

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The Autumn Competition, although somewhat disappointing in its total result, is yet much more satisfactory than the August Competition was. Seventy-four annual subscriptions, and three hundred and ninety-six for two months have been gained by the latest competition, and the following is a list of the prize-winners, with the amount sent by each:—

- 1st, \$10, Wm. Gates, Back Bay, St. George, N. B., \$19.75.
- 2nd, \$5, Bertha Forbes, Wentworth Grant, Fictou Co., N. S., \$7.50.
- 3rd, \$3, Mary McGee, Back Bay, St. George, N. B., \$4.05.
- 4th, \$2, Willie Brotzman, Jasper, Steuben Co., New York, \$4.00.
- 5th, \$1, Jennie McMillan, Box 10, Spencerville, Ohio, \$3.35.

It requires some faith to go on with such slight evidence of return but the plan must have a fair trial. It is evident that the workers have not yet been stirred up and we hope they will yet do something very respectable in the way of working up the circulation of the paper. We therefore renew the offer for the month of December in the hope of an abundant harvest for all this seed sowing.

Our offer, therefore, to our workers for December is a commission of 50 cents on every five subscriptions, and to the one sending the largest amount of money up to the end of the month a prize of ten dollars; to the second, five dollars; to the third, three dollars; to the fourth, two dollars, and to the fifth, one dollar.

Trial subscriptions for three months may be taken at thirteen cents singly, and for six months at 25 cents, with commissions on every five subscriptions in proportion.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

SINCE WRITING the paragraph in last week's issue regarding the alarming prevalence of drinking in India, we have come across another and more encouraging side of the picture. The blue-ribbon movement was recently inaugurated in Calcutta, and Hindoos as well as Europeans are joining it. Many of the missionaries at the Calcutta Conference, it is related with pleasure by one of them, wore the badge of blue. So far as that person knew, all the American missions in India make total abstinence from intoxicating drinks and drugs a condition of church membership. "Missionaries working among aboriginal tribes and lower classes of Hindoos and Mohammedans," he says, "are obliged to do this because intemperance is the prevailing vice and a mighty barrier to the progress of the gospel." In his own field at Madras, this gentleman, the Rev. James L. Phillips, M. D.—says they could receive Santals into the church by thousands, were they allowed to take liquor with them, but total abstinence had to be made a square, clear issue at the start. Christian missionaries, Dr. Phillips says further, are deter-

mined to do all in their power for those poor people who are the slaves of drink. A petition numerously signed by men and women at the decennial conference, imploring the Bengal Government to reduce the number of distilleries, was effective to the extent of having no less than fifteen hundred of those establishments and drink shops closed.

THE REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, of Toronto, has attracted unenviable attention by preaching in Detroit, Michigan, against women organizing themselves into Christian temperance associations and other societies of benevolent purpose. Opposition to organized well-doing by women is somewhat out of place in this age and in this country.

## LUTHER.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, the great reformer, occurring on the tenth of November, has been celebrated in various ways in most Protestant communities throughout the world. In London, England, the united choirs of the German churches gave a sacred concert on Friday evening, and Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian Commissioner, lectured on the life and works of the renowned man. Probably the most remarkable commemoration of the event was that at Eisleben, Germany, Luther's birthplace, where Protestants, Catholics and Jews united to give effect to the celebration. Among the chief attractions there was the great bronze statue of Luther burning the Papal bull, the colossal picture representing him finishing his ever memorable address in the Diet of Worms, and the pulpit in the Church of St. Andrew from which the great reformer preached. An interesting sketch of Luther, with portraits of himself and his worthy mother, appears in this paper. Dr. Dollinger, President of the Royal Academy in Berlin, and leader of the Old Catholics, wrote that the Old Catholics might take part in the festivities in honor of Martin Luther, apart from religious grounds, because he did so much for the language, letters and education of the country as to deserve the everlasting thanks of all Germans.

## FRANCE AND CHINA.

No very important developments have occurred in the Franco-Chinese trouble during the week. In the Tonquin credit bill passed by the French Legislature it is stated that the total French force in Tonquin at the beginning of November was 8,650 men, and the French naval forces in Tonquin and Chinese waters comprised thirty-two vessels with crews numbering 4,500 men. Since that date reinforcements have arrived in the country, disembarking at Haiphong. The Marquis Tseng, Chinese Ambassador, said to a reporter in London that until a reply was received to China's last note to France the negotiations would be at a standstill. If the French attack Bac Ninh, he said, they will meet the Chinese troops and then there would be war, in which case it would be impossible to guarantee the safety of foreign trade or the property and lives of foreigners. The French

Admiral Courbet, in command in Tonquin, has announced his intention of first attacking Sontay and then Honghoa. By these pieces of intelligence it is clear that the statement last week, that Sontay and Bac Ninh had been occupied by the French, was premature.

THE RECENT ELECTION in Virginia was marked by an atrocious massacre of Negroes shortly before election day, at Danville. Colored people were in numerous attendance at market, buying supplies for Sunday. A personal quarrel arose between white and colored men, and the former began firing volantly and indiscriminately at the latter, who were mostly unarmed and helpless. The slaying of seven and the wounding of twenty are admitted by the assailants, but these numbers are said on the other side to be not more than half the truth. Taking alarm at this massacre, the Negroes all over the State began arming themselves, and terrible times were feared but were happily averted by due precautions and doubtless in some cases by Negroes not attempting to assert their rights at the polls. The upholders of equal rights to all races were defeated in the election, so that colored people are not in a pleasant position in Virginia.

THE PEOPLE OF JAMAICA are carrying on a strong agitation against their present government from London as a Crown Colony. At the largest public meeting ever held in the country, convened in Kingston City Hall, resolutions were passed expressing a determination to pay no taxes while representative government is denied the people, but to offer passive resistance and compel the Government to collect taxes at the point of the bayonet. It will be rather stupid of the British Government if it throws away the voluntary allegiance of that colony by denying its reasonable petition for self-government.

GENERAL ALFRED AYLWARD, an American adventurer who figured largely as a Boer leader in the recent troubles in South Africa, is now in Chicago, a bankrupt drunkard. Four months ago he eloped with Miss Carrie Van Housen, a handsome young lady of Brooklyn, but drinking hard ever since went through not only his own means but also all he could raise in the pawn shop with his wife's valuables worth \$4,000, which was dissipated in a week. His wife has gone back broken-hearted to her mother, and the fallen hero is almost nightly picked up in the gutter.

TWO HUNDRED ITALIAN LABORERS in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, are going back to Italy, having decided that America is not the country it was represented to them to be.

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY of the Methodist Church in the United States is going to raise \$125,000 for the establishment of the first woman's periodical in India.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION of fire damp occurred in a colliery at Accrington, near Manchester, last week, which caused the loss of about a hundred lives.

IT IS SAID that if Great Britain abandons Egypt, France and Italy will take steps to secure protection to their respective subjects in that country. A change is said, however, to have come over the policy of the British Government in this matter, it being now proposed to keep four or five thousand troops in Egypt for an indefinite period. Among the causes assigned for this change of policy is that the most eminent financiers warned the Government that the Egyptian loan could not easily be effected if the British troops were entirely withdrawn, added to which General Wood, commander of the Egyptian contingent, has advised against complete evacuation as originally proposed.

IT IS EXPECTED the British Government will at the ensuing session of Parliament introduce a household suffrage bill to apply to both town and country in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland alike, also a bill for the redistribution of seats in the House of Commons.

GEORGE AND NATHANIEL HEMPSTED, engineers and proprietors of the Phoenix Iron Works, England, have failed with liabilities of a million dollars, against which they have large assets.

SEVENTY-FIVE CASES of typhoid fever were reported in Port Jervis, New York, the other day, and physicians attribute the spread of the disease to the use of milk from a certain farm. Milk is one of the most sensitive liquids to surrounding conditions and readily conveys from diseased cows or impure air in which it may be kept the seeds of fatal sickness.

CAPTAIN DELAMERE was seriously injured during a militia review in Toronto a few days ago, by a brutal car-driver wilfully running his horse against him and knocking him and his horse down. His nose was broken so badly as to necessitate the bone being taken out, and he was seriously injured in the legs and arms. Q. M. Sergeant Lettice was also seriously injured, internally, by Captain Delamere's horse rolling over on him.

A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION will enquire into the causes of the Derry, Ireland, riots. The National League at its late session in Dublin passed a resolution declaring that no confidence should be placed in this investigation. Mr. Healy declared that Dublin Castle—the viceregal residence of Ireland—glorified the Orange Association. Against these declarations as to the partiality of the authorities we have the statement that they have discovered a plot to tar and feather the Lord Mayor of Dublin. It is said to be in contemplation to form a new constitutional organization in Ulster to conciliate Catholics and Protestants. Lord Rossmore is said to have been formally charged before the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal with having, as Grand Master of the Orangemen, summoned the Fermanagh brethren to resist the encroachments of the Parnellite agitators in Roslea. Orange and Nationalist meetings announced to be held at Garristown on Thursday were proclaimed. The County Fermanagh has been proclaimed under the Crimes Act.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

"So you've brought me this costly Bible, With its covers so grand and gay; You thought I must need a new one On my eighty-first birthday, you say; Yes, mine is a worn-out volume, Grown ragged and yellow with age, With finger-prints thick on the margin; But there's never a missing page.

"And the finger-prints call back my wee ones Just learning a verse to repeat; And again, in the twilight, their faces Look up to me, eagerly sweet. It has pencil marks pointed in silence To words I have hid in my heart; And the lessons so hard in the learning, Once learned, can never depart.

"There's the verse your grandfather spoke of The very night that he died: When I shall walk in His likeness I, too, shall be satisfied." And here, inside the old cover, Is a date; it is faded and dim, For I wrote it the day the good pastor Baptized me—I've an old woman's whim,

"That beside the pearl-gates he is waiting, And when by-and-by I shall go, That he will lead me into that kingdom As into this one below. And under that date, little Mary, Write another one when I die; Then keep both Bibles and read them; God bless you, child, why should you cry?

"Your gift is a beauty, my dearie, With its wonderful clasps of gold. Put it carefully into that drawer; I shall keep it till death; but the old— Just leave it close by on the table, And then you may bring me a light, And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages To think of, if wakeful-to-night." —Hattie A. Cooley, in London Christian.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XLII.—NO WEDDING ON THE TWENTIETH.

Charlotte was quite right in saying that now she could cry; a great tension had been removed, an immediate agony lightened. From the time she had left the doctor's presence until she had met Sandy Wilson, most intolerable had been her feelings. She would sink all pride when she saw him; for her father's sake, she would plead for mercy; but knowing nothing of the character of the man, how could she tell that she would be successful? How could she tell that he might not harden his heart against her plea? When she left him however, she knew that her cause was won. Charlotte Home was to be the arbitrator of her fate; she had never in all her life seen such a hunger for money in any eyes as she had done in Charlotte's, and yet she felt moral certainty that with Charlotte she was safe. In the immediate relief of this she could cry, and those tears were delicious to her. Returning from her drive, and in the solitude of her own room, she indulged in them, weeping on until no more tears would flow. They took the maddening pressure off heart and brain, and after them she felt strong and even calm. She had washed her face and smoothed her hair, and though she could not at once remove all traces of the storm through which she had just passed, she still looked better than she had done at breakfast that morning, when a tap came to her door, and Ward, her maid, waited outside.

"If you please, Miss Harman, the dressmaker has called again. Will you have the wedding dress fitted now?"

At the same instant and before Charlotte could reply, a footman appeared at the head of the stairs—"Mr. Hinton had arrived and was waiting for Miss Harman, in her own sitting-room."

"Say, I will be with him directly," she answered to the man, then she turned to Ward. "I will send you with a message to the dressmaker this evening; tell her I am engaged now."

The two messengers left, and Charlotte turned back into her room. She had to go

through another fire. Well! the sooner it was over the better. She scarcely would give herself time for any thought as she ran quickly down the stairs and along the familiar corridor, and in a moment found herself in Hinton's presence. They had not met since yesterday morning, when they had parted in apparent coldness; but Hinton had long forgotten it, and now, when he saw her face, a great terror of pity and love came over him.

"My darling! my own darling!" he said. He came up to her and put his arms round her. "Charlotte, what is it? You are in trouble? Tell me."

Ah! how sweet it was to feel the pressure of his arms, to lay her head on his breast. She was silent for quite a minute, saying to herself, "It is for the last time."

"You are in great trouble, Charlotte? Charlotte, what is it?" questioned her lover.

"Yes, I am in great trouble," she said then, raising her head and looking at him. Her eyes were clear and frank and open as of old, and yet at that moment she meant to deceive him; she would not tell him the real reason which induced her to break off her engagement. She would shelter her father in the eyes of the man she loved, at any cost.

"You are in great trouble," he repeated, seeing that she paused.

"Yes, John—for myself—for my father—for—for you. Dear John, we cannot be married on the twentieth, we must part."

"Charlotte!" he stepped back a pace or two in his astonishment, and her arms fell heavily to her sides. "Charlotte!" he repeated, but he had failed to understand her. He gave a short laugh.

She began to tremble when she heard him laugh, and seeing a chair near, she sank into it. "Yes, John, we must part," she repeated.

He went down on his knees then by her side, and looked into her face. "My poor darling, you are really not well; you are in trouble and don't know what you are saying. Tell me all your trouble, Charlotte, but don't mind those other words. It is impossible that you and I can part. Have we not plighted our troth before God? We cannot take that back. Therefore we cannot part."

"In heart we may be one, but outwardly we must part," she repeated, and then she began to cry feebly, for she was all unstrung. Hinton's words were too much for her.

"Tell me all," he said then very tenderly.

"John, a dark thing was kept from me, but I have discovered it. My father is dying, when my father is dying?"

Hinton instantly felt a sense of relief. Was this all the meaning of this great trouble? This objection meant, at the most, postponement, scarcely that, when Charlotte knew all.

"How did you learn that about your father?" he said.

"I went to see some poor people yesterday, and they told me; but that was not enough. To-day I visited the great doctor. My father has seen Sir George Anderson; he told me all. My father is a dying man. John, can you ask me to marry when my father is dying?"

"I could not, Charlotte, if it were not his own wish."

"His own wish?" she repeated. "Yes! Some time ago he told me of this; he said the one great thing he longed for was to see you and me—you and me, my own Charlotte—husband and wife, before he died."

"Why did he keep his state of health as a secret from me?"

"I begged of him to tell you, but he wanted you to be his own bright Charlotte to the end."

Then Hinton told her of that first interview he had with her father. He told it well, but she hardly listened. Must she tell him the truth after all? No! she would not. During her father's lifetime she would shield him at any cost. Afterwards, all afterwards all the world would know.

When Hinton had ceased speaking, she laid her hand on his arm. "Nevertheless, my darling, I cannot marry next week, I know you will fail to understand me. I know my father will fail to understand me. That is hard—the hardest part, but I am doing right. Some day you will acknowledge that. With my father dying I cannot

stand up in white and call myself a bride. My marriage-day was to have been the entrance into Paradise to me. With a funeral so near, and to certain, it cannot be that. John—John—I cannot—I cannot. We must not marry next week."

"You put it off, then? You deny your dying father his dearest wish? That is not like you, Charlotte."

"No, it is unlike me. Everything, always, again, will be unlike me. If you put it so, I deny my father his dearest wish."

"Charlotte, I fail to understand you. You will not marry during your father's lifetime. But it may be very quiet—very—very quiet, I can manage that; and you need not leave him, you can still be altogether his daughter, and yet make him happy by letting him feel that you are also my wife; that I have the right to shield you, the right to love and comfort you. Come, Charlotte! come, my darling! we won't have any outward festivity, any outward rejoicing. This is but natural, this can be managed, and yet we may have that which is above and beyond it all—one another. We may be one in our sorrow instead of our joy."

"Oh! if it could be," she sobbed; and now again she laid her head on his shoulder.

"It shall be Charlotte; we will marry like that on the twentieth. I will wrangle it with your father."

"No, John! no, my dearest, my best beloved, it cannot be, I cannot be your wife. Loving you as I never—never—loved you before, I give you up; it is worse than the agony of death to me. But I give you up."

"You postpone our marriage during your father's lifetime?"

"I postpone it—I do more—I break it off. Oh! John, don't look at me like that; pity me—pity me, my heart will break."

But he had pushed her a little away from him. Pale as death he rose to his feet. "Charlotte! you are deceiving me; you have another reason for this?"

"If you will have it so," she said.

"You are keeping a secret from me."

"I do not say so, but you are likely enough to think this," she repeated.

"Can you deny it?"

"I will not try, I know we must part."

"If this is so, we must. A secret between husband and wife is fatal."

"It would be, but I admit nothing, we cannot be husband and wife."

"Never, Charlotte?"

"Never!" she said.

Hinton thought for a moment, and then he came up and again took her hand. "Lottie, tell me that secret; trust me; I know there is a secret, tell it to me, all of it, let me decide whether it must part us."

"I cannot, my darling—my darling—I can say nothing, explain nothing, except that you and I must part."

"If that is so, we must," he said.

He was pained, shocked, and angry, beyond words. He left the room and the house without even another look.

CHAPTER XLIII.—"I LOVE HIM," SHE ANSWERED.

That evening Charlotte came softly into her father's study and set down by his side. She had not appeared at dinner-time, sending another excuse. She was very well, she said; she would see her father later in the evening. But as she could not eat, she did not care to come to dinner. She would like to see her father quite alone afterwards, Charlotte had written this verbal message with great care, for she wished to prepare her father for something of extra importance. Even with the tenderest watching it was impossible to avoid disturbing him a little, and she wished to prepare him for the very slight but unavoidable shock she must give. Jasper dined at Prince's Gate as usual. But after dinner he went away. And Charlotte, when she knew this, instantly went down to her father. She was now perfectly calm. For the time being she had forgotten herself absolutely. Nothing gives outwardly a person like self-forgetfulness, like putting yourself in your fellow-man's place. Charlotte had done this when she stepped up to her old father's side. She had dressed herself, too, with special thought for him. There was a muslin frock, quite clear and simple, which he had loved. It was a soft Indian fabric, and clung to her fine figure in graceful folds. She had made Ward iron it out, and had put it on. Of late she had considered it too girlish, but to-night she appear-

ed in it, knowing it would please the eyes for which it was worn.

Mr. Harman was chilly and sat by the fire. As usual the room was softly but abundantly lit by candles. Charlotte loved light, and, as a rule, hated to talk to any one without looking at that person fully. But to-night an opposite motive caused her to put out one by one all the candles.

"Does not the room look cosy with only the firelight?" she said. And then she sat down on a low stool at her father's feet.

"You are better now, my love. Tell me you are better," he said, taking her hand in his.

"I am well enough to sit and talk to you, father," she said.

"But what ailed you, Lottie? You could not come to dinner either yesterday or to-day; and I remember you looked ill this morning. What is wrong?"

"I felt troubled, and that has brought on a headache. But don't let us talk about me. I mean, I suppose we must after a little, but not at first."

"Whom shall we talk about first? Who is more important? Is it Hinton? You cannot get me to think that, Charlotte."

"You are more important. I want to talk about you."

Now she got hold of his hand, and, turning round, gazed firmly into his face.

"Father, you have troubled me. You have caused my headache."

Instantly a startled look came into his eyes; and, she, reading him now—as, alas! she knew how to do but too well—hastened to soothe it.

"You wanted to send me away, to make me less your own, if that were possible. Father, I have come here to-night to tell you that I am not going away—that I am all your own even to the end."

"My own to the end? Yes, you must always be that. But what do you mean?"

She felt the hand she held trembling, and hastened to add—

"Why did you keep the truth from me? Why did you try to deceive me, your nearest and dearest, as to your state of health? But I know it all now. I am not going away from you."

"You mean—you mean, Charlotte, you will not marry Hinton next week?"

"No, father."

"Have you told him?"

"Yes."

"Charlotte, do you know the worst about me?"

"I know all about you. I went to see Sir George Anderson this morning. I forced from him the opinion he has already given to you. He says that I cannot keep you long. But while I can, we will never part."

Mr. Harman's hand had now ceased to tremble. It lay warm and quiet in his daughter's clasp. After a time he said—

"Put your arms round me, darling."

She rose to her feet, clasped her hands round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder. In this position he kissed first her bright hair then her cheek and brow.

"But I want my little girl to leave me," he said. "Illness need not make me selfish, and you can still be my one only dear daughter, and yet be Hinton's wife."

"I am your only dear daughter," she repeated. "Never mind about my being any man's wife." She tried to smile as she resumed her seat at his feet.

Mr. Harman saw the attempt at a smile, and it instantly strengthened him to proceed.

"Charlotte, I am not sorry that you know that which I had not courage either to tell you or to cause another to tell you. I am—yes, I am dying. Some day before long I must leave you, my darling. I must go away and return no more. But before I die I want to see you Hinton's wife. It will make me happier to see this, for you love him, and he can make you happy. You do love him, Charlotte?"

"Yes, I love him," she answered.

"Then we will not postpone the marriage. My child shall marry the man she loves, and have the strength of his love in the dark days that must follow; and in one week you will be back with me, no less my child because you are Hinton's wife."

"Father, I cannot."

"Not if I wish it, dear—if I have set my heart on it?"

"I cannot," she repeated.

She felt driven to her wits' end, and pressed her hands to her face.

"Charlotte, what is the meaning of this?"

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There is more here than meets the eye. Have you and Hinton quarrelled?"

"No, except over this. And even over this it takes two to make a quarrel. I cannot marry next week, I have told him so. He is mad, and you—you are vexed. Must I break my heart and leave you? You have always given me my own way; give it now. Don't send me away from you. It would break my heart to marry and leave you now."

"Is this indeed so, Charlotte?" he said. "Would you with your whole heart rather put it off?"

"With my whole, whole heart, I would rather," she said.

"I will not urge it. I cannot; and yet it destroys a hope which I thought might cheer me on my dying bed."

"Never mind the hope, father; you will have me. I shall not spend that week away from you."

"No, that week did seem long to look forward to."

"Ah! you are glad after all that I am to be with you," she said. "You will let me nurse you and care for you. You will not force yourself to do more than you are able. Now that I know all, I can take such care of you, and the thought of that will make me happier by-and-by."

"It is a relief that you know the worst," said Mr. Harman, but he did not smile or look contented; he, as well as Hinton, felt that there was more in this strange desire of Charlotte than met the eye.

To be Continued.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloulet's Select Notes.)

November 25.—1 Samuel 17: 38-51.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. The conflict of the lesson to-day illustrates and is illustrated by the early conquest of Christianity, the Reformation, the progress of almost every Christian denomination, the Puritans, the cause of temperance, the conquest of missions.

II. "God's victories for his people." The city of Leyden was besieged by the Spanish. A pardon was offered the citizens by the Catholic King of Spain, on condition that they should throw themselves upon the bosom of the mother Church. They responded, "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will contend for our liberty and our religion." The Prince of Orange planned to pierce the dykes and open the great sluices upon the Spaniards and thus compel them to raise the siege, and enable him to sail to the city to its relief. Dyke after dyke was broken through and the fleet of Orange, after many delays, sailed nearer and nearer to Leyden, when a new delay occurred at North Aa at the Kerkway. The waters fell to the depth of 9 inches, while vessels required 18 or 20. Day after day the fleet lay motionless. The city was at its last gasp. Pestilence and famine stalked through the city. "As well," shouted the Spaniards derisively to the citizens, "can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky, as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief." Suddenly a tempest arose from the north-west, afterward shifting and blowing from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern shore of Holland, sweeping across the ruined dykes, and giving an abundant depth of water. The fleet sailed through, panic seized the Spaniards who fled, hundreds being drowned and killed. One fort only within a mile of the city remained to be taken from the Spaniards—that seemed impregnable. Night came. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the waters, and the whole of the city wall, between Cowgate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Day dawned, and the Spaniards were found to have fled during the darkness. The hand of God which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror. A shifting wind a few days afterward caused the waters to roll back to the ocean, leaving the land bare, so that the dykes could be reconstructed.—Condensed from Motley's Dutch Republic, vol. 2, pp. 568-578.

PRACTICAL.

1. Vers. 38-40. Those things which are helps to some may be incumbrances to others.

2. We must not expect that every person will work best in our way, nor condemn them for using their own weapons.

3. The Church will always fail when it undertakes to fight evil with worldly weapons, as force, law, government, wealth, fashion.

4. Vers. 43-45. The greatest power is often concealed under the simplest means. God's victories for his people are gained by his invisible Spirit, by an unseen Christ, by faith, by preaching Jesus, by lives worthy of the Lord.

5. The world is full of giants to fight, and every one of us must overcome them, or they will overcome us.

6. Our only victory is in the power of God through Jesus Christ.

7. We are on the side of victory when we are on the side of God, and make his cause our own.

8. The true Christian ever gives all the glory of his victories to God.

9. We learn from David (1) a lesson of meekness; (2) a lesson of faith; (3) a lesson of courage; (4) that by faithfully performing lesser duties, we are gaining faith and skill for larger conquests.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The Warfare Against Sin is illustrated by this lesson. We see (1) the contestants (vers. 38-47.) (a) On the one side are the Philistines with Goliath of Gath, representing the world as against Christ,—and the great giant evils which all must overcome or be destroyed by them. (b) The Israelites, the people of God, with David for their representative. How David was prepared for this encounter by his work on his father's farm. The sling as a type of the Christian warfare (see Eph. 6: 14-18). Note especially his uselessness in Saul's armor. (2) The battle and the victory (vers. 48-51.) The qualities required in the battle. The victory assured. Illustrations from history and experience.

DR. MOFFAT.

Dr. Moffat's life and missionary labors in Southern Africa read like a romance. Born towards the close of 1795, at a small village in the county of Haddington, young Moffat spent the greater part of his boyhood at Carron Shore, in Stirlingshire, near what is now the thriving sea port of Grangemouth. It was his happy lot to have pious parents. His mother's teaching and his father's example exerted an untold influence for good on his future career. A boyish fancy for the sea having been cured by a rather rough experience during a coasting voyage, Robert Moffat became a gardener, first at inverkeithing, in Fifeshire, and afterward in Cheshire. One fine summer evening, the young intelligent Scotch gardener, who was already an earnest Christian worker, was walking into the town of Warrington, when his eye caught a placard on a wall announcing a missionary meeting. That seemingly trifling incident altered the entire current of his life. Though the meeting was past, the torn and tattered placard called up memories of missionaries and mission work in Greenland and the South Seas, learnt at his mother's knee; and the young man resolved thenceforth to devote his life to preaching the Gospel among the heathen. He went to Manchester and offered his services to the London Missionary Society, under whose auspices the Warrington meeting had been held. His ordination, along with that of eight other missionaries—one at whom was John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga—took place in October, 1816, at Surrey Chapel, London, the charge being delivered by the sainted John Angell James, of Birmingham. On the 31st of the month he started for South Africa, which was to be the scene of his life-work.

He was first called upon to labor in a wretched district known as Namaqualand, the chief of which was a man named Africaner, who had been outlawed for murder, and was the terror of the whole colony. At Capetown, Moffat was duly warned of the dangers before him, and of the treatment he might expect from the savage chief. "He will set you up as a mark for boys to shoot at!" said one. "He will strip off your skin and make a drum of it!" was the remark of another. A third added the consolatory

statement—"He will make a drinking cup of your skull!" And one motherly lady said that if he had been an old man it would not have mattered so much; but she was heart-broken at the thought of one so young going right into the jaws of the African lion. But Moffat, nothing daunted, went forth in faith, trusting in the power of the Gospel to subdue and elevate the wildest and the most degraded. Nor was his confidence misplaced. Africaner became a trophy of the Gospel; the lion was changed into a lamb. The whole colony was astonished at the transformation that had taken place in the character of the notorious chief and his people. Moffat's native courage, kindness, and tact had stood him in good stead. Whilst in Africaner's country his life was almost perpetually in danger from perils of men and wild beasts, and from the scanty resources of a "barren and thirsty land." His salary amounted only to £25; and, though he had two cows given him by Africaner, he had often to betake himself to "the fasting girdle" to stay the cravings of hunger whilst he preached his second sermon.

Dr. Moffat's great work, however, lay among the Bechuannas. A chief of that tribe, Motihibi by name, had asked that missionaries should be sent to him, and Moffat went thither, taking his young wife with him, in 1819. He planted a mission station on the Kuruman river. For ten years he met with much disappointment, opposition and hardship. Grieved—the hope of profiting by the presence of white men—and not any desire to be instructed, was the motive of Motihibi and his people in asking for missionaries. They expected to be paid for listening. They stole the goods, and killed and maimed the cattle of the missionaries. Lesser difficulties and dangers would have daunted an ordinary man and driven him to despair but Moffat was not an ordinary man, and so he held on. Even when ordered to leave the country under pain of death he respectfully but firmly refused. The chief was amazed. "Turning to his companion he remarked, "These men must have ten lives; when they are so fearless of death there must be something in immortality." Moffat never lost heart. He wrought with his own hands in the erection of mission buildings; he taught the natives the arts of civilization, house-building, clothes-making, agriculture, &c.; and he set himself resolutely to acquire their unthought tongue and reduce it to a written language. At length he had his reward. The Gospel triumphed, and the mission station at Kuruman became a centre of Christian light and civilization in a region formerly sunk in gross heathen darkness, superstition, and cruelty. The fame of the white man spread through the neighboring territory, so that the civilizing and Christianizing influences originated at Kuruman were perpetuated over a wide area.—The Outlook.

Did you never write a letter, and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be effectually effaced. Did you ever cut yourself, unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, a celebrated English nobleman, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his daguerreotype taken. But at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken but his face was blurred. Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: "It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it." "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Question Corner.—No. 22.

BIBLE QUESTIONS. SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. Son of deep sorrow, yet son of the right hand, Dying bequest of a precious departed, Brother beloved of a lowly-born ruler, Ancestor great of a tribe lion-hearted.
2. Who art thou, coming to comfort the mourner? How dost thou solace the poor wounded soul? Knowing not yet that the Lord, not in anger,

Proveth His children, and then maketh whole.

3. Sacred was this as the God-chosen symbol, Setting apart, with its holy anointing, Kings for their governing, prophets for warning, Men for the work of Jehovah's appointing.

4. Wonderful words, which the fishers obeying, Turned lowly laborers to teachers of men: Wonderful words, which for ages and ages, Have called man to Christ, and will call him again.

5. He comes in the strength of his armor colossal, The panoplied might of the chief of the band; Yet a prayer and a sling and a stone and a stripling, Are the instruments used by God's conquering hand.

6. No longer this blood of the beasts sacrificial, This smoke of much incense, encumber the altar; Atonement is made, once, for ever and ever, And the prayers of our faith need not tremble nor falter.

7. Thou wast of bulbs, for thee Israel, longing, Forgot her sweet freedom, and pined for the land Whence the cry of her bondage had risen to heaven, But where succulent herbs grew and ripened at hand.

8. Over the face of the dark troubled waters, Patriarch Noah sent this messenger flying; She, with the olive-leaf homewards returning, Left, for all time, a sweet lesson undying.

9. Bring forth the ring for the hand of the wanderer, Sandals bring forth for the poor weary feet; 'Tis for the feast shall ye kill in his honor: Let us be merry and glad, as is meet.

10. So, in their gladness the children all shouted, Sang, as the Lord rode and entered the city. Thus, as our little ones sing to Thee Saviour, Look on them still with regard and with pity.

11. Woe to thee, father of children so godless! Well may thy last days be clouded with gloom; Foretaste of terrible news that is coming, News trebly awful, that tells of their doom.

12. Here bloom'd fair blossoms, and ripe hung the fruitage; Beasts that now raven were harmless in play: Days brought no trouble, and nights brought no danger, Man was still holy and nature was gay.

13. This, rich and free, on the just and the unjust, Falls like heaven's mercy, that knows not a bound. On the evil and good the fair sunshine alighteth, So God's loving-kindness is everywhere found. The initials form an admonition of Christ.

- ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.
1. In Sillith, Josh xviii. 1.
2. Eli and Samuel 1 Sam. i.
3. Philistines, Samuel 1 Sam. iv.
4. Psalm x. lxxii.
5. In the temple, Matt xxi. 18, xxiii. 37.
SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Ebenezer.—1 Sam. vii. 12.
1. Ezra v. 6.
2. B-schary . . . . . John xl. 1.
3. E-ijah . . . . . 1 Kings xvii. 4.
4. N-saman . . . . . 2 Kings v. 3.
5. E-sther . . . . . Esther vii. 4.
6. Z-erubbabel . . . . . Haggai i. 1-14.
7. E-eypt . . . . . Isa xxxi. 1.
8. R-ome . . . . . Acts xviii. 11.
CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Clara E. Folsom, A. Coburn, and George A. Rid-dell.

## The Weekly Messenger

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

## THE WEEK.

ON A RECENT SUNDAY NIGHT, near Sanford, North Carolina, a negro and his wife returned from church, after an absence of three hours, to find their house in ashes and three children, the eldest a girl of fifteen, burned with it.

TOO MUCH WANT OF CONFIDENCE in our fellowmen is a very bad thing. Jacob Seib, a farmer of Erie, Pennsylvania, was somewhat seriously affected in that way and kept his wealth in a safe at home. Fearing a raid by burglars, who abounded in the neighborhood, he took the money—\$10,000 in paper currency—from the safe and put it in his sitting room stove. Mrs. Seib, not having been apprised of this brilliant piece of sagacity, kindled a fire and burnt the little fortune to ashes.

A COMMITTEE is forming in Glasgow, Scotland, to buy the late Thomas Carlyle's house—advertised for sale or to let—and make of it a Carlyle Club house.

MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST, one of England's beauties, is going to Washington to keep house for her brother-in-law, the English Minister to the United States.

ENGLISH GOSSIPS are already talking up the marriage of the Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, now sixteen years old. The Duke of Portland is the happy man selected, but doubts are cast upon the rumors altogether.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT meets on Monday next, unless further prorogued.

JOSEPH LAMBERT, who killed his father, George Lambert, in Holland township, Ontario, last spring, has just been tried for murder at Owen Sound and acquitted on the ground of insanity, Judge Osler agreeing with the jury's verdict.

AN EXPLOSION OCCURRED during the burning of a factory at Roubaix, France, employing three hundred persons. The escape of many was cut off, and thirty women leaped from the upper windows. Forty persons were injured, and dreadful scenes were presented as the sufferers were being extricated from the ruins.

AN EGYPTIAN OSIRID that for many years remained almost unnoticed in the Mechanics' Institute Museum at St. John, New Brunswick, was lately subjected to a critical examination, and a copy of the hieroglyphics was forwarded to Professor T. O. Payne, of Boston, who translated the inscription and decided that the object is the image of Pannek, an Egyptian priest of three thousand years ago, and that one of the inscriptions is not known to occur on any other ancient Egyptian figure or monument.

AN ODD FISH was lately brought to California from Alaska. It belonged to a species of which only two others had previously been found. This one was five feet long and about eight inches wide from back to belly the whole length. It has a widely opened mouth and long teeth curving backward, characteristics that ally it with the serpent tribe. The Esquimaux and Indians of Alaska say that these fish inhabit deep water and are so ferocious as to frequently attack seals.

MR. GLADSTONE is said to be encouraging the Prince of Wales to make a state tour through Ireland, to do which he has received many invitations.

MUCH EXCITEMENT is reported in Loughrea, Ireland, over a wholesale series of evictions of the tenantry.

DUBLIN has been adjudged by the Court of Queen's Bench a debtor for compensation to persons whose property was destroyed to make fuel for bonfires in the rejoicings over the assassination of James Carey the informer.

THE INSURGENTS in Hayti claim to have scored advantages in recent encounters with the Government troops. A settlement has been made by the British war steamer "Dido" of the difficulty created by the Haytiens firing upon the British steamer "Alps" while taking refugees aboard. Hayti is to salute the British flag and pay the Alps Steamship Company five hundred dollars as reparation.

TRUMAN J. SMITH, a wealthy farmer of Watertown, Connecticut, assaulted his wife, throttling her and breaking her leg. The cause given for his brutality is rage at his children all being girls, the third of whom was born two weeks previously. His neighbors threatened to take his punishment into their own hands.

SLAVERY had not many more humiliating incidents than what happened the other day in the United States. Twenty Chinese laborers on their way from Cuba to Hong Kong passed through New Orleans billed as merchandise in bond. This piece of human degradation was effected in order to get round the prohibition of Chinese laborers in the United States.

WILLIE POWELL, son of the postmaster of Duncanville, Russell County, Ontario, has been detected in pretty heavy mail robberies, effected during his trips in charge of the mails from Osgoode station to Duncanville.

IT IS CUSTOMARY for the Lord Mayor of London, upon assuming office, to give a grand banquet to the British Ministry and other political dignitaries. This year Mr. Fowler's inaugural feast was attended by many distinguished persons. M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, replying to a toast, said there was no greater guarantee for the peace of the world than hearty cordial friendship between Great Britain and France. At present France was not pursuing an aggressive policy, but endeavoring to hold her own and to settle pending questions affecting her interests. His mission to London was one of peace, the French wished to approach Great Britain in a spirit of good will and he was met with the same desire on the part of the English. Mr. Gladstone, replying to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, said, "Our hearts' best wishes are with France in every career of peace, justice and orderly government on which she may find it her interest to enter." With reference to the affair of Mr. Shaw, the missionary, he said what had come from the French Government had been offered rather than demanded, and he believed the incident would tend to confirm good feeling between the two countries. Orders had been given, he said, for the withdrawal of a portion of the British forces from Egypt, Cairo to be entirely evacuated. As to Ireland he said, "There is much to be done, much to be desired, much to be lamented, but there is also much to be hoped for. Peace and order must be firmly maintained."

PNEUMONIA is spreading to an alarming extent among cattle in England and Ireland.

CHINESE LABORERS are coming into San Francisco in large numbers at present, evading the law against them by means of certificates obtained for a fee at home, declaring that they are traders, a class exempt from the restrictions.

FRANCE HAVING MODERATED her demands in Madagascar, an early conclusion of peace is anticipated. The Protestant missionaries have advised the Queen of the Hovas to conclude as a basis of peace a treaty ceding a small portion of the southwest coast to France, with a protectorate over the Sakalavas. Admiral Galibert, who was conducting the negotiations with the Hova delegates, promised an immediate evacuation of Tamatave on the signing of such a treaty, but insisted that France must hold the customs port of Majunga until the payment of the indemnity. The Hovas lately secured a fresh supply of gun-powder from America. In a recent interview Prime Minister Ferry, of France, said there was no difficulty with England regarding either Torquin or Madagascar which could not be amicably adjusted. There is later news than the above from Madagascar, to the effect that an insurrection broke out at Antananarivo, during which the Premier was murdered, and that the envoys, just returned from a visit to America and Europe, had been strangled. Tastaqa, a son of the former Queen, was made Premier, and the French had resumed warlike operations. Still later is a report that Hova delegates were at Tamatave to treat with the French.

STEAMER "IRIS," from Cardiff, Wales, for Port Said, Egypt, has been lost off Cape Vallino, Spain, and only one saved out of a crew of thirty-six.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, has been visited by a tornado that killed several persons, wounded many more and did much damage to property.

IN AN INSURANCE CASE the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that self-killing by an insane person understanding the physical nature and consequence of his act, but not its moral aspect, is not suicide within the meaning of the condition in the policy. In view of this fine decision, the question is how, after the self-killing policy-holder's death, his understanding previous to the act can be accurately gauged.

VERA PHILIPORA, the woman lately arrested at Borkoff, Russia, is alleged to have been the actual head of the Nihilist Executive Committee. She has shown in a written confession that she and another woman alienated the allegiance of many army officers, forty of whom have been arrested. The Nihilists have lost heavily in men and means within the last two years and are miserably weakened, the arrest of the woman chief being the severest blow of all. They now look to Saroff, who is in Paris, as their chief, and intend henceforth to have their operations directed from without. A recent account represents the Nihilists as broken up into widely scattered groups, driven to murder and robbery in order to obtain funds. As all news coming from Russia has to undergo official revision, however, that account may be taken with all due allowances.

IN A CONFLICT between the police and a mob of Jew-baiters at Zalaova, Hungary, the rioters were dispersed after two of them had been killed and several wounded.

AT A MEETING of the Irish National League in Dublin, a resolution was passed at the instigation of Mr. Davitt to organize vigilance committees to frustrate the Government's emigration scheme—or expatriation scheme as they call it—and to send delegates to the United States and Canada for that purpose.

IN THE IMPEACHMENT of the Ministry of Sweden, the case for the prosecution against Mr. Semler, Minister of State, was closed and the counsel for the defence began his argument on Thursday of last week. This case decides the others. The charge is violation of the constitution of the country by disregard of the will of the people constitutionally expressed.

GERMANY IS GOING to at once double the standard of her artillery service, raising it from 340 to 680 batteries. Of course this is in the interests of the peace of Europe. News has been received in Germany, so it is said, that important divisions of the Russian army are being placed upon a war footing, and soldiers belonging to them out on furlough are being recalled for immediate service.

ROMANCES CROP UP everywhere, even among the navies on railway works. Count Salm, the eldest son of a German noble, ran away from home because his father opposed a match he intended making. He came to America and went to work as a laborer on the Illinois Central Railway. There he was recognized by a fellow laborer, who notified the prince of his son's whereabouts. The prince sent a messenger across the sea, who has adjusted difficulties, and the count has returned to the Fatherland.

GENERAL PRYOR, the American lawyer sent to England to assist in the defence of O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey the informer, could in any case only be permitted to speak in an English court by a great stretch of courtesy, but since the boasts have been made by O'Donnell's American friends of complicity in the explosions in the London Underground Railway, it is doubtful if the American counsel will even be allowed to sit at the lawyers' table during the trial.

A TRAIN, having among the passengers thirty school girls, went over an embankment at Chelsea, Massachusetts, a few days ago. The engine was severely injured and the passengers badly jarred, but none hurt.

MR. JOHNSTONE, Conservative, member of the Legislature of Ontario for West Middlesex, has been unseated for corrupt practices by agents. Enough corruption was proved against the other side to put it in for its own cost.

A MARRIAGE is talked of between the Princess Amelia, eldest daughter of the Count of Paris, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. The Czar advised that the proposed union would facilitate the restoration of the Orleansists to the French throne and an alliance between France and Russia.

THE ARCTIC WHALE FISHERY out of Bedford, Massachusetts, has been a failure this season.

MANY ARRESTS have been made in St. Petersburg and Odessa, Russia, of persons charged with counterfeiting bank bills.

A CONGRESS HAS BEEN SITTING in Madrid to consider mercantile, colonial and geographical matters. Its discussions embraced the commercial interests of Spain with different parts of the world, the necessity of erecting factories and the opening of free ports in the Spanish colonies.



FRESH INTRIGUES to bring about another military disturbance have been discovered between political exiles and their friends in Spain, aided by speculators at home and abroad. A pamphlet written by a former army officer has been issued in Madrid, asserting that forty-four regiments and three thousand officers were compromised in the recent military rising. The author accuses Senor Zorilla, the leader in the movement, of winning a large amount of money on the Stock Exchange during the rising. He also says that if the revolution had succeeded, Zorilla intended to shoot several prominent persons. One of the Emperor of Germany's aide-de-camps carried an autograph letter recently to Madrid, containing notification of a projected visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to King Alfonso. He will be escorted by three German men-of-war from Genoa to Spain. The Emperor intimated that only his advanced age prevented his returning Alfonso's visit in person. It has been decided by the King to signalize the Crown Prince's visit with great festivities and military parades. Misgivings are expressed in some quarters that such an ostentatious display of mutual consideration between Germany and Spain will excite fresh irritation on the part of France.

THE RADICAL INSURRECTION in Serbia has collapsed. Calafat, the chief insurgent position, was taken with a hundred prisoners. Eighteen members of the Radical committee, including Paschith, the legislative leader, were arrested, and since then a large number of their followers have been seized. Insurgent peasants were being driven in all directions by the Government soldiers a few days ago, and many who had taken refuge in Bulgaria were disarmed and interned. Count Kalocky, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, said in the legislature that the Servian outbreak was only of a local character and had been suppressed. After this statement a vote of credit for the occupation of the neighboring Provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, over which Austria has a protectorate, was passed. Too great a pressure of Russian influence in Serbia has generally been supposed to be the cause of the outbreak. A report from Vienna contains the strange intelligence that the Queen gives secret support to the insurgent cause, in hopes of securing her regency during the minority of Prince Alexander, who is but seven years of age. King Milan and Queen Natalie are at variance; it is said with no hopes of reconciliation; and she is determined to secure his deposition.

EDWARD MADDISON, a large railway contractor in England, has failed with liabilities of a million pounds, and it is reported he has absconded.

THE PRIMARY AIM OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING.

May it not be well worth while to inquire whether the preparation now ordinarily made for the Sunday-school is not too exclusively intellectual? Is it not a fact that there may be, both on the part of the teacher and the taught, an intelligent understanding of the lesson as a piece of literature, and yet the teacher fail to impress upon the scholar the spiritual contents of the lesson and his duties and responsibilities in view of these? Are there not teachers who forget what the primary aim of Sunday school teaching really is. It used to be the case that special and united prayer for the speedy conversion of the pupils was made to hold a prominent place in teachers' meetings. Has this idea, or has it not, in connection with such meetings, come to be, in part at least, dropped out? If careful study, with reference to the right exposition and forcible illustration of the text of the Scriptures, is highly important, as all believe

it is, is it of less importance that special pains be taken to keep ever fresh the apprehension of their spiritual significance and power, and to apply them faithfully to the heart, lest the grand end in view should be left in the background while giving disproportionate attention to the means?—*Dr. Roy Palmer in S. S. Times.*

A WORD OF PRAISE.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"What bitter weather we are having!" remarked Horace Leslie to his partner, as they left their office together one cold evening in December.

"Yes," answered Earnest Clay, "and we can't be too thankful that we both have pleasant homes to go to, where a warm fire and bright smiles are waiting for us. We are not rich men, Leslie, but we have much to make us happy. I pity the bachelors. A man doesn't know what real comfort is until he gets himself a good wife."

Leslie said nothing. He was tired and out of spirits. He wondered how Clay could be so perpetually good-humored, and how he could be so stupid as to imagine that because he had a good wife every other married man was alike blessed.

"Let's turn in here," said Clay, stopping at the door of a large fruit-store. "I want to buy Mollie some Malaga grapes. She's very fond of them and I indulge her occasionally. You'd better get some for your wife, too."

It had been a long since Horace Leslie had paid his wife any such loving attention, and he smiled a little grimly at Clay's suggestion. But, nevertheless, he bought the grapes for appearance' sake, not caring to have his partner imagine that Mrs. Leslie was a neglected.

A few blocks further on the two men separated, and as Leslie went up the steps of his own house he muttered, "A smiling wife and a cheerful home, what an Eden it would be. But I must not expect impossibilities. The light went out of Caroline's face when I lost my property, and I don't suppose anything but a new fortune could bring it back."

He unlocked the door with his night key and entered the hall. The gas was lighted, but had been turned down so low that Leslie could scarcely see to remove his overcoat and muffler.

"Very bright here!" he muttered. "I wonder if Clay's wife economizes on the gas as mine does."

He left the grapes on the shelf of the hat-rack and pushed open the door of the sitting room. His wife was sitting by the table sewing. She glanced up as he entered, but did not speak. Laying aside her work she began to make preparation for supper. She looked tired and worn, and moved about with a weary step. Ever since her husband had lost his property she had done the work of the house herself.

"Come," she said at last, setting the chairs at the table.

Leslie took his seat without a word. His brow was clouded, and he kept his eyes on his plate. He was thinking how differently, in all probability, Clay had been welcomed to his home. But it did not occur to him to draw any comparison between his own manner and that of his partner.

The tea was fragrant, the rolls light and white, the oysters prepared as he liked them best, and by his plate was a small saucer of the sweet pickle he particularly fancied, yet Leslie uttered no word of approval or praise. He ate in silence, and his wife leaned back wearily in her chair, and watched him, quick to notice when his cup was out, and ready to hand him the bread as he desired it.

He looked up once, tempted to ask her why she did not eat, but her face was so repellent, that, fearing an irritating reply, he did not put the question. As he folded his napkin and pushed his chair back, his wife arose and began clearing off the table. She carried all the dishes into the kitchen and covered the table with a red cloth, arranged the drop-light, and then went out, closing the door after her.

A few minutes later Leslie heard her talking to some one. Curious to know who it could be he opened the kitchen door and looked in. A little boy was standing by the stove, a pale, pinched, hungry-looking child, with shoes full of holes, and scanty clothing torn and soiled. In one grimy red hand he held a copy of an evening paper, which he was asking Mrs. Leslie to buy.

"We don't want your paper," said Les-

lie, who had worked himself into a bad humor with everybody and everything, "and we don't want you. Get out of this, and don't come crawling into our back yard again aiser dark."

The child, with a frightened look, prepared to obey the command, and was slipping out of the door, when he was stopped by Mrs. Leslie.

"I will buy the paper," she said, in a firm, decided tone. "You look cold and hungry. Take that seat at the table; there are some oysters which I should have thrown away, and here is bread."

She pushed the boy into the seat as she spoke, and placed the oysters and bread nearer to him. He glanced timidly at Mr. Leslie, as if waiting for his permission to eat, but that gentleman turned away, and with an angry look went back into the dining room, closing the door violently after him.

Mrs. Leslie came into the room a moment later to bring some coal for the grate, and under her arm was the paper she had just bought. She replenished the fire and went out again, not noticing that the paper had fallen to the floor.

More for want of something else to do than for any other reason, Mr. Leslie picked it up and opened it. The first words on which his eyes fell were "Husbands, praise your wives," the heading of a short article copied from an eastern journal.

"Humph!" he muttered. "I wish I could find some occasion to praise Caroline." But he read on: "Praise your wife, man, whenever you can find a reasonable opportunity. It won't hurt her. You needn't be at all afraid of spoiling her. A word of praise goes a long way with a woman. She needs a little help and encouragement of this sort, and she is made not only happier by receiving it, but works all the better for it. The wise husband praises his wife, and thus secures her gratitude and esteem. The man who lets his wife go heart hungry makes a great mistake. It doesn't pay, he will probably live to be sorry for it. Think a while how much your wife does for you. She mends your clothes, attends to your small and large comforts, and prepares all the little delicacies you so enjoy at the table. Surely the least you can do is to thank her. Don't let her work for you year after year like a mule or a slave, without any acknowledgment of her faithfulness and love. A true woman would rather have the praise of her husband than the worship of kings. She has her troubles and annoyances that you know nothing about. Make her life as easy as you can. Praise her whenever you can. If you only choose to look for it you can find plenty to praise her for."

Horace Leslie read no farther. He let the paper fall unheeded to the floor, and, resting his head on his hand, gazed thoughtfully into the fire. His mind was busy with the past and present. Memory was accusing him of injustice to his wife. He felt rebuked for his muttered speech of a few moments before to the effect that Caroline deserved praise for nothing. She had worked hard for five years, and during that time he had never experienced the least neglect of any of his little home comforts. He had never found a button off nor a hole in his sock. No matter what she had been doing she had never been too busy or too tired to wait on him. His clothes had been brushed regularly every day, and his dressing gown and slippers had always been ready for him by the fire on his return home in the evening. Caroline had even insisted on building the fires in the morning, and had spared him in every way. He remembered these things now, and many others of a like nature. The article he had just read had jogged his memory very severely, and he felt worried and guilty. He could not recall a time since the loss of his property when he had praised his wife. He had taken her industry and frugality as a matter of course. She had never complained, never reproached him, but had grown more silent, more reserved, and colder with every day. Perhaps the wall that had grown up between them had been as much his work as hers. He wondered if there was aught of the old time love for him still in her heart, or if she was actuated by duty alone in her attention to his creature comforts. The article he had just read had almost persuaded him that he had made a mistake in withholding that word of praise. But perhaps it was not too late to mend matters. He would try the experiment any how.

He grew quite anxious for his wife to come in. He heard her still talking to the child, and wished very heartily that the little boy would go away.

Half an hour passed and he could restrain his impatience no longer. He was about to go into the kitchen to seek her when the door opened, and Mrs. Leslie came quietly in. She took her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking to or glancing at her husband, began to sew.

The expression of his wife's face did not give Leslie much encouragement to enter on the new work upon which he had decided. He had to struggle with himself before he could conquer his moody, accusing spirit. He thought of many things to say, yet not one suited him exactly. At last, however, he leaned toward her, and said in a voice as gentle he could make it:

"You were very kind to that little beggar, Carrie."

Mrs. Leslie made no reply, but her husband did not fail to notice the look of surprise which flitted over her face, and the relaxing of the hard lines about her mouth. Perhaps she was as much surprised at his use of the abbreviation of her name as at his words of praise. One was as unusual as the other.

"You have a kind heart for the poor," continued Leslie, finding it easier to go on now that he had broken the ice, and rather enjoying the novel sensation of praising his wife. "I wish I had even half of your charity, I should be a better man. I dare say, now, you hunted up something warm to put around that child, and a better pair of shoes. You are unselfish enough to go barefoot yourself if it was necessary, in order to help another."

"Am I?"

Mrs. Leslie's voice was low and husky. She bent her face closer yet over her work, but her husband saw that she pined her needle very unsteadily.

"Yes, Carrie," he answered softly, "and I appreciate your struggles of the past five years. Had it not been for your industry and economy I should never have been able to struggle along at all. But the dark days are, I hope, almost over for us. My business is growing steadily better, and there is a bright outlook for even greater success. There is no necessity for your continuing to work so hard. You are always busy," and he laid his hand on the work in her lap. Lay it aside for to-night, my dear, for I want the uninterrupted benefit of your society, and I have brought you a little treat."

He went out in the hall as he said the last words, and returned with the grapes, which he put beside his wife on the table. To his surprise she was sobbing bitterly, her face covered with her hands.

"Carrie, darling," he said, stooping down and kissing her. "Have I said anything to wound you?"

"No, no," answered Mrs. Leslie, raising her face, "but I cannot bear your praise. It affects me unaccountably. I—I—am not used to it," and her tears began to flow again. "I thought you did not appreciate me, and it made me feel hard and bitter. I know I have not done my duty in many things, but it was so hard—"

"Ye yes, Carrie, I understand. But forget it all now, dear. We will turn over a new leaf and begin over again. I have been more to blame than you, but I see now where my mistake was. Let me see the sunshine on your face as of old, Carrie, and I shall be a different man."

Then sitting down beside her he told her of the article he had read in the paper the little boy had brought, and how it had shown his conduct to him in a new and different light, and had pointed out clearly the mistake he had made in never uttering a word of praise.

Long did the husband and wife talk together, and many were the good resolutions they made for the future, which had not looked so bright to them for many years.

"The little boy's mother died three months ago, Horace," said Mrs. Leslie, when at last her husband rose to lock up the house for the night, "and he is homeless and forlorn. I made him take a bath, and put him to bed in the room over the kitchen. Tomorrow I shall make an effort to get him into the orphan's home. I feel that I cannot do too much for him, Horace, for if he had not brought that paper in, we should not have been so happy to-night. Ah! how little I imagined I was entertaining an angel unawares."—*Household.*

## MARTIN LUTHER.

Persons living in this day seldom stop to think what it meant to live four hundred years ago or that the boyhood of "the monk that shook the world" was spent amid poverty and discomfort such as the poorest person in our country could hardly realize. We read of that time that the fire was built on some stones in the middle of the floor and the smoke was left to escape through the cracks and crannies of the roof. There were no windows to the houses or locks to the doors. The candles were splinters of wood dipped in melted fat. The principal food was coarse unleavened rye or barley bread, black and nasty; our common vegetables and garden fruits were entirely unknown, and all the dishes the people had to eat from were rough wooden platters. They had no leather shoes, but instead, great wooden *sabots*. The beds of the poorest classes were hollowed out from logs of wood, a bundle of straw instead was considered quite a luxury, only to be used by sick or very well-to-do persons. Soap there was none and they had neither tea nor coffee, spoons nor forks. The people of the day were firm believers in witchcraft and in the agency of fairies and kobolds and demons and evil spirits of all kinds. Children were much more harshly treated than they are now. The slightest offences met with the severest punishments. There were very few books, printing was in its infancy, and an education, such as we are now unwilling that any boy or girl should grow up without could then be obtained only by sons of the wealthy.

Martin Luther was born in Eisleben a little village in Saxony, on the 10th of November 1483, and all over the Christian world the anniversary of his birth has lately been celebrated. It was among such surroundings as above described that his childhood was spent. But his mother, although strict to severity, was a God-fearing woman who cherished great hopes for her son's future and often prayed at his side that he would grow up to do noble work for God. When Martin was six months old the family removed to Mansfeld a place among the Hartz mountains where the father Hans (or John) Luther, was engaged in mining. His home discipline was severe, but his school life was worse still. The schoolmasters of his childhood he said were goliards and tyrants, and the schools were little hells. At fourteen he was sent to a better school at Magdeburg and at fifteen to a still better one at Eisenach, where he began to receive thorough instruction.

About this time thoughts of God came thronging into the boy's mind and he began to ponder what He required him to do. At the age of eighteen he went to the university in Erfurt, then the best in Germany, his father intending that he should be educated for the law. While here he found a Latin Bible and reading it a knowledge of his sins and of the terrible judgment to come came vividly before him. On his way back to Erfurt after visiting his home in the summer of 1505 he was overtaken by a thunder storm. Terrified at the lightning, which was very near, he threw himself from his horse and cried "Holy Anne help me, I will become a monk." The next day he repented of his vow, for he knew how bitterly disappointed his father would be, but the vow had been given and he would abide by it. Soon he entered the Augustinian monastery in Erfurt and was at once put to the lowest drudgery. Feeling his sinfulness he fasted and prayed and performed the severest penances, but they all availed nothing. He ended his novitiate and took upon himself the full vows of monk and priest. He threw himself into his work with enthusiasm and studied the Bible eagerly and constantly, but could get no peace. His superior thought that he needed more work to do and sent him to the lately founded university at Wittenberg to teach theology and philosophy. He was now about twenty-five.

In 1511 he was sent to Rome on business of the Order and walked all the way, being six weeks upon the journey. In Rome, if anywhere, he hoped to find peace, but society there was worse than any he had yet seen. The city and court were magnificent but sin was everywhere. The priests did not believe what they taught, and Christianity was everywhere, sneered at; the very name "Christian" was a synonym for fool. Who could retain his faith in the midst of this corruption? While going up the Holy staircase on his knees, the staircase up which

they assured him Jesus had walked when he was brought before Pilate, the words "the just shall live by faith" flashed across his mind and he at once rose and walked down. Luther went to Rome a true pilgrim but came back a Protestant.

About this time St. Peter's at Rome, which it was intended to make the grandest church in the world, was being built and money was badly needed for the purpose. To obtain it the sale of indulgences was commenced. The saints, the pope said, had performed more good works than were required of them, and the merits of these extra works could be obtained by any sinner who choose to pay for them. Thus by giving a certain sum of money a person could obtain the pardon of all his sins. The greater the sin the larger was the sum required, but by giving sufficient money a person could receive full pardon for any crime and become as innocent as if he had never committed it. Against such scandalous proceedings Luther rebelled. He wrote to several bishops but none would interfere. He then prepared ninety-five Theses calling in question the theory of indulgences, and their sale, and on

fourths of Germany was on Luther's side. This with various other political reasons delayed proceedings against him, and while they delayed Luther was not idle. He published an account of his trial, wrote a tract on the supremacy of the pope, and demanded to be tried by a general council. On the 10th of June 1520 the pope issued a bull against "the wild boar who had broken into the Lord's vine-yard." Luther by this time believed that there was nothing for him but death, but was perfectly fearless. The pope having previously condemned his writings to the fire, he on the 10th of December burned the pope's bull in the market place of Wittenberg. This was the last step, from which there could be no return, and a storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The general council which Luther had demanded was called to meet at Worms April 17th 1521 and thither he went. His friends begged him not to go as they feared that he would be treacherously killed, but he said "I will go if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house tops." The warden on the walls blew a



MARTIN LUTHER.

the 31st of October, 1517 "the most memorable day in modern European history," nailed them to the door of the Wittenberg church. In a few days these were translated into German and spread all over the country. Controversy raged and the excitement was tremendous. Persons from whom he had expected sympathy denounced him as a heretic, and the following August, 1518, he was summoned to a Diet of the Empire at Augsburg. He was so poor that he had to walk all the way from Wittenberg to Augsburg, and had to borrow a coat that he might appear decently before the princes. They angrily called upon him to recant but he refused unless they would show him wherein he was wrong. The pope's legate said to him "Think you that the pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you that the princes will take up arms for you? No indeed. And where will you be then? Under Heaven!" Luther answered. He despaired of his life but would not yield. He, however, escaped from the council at night and went back to Wittenberg.

The pope would willingly have killed him but found to his astonishment that three-

blast upon his trumpet as he entered, and the streets were crowded to see this man about whom all Germany was in an uproar. Few friends he had in that Diet, but God was with him. One man said "Dear Doctor, if you are right, the Lord God stand by you." Another, a gallant soldier, said, "Little monk, little monk, thou hast work before thee that I, and many a man whose trade is war never faced the like of. If thy heart is right, and thy cause is good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee." But in all these friendly expressions there was an "if;" Luther alone was sure that he was right. Before all that august assembly, priests, nobles, electors, dukes, Emperor; Italians, Spaniards and Germans, he, a peasant's son, stood alone. Yet not alone for God was with him. He listened to all their accusations and refused to retract one word. "Popes have erred," he said, "and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand, I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

When he reached his lodgings at the close of the trial he flung up his hands and ex-

claimed "I am through! I am through! If I had a thousand heads they should be struck off one by one before I would retract."

His friends now became convinced that the Diet would condemn him to death and on his way home to await its decision, while passing through the Thuringian forest, he was seized by armed men, and carried to Wartburg Castle, where he remained, known only to a few, disguised as a captive knight and known by the name of the Ritter George. Here he stayed until the storm had blown over and political troubles held the attention of the authorities. While here Luther translated the New Testament and ere long he had the joy of seeing the whole Bible, in their own tongue, in the homes of all his countrymen.

The victory for which Luther had so long fought was now won. Books multiplied and the new doctrines spread rapidly. Churches could not hold the crowds who flocked to hear the great Reformer preach, and Luther spoke at times to 25,000 in the market place.

The Reformation was now fairly on its way, the country was marching rapidly on towards religious freedom, and no one could bar its progress.

Thinking of Dr. Martin Luther so long as a monk and a reformer it is difficult to think of him at the same time as a loving husband and a devoted father. In spite of great opposition he married Katherine von Bora who had been a nun in a distant convent. She was sixteen years his junior. The last twenty years of his life were less eventful but were spent happily in the care of his wife and children. He was passionately devoted to his children and allowed them all kinds of innocent enjoyment.

The death of two of his children he felt keenly, and when the third, Magdalen, in whom he saw promise of a beautiful character, died at the age of fourteen he was almost broken hearted.

The various political difficulties during the latter part of his life troubled Luther greatly. He reached his last birthday, we are told, sick at heart and sick in body. His sight failed gradually and in writing to a friend in January 1546 he calls himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." At the end of the month he went to his birth place but took cold on the way and on the 14th of February he preached in the church there for the last time. He never saw his wife and home again.

He wanted to get home but could not. He went to bed apparently as usual on the night of the 17th, but became restless and lay upon a sofa in the next room, and died between two and three in the morning. His two sons and his friend Jonas were with him. When they asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached he said "Yes." Almost his last words were "It is death, I am going; Father into thy hands I commend my spirit."

## TEACHERS' MEETING.

One of the things that needs attention in the autumn days is the teachers' meeting. Perhaps it has been taking a vacation; if so, this is the month to end the vacation and to get to work. Perhaps it has died altogether; if so, now is the time to have a resurrection. Perhaps there never has been such a meeting in your school; if so, there never will be a better time than now to start one. The superintendent who allows himself to be persuaded that it is impossible to have a teachers' meeting in his school needs a new infusion of heroism. This is one of the "impossible things" that ought to be done whether possible or not. The superintendent who succeeds is a man who does not falter in his duty before difficulties. No matter, then, how the croakers say, there should be a teachers' meeting in every Sunday-school. Suppose the teachers live in the country, scattered over a large parish; take the meeting around from house to house, and let waggoners be sent to gather them together. Or, if it is a city school, whose teachers have so many "engagements" that they can not spare an evening for a weekly meeting; if they are not willing to cut off anything else for the sake of preparing to do their work well as teachers, there is need for a revival of the spirit of zeal and consecration. It is the work that costs most that shows most in real results.

—West. Teacher.

Ranaval woman be ter, queen spised an Christian of no respe But Ranav a sovereignty opportunities herance to accomplish for Christi this black be ranked true of th queens. ed with t position fo an honora Ranava Madagascr was ju most cruel have suf days of N ity had b under the ma, who b tion of th welcomed teachers a people to struction. you, he s the count help Rad dama's d senior wit seized th came the of the M; siderable verth had it becan chief ob heathenis form and the last tianity. went fo followers aries. I ed, they the swoi paled, th headlong pice, th They p dresses an ing as sig faithful found in tyrs." i wicked came a and som enjoyed Ranaval was a w bel mot the cau Christia with C native n that occ been a c which l before next ye prime i publicly Rana



## RANAVALONA.

Ranavalona was only a black woman born and bred an idolater, queen of a heathen race despised and invalidated by a great Christian nation as a people worth of no respect, possessing no rights. But Ranavalona was every inch a sovereign. Measured by her opportunities, by her steadfast adherence to the right, by what she accomplished for her people and for Christianity and civilization, this black sovereign is worthy to be ranked amongst the good and true of the world's best white queens. Let her name be enrolled with those women of royal position for whom the world has an honorable place in its history.

Ranavalona came the throne of Madagascar in 1868. Her country was just emerging from the most cruel persecution Christians have suffered since the days of Nero. Christianity had been introduced under the reign of Radama, who began the unification of the kingdom. He welcomed the Christian teachers and exhorted his people to receive their instruction. It will help you, he said, it will help the country and it will help Radama. Upon Radama's death in 1828 his senior wife, Ranavalona I, seized the throne, and became the "Bloody Mary" of the Malagasy. A considerable number of converts had been won, and it became Ranavalona's chief object to restore heathenism in its grossest form and destroy utterly the last vestiges of Christianity. Edict after edict went forth against the followers of the missionaries. They were tortured, they were slain with the sword, they were impaled, they were thrown headlong down a precipice, they were burned. They perished by hundreds and thousands, giving as signal proof of their faithfulness as can be

found in Fox's "Book of the Martyrs." After the death of the wicked queen, in 1861, there came a cessation of persecution, and some degree of toleration was enjoyed until the coronation of Ranavalona II. in 1868. She was a worthy daughter of a Jezebel mother. She had espoused the cause if not the faith of the Christians, and was crowned with Christian services by a native minister. Her address on that occasion showed that she had been a close student of the Bible, which had been widely scattered before the persecutions. The next year she was married to her prime minister, and both were publicly baptized.

Ranavalona not only became

the friend and promoter of Christianity; she caused all the state idols, at a suggestion of a public meeting in the capital, to be burned; yet she did not in turn become a persecutor of the heathen. Under her benign rule all her subjects were protected, and civilization advanced with rapid strides. She began at once to lighten the burdens of the people. The oppressive features of the military system were removed; officers were deprived of their feudatory rights; the revenue, or rather the system of public plunder, was reformed; the importation of Mozambique slaves was prohibited; domestic slavery was humanized, the breaking up of families being prohibited; the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were forbidden; the peaceful arts were fostered, and education was promoted in every

the French Admiral bombarded Tamatave the Queen was urged to expel all his countrymen from her capital. Her reply was:

"We are Christians, and must remember at this trying time that we are so to act as becomes Christians. They gave our friends at Majanga an hour. We will give them five days, and not a hair of their heads, remember, is to be harmed."

When then panic-stricken foreigners left Antananarivo, the natives could not be induced to go with them to Tamatave for fear of being detained as prisoners by the invaders. Under these circumstances the Queen furnished bearers and gave the French safe conduct.

What a contrast is presented by this woman only half a generation removed from heathenism and the representatives of the

her mother's plate, or a cluster of roses and geranium leaves to take to her teacher as a gift.

"I have been to see Jessie Hunter," said sister Nell one night. "I think I never felt so sorry for any child as I do for her."

"What has happened? Are the Hunters in any greater trouble than usual?" asked mamma. Everybody knew that Mr. Hunter drank, and Mrs. Hunter was cross, and the children often went hungry.

Sister Nell went on. Jessie fell through a hole in the floor at the mill yesterday, and has hurt her back. The doctor says it is not likely she will ever be able to walk again."

Molly's brown eyes opened wide with horror, and then filled with tears. Poor, poor Jessie!

A day or two afterwards mamma asked her to carry a little basket of dainties to Mrs. Hunter's. There was a cup of custard, a glass of amber jelly, and a loaf of bread. Robbie brought a half-dozen eggs, laid by his hens, and Nell slipped over everything a double napkin, inside of which was a beautiful Scripture card with a lovely picture and a lovelier text.

"I wish I had something of my very own to give Jessie," said Molly to herself, "but I haven't a thing. Not even a bud is out on my rosebush."

So away she tripped. The basket was a little bit heavy, but that she did not mind. Her feet were light, her hands were strong, and her cheeks were as red as health could make a girl's cheeks.

When she came to Jessie's house, and went into the little crowded room, at one side of which was Jessie's bed she felt, as she said next day, "just dreadfully." To see Jessie lying there so white and thin and still,

not able to turn, and not able to lift her head from the pillow, a cripple for life! Molly left the nice things she had brought, and went soberly home keeping up a very busy thinking.

Two days later any one entering Jessie's apartment would have seen in the window a certain thrifty rosebush turning its leaves to the sun and holding up two or three buds ready to bloom. The sick girl watched it with delight.

Molly had kissed it and bidden it good-bye, and when it was gone she missed it sadly; yet there was a happy feeling in her heart, for she had done what she could, and she knew she would receive the Master's blessing.—*Ex.*



MARGARET, MOTHER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

possible way.

It is not pretended that all these reforms have been perfectly carried out. The evils of slavery and the rum traffic are still, no doubt, crying evils. Malagasy society, it must be remembered, is still very imperfectly organized; and these are evils which more enlightened nations have found it difficult or impossible to get rid of. But the queen was a wise and liberal ruler, leading before her people a life of blamelessness, of true Christian piety, of devotion to the interests of the kingdom. Her Christian spirit brought shame to the representatives of a nation which has been professedly Christian more centuries than hers has years. When

oldest and best beloved son of the Church directly descended from Christ and the Apostles! Queen Ranavalona II. is dead, and her niece succeeds her. The world can ask nothing better of the new ruler, who is said to be hostile to the French pretensions, than that she may be a worthy successor of Queen Ranavalona II.—*Independ.*

## MOLLY'S WHITE ROSE.

Molly Nelson had a white rosebush which was the pride of her heart. Never was there a bush which was more dearly loved nor more constantly cared for; and happy was little Molly when she had a bud from it to lay beside

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Nov. 14, 1883.

The local grain market is in the most quiet state possible, values entirely unchanged. Chicago is quoted at 95 1/2 nominal. Liverpool, 8s. 6d. for Spring, 9s. 1d. for Red Winter. We quote local as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.22 to \$1.23; Canada White \$1.12 to \$1.15 according to sample; Canada Spring, \$1.15 to \$1.16; Corn, 61c; Peas, 91c to 92c; Oats, 34 1/2; Barley 60c to 70c; Rye 62c to 67c.

FLOUR.—Nothing more can be said of the market this week than was said last excepting indeed that the demand has fallen off to a certain extent. There were no sales on change to-day. The following are the quotations:—Superior Extra, at \$5.60; Extra Superfine, \$5.50; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.80 Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.50 to \$5.75; do, American, \$6.00 to \$6.75; Fine, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$3.85; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.55 to \$2.65; do, Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.55; do, Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.20 to \$3.40; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$5.00 to \$5.25; granulated, \$5.20 to \$5.50.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—the market this week has been in a somewhat better condition, the demand being much improved. We quote: Butter—Creamery, well kept summer makes 21c to 23c; do, fancy fall make, 24c to 25c; Eastern Townships, summer makes, 17c to 18c; do, fall makes, 20c to 21c. Morrisburg and Brockville, 17c to 20; Western, 14c to 17c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese—August, 10c to 11; September and October, 11c to 11 1/2.

Eggs are firm at 25c to 26c.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$14.75 to \$15.25; Hams, city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13 1/2c to 14 1/2c; Lard, Canadian, in pails, 10c to 10 1/2c; do, Western, in pails, 11c to 11 1/2c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 9c; Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$6.50 to \$7.25 in small bunches.

ASHES are weaker. We quote.—Pots, \$1.90 to \$5.00.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The cold and windy weather which prevailed this week has prevented the farmers from bringing their usual supplies of produce to market and prices are higher although the demand is not active, as housekeepers are expecting large supplies and lower prices in a few days where the roads and the weather get more favorable. The cold weather has depressed the fruit market and very little is doing in that line at present. Oats are 95c to \$1.00 per bag; peas 90c to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes 65c to 80c per bag; Swedish turnips 40c to 50c; do; dressed hogs are \$7.00 to \$7.50 per 100 lbs.; turkeys 9c to 10c per lb.; geese 7c to 8c; do; fowls 8c to 12c; ducks 11c to 14c. Do. Tub butter 16c to 23c per lb.; eggs 25c to 40c per dozen. Apples \$2.00 to \$4.50 per barrel; Hay \$6 to \$8.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a considerable diminution in the supplies of beef, mutton and pork cutters on the markets here this week and prices are higher all round; the advance in good butchers' cattle being fully half a cent per lb., live weight, at from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. Fair sized dry cows in pretty good condition, which could be bought for \$30 last week, would bring \$32 this week. The advance in the prices of leanish cattle was not so marked as in the better kinds. The quality of the sheep and lambs offered this week was not so good as on some former occasions and this caused a duller market for all common or inferior animals, but really good lambs were in demand at from \$4 to \$5 each. Fat hogs are not so plentiful this week and sell at from 5 1/2c to 5 3/4c per lb.

FROM PHILADELPHIA the cotton industry is reported to be in a paralyzed condition in consequence of over-production and foreign importation. Most of the mills are running on half-time, seriously reducing the living resources of a thousand working people at the opening of winter.

SUE'S CORBAN.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Sue, impatiently, looking in at the sitting-room door, as she came in from school; and truly the prospect was not very inviting. Nat had all the chairs in a row, and was playing cards; Beth and Grace with a couple of shaws had made a baby-house of the opposite side of the room; while Robbie occupied the middle of the floor with his rocking-horse. Mamma sat sewing by the window, with one foot on baby's cradle. Sue took it all in at one glance; then she went on upstairs to her own room.

"The children tired her," she said; she had not any patience with them, besides she wanted to finish that book of Belle Sherman's and who could read in such a Babel! She did notice when she came down to tea, an hour later, that her mother looked unusually worn and pale; but then, she said, exasperatingly to herself, she is used to it, and besides she ought to make the children keep more quiet,—which last was much more easily said than done.

"Sue," said her mother, wearily, "would you look after the children a little while this evening? My head is very tired; and I thought it would rest it and me, to walk out a little way."

"I suppose I can if it's necessary," replied Sue, rather ungraciously, "but it's meeting night, and I feel as though I ought to go."

"I forgot," said her mother, apologetically, wondering wearily if there were a night in the week that was not "meeting" night. "Of course, it's of no consequence." But somehow Sue did not feel quite easy; she could not get her mother's pale, sad face out of her mind. Perhaps,—yes, certainly, she must try and arrange it to relieve her of care more than she had done.

"Still," she thought with considerable self-satisfaction, "it isn't as though I was in mischief; she ought to be thankful that I am interested in these things." And when, as she went in, good Deacon Armstrong shook hands with her cordially, saying, as he did so, "Glad to see you remain faithful and steadfast, Miss Sue, when so many of our young people fall away," her self-complacency was entirely restored. Possibly if the good Deacon could have looked into her heart, as she sat there so devoutly in her accustomed seat, he would not have felt quite so pleased, for instead of listening eagerly for some word of help Sue's thoughts were all on herself.

"I have held out well," she was thinking, "better than any that united with the Church with me; there isn't one of them here to-night but me, and I could very easily have made mother's request an excuse. I probably should, if I had been as fickle and faithless as the rest." Now, Sue would not have put those thoughts into words, probably; but they were her thoughts for all that; and right into the midst of them came these words in Mr. Hardy's most impressive tones: "But ye say, 'Whosoever shall say to his father and mother, that wherewith thou mightest have been profited by me is given to God, he shall not honor his father. And ye have made void the word of God because of your traditions. Well did Isaiah prophesy of you saying, 'This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.'"

"Oh!" Sue could no more have helped that breath of exclamation, than anything in the world; it was involuntary and unconscious. Could it be that she who had thought herself so faithful was giving a vain service; that she who had thought herself following so closely the footsteps of her Master, was really far off? She roused herself to listen to Mr. Hardy's remarks; perhaps he might have a word of comfort for even her.

"I have been thinking," he was saying, "if it is not possible that we are in danger often times of falling into the same error these Pharisees were guilty of. Do we not too often choose ourselves the way in which we will serve our Master; and are we not prone to choose the ways that are known of men to the neglect of little acts of self-denial?"

"He knows," thought Sue, "how proud and selfish and wrong I have been. How could I have been so blind?"

"If we have given ourselves, and all we are and have to Him, shall we stipulate as to the way He uses our gift? If it be when

I shall be known of men, if he so orders it, it is well; but if perchance He should ask of us a humble, self-denying service, shall we deny it or persist in our chosen way? Will it avail us to say it is 'Corban?' Let us ask instead, for a heart willing to be led and used just as the Master wishes." Sue dropped her hand on the seat before her. How she had done this very thing! It had been so pleasant to be called faithful and steadfast and zealous; she had taken such pride in not letting anything keep her from these outward observances; and it was all "Corban." She was far from Him in spirit.

She heard no more of the services; indeed she was not aware when the benediction was pronounced until the people's rising roused her. Then she arose and went swiftly out; her heart was too full for words with any one. The children had gone to bed; her mother was lying on the lounge pale and exhausted. Sue went over and knelt down beside her.

"Oh, mother, mother," she sobbed, "I've been blind and selfish and everything that is wrong, but I'll try and do better if you'll only forgive me. I'm going to try so hard to be more like Him. I haven't been at all. I have been far off; but I've asked Him to bring me nearer—very close to Him."

Up in Sue's own room, you would see, if you should go there, a motto hanging where her eyes would rest on it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning; and this it is:

"Content to fill a little space  
If Thou be gloried."

That is her daily prayer for herself, but she does not know how plain it is to those about her that she walks with God.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THEY HAVE BEEN CONVERTED

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

This little incident, which came under my personal observation, impressed me greatly as showing the change wrought in the heart of man by the Spirit of God, and the impression made upon others by the change.

A lady friend of mine, by the death of a relative, inherited a pretty little cottage with strawberry-patch, orchard, and garden, together with a bit of woodland through which a singing brooklet ran.

"My friends and I enjoy Aunt Catherine's locality exceedingly," she wrote me, after she was fairly settled in the little home.

"I am here for the whole summer, and my friends come and go at their convenience. There are usually two or three with me; but as there is a clou in every sky, there is one great drawback to our perfect enjoyment. We are a mile from railway station, post-office, or store; there is no barn in which to keep a horse, and the house is too small to admit of keeping a servant, even did I not enjoy doing my own house-keeping."

"Have I no neighbors upon whom I may depend for outside services? you will ask; and I reply: one near neighbor, whose integrity we have reason to doubt. So, as we cannot trust him, we let him and his family severely alone. This is bad, for they are helpful, cheerful, intelligent people, and we might be of mutual benefit."

A year later I visited the little cottage, and my advent filled it full to overflowing. At the tea-table a walk was proposed to see the sun set from the hill that crowned the woodland. "We will set off at once," said our hostess, "and while we are gone, Mrs. Cornell, our near neighbor, will do up the work and prepare for breakfast, and Mr. Cornell will go for the mail."

There was another unexpected arrival just as we started out, and in making them welcome our cheery hostess said,

"In the daytime I have all out-of-doors to entertain my visitors in, and at night somebody will have to go over to Mrs. Cornell's to sleep."

The next morning, after seeing Mr. Cornell despatched to market to purchase meat and vegetables for dinner, I said,

"You are fortunate in having new neighbors. Those dishonest people who lived near you last year must have been very annoying."

"These are the same ones," replied my friend; "but there was a revival in the village last winter, and they were all converted. You have no idea how changed they are in every way."

"They are the same, and yet not the same," I said. "They have put off the old man, and been renewed in the spirit of their minds, and have put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Oh, glorious gospel of Christ, which maketh such things possible to frail, sinful humanity!"—*American Messenger.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.

Nov. 23, 1883. (1883. 17. 12-17)

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 45, 46.

33. And Saul armed David with his armor and he put an helmet of brass upon his head, also he armed him with a coat of mail.

34. And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said to Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them, and David put them off him.

35. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

36. And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

37. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance.

38. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I dog that thou comest to me with staves? and the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

39. And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thee thy life for the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

40. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

41. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines to the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the field; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

42. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord is with David, and with his spear.

43. And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hastied, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

44. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and sling it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

45. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

46. Therefore David ran and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—The battle is the Lord's.—18AM. 17:47.

**TOPIC.**—Victory by Faith.

**LESSON PLAN.**—1. DAVID'S ARMOR, VS. 38-40. 2. THE GIANT'S DISDAIN, VS. 41-43. 3. DAVID'S CONFIDENCE, VS. 45-51. 4. THE GIANT SLAIN, VS. 45-51.

**Time.**—E. C. 1001. Place.—The valley of Elah, fourteen miles south-west from Jerusalem, on the way to Gaza.

LESSON NOTES.

**V. 33. COAT OF MAIL.**—A kind of corselet quilted with leather or plates of metal for the protection of the chest. V. 38. ASSAYED—understood. PROVED—tried, accustomed himself to the use of it. If he had gone to Saul's armor he could not have used the sling; and the sling was the only weapon that he could use with success. V. 40. BAG—A pouch or sack worn by a shepherd, in which he could carry food or other things. SLING—It consists of a strap and two strings. The stone is placed in the strap and thrown by rapidly swinging the string round and pulling go one string when sufficient velocity is acquired. V. 42. DISDAINED—despised.

**V. 43. I COME—**to trust the self-reliance of Goliath and David's confidence in Jehovah. FROM THE EAST BEYOND—by defying the armies of his people. V. 45. THIS DAY WILL THE LORD DELIVER—not a mere boast, like Goliath's, but a prophetic utterance. THAT ALL THE EARTH MAY KNOW—compare 1 Kings 18: 26. V. 48. DAVID HASTIED—got the start of the giant before he had time to lift his sword. V. 51. TOOK HIS SWORD—and swung it with such precision and force that the single stroke gained the victory. V. 51. TOOK HIS SWORD—THEY FLED—the fall of the champion caused a panic.

**TEACHINGS:**

1. Boasting words are idle and foolish.

2. Trust in God gives courage and strength in danger.

3. With God's help even a boy can perform difficult duties.

4. There are strong giants with whom we have to fight.

5. With faith in Christ we need not fear to meet any giants.

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