circumstances made it indispensable for me to get there in reality, and without any but insurmountable delays, its sophistry might have cheated me. It was very distracting to hear what a good son, amiable brother, devoted husband, dear friend, worthy citizen, and benevolent helper, I had been, just as I was agonizing in spirit to learn, ere it was forever too late, the means of that belief in the Lord Jesus Christ which is unto eternal life.

Pathetically the sermon closed. The audience were melted to tears, and the organ sobbed in sympathy with the crowds who passed my coffin, soothing their anguish with its glories. Disengaging myself as much as possible from the pageant, I asked myself, candidly, "Am I, at heart, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and answered my soul, truly, in the negative, "Thou knowest not, oh, my soul, even faith's meaning." By this time the crowds had passed, and I felt hands busy with the flowers and fol-de-rols of my funeral toilet, and knew the cover of the casket was to be closed and locked. An awful spiritual anguish, unknown before, seized me, and I wrestled in body, soul and spirit, in the mortal endeavor to save my body from the grave, that my soul might find the way of eternal life. But the casket closed! The key clicked in the lock, and I was borne away, fainting as I went. Yet I fainted calmly, saying to myself "I am fainting, and the grave will not hurt me. But what of that second death?"

The casket lid lifted. A breath of pure winter air seemed to penetrate my being, as the undertaker said, "His wife will have a last look before we lower him. Some one has found and handed her his last gift, that last rose-bud, and she will lay it on his heart. We must humor her." Then my wife's breath was on my lips, warm kisses which I felt, while at the same time I was thrilled with a sharp physical pain, unknown before. As she bowed over me, all overshadowed with her flowing veil, she put her little hand with the rose-bud, upon my pulseless heart. I gasped. She shrieked, "He lives! There is a warm spot at his heart!" "Crazy! Stark mad with grief," they muttered, and drew her away. My wife to a madhouse! Myself to the grave, and to eternal death! The thought electrified my waking life. I sat up, stood up in my coffin! I clasped my wife to my heart with my left arm, laid my right hand on my pastor's—for he stood beside me—and said, calmly, solemnly, "Dear pastor, classmate mine, what must I do to be saved?"

He answered as solemnly, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "There is none other name under Heaven,

given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"So I was reflecting while you preached my funeral sermon; but I understood you to put me in Heaven by another method."

"Oh, that was your funeral sermon, John," he replied, a twinkle of genial humor shining through his tears "it couldn't hurt you, dead; but alive, don't trust it! don't, I beg! Trust the Lord Jesus Christ. Take Him at His word, as your boy does you."

"Trust Him! I see it!" cried I, joyfully, "why 'tis plain as day!"

I stepped out of my coffin into my carriage—putting Amy in first—and rode home, a happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"SO GLAD OF A HOUSE!"

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

The dozen new cottages on Poplar Row had all been purchased by family men, most of whom had owned houses before, although not as desirable as these. The twelve were alike, built in Gothic style, with porch in front and small lay-window. They were painted white and looked very fresh and pretty, with their clean green blinds and bits of door-yards in front. At the back of each house was a small yard, neatly spaded and smoothed, and this left for the owners to lay out as each one should choose. It was early in April when the new owners took possession, and all was bustle and confusion along the Row. Children cried and hammer-pounded, birds sang and kittens mewled, even human voices at times were heard scolding. At last each little home was settled to the owner's satisfaction or dissatisfaction, as the case might be, and then the yards came in for consideration. Some left theirs without improvement—gradually adding things which were not supposed to be beautiful, such as old tin cans, ashes, and rags.

In the fifth house from the corner lived a couple, who seemed very fond of each other, judging from the kindly words and acts frequently seen and heard by the neighbors. They had three children—a manly boy of ten and two pretty little girls of eight and six years. Their little yard was the prettiest on the Row when July came, although no better than the rest during April. Half of it had been seeded down, and now it rested one's eyes just to look at its green, velvety carpet. Back of the seeding, close to the low fence separating the fifth yard from the sixth, a vine clambered all the way along, which was full of blue bells, drooping like fairy cups. In the other half of the yard, there were two long wire lines overhead, upon which on Mondays fresh white clothes swung in the breeze. Then there was a rustic seat, home-made, a hammock under the one tree and a bed of beautiful flowers—also over the fence between this yard and the fourth, nasturtiums leaned in all their golden bloom.

One hot July morning the mothers in the fourth, fifth, and sixth cottages, all happened out at the same time to hang up their clothes; Mrs. Allen of Number Four looked very cross and anxious; Mrs. Coates of Number Six very weary-faced and discouraged; but Mrs. Bowen of Number Five looked happy, and was singing a low, sweet song, as she hung out the white clothes in the glorious sunshine. She glanced at her neighbor's faces and then at their barren yards, while a throb of pity entered her kindly heart. She was in a great hurry to finish her washing, but not in too great a hurry to stop for a little kindly service. She stooped down beside her loved flowers, picked a bunch of beautiful pansies and some sprays of mignonette, and reaching over the glowing nasturtiums, she called to Mrs. Allen:

"And how is little Sue this morning?"

"Better, but awful cross," answered Mrs. Allen fretfully.

"I'm glad she's better,—give her these flowers with my love, please," and with the blooming gift there went a smile so full of loving kindness that it touched Mrs. Allen's heart.

"Thank you," she said; "Sue will be rejoiced; she loves flowers." Then Mrs. Allen went into the cottage. Mrs. Bowen handed a bunch of pinks to Mrs. Coates.

"Aren't they beauties, Mrs. Coates?" she asked. Over the weary face there broke a smile, as Mrs. Coates said quickly, as she inhaled the fragrance of the flowers.

"Beauties! Indeed they are. Thank

you, Mrs. Bowen." And Mrs. Coates went into her cottage, entered her pantry, and from the top shelf took down a vase which she had not used before for years. She filled it with water and arranged the pinks to her satisfaction within it. She stood for a moment or two before it, forgetting her washing. A tear stole down her face.

"How thoughtful Mrs. Bowen is, and so kindly and cheerful! I wish I was like her," she thought. That evening Mrs. Coates went into Mrs. Allen's to enquire about Sue. Finding the child very much better and entirely out of danger, their conversation drifted upon their friend Mrs. Bowen.

"I can't understand how she can always be so cheery, so loving, and yet so busy;—and full of care as she must be with those three children and all her household and sewing to do," Mrs. Coates remarked.

"No, neither can I; I wish I did know the secret of her happiness, and perhaps there would be some hope for me. I got more weary and discouraged every day that I live, I verily believe," Mrs. Allen said regretfully. A bright idea entered Mrs. Coates's head.

"Supposing we ask her for her recipe for good humor and patience," she said grimly. "You want to know why I am patient and happy, do you?—why I don't fret and chafe at little things;—is that it? Well I will, tell you," answered Mrs. Bowen with a smile and a tear.

"'Twould be too long a story to tell it all; so, as a beginning, I will only, to show you where I once stood, refer to my old home previous to my marriage. In my baby days it had been full of luxury, for father was wealthy; but as time rolled on, the wheel rolled around and my girlhood was one of bitter sorrow. Down we went swiftly from an almost palatial home to a rented house; from the rented house to a miserable flat; from the flat to a few rooms in a wretched tenement; and from that to a floorless hovel. I would not attempt to picture the sorrow of those years. Then, when father died of delirium tremens, mother, and Bertie my brother and I, gradually but surely worked our way upward to respectability again. When I was nineteen years old, we again owned a house, not much of a one,—only a little three-roomed affair; but it was ours, and we were very thankful. Then another dreadful blow fell; our precious mother died,—the long continued strain of a life-long sorrow having borne too heavily upon her. Bertie soon followed her, and I was left alone. O the agony of those terrible days!

"But, through storm or sunshine time hastens on, and a year later the darkness seemed passing off from my soul. It was then that I met Frank Bowen, an intelligent and genial young man, a book-keeper in a large dry-goods store. Another year passed and then we were married, and all was joy with us. I felt that the bitterness of life was past, and that henceforth my path would be strewn with roses. But O how little we know in regard to our future! There was a thorn, a dreadful thorn hidden in the rose life we were leading. Frank, unknown to me, began drinking wine. When I discovered the fact, I felt completely crushed. I wept and moaned and pleaded, all to no effect. After the first glass, the chain grew quickly, binding him closer day by day.

"Years passed away. We with our three children were down in the depths. Long ago my pretty home, earned by mother, Bertie and I, was swallowed up in Frank's glasses. We had sunk so low that we were only able to pay the rent of one dirty, leaky room with closet adjoining. We were hungry and cold and almost despairing. I worked at fine sewing, but the money I earned was nearly always clutched by my drunken husband and squandered for drink.

"One cold, wintry night I was lying on my wretched bed, sick and in terrible mental agony. God forgive me the wicked thought that then entered my mind! I fairly longed to take a sleeping potion that would put me into a never-to-be awakened sleep. My little Daisy, then only a year old, was lying beside me, shivering under the old quilt. Carrie, a tiny child of three, and Tom, aged five, were crying at the foot of the bed, crying because they were nearly starved and frozen. Just then my husband came stumbling in. He had a bottle in his hand and threw it at Carrie. It just escaped her head.

"Stop your blubberin' or I'll throw it

at ye again," he said angrily, striding toward the timid, sobbing child. I got out of bed and stood before him, weak and trembling.

"Frank," I said, 'don't throw the bottle at little Carrie, but get a sword somewhere and kill us all together,—your wife and your three children.' I never saw such a look upon any one's face as there was upon his as I spoke. He looked like one mortally wounded and turned from me to stagger from the room. After he was gone I fell upon my knees in prayer,—a weeping, wailing, pleading prayer,—that God would take me and my three almost naked, starving children out of this world of woe. I finished my prayer by beseeching our Father to 'leave the gate ajar, for poor, dear, weak Frank. I prayed for a long time, and at last from utter weariness I sank down upon the floor in a faint. Poor little Tom and Carrie vainly endeavored to raise me up; but soon the outer door opened, and some one came in and lifted me up. I opened my eyes and saw that it was my husband. He laid me down gently upon the bed and pulled the quilt over me; then with his trembling hands he stroked my hair.

"Mary," he said huskily, 'I'm a brute I know, but God knows I don't want to kill you. Mary, I'll never abuse you again, nor harm a hair on the head of one of those little ones.' I hardly knew his voice it was so soft and loving. I wish I could tell you all he said to me then, but it is impossible. He had heard my prayer and God touched his heart. That was the night of his awakening. Since then he has been a follower of the Saviour. If ever a man was on the Lord's side he is; and he has accomplished wonders since then. You can't think it strange now, can you, that I am patient and happy! I'm so glad of a house after all our weary struggles,—a house of our very own that I could shout for joy. Ought not a wife and mother to be happy, who has a house of her own, a temperate, loving, industrious husband, affectionate children, and health?"

"Yes," Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Coates both said, and they went home resolved to keep the frowns off their faces and the fretfulness out of their hearts.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"OH! SO BRIGHT!"

In a small, dark room, in a closely built-up alley in one of the lowest parts of London, lay a sick man. The room had very little furniture; it consisted of two or three broken chairs, a small table, and a bed in one corner. Upon a few red cinders in the grate the man's eyes were fixed.

He was but young; and as he lay there thinking of his own fast-departing life, of his loving wife and little children, and what they would do for a livelihood when he was gone, his heart sank within him, and he turned away and wept.

Presently he heard a sweet childish voice coming singing up the stairs, and as it came nearer he caught the words, "Oh, so bright! oh, so bright!"

"What can it be that is so bright?" thought the sick man; "all here is dull and dark enough; what can the child mean is 'so bright'?"

The door was pushed open, and in came a little girl, about five or six years old.

"Well, Mary, was that you singing?" "Yes, father; it's one of the hymns we learn at school."

"And what is so bright that you must be singing it over so often?" "Oh, father, don't you know? It's the better land. Shall I sing it all to you?"

And again the sweet voice began,—

"There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harks of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright!"

"Sin and woe are done away," mused the sick man. "Who gets there, I wonder?" The singing was interrupted by loud shouts and screams; they did not pay much attention to them; such sounds, alas! were too common in those alleys for the inhabitants to take much notice; but little Mary was anxious to see who was making so much noise.

"Don't look at them, Mary; come away; there's sin and sorrow enough here. I wonder what will be the end of it! Sing to me again about the land where it will all be 'done away.'"

"Yes, father, I will; and while she was singing the door was pushed open, and in

came the wife and mother. She had been working hard all day, trying to earn a little by washing, and had bought a loaf of bread and an ounce of tea with some of the money.

Mrs. Williams put down her parcel on the table, and turning to her husband, knelt down by his side, and asked how he had got on all day.

"Weary, weary, Kate, lass; grieving to think of you working so hard, and me lying here, and no one knowing or caring for all our troubles. I wish I was gone, and no more a burden to you."

"Hush, hush, James?" his wife replied, with tears in her eyes. "I shouldn't care anything if you was to go, lad." "Father," said the little one, who had been thinking of his last words, "some one cares; our teacher taught us to-day, 'He careth for you.'"

"Who cares, Mary?" "I think it is God," the child replied, with a thoughtful look. "Teacher says He loves us and cares for us always."

And the poor man learned on his sick bed the wondrous truth, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*From "The Broken Clothes-List."*

PERNICIOUS READING.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

Mothers are often appealed to to make home bright and attractive, as one of the silken cords with which to bind the hearts of their children from the evil temptations of the outer world—from gambling and drinking saloons, or from improper associates, who may lead them astray. But are they at all conscious of an evil that may be brought to their own fireside?

Glad to see their children interested in reading, do they as closely look into, as they ought, the character of the apparently attractive paper their sons and daughters are perusing? Or do they, with a careless glance at the title of the illustrated paper, say, "Here childish stories, and of no interest to us grown people?"

We fear it is so with too many mothers, or else much literature of a pernicious character could not find its way into print, or prove salable. Indeed it is a startling fact that these highly wrought sensational, and oftentimes, immoral, writings, are not alone read by lower classes, the poor, ignorant city stragals, as they are called, but by pure-minded, refined children. A case in point is this given:

A lady was visiting in the family of a friend where there were lovely children. One day, as she was sitting by her window, she heard a sweet childish voice reading aloud in the garden near by. On looking out, she saw a group of young girls and boys gathered around a bright lad of about ten years of age, who was amusing them with a story paper. She was particularly struck with the sight. The lady watched the happy group for some time, when suddenly a word caught her ear that caused her to give attention. To her intense surprise, the story was immoral and shocking in character. Calling the lad to her she examined the paper. She trusted to his candor, and explained the nature of the fiction. He put on an air of bravado, and pronounced it "bally!" And then he said he read just such every week. Of course, the mother of that child was horrified when told of the fact, but she confessed she never looked to see what those boys and girls were doing. Thus warned, she forbade them to purchase any more of those papers. Several weeks subsequent to this she took occasion to reprove the newsdealer who sold such matter to children.

She then learned from him that he had a large custom among juveniles of the neighborhood. Moreover this man told her to her dismay, that her own boy was still a purchaser regularly at the stand. Even now he surreptitiously procured and read the forbidden sheets. It was the custom of that newsdealer to give these issues on credit to children, when they had not the five cents to buy them with.

We have seen it also stated that "during an investigation into the sale of the trashy and obscene literature in one or two Eastern cities, the committee learned that the keepers of gilded palaces of pleasure paid the newsdealers for all they delivered free to young girls." If the above facts are true, can parents examine too closely into the moral character of what their children are reading?—*Church and Home.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADES.

- 1. A forest, a measure, a son of Judah; whole, a bird.
- 2. The human race, a personal pronoun, to double; whole multiplied.
- 3. A Latin prefix, a company, after the usual time; whole, to filter.

SURNAMES OF DICKENS' CHARACTERS. (PHONETIC.)

- 1. A measure and a snell.
- 2. A coin and beside.
- 3. A mineral and a lot.
- 4. A pivot and a consonant.
- 5. A sack and a gentleman's neckwear.
- 6. A poet and a linear measure.
- 7. Robin's first love.
- 8. An elopement.
- 9. A stony substance and a sorceress.
- 10. A little plant.
- 11. A precise person.
- 12. Extinct and lake.
- 13. A beam and a Scotch stream.

WORD SQUARE.

o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o

A feast of the Jews instituted by Esther; oneness; clefts; a Gittite, noted for his fidelity to David; place where Paul preached on his first journey to Europe.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

- My first is in street, but not in lane;
- My second is in wild, but not in tame;
- My third is in iron, but not in gold;
- My fourth is in hot, but not in cold;
- My fifth is in zebra, but not in bear;
- My sixth is in nest but not in lair;
- My seventh is in merry, but not in gay;
- My eighth is in tell, but not in say;
- My ninth is in acre, but not in road;
- My tenth is in strange, but not in odd;
- My eleventh is in David, but not in Amos;
- My whole is a country, small but famous;

A. A. G.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

HISTORICAL PI.

We propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets and men of noted deeds. Hannibal was born at Carthage, which city was so named by Cato that he rarely made a speech without saying: "Carthage must be destroyed." Other noted generals, Julius Caesar was a Roman; Frederick the Great was a Prussian; Napoleon Bonaparte was a Corsican; and Ulysses S. Grant is an American. It is believed that Galileo invented the telescope and discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the revolution of the earth; that Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravitation and William Harvey the circulation of the blood; that James Watt invented the steam engine; George Stephenson, the locomotive; Robert Fulton, the steam-boat; Samuel Morse, the telegraph; John Ericsson, the monitor; Elias Howe, the sewing-machine; Eli Whitney the cotton-gin; and Charles Darwin, the naturalist, the theory of the Descent of Man. Among poets, the greatest in all history is Shakespeare; while Goethe ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Dante in that of Italy. Tennyson and Browning are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode Pegasus, the most fiery, if not the fastest, horse of ancient times; Blondin frequently crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Dr. Tanner claims to have lived forty days without eating.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillian A. Greene, and Tillie Moffet. Persons sending puzzles for this column should remember to write on one side of the paper only, put each puzzle on a separate slip of paper with its answer below, and write their name on each slip.

MY INFLUENCE.—What is my influence; Are people who have most to do with me better people or worse people on account of my relation to them? I saw the pestilential Campagna of Rome planted with the eucalyptus tree. In some way its waxy leaves counteract the poisonous malaria. No man, Christian by profession, or man of the world, will dispute the statement that there are moral influences in our society that poison the atmosphere like the exhalations of a swamp. Well, what am I to this tainted world—a eucalyptus tree or a poisoned ivy? In one word what is the moral effect of my influence?—*Bishop Cheney.*

THERE is no day so delightful as the day that is useful; and no week is likely to pass so serenely as the week whose first day was devoutly hallowed by devotion and beneficence.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

HOME INDUSTRIAL TRAINING.

A good deal of attention is being given in different communities to the subject of industrial education in public schools, both in connection with ordinary instruction and in special institutions. Very much interest and much practical result have already been attained in the matter, although the experimental stage can hardly be said to be passed anywhere. While it must be regarded as a gratifying sign of advancement, the movement would undoubtedly have been more deeply marked and progressive, also laden with more widespread benefit, had as much been done in awakening domestic sympathies in its favor as had been in exciting the amount of public interest in it which exists. There is no need of waiting for the outcome of experiments and the establishment of industrial education in public schools upon well-settled principles. Even moderately correct methods of public instruction in mechanical and artistic skill, which would not interfere with the ordinary intellectual education of the times, cannot be devised all at once. While the process of finding out good systems for conferring the desired boon is going on, however, promoters and friends of the movement in every community can do a great work in cultivating a taste for industrial occupation among the young at their own homes. Every family of boys ought to have some sort of a workshop with a stock of tools and raw material. They should be allowed much liberty of choice in what they make, not forbidden even to make mere toys, yet at the same time encouraged in producing articles of real value and practical usefulness. A thousand times better for a boy to be making bird houses than to be robbing birds' nests, to be planning and constructing toy water or wind mills than endangering his eyes and life in playing with gunpowder and firearms. Skill in the use of tools and a considerable degree of knowledge of mechanical science is very desirable for men in any walk of life, while engineers and mechanics of every class and description cannot have begun too young to store their minds with the technical and practical knowledge in any way pertaining to their life work. Numbers of cases can be produced, as well in the personal knowledge of almost any man as in the history of modern invention, to show that persons who had facility and encouragement afforded in childhood and youth for mechanical pastime, when they grew up to be mechanics or engineers, surpassed those who, other things being equal, were not similarly privileged in early years. The same thing is true, there is no doubt, in other than mechanical pursuits, and parents should have a vigilant eye upon the chief bent of their children's dispositions, and allow them to be followed so far as practicable in relation to health or degree of usefulness or profit in the line disposed to be pursued. A child of undoubted intellectual force, manifesting a taste for any particular field of scientific investigation, should have his predilection cherished and the appropriate books supplied to start him upon his career, even before he comes under the professor's charge. In the same way the budding artistic talent in music, painting, sculpture, ought to be nourished. No matter what the tendency of the child may be, however, or what his destined walk

in life, the desirability of having his hands and eyes trained to a certain degree of mechanical skill stands ever sure, and we are not certain that it would not be a grand thing if it comes to be considered at some time in the future that no man is truly educated, be he a D.D., an M.D., or an L.L.D., who has not also a certificate of efficiency in some branch of handicraft.

LOOKING BACK.

A good deal of talk is heard in quarters where attempts are made to introduce or to enforce prohibitive laws of the better qualities of a license system. The chief claims urged upon behalf of the latter are that it is usually better worked than prohibition, and that instead of its working entailing a burden upon a place it yields a sizeable revenue. Indeed, one would judge by the lamentations sometimes heard for the good old days of license that the fruits of the traffic were blessed instead of cursed under that system, and that the principle was a righteous one which permitted the selling to certain men of the privilege of conducting a wrong business in the community. Had license, however, so regulated the traffic as to make it harmless, or almost so, does any man in his senses believe that an agitation could be raised in any intelligent constituency to do away with the excellent system and introduce an untried one even if based upon the unassailable principle that it is wrong to grant permission to do evil for any consideration? If license were the better system, strange it is that the most intelligent constituencies lead the way in adopting the advanced system of entire prohibition. Prohibition stamps the liquor traffic as wrong absolutely, and disclaims to be the partner in its evil gains as license is. Under license all of a constituency who do not protest against granting licenses or strive to overthrow the traffic are responsible for all the fruits of the traffic in their jurisdiction. Upon the contrary, under prohibition the community as a whole at the outset wash their hands clear of all legal sanction to the traffic, which becomes outlawed, a disgraceful thing for which the people are only responsible to the extent that they cannot prevent it by the means the law affords.

IRISH NEWS.

It is again announced that Mr. Parnell will visit America the coming autumn.

Sir John Savage, Mayor of Belfast, has committed suicide, his motives remaining a mystery.

Detective Mallon has received five thousand dollars to reward him for services in connection with the Phoenix Park murders.

A man named Sweeney has been arrested in Queenstown, just as he was about to sail for America, on suspicion of complicity in the murder of Lord Mountmorres near Clonbur, Galway County, in September, 1880. An investigation at Clonbur is expected to result in more arrests.

There is trouble between two Irish societies of Chicago, the Clan-na-Gael and the National League, arising from the jealousy of the other lest the picnic receipts of the season should go into the League treasury. The League is said to be very weak in that city just now, there being scarcely two hundred members remaining of the six thousand formerly connected with the body.

The trial of the dynamite conspirators resulted in the conviction of Dr. Gallagher, Wilson, Whitehead and Curtin, and the acquittal of Ansburn and Bernard Gallagher. Sentence was passed upon the four men

found guilty of penal servitude for life, which is generally declared by the respectable English and Irish press as none too severe for the offence. It will, no doubt, prove a damper upon the project of coercing the British Empire by the reckless blowing up of buildings in total disregard of the peril to innocent and unsuspecting human beings.

An interesting interview between a correspondent of the New York Herald and Cardinal Simeoni, head of the Propaganda, in Rome, shows the recent letter of the Pope to the Irish bishops in its true character. The letter had no political aim or purpose; the Pope cannot and does not enter into political questions. Mr. Parnell was not in view at all in dictating the letter; it did not matter to the Pope whether that gentleman received a great or a little testimonial from the Irish people. Recognizing, however, that behind the agitation in Ireland, sheltering under Mr. Parnell's respectable name, there were many immoral and revolutionary agitators, whose work tended to sow dissensions between nations and breaches between the priests and the people, and knowing that the Irish had always been led by the priests, the letter was issued, not as a rebuke or a reproach, but as a fatherly warning, showing them into what pitfalls they might be led by some who, under the cover of a testimonial subscription, seemed to be fostering possibly and interference with personal liberty. Priests were not forbid to attend or take part in public meetings so long as they made no violent speeches and used their influence to calm the angry passions that rage at such gatherings. Irishmen in all countries were included in the caution. The Holy See had not been, nor would be, influenced by pressure of any Government. As to the convocation of American bishops in Rome, summoned to meet in November, it had nothing to do with the Irish question.

CASUALTY.

A child of Mr. T. Eaton's, Toronto, was drowned in a tub while playing with a little boat.

A landslide in the duchy of Bukovina, Austria, destroyed a hundred and twelve houses.

George Gordon, farmer, Wallace, Ontario, was killed instantly by a savage hog biting him, cutting an artery.

A young man named Germain was caught in a belt in his father's tannery in Quebec a few days ago and almost instantly killed.

Stirling, Ontario, has been swept by a fire sustaining a loss of many thousands of dollars, and the hand of an incendiary is suspected.

A fierce cyclone devastated portions of the township of Hempstead, Long Island, last week. It was the severest storm ever felt in that section.

The village of Valories, Savoy, France, has been burned, the inhabitants having narrow escapes and all the live stock in the place perishing.

Charles Bacus, a wholesale clerk in Winnipeg, met his death by a strange accident, a pile of potato bags tumbling down upon him and smothering him.

One hundred and fifty persons were killed by the recent explosion of a powder magazine at Scutari, Turkey, caused by lightning. Two hundred barrels of gunpowder and six thousand cartridges were destroyed.

A woman at St. Rochs, Quebec, is reported to have died from eating canned

lobster. The food was probably stale. It is an article that will not keep sound long after opening the cans.

A little boy of Daniel Belding's, Anagance, King's county, New Brunswick, was lately carried off by a bear, while returning home alone from the woods, where he had been gathering sarsaparilla with his father.

An earthquake in Ecuador on the tenth of May destroyed many villages and created great consternation in the equatorial city of Quito. Mount Cotopaxi is in active eruption, and the inhabitants of the surrounding region are fearful of a repetition of former calamities.

While an artillery salute was being fired, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, at Mystic, Connecticut, two posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in marching past received the contents of two cannons in their ranks, a score or so being injured, some it was feared fatally.

By the explosion of a vulcanizer in the rubber works of Trenton, New Jersey, Thomas Culloton and Michael Hawk were whirled through a brick wall twenty feet away and mangled beyond recognition. The accident was caused by the neglect of the victims to blow the steam off in the vulcanizer. Much damage was done to the property.

A horse ran away with a buggy containing two women at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, throwing them out. One woman was thrown out and badly hurt, and the second died from the combined effects of the shock and a strong dose of laudanum she had taken before setting out. Two little daughters of William Cleaver were run over by the horse, and died from their injuries.

One of the most distressing casualties that has ever occurred took place in the town of Sunderland, Durham county, England, on Saturday evening last. A juggler had been giving an entertainment in the Victoria Hall, which was chiefly attended by children, several thousand being present. The body of the hall had been about cleared of people at the conclusion of the performance, when twelve hundred children, scarcely any over twelve years of age, came rushing down stairs from the gallery. At the first landing on the stairs there was a door bolted down so that it opened only twenty inches. This was to allow of only one passing through at a time, to receive prizes promised by the performer. Some of the children fell at this door and could not rise owing to the crowd. Others stumbling over the fallen ones, a few moments there was heaped upon the floor a huge mass of children, struggling, suffocating, dying. When the awful situation was made known outside, the remaining children were let out of the hall by other doors, and the work of rescue proceeded. Two hundred were dragged from the heap not much injured, but of the remainder over two hundred were dead and dying. In some cases three of a family were among the dead, and one Sunday-school lost thirty scholars. It is needless to say that the most intense excitement moved the town upon the terrible calamity becoming known. Twenty thousand people were in a few minutes surrounding the hall and the military was called out to preserve order. Queen Victoria telegraphed her sense of anguish and of sympathy, and other testimonies of condolence with the stricken community came from many quarters. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, sent five hundred dollars toward the funeral expenses of the victims. More than a hundred were buried in one grave.

BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

Building operations are expected to be more than usually active in Ottawa this season.

An agreement has been reached in Marblehead, Massachusetts, which is hoped to put an end to the lockout of fourteen hundred workmen.

Boys employed at the Albion coal mines, Nova Scotia, have struck for more pay, and an advance is asked for at neighboring collieries.

Improvement in general business is reported from leading centres in the United States as continuing, the Pacific coast in particular being in the enjoyment of unwonted prosperity.

A vast combination is said to have been formed by oil capitalists of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago, to buy up all the petroleum above ground and hold it for one dollar fifty cents a barrel.

The Halifax Steam Navigation Company, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, to run a monthly steamer each way between Great Britain and the ports of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. John, New Brunswick, is projected in Halifax with good prospects.

A panic has occurred in Chicago through the failure of the speculating firm of McGeoch, Everingham & Co., the heaviest dealers in lard and provisions on the Chicago Board. Their losses are over a million dollars, and they have pulled down a large number of concerns with them.

The seventeen year locusts have appeared in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Wheat and corn crops have been greatly improved in Virginia and North Carolina by recent rains. Chicago calculations indicate for oats this season the enormous yield of a hundred million bushels.

A contract has been signed between Mr. Munderloh, German Consul in Montreal, and the Dominion Government, the latter agreeing to pay a subsidy of two thousand dollars a trip to a steamship line making twelve round trips annually, between Antwerp, Belgium, and Montreal in summer, and Antwerp and Portland, Maine, in winter, calling at Halifax.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Licenses have been refused on the Island Park by the Commissioners of Toronto. It would be well if public pleasure grounds everywhere were prohibited to the baneful business. There can be no pleasure for decent people where it is given free course.

The Town Council of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, has taken the responsibility of enforcing the Canada Temperance Act within the corporation. A bad state of affairs had arisen there during the delay occasioned, first, by the pending of the question of the constitutionality of the Act, and, secondly, by the discussion of the question as to whom should be responsible for its enforcement when it had been confirmed by the highest court in the British Empire. Without the legal machinery in operation illicit selling grew to great proportions, accompanied by every species of evil that the traffic produces. Since the decision of the Council referred to has been given, the liquor dealers have raised a thousand dollars to contest the legality of the town authorities undertaking the enforcement of the Act. Nothing but desperation could induce the trade to invite another judicial rebuff in the matter of the Act in question, which, if we do not greatly mistake, it is almost certain to receive.

THE WEEK.

ALL THE STRENGTH of Madagascar is being concentrated at the capital, where a determined stand will be made against France.

SIR ARTHUR EDWARD KENNEDY, formerly Governor of Vancouver's Island and lately Governor of Queensland, Australia, is dead.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT is projecting a grand celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the continent of America.

"LADY CUYLER," a trotter on the Montross track, New York, has made the unprecedented time of a mile in one minute five and three-quarter seconds.

FOLLOWING THE ENGLISH SYSTEM, sixteen marksmen from each field battery in Ontario will assemble at Toronto from the fourth to the eighth of September for practice.

SULLIVAN, a BOSTON BOXER, seems to have turned his knowledge of the "manly art" to account in thrashing his wife, as she has sworn out a warrant against him for that pastime.

JAMES E. TOMPKINS, belonging to Kingston, Ontario, has just been released from the Erie Penitentiary, New York, where he was imprisoned for a robbery of which he is now found innocent.

COMMODORE WALTER, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, announces permission to any number of American naval officers awaiting orders to enter the naval service of China pending hostilities between that nation and France.

THE CANADIAN LACROSSE PLAYING and emigration expedition is meeting with brilliant success in the United Kingdom. A splendid exhibition of the game was given in London the other day, which was viewed by an immense crowd.

NORMAN L. MUNRO, a New York publisher, has sued James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, for a hundred thousand dollars' damages for having broken up his family and destroyed his home by slanders published in that paper.

AT THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Press Fund, in London, Mr. Hugh Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, spoke of the great progress of the press in America, giving as an instance the publishing of the entire revised New Testament in one issue of a Chicago paper.

A FAMILY NAMED SLADE in Hartford, Connecticut, have unearthed an ancient Crown deed to the estates that form part of the site of the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Though the property is worth millions, the deed being over a hundred years old must now be worthless except as a relic.

AT THE CLOSING SESSION of the American Medical Association in Cleveland, a resolution was offered by Surgeon-General Kellar and referred to the hygiene committee, declaring that cremation, or disposing of the bodies of the dead by burning, will be a sanitary necessity in the near future.

THE TRACK OF THE MAIN LINE of the Canadian Pacific Railway is now laid as far west as Medicine Hat, on the South Saskatchewan River, six hundred and sixty miles west of Winnipeg. A new time-table has been issued, scheduling trains from Port Arthur, Lake Superior, to Medicine Hat, one thousand and ninety-five miles.

CORNWALL, Ontario, ratepayers have by a majority of six approved a by-law to raise twenty-five thousand dollars for a new Protestant school-house.

SIR ALEXANDER GALT will not take a seat in the Dominion Cabinet, but will devote his whole attention to the settlement of his lands and the development of his coal claims in the North-West.

LAST WEEK A SERIES OF FESTIVITIES took place in Birmingham, England, commemorative of the services of the Right Honorable John Bright, as representative of that town in Parliament for over a quarter of a century. Mr. Bright received over a hundred and fifty addresses of congratulation from various Liberal associations. He delivered an address on Tuesday to an audience of over two thousand persons, in which he reviewed the events of the past fifty years, laying stress upon the enormous advantages conferred on the country by the repeal of the Corn Laws, which ended the taxing of the necessaries of life, it is to be hoped forever, in the United Kingdom. Mr. Bright expressed his belief that the next presidential election in the United States would be fought out upon the question of free trade. At a banquet tendered the venerable statesman on Thursday evening, Lord Granville, Foreign Secretary, said, referring to Mr. Bright's remarks concerning America:—"In the official position which I hold I am peculiarly alive to the very kind and fit language expressed by Mr. Bright and others as to the friendly character of the United States, and in promotion of the excellent relations which, without doubt, more now than at any previous time exist between native born Americans and the English people." In the House of Commons Sir Stafford Northcote called attention to what he charged was a breach of privilege committed by Mr. Bright, in saying in one of his speeches at the celebration that "Tory obstructionists in alliance with the Irish rebels were doing their utmost to make it impossible for the House to do any work." Mr. Bright, while admitting that his choice of language might not have been the best, defended the sentiments expressed, and the House voted down the resolution declaring his words a breach of privilege. During the discussion there were some extremely acrimonious passages between Irish members and others.

GLEANINGS OF THOUGHT.

All objects lose by too familiar view. Forgetting a wrong is a mild revenge.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it.

The best things, when corrupted, become the worst.

It is good to rectify our natures, but not to force them.

Frugality is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Every one of our actions will be rewarded or punished.

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.

Doing justice to worthy qualities is a credit to our judgment.

One general mark of an impostor is that he outdoes the original.

It is not calling your neighbor names that settles a question.—*D'Israeli*.

It is in all things a profitable wisdom to know when we have done enough.

He that is ashamed to be seen in a mean condition, would be proud of a splendid one.

The greatest victories and the sweetest enjoyments are reached through suffering.

Peace is such a precious jewel that I would give anything for it but the truth.—*Matthew Henry*.

Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.—*Bunyan*.

Genius at first is nothing more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—*George Eliot*.

There are none that fall so unpitied as those that have raised themselves upon the spoils of the public.

In the affairs of life activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

One proffering to show Themistocles the art of memory he answered, he had much rather he would teach him that of forgetfulness.

All qualities are catching, as well as diseases; and the mind is at least as much, if not a great deal more, liable to infection, than the body.

They who live under a tyranny, and have learned to admire its power as sacred and divine, are deluded as much in their religion as in their morals.

Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than upon a uniform disposition to please. The difference is that which exists between ceremony and sincerity.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

If the truth could be generally appreciated that a life of labor is, in its highest form, a life of pleasure, that not only is it sweetened by the hope of recompense, but by the actual delight of exerting the powers to the utmost, and of seeing the work grow and improve under our hands, there would be a transformation in our industries. The joy of excellence once tasted would not willingly be resigned, and poor inefficient work would be at a discount, not merely in the price it could command, but in the actual pleasure of performance.

LAUGHING GAS.

Always cling to an argument; unless you happen to fall in the river, and then cling to anything you can lay your hands on.

"Yes," she said, "I'm glad warm weather is here. Warm weather makes my husband sleepy in the evenings, and when he's asleep he isn't growling."

Tit for tat: A. Is the Baron at home? B. No, he sends word to you that he has just gone out. A. Good! Give the baron my compliments, and say that I didn't call.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Sanded strawberries" is a new game which is played at the table when the strawberries have been properly prepared for the palate. The game is to guess whether the sand came with the berries or the sugar.—*Philadelphia News*.

"Doctor," said a wealthy patient to his physician, "I want you to be thorough and strike at the root of the disease." "Well, I will," said the doctor, as he lifted his cane and brought it down hard enough to break into pieces a bottle and glass that stood upon the sideboard.

A youngster of a dozen years went to pass the Whitsuntide holidays with his grandmother in the country. In the evening when they sat down to dinner the grandmother cried: "Oh my! There are thirteen of us!" "Don't be worried, grandmother," cried the youngster, "I will eat for two!"

Old gentleman in a beer garden near the railway depot, waiting for his wife to arrive on the next train, complaining to himself—"Here I have already drunk six glasses of Pilsener, and (looking at his watch) the train will not be here for one hour to come. This will compel me to drink six more glasses. It's terrible. What an expensive wife I have got!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Hook one day walking in the Strand with a friend had his attention directed to a very pompous gentleman, who strutted along as if the street was his own. Instantly leaving his companion, Hook went up to the stranger and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but pray, may I ask, are you anybody in particular?" Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply, Hook passed on.

THE ROOTS OF A GREAT AND GODLY LIFE.

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D.D.

An eminent banker fell into no exaggeration when he said to a representative of the press: "The most thoroughly useful man New York has known for a quarter of a century was William E. Dodge." Mr. Dodge was happy in his lineage and birthplace. From the days of Jonathan Edwards, little Connecticut has given more leaders of religious thought and activity to the nation than any other commonwealth. The boy's father was a man of culture; but the boy himself had no educational advantages beyond those of the average Yankee common school, and at fifteen he was the errand-running lad in a Pearl Street dry-goods store. He swept the floors and took down the shutters every morning; but the best outfit which the homespun lad brought into the great city was the grace of God in his heart. At the early age of twelve he was thoroughly converted to the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was fairly "rooted and built up in Him and established in the faith." While many persons who have been regenerated late in life have yielded some good fruit, as from a graft set into an old tree, yet it holds true that the most effective Christians have grown up in Christ from early childhood. The roots of character were not poisoned by long contact with a bad soil. Here lies the inspiring argument for Sabbath-schools, for godly home-training, and for more simple and direct preaching to children from the pulpit. There is a steady decrease of conversions among the adult members of most of our congregations. Fully four-fifths of all the accessions to the churches now are from persons who have not yet reached twenty-one.

Young Dodge was a puritan, eschewing all sensual amusements and entertainments of even questionable character. He soon learned to say "No," and never outgrew the use of that most decisive monosyllable. The world knew him most widely for his magnificent gifts of money to innumerable objects; but, after thirty years of intimate intercourse with him, I was never half so much impressed with his generosity as by his intense, immovable conscientiousness. So emotional in his temperament that he cried like a child under Gough's stories or Sarkey's songs, yet the central trunk of his religion was conscience. The word "ought" always gave the casting vote.

During the war General Dix and his staff gave Mr. Dodge a complimentary dinner at Fortress Monroe. The General said to his brother officers: "Gentlemen, you know our friend is a water-drinker." And forthwith every wineglass was turned upside down, as a silent tribute to the conscience of their guest. When the Union League Club decided to keep a wine-cellar to supply their members he wrote to them: "I cannot consistently be connected with any association who derive their support in any part from the sale of intoxicating drinks. I present my resignation as a member." He was one of the organizers, builders and active directors of a celebrated railway. The proposal was made to drive their trains through the Lord's day. Mr. Dodge firmly said to his fellow directors: "Then, gentlemen, put a flag on every locomotive and inscribe on it 'We break God's law for a dividend'; but, as for me, I go out." He did go out, and the Sabbath-breaking road went into bankruptcy within three years.

Presiding at public meetings or sitting in boards of Christian benevolence are the utmost extent of many excellent men's labors; but Mr. Dodge was taught by that master-workman Harlan Page, fifty years ago, that the true method of winning souls to Christ is by close personal appeal. When young Mr. Dodge came into Harlan Page's Sunday-school and asked for a class, Page said to him: "Yonder is a desk and a bench. Go out and find a class for yourself." That hint lasted for a lifetime. During the great revival of 1858, Mr. Dodge was uniting in his personal labors in enquiry meetings and in his visits to individuals in their home; and many were the rich and the refined, on whose Wilton carpets my beloved friend knelt down and, beside them, prayed fervently for the converting power of God. Glorious man! I never shall forget the enthusiasm with which he narrated to me the individual cases of conversion that had followed his labors among the poor coal-miners and iron-workers in Northern Pennsylvania. Love of Jesus and love of souls were the master passion of his being. What a crown

of un fading brilliancy awaited him when, from the arms of the devoted wife of fifty years, he went up to the arms of his Redeemer!

A tree of such broad-limbed beneficence required not only strong and fertile soil, but perpetual watering. Most happily did my friend answer to that description in Holy Writ: "He shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out its roots by the rivers; he shall not be troubled in the years of drought, neither shall he cease from yielding fruit." There was a perennial verdure in Mr. Dodge's piety and an unceasing yield of spiritual fruits, because his roots were moistened by communion with God. His earliest morning hour he set apart for his Bible and his private devotions. And, if he came down among his business associates with his face shining with cheerfulness and sunny kindness, it was because he had been on the mount with his Master. No fountain in the public park can rise higher, steadily, than its spring-head; no man can steadily maintain a pure, forestal life before his fellow-men unless his inner life is hid with Christ in God.—*N. Y. Independent.*

HOW CLAUDE CONQUERED.

He was such a bright, pretty boy, but he had such a quick temper; it just ruled him with a rod of iron. One day he came to his mother in a great distress of mind.

"O mother, what shall I do! I am just ashamed of myself."

"Have you ever prayed over it, my son?"

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose there was any use in taking such little things to God."

"He takes just as much notice of 'little things,' as you call them as of greater affairs."

"Please tell me how to take my tempers to him, mother. I'll just do anything to get rid of them."

"Every time you find yourself getting angry, stop and ask God to help you conquer."

"What shall I say when I ask him, mother?"

"Say, my child! Why, just the simplest words you can use. Speak just as you would when asking your earthly father for help."

"Yes, mother; but that seems so different, you know. I am not the least bit afraid of papa."

"Why should you be afraid of your Heavenly Father? He has ever been most kind and good to you, giving you so many blessings and mercies."

"But I cannot see him as I can papa."

"No, but you can trust him, when you remember that he gave his only Son to save your soul."

"Yes, mother, so I can; but he seems so far away when I try to pray."

"But not too far away to hear the faintest whisper his children may utter. Try him, my dear child."

"I will, mother, the first time I find my temper getting the better of me."

And he did not have to wait long. During school hours that very afternoon one of his schoolmates provoked him, and the quick retort flew to his lips; but remembering his mother's words, he said softly to himself, "Help me to keep still, I pray Thee, and not say anything hateful."

God heard the little prayer, and helped Claude to keep still, greatly to his companion's astonishment, for Claude's "tempers" were the talk of the school. Of course this success in mastering his temper pleased and encouraged Claude very much indeed. But because of his victory gained so easily, he was not so careful next time, and the consequence was, he failed in controlling his temper, and all because he did not lift his soul in prayer immediately upon finding his temper getting the better of him.

Claude threw himself at his mother's feet upon his return from school, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"It's no use trying," he cried, "I thought I never would get angry again, and yet this very morning I slapped Willie Brown real hard, so that he cried, because he laughed when I dropped my slate-pencil and broke it."

"Shall I tell you how to impress this failure on your mind so that you will think better next time?"

"Yes, please."

"Pick out from among your playthings something pretty, and take it to Willie to-

morrow morning. I think you will remember next time to ask God to help you keep your temper."

So Claude took a present to Willie next day, and found that his mother was right. Willie himself was astonished, and told each schoolmate the whole story. Boys are generous souls, and these boys were no exception to the general rule. They applauded Claude with much noisy demonstration, and this quite surprised him in turn, and made him determined to win their esteem, even as he had their scorn in the past.—*Ruth Argle in The Child's Paper.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II.

LESSON IV.—ALCOHOL IN BUSINESS—CONTINUED.

What department of business is among the next to railways in the number of persons employed and the wages paid?

Trade.
What is trade?

Trade is the exchanging of one kind of goods for another kind, or the purchase or sale of goods for money.

Do merchants employ persons as agents, accountants, salesmen, or saleswomen who are known to be in the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

Rarely, and then only from necessity. Why not?

Because no person can be depended upon to do business wisely and well with alcohol in the brain.

What business ranks with trade in the number of persons employed?

Manufacture.
What is manufacture?

Manufacture is converting raw material of any kind into something suitable for use, either by the hand or machinery.

Do manufacturers employ persons as agents, superintendents, overseers, or in other responsible positions who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

They do not, if others can be obtained. Do persons who employ others to do common labor, choose those who use, habitually, alcoholic drinks, in preference to those of equal ability who never use them?

They do not. The preference is given to persons of equal ability who are sober.

Are there any among the commonest occupations into which the habitual use of alcoholic drinks is a help?

There are none. On the contrary, their use is always a hindrance, and generally prevents employment.

BIBLE WORDS ABOUT GIVING A PORTION OF OUR SUBSTANCE TO THE WORK OF THE LORD.

1. God claims a portion of our substance. And all the tithes of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord.—*Lev. 27:30.*

2. Withholding this claim is to rob God. Will you rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? in tithes and offerings.—*Mal. 3:8.*

3. Therefore the claim should be attended to promptly. And as soon as the commandment came a-head, the children of Israel brought in abundance the first fruits of corn, wine and oil, and honey, and of all the increase of the field; and the tithes of all the things brought they in abundantly.—*2 Chron. 31:5.*

4. Worldly prosperity promised to those who honor God with their substance. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—*Prov. 3:9, 10.*

5. It is accepted according to what a man hath. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.—*2 Cor. 8:12.*

6. It should be given willingly. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver.—*2 Cor. 9:7.*

7. Does poverty or limited means excuse any one from giving to the Lord? They shall not appear before the Lord empty; so let every man give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee.—*Deut. 16:17, 18.*

8. Jacob's vow. Oraf that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.—*Gen. 28:22.*

Will you act on these principles? If so, begin to-day.

"But now complete the doing also; that is there was the readiness to will, so there may be the completion also out of your ability. For if the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not."—*2 Cor. 8:11, 12 New Version.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Plouhat's Select Notes.*)July 1.—*Joshua 1: 1-9.*

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Untold treasures in the Bible." The Bible is like nature. It is easy enough to gain from both the practical knowledge necessary to existence. No one need fail. But in both, deep study reveals untold treasures. There are mines of gold and silver beneath the surface; there are hidden powers in every force; there are new combinations, full of blessing and comfort. We have not gathered more than a few handfuls of Nature's boundless harvest. We have seen but a few waves from the vast ocean of blessings she has in store for us waiting for our earnest seeking, and hence our fitness to receive. So it is with the Bible. And meditation, day and night, with faithful obedience, are the "open sesame" to its treasures.—*P.*

II. "Success by obedience to God's word." The map of the world is the proof that even worldly success comes from obedience to the Gospel. Make a map like those in the census of the United States. Whatever nation is highest in culture, in civilization, in wealth and power, put in white. Darken the color of the nations as they have less of these, till you come to the blackness of savage life. Now make a like map of the prevalence of the Gospel. Mark with white the nations that most obey the Gospel. Darken the color as the nations recede from a pure Gospel, or decline in obedience to it. And the two maps will almost entirely coincide.—*P.*

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 1, 2. The workers die, but the work goes on.

2. We win our way to higher stations by faithfully performing the duties of the lower.—*Johnan.*

3. God often commands us to do hard things, but always with the command gives the power of doing.

4. Ver. 3. We really possess only so much of God's promised blessings as we take into our hearts and lives.

5. Ver. 6. It requires courage and faith to possess the promised land, but with these it is sure.

6. Vers. 7, 8. We are fitted to do God's work, and possess the land: (1) by courage; (2) by God's presence; (3) by study of God's word; (4) by obedience; (5) by faith.

7. Study of God's word and obedience are the surest road ever to worldly success.

8. No one need fear with God for his friend.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

We learn from this lesson how to be successful in life. (1) We have the promise of success, vers. 1-4, 9. Note the extent and quality of the promised land, and what it typifies to us. (2) The conditions of success, vers. 5-9: (a) God's presence, ver. 5; (b) courage, vers. 6, 9; (c) obedience to God, vers. 7, 8; (d) study of God's word, ver. 8; (e) and the result of all this upon life—prosperity and success, vers. 7, 8.

WHETHER BOARD SCHOOLS teach totalism or not, it is an absolute essential of Sunday School work. The Sunday School teacher who does not recognize this is throwing away a means for usefulness which is immensely greater than he can estimate. For the vice of intemperance has a lodging and spreads its snare over every class of the community. The sweet, bright children who come from happy guarded homes need to have the shield of temperance from the possible harm which may even come to them. There are skeletons in many a home where we least suspect their existence, and the word of a faithful teacher may penetrate, through her or his scholars, where he would not dare to approach to give a needed warning. It is a very solemn and a very sad thought that Sunday School scholars crowd our goals and that even Sunday School teachers may be found there, most of whom trace the beginning of their downward course to strong drink.—*M. A. Paul, in Wiltshire Witness.*

LEGEND OF THE ELEPHANT.

In connection with the employment of the elephant by man, there is an allegorical fable which, although it has probably no basis of fact, may possess a certain interest for those who are fond of investigating the reasons of things.

According to this story there was, at one time, a comparatively small number of elephants upon the earth, and these lived together in one great herd. They were quiet, docile animals, and did no injury to any one. They were formed, however, somewhat differently from the elephant of the present day. You may have noticed that the hind legs of these animals bend forward like the legs of a man, while the hind legs of nearly all other quadrupeds bend out backward. In the days of which this allegory tells, the elephant's hind legs were formed in the same way: they bent out backward like the legs of a dog, a horse, or a cow. The people in that part of the country where these elephants lived had no beasts of burden, or waggons, or carts, and they often thought what an excellent thing it would be if the great, strong elephants would carry them and their families about on their broad backs, or bear for them the heavy loads which they were often obliged to carry from place to place.

One day, several of the men saw the leader of the herd of elephants standing in the shade of a clump of trees, and they went to him to talk upon this subject. They told him of the difficulties they had in taking journeys with their wives and children, especially in the rainy season, when the ground was wet and muddy, and explained to him how hard it was for them to carry loads of provisions and other things from one village to another.

"Now, twenty of these loads," said the spokesman of the men, "would be nothing for one of you to carry; and if one of us, and all his family, and even some of his household goods, were upon your great back, you could walk off with ease. Now, what we wish to propose to you is this: If some of your herd will consent to carry us when we wish to make a journey, and to bear about our heavy goods for us, we will give you grass, rice, and banyan-leaves and melons from our gardens, and such other things as may be proper, for your services. By this arrangement both sides will be benefited."

The elephant listened with great attention, and when the man had finished speaking he replied:

"Melons are very tempting, for these we seldom find in the forest, and fresh leaves from the luxuriant banyans which grow about your houses are highly attractive to elephants; but, in spite of the inducements you offer, there are objections to the plan you propose which will, I fear, prevent it from being carried out. If, for instance, one of your families wished to get upon my back, or if you desired to place a heavy load thereon, it would be necessary for me to lie down, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man. "Our women and children could never climb up to your back while you are standing, and we could never reach high enough to place loads upon it unless you should lie

down. But some of the people, when they heard this story, were not willing to give up the matter so easily. There was a witch of great wisdom who lived in the neighborhood, and they went and consulted her. She considered the matter for three days and nights, and then she told them that, if they would give her twenty pots of rice and a brass gong, she would make it all right. The twenty pots of rice and the brass gong were speedily brought to her; and that night, when the elephants were all fast asleep she went to the place where they were lying on the ground, or leaning against the trees and bewitched them. She managed her witcheries in such a way that the hind legs of the elephants all bent inward instead of outward, as they had done before.

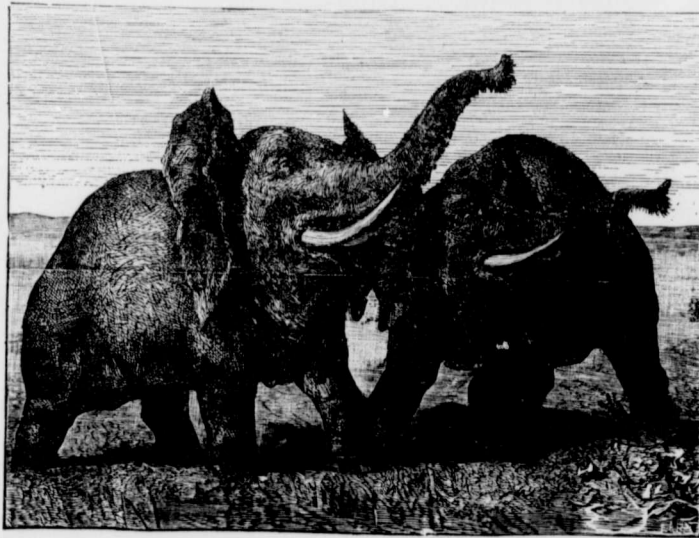
When the head elephant awoke and walked from under the tree

selves up with what seemed to them no trouble at all.

When all this was made known to the men of the village, they immediately urged upon the head elephant that he and his companions should enter into their service. An elephant was thereupon ordered by his chief to lie down and be loaded, and when the men had tied an immense number of packages upon his back, he arose with apparent ease and shambled away.

There being now no possible objection to an elephant becoming a beast of burden, these great animals began to enter into the service of man. But many of them did not fancy labor, no matter how able they might be to perform it, and these separated from the main herd and scattered themselves over various parts of Asia and Africa, where their descendants are still found.

As has been said before, it is quite likely that this story may not be true; but still the facts remain that the elephant's hind legs bend forward just like his fore legs, and that he shambles along very much as if he were all houlders.—*St. Nicholas.*



A SAVAGE PAIR.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SNAKES?

C. C. Hopey, in his very interesting work on "Snakes," writes of their usefulness as follows:

"Persons who dislike snakes continually ask, 'What is the use of them?' In one habit that offended Lord Bacon, namely, of 'going on their belly,' lies one of their greatest uses, because that, together with internal formation and external covering, enables them to penetrate where no larger carnivorous animal could venture, into dark and noisome morasses, bog jungles, swamps, amid the tangled vegetation of the tropics, where swarms of the lesser reptiles, on which so many of them feed, would otherwise outbalance the harmony of nature, die, and produce pestilence.

"Wondrously and exquisitely constructed for their habitat, they are able to exist where the higher animals could not; and while they help to clear those inaccessible places of the lesser vermin, they themselves supply food for a number of the smaller mammalia, which, with many carnivorous birds, devour vast numbers of young snakes. The hedgehog, weasel, ichneumon, rat, etc., and an immense number of birds keep snakes within due limit while the latter perform their part among the lesser creatures.

down."

"There comes in the difficulty," said the elephant. "Our bodies are so large and heavy that when we lie down it is as much as we can do to get up. Indeed, most of us prefer to sleep leaning against a tree, because when we lie down at night we often find in the morning that it is almost impossible for us to rise. Now, if we find it difficult to get up from the ground when we have nothing but ourselves to lift, it is quite plain that we could not rise at all if we had a load upon our backs. That is clear to your mind, is it not?"

"Yes," said the man, rather ruefully. "I see that what you say is true. You would be of no service to us if you could not get up after we had placed our loads upon your backs."

And he and his fellows returned sadly to their village.

against which he had been leaning, he was very much surprised at the change in his gait. He shuffled along in a very different way from that in which he had always walked before.

"I feel as if I were all shoulders," he said to his wife.

"And well you may," said she, "for your hind legs bend forward, exactly like your fore legs."

"And so do yours!" he cried, in utter amazement.

The elephants who were lying down were awakened by this loud conversation, and, noticing that many of their companions were moving about in a very strange way, thought it would be a good idea to get up and see what was the matter. To their astonishment they arose with great ease. Their hind legs were bent under their heavy bodies, and they were enabled to lift them-

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, June 25th, 1883.

The local grain market continues to be virtually stagnant, and prices remain the same. Exactly how the markets stand, however, is a vexed point, and it is likely a decline would follow an increase in business. We quote: Canada Red Winter Wheat at \$1.15 to \$1.17; Canada White Winter, \$1.12 to \$1.13; Spring, \$1.12 to \$1.14. Corn, 63c per bushel. Peas, 96c Oats, 35c. Barley, 56c. Rye, 70c.

Flour.—No change in the state of the market with prices still the same. Inquiry for extra was a little brisker during the week and strong flours command a fair local sale, but the demand could easily be glutted. We quote: Superior Extra, \$4.95 to \$5.00; Extra Superfine, \$4.80 to \$4.85; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra \$4.70 to \$4.75; Superfine, \$4.30 to \$4.40; Strong Bakers' Canadian, \$5.15 to \$5.25; do, American, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.80 to \$3.90; Middlings, \$3.60 to \$3.70; Pollards, \$3.35 to \$3.50; Ontario bags, medium, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do, Spring Extra, \$2.35 to \$2.40; do, Superfine, \$2.25 to \$2.30; City Bags, delivered, \$3.10.

MEALS.—Oat meals \$3.50 to \$3.74 Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.45 to 5.55 granulated \$5.75 to 8.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter.—Prices the same and business very dull indeed. We quote Creamery, 19c to 20c; Townships, 17c to 19c; Western 15c to 17c. Cheese—Is steady at 9c to 10c. The public cable has been steadily dropping all week a sixpence at a time. To-day it stands at 5c.

Eggs, are steady at 16c to 16c.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote: Canada short cut, \$23.50; Western, \$22.25 to \$22.50; Hams city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c. Lard in pails, 14c to 15c.

ASHES—Pots at \$5 to \$5.10.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The prices of beef cattle continues to advance slowly but surely, and are now higher than at this date last year, although not so high as on the first of June, 1882. This condition of the market seems rather strange from the fact that prices of cattle are declining in the United States markets and are at present nearly two cents per lb., live weight, lower in Chicago than was the case a year ago. Good fat cattle, either for city slaughter or for shipping purposes, sell at from 6c to 6c per lb., roughish steers and fat cows at 6c to 6c do. Leanish stock are getting more plentiful and sell at from 4c to 5c per lb. Calves are less plentiful, and good veals bring fair prices, but lean small "bobs" are not much sought for, although they sell much better than they did two or three weeks ago. Sheep and lambs are much more plentiful, and prices of lambs are declining, but good sheep bring pretty high figures. Lambs sell at from \$2 to \$4.50 each, and sheep at from \$4 to \$10 each. Fat hogs are declining in value, and now sell at about 7c per lb. Milch cows are plentiful, but any that are good will still bring high prices. The horse trade is very quiet for want of suitable horses offering.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The wet weather this week has prevented many farmers from bringing their produce to the city markets, but there is no scarcity and prices are unchanged. Green vegetables, especially rhubarb, green onions, and lettuces are very plentiful and cheap. Oranges are very high priced, and lemons are advancing. Strawberries are plentiful and lower priced, but there are no Canadian berries on the market yet, should warm, dry weather set in, however, they will be ripe in the course of a few days, and the crop is likely to be unusually large. There are no changes to note in the prices of dairy produce. The supply of hay is smaller this week, and good hay is somewhat dearer although the growing crop is very promising. Oats are from 95c to \$1.05 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes 50c to 75c per bag; onions \$3.50 to \$4.50 per barrel; turnips, beets and carrots 50c per bushel; tub butter 18c to 22c per lb.; prints 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 17c to 22c per dozen; apples \$3 to \$5 per barrel; oranges \$12 per case; lemons \$6.50 do.; strawberries 17c to 25c per box; hay \$9.50 to \$12.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw \$4 to \$5 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

(Continued from first page.)

R.W.G.D.M.—Mrs. Hooke, Rhyll, Wales, R.W.G.A.S.—W. M. Artrell, Key West, Fla. (colored).

R.W.G. Mess.—Prof. W. P. Hastings, Maryville, Tenn.

R.W.G.C.T.—T. Goldsmith, Douglas, Isle of Man.

R.W.G. Sent.—W. S. Wilson, Norfolk, Va. (colored).

P.R.W.G.T.—Rev. George Gladstone, Glasgow, Scotland.

Mr. Malins, in an inaugural speech, thanked the members for their confidence in again unanimously electing him to the highest office in the Order. In many respects this was the most complete session held since the disruption in 1876, and the new executive was, perhaps, more cosmopolitan than ever before.

It was resolved that the next session of the R. W. G. Lodge of the World should be held in Stockholm, Sweden, in June, 1885.

We give below a synopsis of several interesting acts of legislation passed at this session:—

It was resolved that the regalia which may be adopted by Grand Lodges as a substitute for white regalia shall not be less than one and a half inches wide, and of such length as Grand Lodges may determine, but not less than six inches. It shall be white in color with blue edges, and bear a globe in blue with the letters I. O. G. T. across the equator. There shall be suspended from it a badge containing the R. W. G. Lodge seal in white metal, and this badge may be worn on all sub. Lodge Regalia. A blue ribbon, with white I. O. G. T. globe emblem was authorized to be worn as a public badge by members of the Order. The badge to be attached to new regalia was ordered to be made of yellow metal, and the new regalia to be worn on the left breast. A blue regalia was adopted for juvenile Templars, to be worn around the neck.

Henceforth the election and installation of subordinate lodge officers are to take place on the same evening, and in special cases, when a member who has been re-elected to the same office is absent at the regular time of installation by unavoidable cause, a lodge may by a five-sixth vote declare that he continue in office during the term for which he has been re-elected.

The Executive was instructed to place before the membership throughout the world a proposal to dispense with requiring a life-long pledge of abstinence in subordinate degree, and report at next session. A report by a special committee on the colored question was unanimously adopted rejoicing in the continued vindication of the fundamental principles of the Order—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man—through the institution of the Order among the colored people in fourteen Southern States. About four thousand dollars had been expended in this cause last year. An influential committee was appointed to carry on the work among the freedmen.

The use of the malt liquor known in Denmark as hvidt (white beer) was declared not permissible to Templars.

Before closing the session the usual votes of thanks to benefactors in one way and another were passed, and a resolution recording thankfulness for Mr. Malins's recovery so as to enable him to preside at the session was adopted. Mr. Goldsmith, of the Isle of Man, resigned his position in the Executive in favor of Mr. Clares G. W. C. T. of the Bahamas, in order to give that quarter adequate influence in the Order, and Mr. Goldsmith's magnanimity was commended and his action ratified.

The session closed with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday evening. Mr. Malins, the head of the Order, is in his thirty-ninth year and has been a pledged temperance man since he was sixteen. He has attended every session of the R. W. G. Lodge since 1872, having visited America five times to do so.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Clarkville Division has been organized at the place of that name in Colchester county, N.S., with twelve members. John T. Bell is W.P.; Margaret J. Morgan, W.A.; John Wallace, R. S.; Luther Tupper, Deputy.

Crystal Glen Division has been formed at the place of that name in Colchester county, Nova Scotia, by the very efficient agent and lecturer, Mr. Thomas Hutchings, P.G.W.P. It has thirty-three charter members and fine prospects. Thomas P. Lowther is W.P.; Ida Dickinson, W.A.; Augusta Bird, R.S.; Isaac Shipley, Deputy.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

A temperance convention was held at Essex Centre on Saturday, to take into consideration the advisability of submitting the Scott Act to the ratepayers of the County of Kent, Ontario. It was found by report of the canvassers that the county was hardly ripe for the measure to be submitted, but the temperance people are sanguine that by another few months' persistent effort the Act will carry. A central committee has been formed, and sub-committees will be organized and paid canvassers will go to work shortly.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A ten-dollar bill was paid into the bank at Durham last week with a legend endorsed upon it, signifying that it was the last of ten thousand spent in dissipated courses.

It has been enacted by the Legislature of Michigan that "no certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the schools of Michigan who shall not pass a satisfactory examination after Sept. 1, 1884, in physiology and hygiene, with particular reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, and stimulants and narcotics upon the human system."

The gospel temperance movement, it is gratifying to observe, is keeping pace with the settlement of the vast North-West. A little paper, the *Moosjaw News*, just started at Moosjaw, one of the youngest towns in the Northwest, gives a full report of what seems to have been a lively and profitable Sunday afternoon temperance meeting. It was held in the Methodist church and presided over by Mr. Farley, President of the Toronto West End Temperance Society, who delivered the opening address, in which he warned the audience that, notwithstanding the prohibition of liquor in that region with the Mounted Police to enforce it, the greatest watchfulness was necessary on the part of the temperance people to keep the enemy out. The Rev. Mr. Turver, Mr. Luke and the Rev. Mr. Taylor followed with speeches.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON 1.

July 1, 1883. [Josh. 1:1-8]

JOSHUA SUCCESSOR TO MOSES.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 6, 7.

- 1. Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying, 2. Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. 3. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. 4. From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. 5. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. 6. Be strong and of good courage; for unto his people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I swear unto thy fathers to give thee.

- 7. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. 8. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. 9. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.—Eph. 6:10.

TOPIC.—God's Words about Success.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE LEADER COMMISSIONED, VS. 1, 2. 2. THE LEADER ENCOURAGED, VS. 3-6. 3. THE LEADER COMMANDED, VS. 7-9.

INTRODUCTORY.

The book of Joshua is so called because it records the history of Moses' successor, the Government of Joshua, the successor of Moses. It is believed to have been written by Joshua, with the exception of a small addition to the last chapter by a later author. It covers a period of about thirty years—from the death of Moses to the death of Joshua.

Joshua was born about the time that Moses led into Midian. He is mentioned first as commander in the taking of Amalek (Ex. 17:8-13). He was with Moses on Mount Sinai (Ex. 24:13; 31:11); was one of the twelve spies (Num. 13:8-17); was appointed a small addition to the staff of the leader of Israel (Dut. 3:28); received a formal charge from Moses (Dut. 31:1-25); and was left in sole command at the death of Moses (Dut. 34:9). Josephus computes that he was at this time eighty-five years of age.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 1. NOW AFTER THE DEATH OF MOSES.—This connects the book of Joshua with the Pentateuch as a continuation of the history of the Israelites. SERVANT OF THE LORD—the official title of Moses, as the one through whom the Lord made known his will to his chosen people. THE LEADER SPAKE—probably at the end of the public mourning and the direct revelation. MOSES' MINISTER—attendant, who waited on his person and assisted him in his work. He had thus been training his direct successor to which he was now called. V. 3. AS I SAID—God's promise and direction to Moses are here literally repeated. DUT. 31:25-31:68. V. 4. THE BOUNDARIES OF THE PROMISED LAND are here defined. THE WILDERNESS—the Desert of Arabia, a wide plain beginning north-east of Palestine and spreading in a curve around its lower border to Egypt and the Red Sea. This was the southern boundary. THIS LEBANON—the mountain range forming the northern boundary. THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES—the eastern boundary. THE HITTITES—a powerful tribe in the part of the Promised Land known as Judaea in the time of our Lord. TOWARD THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN—the western boundary. THE GREAT SEA—the Mediterranean Sea. (Compare Gen. 15:18-21; Num. 34:1-12). V. 5. ABLE TO STAND—to make successful resistance. I WILL BE WITH THEE—a promise which every child of God may take to himself. (See Heb. 5:6) VS. 6, 7. BE STRONG AND OF A GOOD COURAGE—employ all your powers with force and determination. Act the man, God's promise was sure, but Joshua's work was difficult and required all his energies. To succeed he needed courage, activity, obedience, wisdom. TURN NOT—do not in the least neglect or disobey the law. V. 8. THIS BOOK OF THE LAW—the Pentateuch, the five books of Moses, known by this name from the earliest time. THOU SHALT MEDIATE—the Psalmist (Ps. 1:1) desires that the good man in all moments be meditating upon the law. V. 9. HAVE NOT I COMMANDED THEE—I, whom thou art bound to obey, and who am able to carry thee through all difficulties and commands that which he wishes should be done, and he will see that his servants are strengthened to do it. This is the source of success to us in the Christian life. A! that God said to Joshua he says to us, and what more do we need for our encouragement?

TEACHINGS:

- 1. All that the Lord promises he will certainly do. 2. We need courage and strength for the work which he requires us to do. 3. Faith in his presence and promise will give us the needed courage and strength. 4. God pledges his promise and help to the obedient. 5. The Lord Jesus says, "Lo, I am with you always."

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

The David Morrice Convocation Hall, Library, Dining Hall, Reading Room, Studies and Dormitories are now completed, forming, with the original College Buildings, one of the finest and best equipped Theological Institutions on the continent. The situation is most healthy, commanding a good view of the city and the St. Lawrence. Students are provided free of expense, with well furnished rooms, heated with hot water and lighted with gas. No fees are charged for Lectures. Classes. Board \$12.00 per calendar month. The next session opens on the 31st OCTOBER, 1883, and closes on 4th April, 1884. The Teaching Staff consists of ten Professors and Lecturers. For the next session there are open positions for \$2,000 in Scholarships, including the David Morrice Fellowship of \$500, the examination for which takes place in March, 1884. Special Lectures and Scholarships for Gaelic and French Students. McGill University, with which this College is affiliated, also offers eight Scholarships for the next session. Early application for rooms is necessary. Catalogues for next session, giving full information on all points, may be had on application to the Secretary, Mr. D. D. Little, or to the Dean of Residence, Presbyterian College, Montreal, Canada.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 33, 34 and 37 St. James Street, Montreal, by JOHN DONALD, & SON, composed of John Donald, of New York, and John Redpath Donald and J. D. Donald, of Montreal.