

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT.

The President of the United States is chosen by an "electoral college" of 401 members, chosen by the various States. At the great elections on Tuesday of last week, the Democrats succeeded in putting in 183 of their electors, and the Republicans 182. It was doubtful what side had been successful in New York; the voting was wonderfully close. But now it is almost certain that the 36 Democratic electors in that State have been successful, by a majority of about 1,234. This gives Cleveland and Hendricks 219 out of the 401 votes, and if there is no error or fraud discovered or committed in the official count, a Democrat President will be installed at Washington, for the first time in these 24 years.

BRITISH IMPERIAL POLITICS.

The Houses of Parliament at Westminster are still in session, and several battles of word and vote have taken place. Mr. Sexton, a Home Rule member, moved an amendment to the address in reply to the "Queen's Speech"; he wanted the House to say that criminal law in Ireland should be impartially administered, — implying that it was not now. That was voted down by 34 to 14.

Mr. Labouchere, one of the most clever Radicals in the House, has given notice of a resolution to change the relations between the Lords and Commons, so that the Conservatives shall not obstruct legislation.

It is said that the government has not yet decided on a plan of redistribution, but that a number of Liberals are privately consulting the Conservative leaders with a view to a compromise in something of this style: — every 50,000 people in a town or city to elect one member, and any borough containing less than 10,000 people to be merged in the county where it is situated.

The whole strength of the Conservative party supported a motion to prevent the Franchise Bill coming into operation till the Redistribution scheme had been discussed and adopted. This was defeated by the large majority of 194 to 109, and the Bill has now reached its last stage before being sent up for the second time to the House of Lords.

EGYPTIAN JOTTINGS.

Darkness has again settled down over the Soudan, and no one knows what is happening there. Another rumour arrived on Tuesday, that Khartoum had fallen and Gordon was killed. But, according to the most accurate intelligence that Lord Wolsley has been able to gather, Khartoum was still safe, and the Mahdi had just been deserted by an important tribe of his followers. In the House of Commons Lord Hartington has stated that ample supplies of food and ammunition had been forwarded for the Nile expedition. Mr. Gladstone said that the time and manner of the advance upon Khartoum had been left to Lord Wolsley's discretion.

The Canadians continue to show much pluck and skill in taking the expedition up the Nile, but they find some of the cataracts rather difficult, and complain that the boats are not of the right sort.

The Mudir of Dongola,—whose accounts of wonderful victories over the rebels were first thought too good to be believed, but afterwards proved quite true,—has been created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The ceremony of decoration was performed by Lord Wolsley, and greatly impressed the people.

ANTI-SCOTT ACT "ARGUMENTS."

The liquor-sellers have made themselves heard in many ways during the present campaign. They have thrust their arguments before the public in the form of newspaper articles and hired eloquence,—and, so far, with very poor success. Their success is greater when they employ the meanness and the crimes by which King Drink is always accompanied. By raising objections which are utterly without foundation, they are trying to put off elections in some counties so that the will of the people shall be defeated for another year. In Northumberland and Durham they have stolen and destroyed large parts of the petitions, with the same object. In Dufferin, they have added forgery to theft, circulating a document alleged to have been signed by Sir Leonard Tilley, to prevent Conservatives from voting for the act. A copy of this lying fraud having been sent to Sir Leonard, we learn that the writer is likely to find himself in gaol. The forgery failing and the Act having passed by 805 majority, the Antis added burglary to forgery. On Sunday night the office of the returning officer was broken into and five of the ballot boxes stolen: the result will only be to reduce the majority by 152. On the same night, the same crime was committed in Huron,—but the majority for the Act was too large to be affected thereby. The only result of all this rascality has been to show the liquor traffic in its true colors,—an organized system of the most unscrupulous meanness; and the few respectable people who still conscientiously advocate the licensing of the traffic are fast being convinced that suppression is the only proper treatment.

THE WAR IN CHINA.—Money has been voted for reinforcements for the French army in China, but the Minister of War says that he will want \$1,600,000 more if the conflict continues. A report has been published in Paris, and seems well-founded, that France is now again negotiating with the Chinese government, and offers to make peace without demanding any indemnity, if China respects the former treaty with regard to Tonquin. At different times the Chinese and French governments have applied to Britain to mediate; if they had asked at the same time, something might have been done in the matter.

FIFTEEN MILLION feet of lumber with sawmills and other buildings, have been destroyed by an incendiary fire at Duluth.

HENRY FAWCETT, Postmaster General of Britain, is dead, at the age of 51 years. He was a wonderful man. When quite young he was made absolutely blind by the accidental firing of a gun in the hands of his father. But his energy rose superior to his blindness. He wrote much on political economy, and was made professor of that science in Cambridge University. While a very advanced Liberal in politics, and one of the strongest defenders of his principles in the House of Commons, he was wonderfully respected by the Conservatives. His administration of the Post Office during the last four years has won the admiration of the whole people. Even those most ready to find fault with everything done by the Government could find nothing but praise for the work of its Postmaster-General,—and the British Post Office Department also manages the whole telegraph system of the kingdom, a system of Government insurance, and the thousands of Government savings banks.

A GIANTIC SWINDLING scheme has been discovered in New York. An ex-convict named Alex. C. Branscom planned to get up a guide book to the New Orleans Exposition and a work on "The Resources and Attractions of the South." To raise money for their publication, he forged a number of letters of introduction and notes, with the names of prominent southern business men, and so got contracts with a number of firms, some of whom paid him thousands of dollars in change. If the forgeries had not been discovered, Branscom would have been paid \$111,000 on the publication of the books one month hence. He had also unpaid debts amounting to \$40,000. The peculiar thing is that the books are said to be of really great value, and while the author has been put in gaol his creditors are arranging to go on with his work.

A SPECIAL OFFICER of the United States Treasury Department has visited Toronto to unearth some smuggling operations that were said to be carried on by parties residing there and in Hamilton. The scheme was a neat and clever one, and succeeded because of its simplicity. All that was necessary was to lift up the cushion part of the seat in the Pullman car, and deposit the contraband articles under it, then let down the cushion, and the bold smuggler resumed his seat, and when the customs officer came round looked as innocent as a lamb.

GENERAL SHERIDAN, in his annual report, says that it would need more than a million and a half of men to make war against the United States on land, but the seaboard cities and harbors are perfectly defenceless. He recommends the government to establish horse-breeding grounds in Kansas.

TERRIBLE ELECTION FIGHTS have occurred in Mexico,—caused, it is said, by the government attempting to force the citizens to vote for certain candidates. Five men were killed at Saltillo, a number at Santa Catarina, and the colonel, the district judge and twenty soldiers, at Salinas Hidalgo.

A UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION will be opened in Paris on the 5th of May, 1889: so says the President of France.

AT THE LORD MAYOR'S Banquet to the Imperial Ministry, in London, on Monday, Sir John Macdonald was present as Prime Minister of Canada, and in a speech said Canada was proud of the fact that she was no longer a cause of trouble and weakness to England. He looked forward to the time when some form of confederation would be brought about between England and Canada. If a great confederation should be made of England and all her colonies he thought any power coming into collision with England would be obliged to count on the resistance not of England alone but of all their auxiliary kingdoms.

THE RESOLUTION proposed by the Hon. Mr. Solomon in the Jamaica Council, in favor of entering the Canadian confederation, was defeated by eight to one. Mr. Solomon was the only member who voted for it. In the meantime the Legislative Assembly of the island of Dominica has adopted a resolution asking Britain to hand them over to the United States, as in no other way can Dominican produce be admitted free to the American market.

THE HON. L. F. R. MASSON, who has been appointed the new Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, refuses to take the oath. Certainly, no Roman Catholic can conscientiously swear that no foreign prince or prelate has or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm.

CHOLERA has broken out in Paris, and visitors are fast leaving the city. Damp and mild weather assisted the disease, and many deaths have already taken place. There has been a renewed outbreak in Naples, but only a few deaths have occurred.

FATHER CHINQUY has been preaching in the French Protestant Churches of Montreal, and the more fanatical members of the faith to which he once belonged have been stoning him and breaking the church windows. Two of the rioters were arrested and fined.

EIGHT ANARCHISTS, accused of attempting to blow up the great statue of Germania, were confined in the Elberfeld prison, but it was discovered that a plot was arranged to rescue them, and they have been removed to Leipzig.

THE LIQUOR-SELLERS at Michipicoten were quieted by the Toronto police, but have renewed disturbances since the latter returned to Toronto.

GERMANY is going to appoint a governor for the Cameroons country, West Africa, and to send a steamer for service in that neighborhood.

THE PROPERTY of the late Tom Thumb, after paying all expenses, amounts to \$16,000.

THIS YEAR'S COTTON crop of the United States is estimated at 5,726,000 bales.

SIX LABORERS on the Canadian Pacific Railway have died from eating diseased pork.

TWO MORE FRENCH warships, with troops, have arrived off Madagascar.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "3. rs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Since the attempt to steal Samson for a night's ride which Reuben had spoiled, a padlock with a very peculiar look had been placed on the barn; to this lock there were two keys; one for Mr. Barrows, and one for Rupert, the trusted hired man. For nearly a week Rupert had been sick in his bed, and Reuben had taken more care than ever before of the horse, and had been trusted to carry the other key, that he might pay Samson a visit when necessary while Mr. Barrows was absent. This morning the barn had been found locked as usual, but the poor horse was holding up one trembling leg, and groaning sadly. Mr. Barrows, thinking it all over, had believed that the temptation to take a horseback ride had been too much for Reuben, and that he had gone in the night, and getting into trouble, had hurried the horse back to the stable, locked the door, and left him in his misery. This had been a hard thing to forgive, but, as he talked with Reuben, he decided that the boy had not known before that Samson was injured. This was bad enough, but still not so dreadful as the other; now, if he would but confess it all!

But here he stood, boldly denying that he had any knowledge of the trouble.

"Reuben," after a moment of solemn silence, "where is the padlock key I allowed you to carry?"

"In my jacket pocket, sir, that hangs by my corner in the workroom."

"I know it. I took pains to learn that it was there. And mine is in my pocket; and you and I know that only those who have been very carefully taught can turn that lock; Rupert and you and I know how Rupert is sick in bed, my key is here on my chain where it has been all the time; the lock is not broken, yet the horse has been out during the night, and has been ruined; and has then been brought home and locked alone in his misery. Now, Reuben, will you confess the whole miserable story? I cannot feel that I have acted in a way to make you so terribly afraid to tell me the truth. I have loved you, my boy, because you reminded me of my own boy who is gone; but he was truthful and noble."

Not a word said Reuben. If he had suddenly been turned to stone he could not have stood stiller, or been more silent.

Mr. Barrows watched him and waited. His face was pale, very pale, and his eyes had the troubled look of one who does not see his way clear. One, two, five minutes, and they seemed to him afterwards like hours; then he spoke:

"Mr. Barrows, everything is against me. I don't see how you can believe me. I know I have that key safe in my pocket, and I know the lock can't be turned with any other kind of a key, or by people who don't know how; and I can't tell anything about it, only this: I never took Samson out of his stall. He was as well and happy as could be last night at eight o'clock, when I locked him in for the night, and I haven't seen him since; and I don't know how he got hurt; and oh, I am so sorry for him! But, Mr. Barrows, everything is against me, and I don't see how you can believe me."

Said Mr. Barrows, with a disappointed sigh:

"You are right, Reuben; I can't."

Then began a sad time for Reuben. Samson had to be killed, and that almost broke the boy's heart; but, worse than that, he found no way to prove that he had nothing to do with the trouble. But you should have seen Beth. She was furious. The idea that Mr. Barrows should not believe every word that Reuben said, was to her mind an insult too deep to be borne. She urged Reuben not to do another hour's work for him, but to tell him to look out for a boy that he thought he could trust. She urged her mother to move at once out of the house, and to refuse to have anything more to do with him, and had only a burst of tears in answer to the question, Where would they go?

As for the mother, she did not help her very much. She believed in him. Oh, yes, indeed! It did not once occur to her to think that he had spoken other than the truth. You see she had known Reuben so long, and been able to trust him so fully, that the habit was formed; but she fretted,

and said some things that were hard to bear; such as this:

"It serves you right, Reuben, for meddling with the horse at all; if you had kept away from him, as the other boys do, you wouldn't have got into any trouble. Why doesn't he suspect them?"

Then would Reuben try to explain that his employer had given him duties about the horse, trusted him to his care, and that it was as much a part of his work at times to care for Samson as it was to go to the shop.

But the mother would answer: "Oh, yes, a part of your work! I know that; but if you hadn't always been hanging around the horse, and petting him, and showing yourself so eager and able to take care of him, Mr. Barrows would not have thought of such a thing, and you such a little fellow!"

Then would Reuben sigh, and look utterly discouraged, and the mother would hasten to say:

"Not that I blame you; you did it all for the best, I dare say; and if the man had common sense, he would know he could trust you; but it is all very hard—you had such a splendid chance, and I thought he would send you to school."

Meantime Miss Hunter was the cheeriest friend he had.

"It'll all come right," she would say, nodding her wise head. "Trust Him; he never makes mistakes, nor forgets. Just keep telling him all about it, as though you knew he would take care of it, and he will."

And Reuben would smile and feel his heart warm within him at the remembrance of his powerful friend.

Beth was apt to torment him with questions hard to answer. As for instance: "Reuben, haven't you the least kind of a notion who might have taken the horse?"

"What's the use of notions without proofs?" would Reuben answer. "Notions are mean; they make a fellow suspicious."

"But Reuben, I most know you guess who it might be. Somebody did it, of course. I wish he would get awful sick, and get afraid, and have to confess it."

"That's like a story in a book," would Reuben answer with a little curl of his wisen lip. "Things don't happen like that out of books."

But then Miss Hunter had a word to say:

"Things don't 'happen' at all, my boy; God looks after them. He can take care of you not only, but of the one who did the mischief, and he'll do it."

"But, Miss Hunter, don't you think it is awful mean in Mr. Barrows not to believe Reuben? He never told a lie in his life."

"I don't think it is strange that he doesn't believe me," declared Reuben. "You see it is all against me. I've got the key, and the only key there is besides the one that he carries himself; and I know how to turn the lock, and I was the only one besides Rupert who did; and Rupert was sick in bed, and somebody took the horse out and lamed him and then put him back there to suffer. I think that was the meanest."

But when Reuben went on in this way, trying to clear Mr. Barrows of meanness for not trusting him, Beth's patience gave out entirely, and she was apt to get almost as angry with Reuben as she was with his master: so among them all, Reuben really had a very sad time.

Quite a large number of the handsome boxes were being manufactured, and all who saw them were pleased, but Reuben had almost entirely lost his pleasure in them. It seemed very strange to him that Mr. Barrows did not discharge him. Every morning he went to his work wondering whether it would not be his last day in the box-shop. The truth was that Mr. Barrows, though he still believed him guilty, was sorry for him; he believed that he had been led away by a great temptation, and had been frightened by the sad consequences into telling falsehood after falsehood; but he thought by keeping him in his place and being steadily kind to him, Reuben would grow ashamed of his silence, and get courage to confess the whole: so he waited.

And Reuben waited, and prayed, and wondered how it would all end. In spite of his prompt answer to Beth, "What's the use of having notions?" he had one all the same, and could not get away from the thought that in some way his special tor-

ment, Andrew Porter, had to do with the trouble. Not that he could make even a guess how it could have been done. He had never shown Andrew his key or boasted of it in any way; if he had, that would not have taught the boy how to use it. "And if he tried ninety-nine times to unlock it, he would have been as far away from doing it the hundredth time as he was the first; besides I had the key to the stable myself all the time in my pocket."

So would he argue to himself, growing more and more puzzled as he thought it over, and feeling more and more that Mr. Barrows was not to blame in suspecting him. "But then," would the boy continue, "somebody unlocked that barn and took out that horse—dear old fellow!—and brought him back again and locked him up, and you see I know that I didn't do it, and that thing Mr. Barrows doesn't know; so there I have the advantage of him."

The days went on, and nothing occurred to help him out his trouble. Mr. Barrows had questioned and cross-questioned Reuben, and was growing every hour more puzzled and anxious.

"I loved the boy almost well enough to give him part of the place of our boy who is gone," he said to his wife. "I meant to do well by him, if this thing hadn't come up. I don't understand it."

"Papa," would Grace Barrows say, with a firm little set of her lips, "Reuben Watson Stone never did it, never!"

And the father would smile, and find himself wondering if Grace were not right; but then, in that case, who did?

Meantime the boy Andrew walked the streets as well and strong as ever; though as often as Reuben looked at him he could not help remembering Beth's words: "I wish he would get awful sick, and get afraid, and have to confess it."

Nothing looked more improbable than that Andrew Porter would get "awful sick." This Reuben thought as he overtook him one evening just at the corner, and Andrew turned suddenly and went the other way. As Reuben walked on, he went over again for the hundredth time, the possible reasons he had for suspecting Andrew.

They were very weak ones. He was a mischievous boy, an untruthful boy, and was very fond of horses, and almost equally fond of teasing Rupert Stone. Yet Reuben had to own that he saw no possible way for Andrew to have accomplished this teasing. "If he did it," he told himself with a sigh, "he will keep his secret. He is not the boy to tell of himself, and as for getting sick, there isn't a healthier-looking boy in this town."

Yet the very next morning there was news.

CHAPTER XXVII.
JUSTICE AT LAST.

The boys were full of it when he reached the shop. Hal Reuben heard? Did he know about the great fire? Surely he must have heard the fire bells.

Yes, Reuben had heard the fire bells, but his mother had objected to his going to the fire, so he stayed in.

"Humph!" said one of the boys; "I guess Andrew Porter wishes his mother had objected, and he had paid any attention to her."

Reuben turned quickly.

"Why, what about him?"

"Why, he went to the fire. It was the machine-shop, you know, burned to the ground—ever so much money lost. Andrew climbed up somewhere—he's always climbing—and the wall gave way, or the stairs, or something, and he fell hundreds of feet, some say; anyhow, they picked him up for dead, but he isn't dead. The doctor just came from there, and I heard him tell Mr. Stuart that the boy was breathing, but that was about all."

As Reuben stood silent for a full minute before turning to his work to think over this wonderful and terrible news, there came to him a curious, pained feeling, that somehow he was to blame. Had he really wished Andrew to get "awful sick"? Oh, but he had not wanted him to die! Suppose he should die without ever speaking another word! And suppose he had done it! All day Reuben's heart was heavier than ever, but he prayed a great many times that day for the life of Andrew.

The boy did not die. As the days passed,

it was found that his life was not in present danger; but with this news came some that seemed to the boys almost as sad as death itself. There was a hush in the shop all the morning after Clarke Potter gave the news. He himself had heard the doctor that very morning tell Andrew's uncle from Eastport, that the fall had hurt his spine in some way, Clarke had not understood how; only this he knew: that the doctor had said positively that the boy would never take another step.

It was three days afterwards that Reuben decided to go and see Andrew Porter. It was not because he had any hope of hearing news from him concerning poor Samson, in fact he did not think of Samson when he decided to go. It was because Clarke said he heard that Andrew was awful lonesome, and complained that the boys did not come to see him.

I really have not time to tell you much about the next three weeks, only in a general way. Reuben carried out his resolve, and went that very evening to ask after Andrew, and found him sick and suffering.

His mother, who had had orders to let "every fellow in who looked like a boy," took Reuben to his room without warning.

A very short call he made; but he felt so sorry for Andrew, that on the next day he went again, and again; and at last it grew to be a settled thing that not a day would pass without his spending all the time he could get with Andrew. The books suffered a little. He learned a lesson every night, but it was shorter than it used to be, and his mother wondered if he were going to "learn to nurse sick folks" instead of being a scholar; and Beth asked many questions as to why he had grown fond of "that Porter boy," all of a sudden. Reuben owed that he was not fond of him, but that few of the boys came to see him—he seemed not to have many friends; and he was so lonesome. "He is getting used to me now, and likes to have me come; at first he did not seem to want me." This was all the explanation Reuben had, and Beth tossed her head, and thought it was very queer.

As for Mr. Barrows, as the days passed, and Reuben was faithful to his work and respectful, yet came no nearer to that confession for which the gentleman longed, he told himself that he did not know what to think. How could he trust a boy, and do for a boy as he had meant to do for him, who had deceived him? How could the trouble have happened in any other way than through him! Yet, on the other hand, how could a boy who was so faithful in all other things have so dreadfully deceived him once?

Mr. Barrows was in almost as much trouble as the rest of them. Meantime what Andrew thought as he lay day after day on his bed, much of the time alone, he kept to himself.

It was a lovely summer evening. The windows of Andrew's room were both thrown wide open, and the bed on which he lay was wheeled as near to them as it could be got, and he lay looking out on the lovely fields, green and quiet, thinking perhaps what a strange, sad thing it was that he should never scamper over them again, for his face was very sober.

Reuben, book in hand, waited to go on with the story which he was reading to him, but he put out his hand and motioned the book away.

"No, I want to talk; that is, I've got to talk. I've made up my mind; it has taken me weeks to do it, and I never thought I should; and I suppose I might have waited to hear the last of the story, for you won't want to read it to me when I'm done my talk; but I'm going to tell it right here this minute."

"All right," said Reuben, "talk away."

"But you won't say much more to me in that good-natured way, old fellow, when you've heard my talk. I've got something awful to tell you. Reuben, it was I that took Samson out that night and brought him back again."

"I thought as much," said Reuben, his voice very quiet and matter-of-course. He had not thought over this whole thing for weeks without learning to keep his face quiet when there was need.

"You did?"

"In spite of the poor back there was a little start from the boy on the bed that made a quiver of pain shoot all through him.

"Yes, I did. Do be careful, Andrew! don't make the least bit of a move again."

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"What made you think it was I?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just kind of felt maybe it was; somebody had to do it, you see; and I knew I didn't."

"But how did I get in?"

"That's more than I know or can guess; and it is what made the whole thing seem foolish; only, you see, somebody got in, and it might as well have been you as anybody. Now shall I read?"

"No; I'm going to tell you all about it. I didn't mean any harm to you, Reuben, not a bit. I began to like you a little before this. I guess I kind of liked you all the time. I didn't mean to do any harm to anybody. I thought he was dreadful afraid of his old horse, and I knew I could ride horseback, and I thought he considered himself so smart about that key, that I just longed to try my hand with it; I most knew it was like the locks uncle James makes; he's my uncle up in Eastport; he makes all kinds of locks, and he had one real queer that I learned how to manage. I thought this was like it, and it was—oh, enough like it for me to catch the trick when I saw Rupert locking the barn one day! Well, I didn't mean to steal a key, you know, but he left his right on the desk that afternoon."

"Who did it?"

"Mr. Barrows himself. He wears it on that chain, you know; and while I was waiting for him to read the note I brought, he looked at his watch, and the chain got caught somehow, and he worked at it a minute, then he unscrewed the chain and slipped off the keys and laid them down on the desk; then that fellow tumbled through the elevator hole, you know, and yelled, and Mr. Barrows thought he was hurt and ran, and I just picked up the key and ran too."

"But how did it get back on the chain?" said Reuben in utter bewilderment.

"That was easy enough. I didn't know how to do it. I thought I should have to lose the key. I wish now I had done it, and then he would have thought some fellow found it and broke in, and wouldn't have blamed you. I never thought of his being such a moolly as to think you did it. I didn't, honest, Reuben."

"Never mind. What did you do?"

"Why, I went there after milk, and Mr. Barrows was dressing. He had been up in Rupert's room taking care of him; and there lay his watch on the table, and his cuff buttons, and all his fixings. I just slipped the key on the chain in a twinkling, and went away happy. I thought there wouldn't be any trouble to anybody."

"Then you didn't know Samson was hurt?"

"Not a bit of it. I know he stumbled, and got his foot in that mean hole in the cross-walk, and limped a little, but that was when we were just home; and I hustled him into the barn, and thought he would be all right in the morning; but it turned out just awful."

"Oh," said Reuben, "I'm so glad!"

"Glad of what?"

"Why, that you didn't know poor Samson was hurt. It did seem too awful in anybody to leave him to suffer."

"Well, I didn't think about his being hurt much if any. I was cut up awfully when I heard the news next day; then, next thing I heard he thought it was you. He might have known better than that, seems to me. I'd have known it with my eyes shut; as many times as he has held you up to me for a putter, too!"

Andrew's voice was full of contempt.

"I'll tell you what I did," he went on after a moment. "I watched to see if he would discharge you, then I meant to own up, whatever it cost; but when things went on just as usual, I felt a little better."

"Oh!" said Reuben.

"It was every word he said. It all flashed over him, the folly of trying to make a boy like Andrew Porter understand what he had suffered, and what his mother and Beth had suffered in bearing false blame."

There was more talk, a great deal of it; for now that Andrew's lips were open, he seemed to find comfort in telling all the particulars of those weeks. He told how "beat" he was to think that Reuben should have been the first boy to call on him, and the only one to come to him day after day; and how he had learned to watch for his coming, and how at last, when he made up

his mind that he must tell the whole story or he should die, the worst was to think of not seeing him there any more.

"I shall come all the same," said Reuben quietly. "But now I want to ask you one question more: When do you intend to tell Mr. Barrows?"

"I?" said Andrew; and the dark-red blood rolled into his face. "Why, you can tell him all about it! I'll take the consequences; they can't be very dreadful here on my back. Father would pay for the horse fast enough if he had anything to pay with; but he hasn't and Mr. Barrows knows it."

"No," said Reuben firmly. "You're the one to tell."

And to that he held, spite of Andrew's half fearful arguments. It would be better, a great deal better, both for himself and for Andrew, that the confession should come from him.

"And until you tell it," he said, "I will keep still. I have done it so long, and I can keep on."

At last Andrew owned that it would be the best, but that he was sure he never could; but that if Reuben would wait, some day he would try; he could not tell when.

And truly it seemed to Reuben as the days passed, that Andrew was very long in keeping his promise. He did not desert him. The readings went on, and the tender care and kindness, and because of the fever and delirium that followed this first talk, he did not hurry him, or indeed say a word more than his wistful eyes said every day. But all the time he could not help wishing and wishing that Andrew would get courage to do right. He could not bring himself to be willing to tell the story, for he feared Mr. Barrows and others might think that his only object in going to see Andrew in his trouble was to threaten the facts out of him.

One night he knew as soon as he turned the corner that led to the little house, and saw Beth standing at the gate, that something had happened. Sure enough, she rushed toward him.

"O Reuben, such news! You can't think! Don't you believe that Andrew Porter did it all! And he has had Mr. Barrows there and told all about it, and how good you were, and all. And Mr. Barrows has been here, and he cried, and said he should never forgive himself for thinking hard of you, and I'm sure I don't believe I can ever forgive him; but he was so nice, Reuben, you can't think. And he wants you to go to school all the time, and he is willing to send you to college, and—oh dear! it is such a splendid long story; Reuben, aren't you awfully astonished?"

"No," said Reuben, his eyes shining. "Not much. You see I knew most of it before."

Then was it Beth's turn to open her eyes, and she stormed him with questions, and overwhelmed him with exclamations for the next half hour. How could he possibly have kept still all those weeks, thinking that Andrew Porter was the boy? Why didn't he run right home and tell her the minute Andrew confessed it? What was the use of being thought so meanly of a minute longer than was necessary?

After much careful explaining, Reuben succeeded in making his eager sister understand something about the feelings that had kept him patient and quiet all these weeks.

"You see," he said, as a finish to the story, "I could afford to wait, because I knew it would all come out right. I didn't see how, but then I was sure of it, because I'm a soldier, and my Captain is bound to take care of me and see me safe through everything, because he has promised, and it is likely I shouldn't trust him when I've enlisted to fight under his flag forever! Oh, Beth, if you only were a soldier too!"

This silenced Beth.

I did mean to stop right here, and not try to tell you anything more about Reuben Watson Stone, though as you may imagine, there is plenty to tell. But I do feel as though I must tell you about one thing, because it seems to fit in so far back in the story.

Not a week after all these strange things had happened to Reuben, just as he was starting for the shop one morning, a little red and white cow came trotting up the street, a boy guiding her, and a smiling faced

old lady on the side walk moved towards Reuben.

"How do you do?" she said heartily, as she caught a glimpse of him. "I was in hopes I'd find you in. You remember me, don't you? You found my ticket on the cars, you know, and helped me to the stage afterwards. Oh, I never forgot it, nor your nice, honest face. I've kept an eye on you ever since, though what with sickness in my son's family, and then being sick myself, I haven't got around before. I heard of your trouble, and I heard of your getting out of it. I knew you would, my boy, the Lord takes care of his own, and I knew you were one of his own. I know a good many things about you. Look here!" and she stepped closer to him, and sank her voice to a whisper: "you didn't know Spunk's master had anything to do with me, now did you? It is queer, but I'm his grandmother, and I've heard about midnight rides and saloons and all that. You did better work that time than you know of. My grandson hasn't forgot it—can't forget it. He is the 'man of the house' himself, you see—all the son his mother has, and he didn't like the thought of the contrast there would be between you one of these days if he kept on, and you kept on, and he has turned square around."

"Well, I oughtn't to keep you away from your work, my man, so if you will just look after Dorcas here, and tell the boy where you would like to have her put, I'll trot on. Why, yes, of course, she is yours; a man with a family to support needs a cow and she is the nicest critter ever was, and gives cream most instead of milk."

Now I am sure there is no use in trying to describe to you Reuben's astonishment. Isn't it a good place to stop?

And yet there came to him before that day closed what he called the best news he ever had in his life.

It was Beth, curling in a little heap on the sofa beside him, who brought it.

What do you think it was? Why, that at last she had really decided to wear the colors of his Captain, and fight under his flag. Among the pleasant words that she spoke to him that night were the ones that told him she had been led to think carefully about it all from seeing how well he bore the trouble that had come to him. Before that she was getting to have a feeling that it was easy enough for Reuben to be good; everybody praised him and trusted him, and he did almost exactly as he liked, and there wasn't anything for him to be cross about. But afterwards, when she found herself so cross with Mr. Barrows, and so angry at that wicked somebody who brought all this trouble on him, and found Reuben so patient, and so unwilling to have Mr. Barrows blamed, and so cheerful all the time, she began to see that something had made him very different.

It was quite dusk when they had their happy talk. Reuben had been to pay a visit to the new Samson who lived in the barn, and who already knew him and liked him well. He had fed Dorcas her evening meal, and drank a glass full of her rich creamy milk, and had tucked her away for the night. All the day's duties were done. Just then the parlor door opened, and mother came, bringing a lamp, behind her Miss Hunter looking twice glad, for Beth had given her the good news.

"Come Reuben," said his mother, "let us have prayers now, it is after eight o'clock. The evenings are growing very short."

So they all knelt down, and the "man of the house" with a full heart thanked God for all his benefits.

THE ENJ.

FOREST FIRES.

Very few, even among those who make a special study of forestry, have any idea how great is the area burned over every year by fires in the woods, and how great is the damage done. Pipes and cigars, sparks from locomotives, hunters, and anglers, and thoughtless boys all come in for a share of the blame of starting them. The total of damage done, as exhibited by the returns and the map about to be published by the Census Bureau, is amazing. The direct value destroyed cannot be less than two or three hundred millions of dollars annually, and is probably more. The indirect damage is great and many-sided, including the destruction of young trees, and saplings and sprouts, seeds in the ground, and in many cases the vegetable substance in the soil

itself. Then we must take into the account the harm done because of uncertainty caused in the minds of those owning woodland or land which might be profitably planted or left to grow into timber.

"What is the use," men are apt to say, "to prune and trim and go without the interest on my money, when, do all I can, I can never be sure that the carelessness of others will not sweep it all away?"

We need much more stringent laws to punish the setting of forest fires, to fix the pecuniary responsibility, and especially to enforce preventive measures, such as keeping woodland clear of the tops, limbs, etc., left by loggers, and maintaining broad and frequent fireroads, and an efficient patrol in all large timber tract. Prevention is cheaper than cure, especially when, as in this case, cure may require a century of time, and not be always practicable even then.—*Watchman.*

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

An old step-ladder lesson, setting forth the sad import of little neglects, is worth a thousand repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the rider was lost—
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken from actual history—of a certain side-camp whose horse fell lame on a retreat and delayed him until the enemy overtook and killed him.

Another actual case, embodying the same lesson against the lazy and shiftless habit of "letting things go," is related by the French political economist, M. Say.

Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two, and a few minutes' time would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

One day, a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook and milk-maid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut off his escape, he got a sprain that laid him up for a fortnight.

The cook, on returning to the farm-house, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milk-maid, having forgotten, in her haste, to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, found that one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt, that happened to be kept in the same shed.

The linen burned and the gardener's work lost were worth fully a hundred francs, and the colt was worth nearly double that money; so that there was a loss in a few minutes of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half-pence.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

ORANGE WHEY.—The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk. Heat slowly until curds form, strain and cool.

EGG LEMONADE.—White of one egg, one tablespoon pulverized sugar, juice of one lemon, one goblet water. Beat together.

SAGO MILK.—Three tablespoons sago soaked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly a half hour; eat warm.

BAKED MILK.—Put a half gallon of milk in a jar and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream and is very nutritious.

SNOW FLAKE.—Dissolve in one quart of boiling water a small box of gelatine, and add four teaspoons of white sugar, and the juice of two lemons. When almost cold strain. Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, mix them with the water containing the dissolved sugar and gelatine, pour into moulds and place them upon ice or in a cool place. Snow flake served with boiled custard makes a pretty dish.

QUICK MUFFINS.—Put into two quarts of sifted flour a piece of butter as large as an egg, add two even teaspoonfuls of soda and four of cream of tartar, one quart of milk, and, lastly, four eggs, thoroughly beaten. Bake in rings twenty minutes.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

MIDDLESEX.—The petitions, signed by 5,513 electors,—over 1,000 more than the required 25 percent,—have been deposited in the sheriff's office. A guard has been placed over the document. At the final meeting of the county executive, the township secretaries reported that every polling division was thoroughly organized. Mr. Burgess, of Toronto, will probably speak in many parts of the county.

LENNOX AND ADDINGTON.—The campaign was opened in Napanee by a public meeting in the Town Hall, when Mr. A. L. Morden presided. The Rev. M. L. Pearson said he was not sure whether the vote could be brought on in time to bring the Act into force next year. The Rev. Mr. Keefer, of Hamilton, spoke at this and at another meeting; he showed the immense contrast between the Dunkin Act and the Scott Act, and pointed out that the prohibition by the latter would be peculiarly effective in Lennox and Addington, where there were no distillers, brewers, or wholesale liquor-dealers. Mr. Keefer has also addressed meetings at Olesca—where fifty percent of the voters signed the petition—Violet, Wilton, Camden East, Yarker, Switzerville and Newburgh.

WELLINGTON.—The agitation in the three ridings of this county was begun by a convention in the end of June, but practical work did not begin till after harvest, and has thus only lasted for about a month. A hundred and fifty canvassers have been sent out, and the cause has been well advocated by lectures and literature. The petitions are nearly all in, and are signed by about forty percent of the largest vote ever polled in this county. Nevertheless, the temperance workers are going to relax no effort between this and polling day. A Fergus correspondent says that the temperance people were especially glad of Dufferin's decision, as they felt it ensured victory for Wellington. At a public meeting, the Rev. A. M. Phillips was replied to by Mr. Muir, whose oratorical powers have been compared to those of King Dadds,—but "the Scottites need only get Mr. Muir to speak against the Act to prove how sound it is and why it should be supported."

RICHMOND.—A grand rally has been held in Richmond Town Hall, to help in the establishment of a temperance organization for the town. The Rev. I. M. Thompson, of Danville, in the course of his speech, said that prohibition would not be thoroughly effectual until the manufacture of intoxicating beverages was stopped; but the Scott Act, while not going far enough, was the means of showing that the people are in earnest in their demand for total prohibition.

PRINCE EDWARD.—A friend writing from this county says that the reason of the defeat may be given in a very few words. "More than two hundred who call themselves Christians voted for whiskey, and I have myself heard the whiskey party say 'The Christians are voting for us.' If the question were asked them,—'What made you vote that way?'—they would answer,—'Why, we don't want to lose the sale of our barley and hops.' Ye cannot serve two masters."

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.—The new petition, rendered necessary by the theft of portions of the old one, has now been lodged in the sheriff's office at Cobourg.

KINGSTON.—Mr. Spence, in his speech in the City Hall, remarked on the circumstance that the 75 licensed liquor-sellers in this city paid \$8,541 to the revenue, and in return took—estimating each one's receipts at \$10 a day—\$232,500 every year out of the pockets of the ratepayers. "Now," asked the speaker, "who pays that revenue?"

WATERLOO.—The Scott Act Campaign Organization has been holding meetings and organizing associations throughout the county. There is a large amount invested in drink-making here, and the Germans are supposed to be against prohibition, but the Merionites are almost a unit in its favor. Altogether, the cause meets more encouragement than was expected.

LANARK.—We see it stated elsewhere that the 20th of November has been fixed as polling day in this county; but no proclamation has yet been issued. The Antis asked for delay to file objections; their objections are believed to be worthless, but their object was to delay the enforcement of the Act, when carried, till 1886,—and they have probably succeeded.

THE BATTLE OF YORK.—The attempt to repeal the Scott Act in York, N. B., brought out the full energies of the liquor men and their friends, and they managed to poll 655 votes in the whole county! The temperance vote, however, was within fifty of the grand budget by which the liquor traffic in this county was first defeated. The vote on the 30th of last month stood as follows: For repeal, 655; for maintaining the Scott Act, 1178. Total of votes cast, 1833. Majority for the Act, 523—or nearly two to one. Out of 30 parishes only 5 went against the Act, and their majorities, all told, only amounted to 95. In Canterbury No. 1, there was not a single vote cast in favor of repeal. Now let York set to work and thoroughly sweep out the last relics of the rum-trade! And let friends of temperance all remember that prohibitory Acts are only a help, and do not take away the necessity of a continuous moral movement in favor of abstinence from alcohol and all other evils.

RENFREW IS FREE!—Another great victory was won on Friday last, when Renfrew decided, by a majority of 730, to forbid the liquor traffic within her borders. Our Pembroke correspondent sends us the good news that even in that town there was a majority of 48 for the Act, while Renfrew and Arnprior gave majorities of 64 and 13 on the same side. Ross (176), Horton (25), Bromley (85), Wilberforce (30) and Westmeath, (131) all came out well for the right. Graton (26), Brock (34), and South Algoma (2), went against the Act. Both sides had good organizations and a heavy vote was polled. There was great rejoicing at the result all over the county—a second thanksgiving day in fact. "Thank God and take courage!" The other polling days now announced are

- Norfolk, Ont., Nov. 11.
- Compton, Que., " 26.
- Brant, Ont., Dec. 11.

Temperance people, don't neglect to follow up your prayers by perfect organization, so that not one vote shall be lost! HARD WORK before and on election day wins the battle. Over-confidence ensures defeat.

THE BATTLE OF BRUCE.—The total vote for the Scott Act in the county was 4501; against 3189; majority, 1312.

ESSEX.—A convention has been held at Essex Centre, when it was decided to thoroughly organize the county for a vigorous Scott Act campaign. A county alliance was formed, with a branch in each municipality and a local committee in each polling sub-division. Mr. Peter Wright, Reeve of Colchester, is president. Meetings will be held all over the county. A few hundred names have still to be added to the petition, a large portion of the county not having been even canvassed.

HASTINGS.—The Stirling News Argus says:—The interest in the movement is spreading through Hastings county like wildfire. If the country generally adopts the Scott Act by fair majority, then the government is pledged to introduce a prohibitory law. The general adoption of the Scott Act will be a strong expression of the popular will in favor of general prohibition, if it accomplish nothing more. And the Belleville Daily Ontario's correspondent writes from Madoc.—The Scott Act is the principal subject of conversation around here now, and the general opinion is that if the Act is submitted to the people—and there is no doubt but what it will be—it will pass.

MIDLAND ONTARIO.—Steps have been taken to organize in Hastings for submission of the Act. Some time ago it was proposed to submit the Act in the seven counties in Midland Ontario, and this might now be done, as it would, in the opinion of many, have a better chance of carrying in a group than in single counties.—Lindsay Post.

THE PONTIAC "Advance" says that the cause is making rapid progress in this county, and, Renfrew having gone over to prohibition, no time should be lost in submitting the question to the electors of Pontiac.

THE DEFEAT IN PEEL.—Official returns now published show that the following majorities were given for the Scott Act in Peel county: Brampton, 243 to 216,—27; Bolton Village, 64 to 38,—36; Caledon 365 to 309,—56; and Chinguacousy, 451 to 422,—29. The majorities against the Act were as follows: Streetsville, 91 to 36,—55; Toronto township, 535 to 385,—150; Toronto Gore, 179 to 57,—62; and Albion, 279 to 204,—75. Net majority against the Act 194. The votes polled for the Act numbered 1805; against, 1999.

THE ACT TO BE ENFORCED.—The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Prince Edward Island, at its recent annual meeting at Hamilton, resolved to appoint a Prosecution Committee of three, to engage a prosecutor and an advocate, and to raise a special fund to carry on the cleansing work. The following important resolution was also passed: "That a committee of three be appointed in each of the counties, to work in conjunction with a similar committee from each branch of the Dominion Alliance to get signatures to a petition to the Dominion House of Commons, asking for total prohibition, also that this Grand Division pledge itself and the subordinate Divisions to help the Committees in securing signatures to the above petition."

CHIEF JUSTICE CAMERON congratulates the counties of Prescott and Russell, and Carleton, on their freedom from crime. This might—and probably will—be used as an argument by the Antis to show that the Scott Act is not required. But the argument is rather badly spoiled beforehand by the Bobcaygeon Independent, which is sorry not to be able honestly to accept the compliment. It says: "There are no prisoners because there are no police."

CRITICIZING THE MINISTERS.—Every now and then we see in some exchange an anonymous letter signed "Total Abstainer," or "Temperance Man." The writer's object is to defend the profits and position of the licensed liquor traffic, and his method of working is to put on a saintly air and tell the ministers that their preaching must have been a failure if they need a "bibliotary Scott Act to turn men from drunkenness. In other words, this shadowy and nameless imitation of a "temperance man" wants us to believe that it is a minister's whole duty to make men leave evil alone, and never to make evil leave men alone. We know how it is sometimes discovered whether a man is mad or sane—by setting him to empty a trough into which the water is pouring from a tap. If he goes on baling out the water without turning off the tap, the physicians have no hesitation in deciding him to be out of his mind. And these anonymous critics would have the ministers act as if they were candidates for a lunatic asylum! A minister preaches to drunkards to forsake their drunkenness; is his preaching to be called a failure because at the same time he works to have the cause of drunkenness removed? He prays, and his people pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" should he take his nameless critic's advice, and maintain the liquor shops by his vote and influence, leading his people into one of the most powerful and fatal forms of temptation in existence? The answer of the sham "temperance man" is contrary not only to religion but to common sense.

THE NEW YORK GRAND JURY have just declared that nearly all the cases of manslaughter that have been examined into by them were either committed in saloons or when the perpetrators were under the influence of alcohol. They comment on the non-enforcement of the excise laws,—and well they may, for it is publicly stated that as soon as a policeman begins to do his duty in this matter he is either shifted to another district or dismissed from the force! And we are informed that it is only prohibition that is not carried out! Truly, as Dr. Crosby says, Rum rules New York, and rum will rule many another place unless it is itself ruled out by prohibition.

CARDINAL MANNING, at a great public meeting at Sheffield last month, said: "He was profoundly convinced that the only way in which the people could have protection—and especially was this the case with working-men and their families—and the only way of legitimately checking this enormous trade was by giving the people of every city, every town, every hamlet, and of every village the power to say, 'We don't want the public-houses which you propose to put down in our midst' (Cheers). He confessed it was not without great anxiety that he contemplated the great influence, political, public, and private, which resulted from that enormous capital of one hundred and thirty millions sterling."

THE REV. DR. PARKER, chairman of the great Congregational Union of England and Wales, in his recent autumnal address spoke out thus: "When a Christian goes into a neighborhood, he is at liberty to begin either with a soup kitchen or a Sunday school; he may begin as a medical man or an evangelist, as an honest shop-keeper or an open-air preacher. He may begin as a political or social reformer, enunciating noble doctrines as to capital and labor, or the advantage and use of land. He may open his mission by an attack on legalized vice, upon a traffic which is known by the desolation it brings, and never by a blessing which it bestows."

THE LIQUOR Prescott paper cunstance that spirits less mo \$13,000 less th and that malt. It is just fac greatest finan Canada to rej in raising a rev We are glad to which has beer that the counr nicious spirits" under the Scot decrease both in the influence of say what they prohibiting, the have for opposi does prohibit, a motive from ar with. But we from Prescott t Act is already m mine of the liqur trustworthily liquor trade of dull state. Of through Ontario large firm, two c and the third di to his ordinary h have done equ premises inco amount of liqu The retailers kn Scott Act can an prudent men the cannot sell.

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GREY.—The 1 Nebraska, is spea tion" in Owen So county.

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THE KENT PETI preme Court. So have been made of were got to sign t their names withd document. The p the signer, who w hotel-keeper anot out of the busines wording of the hea tures.

THE LIQUOR TRADE "DEPRESSED."—A Prescott paper raises a lament over the circumstance that the revenue of Canada from spirits last month was only \$78,953,—nearly \$13,000 less than in October of last year,—and that malt shows a decrease of \$5,500. It is just facts like these that cause the greatest finance ministers of Britain and Canada to rejoice; there is little difficulty in raising a revenue from a sober people. We are glad to see that our contemporary, which has been trying to persuade people that the country will be flooded with "pernicious spirits" instead of "wholesome beer" under the Scott Act, now declares that the decrease both in spirits and beer is caused by the influence of the Scott Act. Let them say what they like about prohibition not prohibiting, the only reason the liquor men have for opposing the Scott Act is that it does prohibit, and they cannot hide their motive from anyone who has eyes to see with. But we have no need of evidence from Prescott to assure us that the Scott Act is already making itself felt on the volume of the liquor traffic. We have most trustworthy information that the wholesale liquor trade of Montreal is in an extremely dull state. Of three travellers sent out through Ontario some months ago by one large firm, two obtained next to no orders, and the third did very little in comparison to his ordinary business. Two other firms have done equally badly, and find their premises inconveniently small for the amount of liquor that is left on their hands. The retailers know well enough that the Scott Act can and will be enforced, and like prudent men they will not buy what they cannot sell.

"BROME," says the Richmond *Guardian* "will vote next month, and it is generally conceded that the Scott Act will be adopted." Brome is now under the Dunkin Act, but recognizes the greater efficiency of the newer measure.

COMPTON.—A correspondent of the Sherbrooke *Examiner* says that there will be at least 1300 votes cast for the Scott Act, and the total vote polled in 1882 was only 2435.

THE BRAMPTON "TIMES" says:—"Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, of the Queen St. Methodist Church, Toronto, has been preaching if not against certainly not in favor of the Scott Act, but as he is known to be a very eccentric man very little notice or weight is given to it. It is astonishing how the Anti-Scottites grasp at straws." Moreover, a gentleman who heard the sermon in question writes denying that Mr. Jeffrey opposed the Scott Act: he only opposed the notion that prohibitory legislation can take the place of moral and Christian persuasion,—with which we heartily agree.

GREY.—The Hon J. B. Finch, of Nebraska, is speaking on "Total Prohibition" in Owen Sound and other parts of this county.

THERE IS MOST NEED for temperance men to work hard when our opponents are making least stir. Deadly snakes move quietly in the grass.

THE KENT petition is still before the Supreme Court. Some curious revelations have been made of the way in which voters were got to sign the cross-petition to have their names withdrawn from the Scott Act document. The petition was folded so that the signer, who was entreated to give the hotel-keeper another year in which to get out of the business, could neither see the wording of the heading nor the other signatures.

A SEVERE SHOCK of earthquake was felt in Southern Columbia on the 6th.

THE POPE has created nine new cardinals.

IT IS REPORTED that the Transvaal government is secretly trying to get the help of Germany in its schemes for robbing native tribes of their lands. As the Transvaal, is under a British Protectorate, Prince Bismarck will probably tell the Boers to go about their own business.

A RUSSIAN STUDENT, who "informed" against his fellow students as nihilists, had to be kept in prison for his own safety,—yet he has been poisoned, and another has fled for his life.

THE MARQUIS DE CAUX, husband of the famous singer Adelina Patti, has been granted a divorce by the French courts.

SWITZERLAND used to be a refuge for exiles fleeing from despotic countries; but five Anarchists have just been expelled from Switzerland and their friends threaten to take revenge in the same violent way as in Russia.

AN ANARCHIST named Barfuss has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment with hard labor for high treason. He had posted up revolutionary placards.

THE SCHOONER "Wild Gazelle" has been wrecked at the Choumagin Islands in the Okhotsk Sea. Captain Lawson, the owner, and fifteen out of eighteen of the crew, were lost.

A TERRIBLE STORM, causing an unusually high tide, did great damage along the shores of the lower St. Lawrence on the 5th. Some of the towns and villages suffered very severely, and a number of streets in Quebec itself were under water.

A STATUE OF GEORGE BROWN, the Canadian Liberal leader, has arrived from England at Toronto—but the Protectionist government has not yet decided whether to allow the great free-trader to pass without paying duty!

CHINESE MOBS, enraged at the attacks of the French army and navy, have been committing the most horrible personal outrages on Protestants as well as Catholics, besides destroying houses and churches.

NEW ORLEANS has been without street cars for some days, owing to a strike of the drivers.

OIL MILLS belonging to Stewart Brothers and Spencer, at Stroud, England, have been burned: loss, \$1,000,000.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR at Washington has been instructed to negotiate to have reciprocal duties established between the United States and the West Indies.

THE LAST SHIP of the season arrived at Quebec on Saturday.

A MEMBER of the British House of Commons proposes to stop paying off the national debt for two years, and to vote \$25,000,000 for an immediate increase of the navy. The government rejects this plan, but will spend \$6,000,000 extra on the navy this coming year. It has also been decided to pay for the Egyptian campaign in the only honest way, by direct taxation and not by borrowing money. Twopence in the pound (less than one cent in the dollar) will be added to the income tax for the year. The income tax last year was sixpence half-penny.

THE SCOTTISH LAND QUESTION is again coming to the front. In the Isle of Skye, whence so many of the best soldiers in the British army come, thousands of the crofters are armed to resist any attempt to evict them. Police have been sent, but the crofters say they will evict the police. Two gunboats and 3,000 marines have been sent to prevent bloodshed.

THE TOWNS OF MYAS and Alicante, in Spain, are undergoing serious floods, that have destroyed several lives and much property.

PRINCE CROSBY, supposed to be more than 104 years of age, died recently at Fishkill, Conn. He was formerly a slave of Enoch Crosby, who figured as Harvey Birch in Cooper's novel, "The Spy."

THE WHOLE BUSINESS part of Silver Plume, Colorado, has been burned. Several lives were lost, many people are homeless, and \$100,000 of damage was done.

BE CONSISTENT.—The Legislature of New York has prohibited the manufacture of sham butter. What a terrible blow at "the personal liberty of every man to eat and drink what he likes!" If a man wants to buy sham butter and spread it on his bread, why not let him? "Because," answered the New York legislators, and the people agreed with them—"the manufacture and sale of sham butter is an injury to the community at large." And now, will some one please step forward and say why intoxicating liquor should not be placed on the same footing? Does it do less harm to the community than sham butter!

COL. J. J. HICKMAN, a Good Templar orator from Kentucky, is speaking and organizing lodges in various parts of Nova Scotia.

SIMCOE'S MAJORITY of 1183 was furnished as follows: Simcoe County, 984; Muskoka Townships, 34; Parry Sound Townships, 165.

THE IMPORTS into Britain last month were \$23,685,600 less than in October of last year. The decrease in exports was \$3,625,000.

THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY is sending a committee to Egypt to see whether a second canal will have to be made or whether the present one can be widened.

FIFTEEN LIVES were lost on Saturday by a colliery explosion near Tredegar, England, and twenty men were killed in the same way, and on the same day, at Wasmas, Belgium.



STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND,
Governor of New York, President-elect of the United States.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was 43 years old last Sunday.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG has been celebrating its tenth birthday. A fine child for its age!

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the commissioner of internal revenue, Washington, shows total receipts from all sources for the year as \$121,590,000, compared with \$144,555,000 for 1883. It is estimated that \$115,000,000 will be collected during the present fiscal year. In all, 18,928,000 bushels of grain were used in the past year in the production of spirits.

AMERICAN TRADE has been very dull, partly owing to the election.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT is going to send a very fine display to the Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886.

MESSERS. CORNWALL and French, of the Irish civil service, have been acquitted of the odious crimes charged against them, and now threaten to make revelations of a conspiracy to ruin them. They are going to receive a testimonial from their colleagues.

THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP companies have proposed and the continental companies have agreed not to charge less than five guineas (\$25) for steerage passage to America.

AT THE SUPPLEMENTARY elections in Germany, several Socialists have been returned.

THE RULES OF THE FENIANS, discovered at the house of one now on trial in Dublin, show that if any member proves unfaithful his appearance and character are at once published to Fenians all over the world.

CAPTAIN RIVARD and Mr. Krebs have just made another airy voyage in France, and succeeded in steering their balloon back to the very point where they started.

CONSUL HEWITT has established a British Protectorate over the West African tribes on the Upper Niger river, having made treaties with the chiefs.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT proposes to raise a loan of 250,000,000 dollars, so as to be able to withdraw half the notes now in circulation.

THE FRIEND OF THE PRISONERS.

The subject of prisons is at no time a cheerful one, but the life of the prisoner of to-day is bright compared with one of a hundred years ago. Now a man who commits a crime is tried, sent to gaol for a long or short period as his crime deserves, while there he is put to work at some trade which he may learn before he is released, and when his term expires no one can detain him there another day. One hundred years ago things were not so. The prisons in England were dens of filth and vice. They were almost never cleaned, the inmates were huddled together without regard to age or character of crime committed, no provision was made for those who were sick; and all, after their sentences had expired, were liable to be detained until they had paid the fee, no matter how large, demanded by the gaoler; for that official had no salary from the government, and made his living by extorting money from the prisoners and their friends. And how has come about the change. Chiefly thro' the efforts of one man, John Howard

was born at Eufield in 1726, the son of a moderately wealthy, retired London merchant. He was constitutionally delicate and in his youth did nothing remarkable. In 1752 he married a lady just twice his age who died three years afterward. After her death he decided to go abroad and set sail for Lisbon, where the great earthquake had just occurred, but on the way the ship was captured by a French privateer and all on board taken prisoners and carried to Brest. Here began his prison experience, he and his companions being very harshly treated and almost starved. After a time he was released and allowed to return home. In 1758 he married again and settled at Cardington, where he devoted himself to the improvements of the condition of the poor on his estate, building schools and model cottages. In 1765 his second wife died, leaving him with one son. From this he spent the greater part of his time in travelling on the continent until 1770 when he returned home. Three years afterwards he was made high sheriff of Bedford when commenced the work by which he is known to the world.

His attention was first directed towards the fact that the gaoler and those under him received no salary from the county but made their living by extorting fees from the prisoners. When Howard asked of the justices of the county that these abuses be put a stop to, and the officers of the gaol receive a regular salary, he was told that the county could not be burdened with such an expense, and that such a thing had never been done before. He then visited every county in England to find if such abuses existed all over the country and found that everywhere it was as bad and often worse. Evils came to light of which he had never dreamed, and then and there he resolved to devote his time and energy to their exposure and if possible to their remedy. He collected statistics and presented the matter before Parliament in March 1774, and very soon a law was passed giving the gaolers a stated salary and liberating those who were unjustly detained in prison. Soon another law was passed ordering that the gaols be regularly cleaned, that infirmaries be provided for the sick and for fear that there should be any who might fail to become acquainted with these rules he had them printed at his own expense and a copy sent to every gaoler in the kingdom.

This done he again went through the country to correct and confirm the statistics he had gathered, with a view to publishing them, and also went through Scotland and Ireland. Having done so much he could not rest without doing more. The book which he intended publishing would not, he thought, be complete without some account of the prisons throughout Europe, so in April 1775 he set out for a tour through France, the Low Countries and Germany. In the autumn he returned and took another tour through England and afterwards again

through the continent, and, finally, in 1777, published his book on the state of the prisons in Great Britain and Europe.

In 1778 he again went to the continent to get information concerning the building of improved prisons to carry out the reforms now begun. He had become pretty well known in Europe by this time and was received at several courts with much respect. Three years after he made another continental tour, this time examining the prisons of Denmark, Sweden and Russia, and in 1783 he went through Spain and Portugal. The results of all these investigations he published in book form.

Having done as much as he could for the work of prison reform, he now turned his attention to the cause and prevention of the plague and contagious diseases in general. He went to Smyrna in Asia Minor and made himself acquainted with all the prisons and hospitals there, and then came back to Constantinople. Here the British Ambassador would have gladly welcomed him to his house, but he would not go,

and while attending her, he himself took the fever and died there on the 20th of January 1790. His last instructions were "Give me no monument, but lay me quietly in the earth; place a sundial over my grave and let me be forgotten." But such a man could not be buried in obscurity. Thousands followed him to his grave near the village of Daughigny, and afterwards a statue to him was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Such a man the world can never forget. "In the scale of moral desert," says a writer of him, "the labors of the legislator and the writer are as far below his as earth is below heaven. His kingdom was of a better world; he died a martyr after living an apostle."

HAD A RIGHT TO COME.

The foreman of a certain works had often heard the Gospel, but he was troubled with the fear that he might not come to Christ. His good master one day sent a card round to the works—"Come to my house immediately after work." The foreman

"I AM GOING TO SMOKE THE BEST CIGARS."

BY MARY RAY EARLE.

Grant and Ross Graham are twins. Grant is a stirring boy, and often earns an extra dime to help swell the family purse, which is sometimes very slim.

Ross loves his books, and would like to get a good education; but he knows that both he and his brother must soon quit school, and begin to work.

These boys go to a wide-awake Sabbath-school, whose officers and teachers are anxious to do all the good they possibly can for the children under their care.

One Sabbath, on their return from school, Ross listened to his mother with the good news that he had pledged himself not to taste anything that would intoxicate or to use tobacco in any form.

"May you be enabled to keep your pledge!" said his mother fervently, as she then turned to Grant, expecting to hear the same news from him; but as he did not speak she asked:

"And how is it with you, my boy?"

"I didn't sign the pledge," answered Grant. "You see, mother, I am going to leave whiskey and such trash alone; but I have made up my mind that when I am twenty-one I am going to smoke the best cigars."

"You had better count the cost," said his mother. "The best cigars will take much of your earnings, and their use will bring you to many evils which you cannot foresee."

"I don't see how they will hurt me! Father smokes, and so does the Rev. Mr. Blank, and ever so many more ministers I can name."

"How old are you, Grant?" asked his mother, without appearing to notice his remark.

"Eleven years old."

"Only eleven; and why must you and your brother, while so young, quit going to school?"

"Because father can't afford to send us any longer; and, besides, we must help earn our own living."

"True. Suppose your father had put away twenty cents a day for twenty years, how much money would he now have?"

Grant made the calculation and replied:

"He would have one thousand four hundred and sixty dollars."

"And not only that amount," replied his mother, "but also the interest on much of it he might now have had he not begun to smoke good cigars when he was twenty-one—just twenty years ago."

Grant made no reply, but all the week he kept thinking something like this:

"We are very poor. Father works hard, but he is so sickly. He still smokes two cigars, sometimes more, a day. He has already smoked away more than one thousand four hundred and sixty dollars—when! What a young fortune! If only

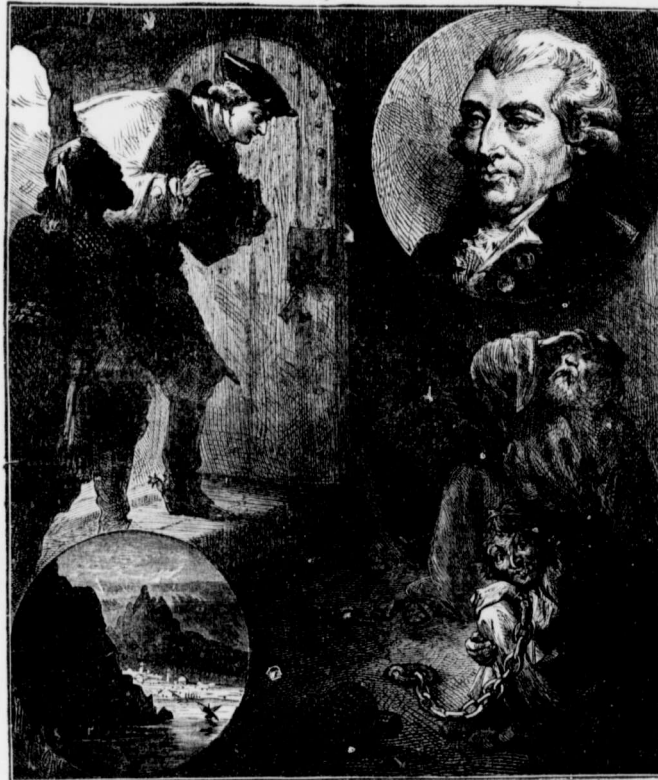
had that much money now Ross could go to school long enough to graduate, and mother and the children might have many comforts."

The next Sabbath when, at the close of the school, the superintendent laid the temperance pledge upon the table, the first one that walked up and put his name to it was Grant Graham.

He had changed his mind. "For," said he, "I will never puff away one thousand four hundred and sixty dollars in smoke!"

—Presbyterian Journal.

SALLY LUNN.—Take one quart of milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, and a teaspoonful of yeast; mix carefully; add a little salt and sufficient flour to make a very stiff batter. Butter four round pans, divide the mixture evenly between them, and put by the fire to bake for nine hours. Bake in a " " half an hour.



JOHN HOWARD.

preferring to spend his time among the people in the lowest parts of the city. He went into the caravanserais filled with people sick with the plague, and into all the pest-houses where not even a physician would dare to follow him. He even deliberately took passage in a foul ship for Venice so that he might become personally acquainted with quarantine discipline. This voyage lasted sixty days during which time the ship was attacked by pirates, and at its close he was imprisoned for some time in the Venetian lazaretto. Returning home he published in 1789 another book on the plague and its treatment in Europe.

One would have thought that now he would want a rest. But in a few months after his book was published he again set forth on his old errand, this time going, overland to St. Petersburg and Moscow and thence to Constantinople, visiting all the hospitals on his route. But before he reached Constantinople, while he was at Cherson, he was asked to see and prescribe for a young lady who was sick of camp fever, a disease then

appeared at his master's door, and the master came out, and said somewhat roughly, "What do you want, John, troubling me at this time?" "Sir," said he, "I have a card from you, saying that I was to come after work." "Do you mean to say that merely because you had a card from me, you are to come to my house and call me out after business hours?" "Well, sir," replied the foreman, "I do not understand you, but it seems to me that, as you sent for me, I had a right to come."

"Come in John," said his master, "I have another message that I want to read to you," and he sat down and read these words: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Do you think that, after such a message from Christ, you can be wrong in going to Him?" The poor man saw it all at once, and believed, because he saw that he had good warrant and authority for believing. So have you, poor soul; you have good authority for coming to Christ for the Lord Himself bids you trust Him.—N. Y. Observer.

"Oh, have, all more ha day after have been mono, brains Seniors of the S as well as 'I'll be better pu we are S 'Class Ro mayn't I happy. "Don't Bessie, E going. M be a nice dance, it comes to once, put tend the This was ning of th dale, and Mrs. Bur from scho planning cials, when learn to d amusement time to t with a rec may be in join her o porting th Mrs. Bu of her daugh ed her wish she felt it v lage pastor knowing, s which wou fort it wou would rem ple, quiet b trusting the life at the dear old gra There she enthusiastic not a word, for there w month, and which told u elden time" of life and h subdued lig was looking life, and dra the ones aru time, when I sister Carrie, "Happy Ho their deman should cause ous Ellie, at and give a st something of son taught fir the listener. "A story, o fairy tale, a days when I v Baby Minn story about J big, big man, said he voted scare-story ab thought of al hear about gi was a little gi played with, a "Yes, grand is the best of a "But, childr a story of long not tell the us them by their instead." "Then you said Carrie, "gress? Poor he had in his for you to begi From the sh face light up as "Long years lived a woman v her three daugh Charity. Mode "I'll be b "I'll be b

GRANDMA'S STORY.

BY EMMA S. SANBORN.

"Oh, mamma, such fun as we girls will have, all our set too, just think of it! No more hard work and study for us on Saturday afternoons. We'll forget how hard we have been working all the week to make menses, names, mones, come straight in our brains, and won't we show those haughty Seniors that although we are the 'Verdants of the School,' we can have our gatherings as well as they? And if we dance a little 'twill be all the merrier, and we'll be the better prepared to enjoy our honors when we are Seniors and invite our friends to our 'Class Reception' in 1887. Now, mamma, mayn't I go? Just say I may, and I'll be happy."

"Don't look so sober, mamma. Edith, Bessie, Ethel, and, indeed, all the girls are going. Mrs. Deane says she thinks it will be a nice opportunity for Bessie to learn to dance, it will help her so much when she comes to enter society. So, mamma, for once, put away your scruples, and let me attend the Saturday socials."

This was Friday afternoon at the beginning of the spring term of school in Willowdale, and this was the salutation of Effie, Mrs. Burton's oldest child, on her return from school. The young ladies had been planning a course of Saturday afternoon socials, where the members of the class might learn to dance and enjoy themselves in any amusement which might be suggested from time to time. Of course they must end with a reception or a party, to which friends may be invited, and it was Effie's wish to join her classmates in attending and supporting the proposed gatherings.

Mrs. Burton, much as she needed the help of her daughter, would willingly have granted her wish, but besides the need of her help, she felt it was hardly right that she, the village pastor's wife, should grant this wish, knowing, as she did, all the temptations which would come to her child, and the effort it would take to overcome them if she would remain a happy inmate of their simple, quiet home; so she wisely said nothing, trusting that the quiet influences of home-life at the Rectory, and perhaps a word from dear old grandma, would set all straight.

There she sat, a quiet listener to Effie's enthusiastic greeting, and although she said not a word, yet we knew she heard it all; for there was a peculiar smile about her mouth, and a far away look in her eyes, which told us that she was thinking of "the golden time" when she, too, was a girl as full of life and hope as Effie. And now, in the subdued light of life's peaceful twilight, she was looking back to the morning of her own life, and drawing lessons of love for the little ones around her. So at the evening time, when baby Minnie, brother Fred, and sister Carrie, gathered around her for their "Happy Hour," I was not surprised that their demands for "a story, grandma," should cause her to think of the low studious Effie, at the opposite side of the table, and give a story which might convey to her something of her thoughts, and let the lesson taught find its own way to the heart of the listener.

"A story, children, what shall it be? A fairy tale, a Bible story, or one about the days when I was young?"

Baby Minnie, now five years old, said the story about Joseph, who grew to be such a big, big man, was about the nicest; Fred said he voted that grandma should tell a big scare-story about giants or bears; but Carrie thought of all the stories she liked best to hear about grandma's very self when she was a little girl, or about the friends she played with, and the things she did.

"Yes, grandma, yes," I heard all say "that is the best of all."

"But, children, suppose to-night I tell you a story of long ago, so long ago that I can not tell the names of the people, but call them by their characteristic virtue or vice instead."

"Then you are to tell us an Allegory," said Carrie. "Will it be like 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" Poor Christi, what a hard time he had in his journey! We are all ready for you to begin, dear grandma."

From the shadows I watched the aged face light up as she began:

"Long years ago, in the city of Wisdom lived a woman whose name was Virtue, with her three daughters Modesty, Innocence, and Charity. Modesty was quiet and retiring, her manners, and Charity, the youngest, was loved by those whom she loved,

but Innocence, the second born, was fairest and best beloved.

"To this pleasant home came a report that in the kingdom of one Fashion all was perpetual sunshine; that flowers were ever blooming; and that the song of birds which ever filled the air with music was but an echo from the hearts of her happy subjects."

"Virtue, who was acquainted with the world, understood this report, but her three daughters credited it and desired to visit such a wonderful place. Modesty wished to go, but she shrank from the journey, and Charity remained from love to her mother, but Innocence wanted very much to see the place, and persuaded her mother to let her journey thither.

"Virtue had her misgivings, but, remembering that in her gentle heart she had a sure safeguard against every evil, permitted her to depart, carrying with her a mother's blessing."

"Unlike the road which Christian traveled, this was filled with a vast crowd all bound for this wonderful city. Many of those travelling with her were pleasant and agreeable, but, as she journeyed, others sought her acquaintance, among them, Assurance and Deceit, although they were never known by these names, because they thought they would be better received in society if they were called Mary and Marcella. Pleasure and thoughtless enjoyment seemed to occupy the minds of all as they wandered on."

"After a time they drew near that famous city in which all were expecting to find happiness. Innocence gazed in the direction indicated by her companion, and even her eyes were dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene. As they approached the city, night closed in around them, and first one light and then another appeared, until a flood of light shone out upon the path of the weary travelers. As they drew nearer, shouts of revelry, and the sound of music and dancing, were wafted to them on the evening air. Some had friends who had come hither before them. These they sought and remained as their guests until they became acquainted with the city."

"Of all in that vast city, Innocence knew but one, Mr. Sagacity, and, although she suspected that he was not always strictly upright in his business transactions, and disliked to become his guest on that account, yet, as she could do no better, she gladly availed herself of his hospitality. Here, she became acquainted with Mr. Flatterwell, and it was under his protection and through the agency of Vanity, her hostess, that she was introduced into the society of this city."

"Never before had so fair a sight been seen in the ball-room. Never before had one with so pure a heart descended to grace their banquets. Messrs. Smooth-tongue and Self-conceit, with the Misses Envy, Malice and Deceit, all sought her company, but an acquaintance with them served only to remind her of home, her mother, her sisters, and her friends, Prudence, Mercy, Piety and Patience."

"Thinking she would see if any in this great city were truly happy, she visited the banquets and the receptions, which Fashion frequently gave for the pleasure and entertainment of her subjects. At first sight of these gatherings, the beauty of the scene caused her to think that here, if anywhere, was happiness to be found, but when she perceived that under a smiling face was hidden a jealous heart, and that a friend was only one in name, she bethought herself of her own quiet home and her many true and tried friends, she left behind."

"Desire followed thought, and speedily resulted in action, and soon she was with her friends once more, and never since has Innocence been seen to mingle in the dance and Fashion's circles, in the city of Pomp; but go there when you will, you will find that Self-conceit, Smooth-tongue, and Flatterwell, together with Vanity, Envy and Deceit, are always present, remain longest at the wine, join oftentimes in the dance, and are ever found among Fashion's most devoted subjects."

So she finished her story. Baby Minnie was asleep, and Freddie wondering if his new top wouldn't spin better than Bertie Fisher's, but Carrie was wide awake and thoughtful, and, best of all, Effie had been a listener too, and, catching the meaning, knew that grandma's story had been told for her."

Later in the evening I saw Effie steal softly to Grandma's side, and heard her

whisper, "Thank you, dear grandma, I got your meaning, and it shall be as you wish. I care not for the dance, but will keep my innocence, and love my quiet, happy home better than all the world."

And grandma whispered back a soft "God bless you."—Morning Star.

TAKE HOLD OF THE RIGHT END.

BY REV. D. NASH.

The session of a certain Presbyterian church had convened for the reception of members. The venerable elders sat around in a circle, the young pastor in the midst. One candidate after another passed the usual examinations until all had been received and withdrawn. A boy of ten years of age had been sitting thoughtfully near the door. It was supposed that he was waiting for some of those who were in conference with the session; but when they were all gone, and he still remained, the pastor approached him and learned that he, too, wished to be admitted to the communion of the church. He was seated, however, and the examination began. It progressed satisfactorily until most of the usual ground had been gone over, the boy clearly and calmly narrating the circumstances under which he had been awakened to a sense of his guilt, and led to feel his need of Christ as a Saviour.

Then came the question: "What did you do when you felt yourself to be a great sinner?"

The eyes of the examiners brightened as he answered: "I just went to Jesus and told him how sinful I was, and how sorry I was, and asked Him to forgive me."

But the next answer brought the shadow again to their faces, for as the pastor asked: "And do you hope that Jesus heard you and forgave your sins?" he answered promptly, "I don't only hope so, sir, I know He did."

There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate and said:—"You say you know that Jesus forgave you your sins?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt and unhesitating answer.

There was an ominous pause in the examination. Such positiveness could only be, it was feared, the offspring of presumption. The boy must be resting on some fine foundation.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope He has, and I know it, too," with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it, my son?" every eye being intent on the little respondent.

"He said He would," said the boy, with a look of astonishment, as if amazed that any one should doubt it.

"He said He would do what?"

"He said that if I confessed my sins, He was faithful and just and would forgive them; and I did confess them to Him, and I know He forgave them, because He said He would."

The old elder took off his glasses to wipe them, for the moisture from his eyes had made them dull, and he turned to the pastor and said:—

"He's got hold of the right end of it, sir. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. I move the examination be closed."

"Thank God for salvation and the knowledge of it!"—Zion's Herald.

A RATIONALIST SAVED.—Dr. Hildebrandt a learned German naturalist, travelled eight years in Africa and Madagascar, and gained a deservedly high name in the scientific world. He arrived in Madagascar a Rationalist, but died there a believer in Christ. When he was taken ill he was received into the house of the Norwegian Missionary and Dr. Borchgrewink at Antananarivo, where he died. When the missionary saw that the illness was likely to be fatal, he told him so, and said, "Shall we not together call upon God, and ask Him to reveal Jesus to you as His Son and as the only Saviour from death and judgment?" He willingly consented. "During the prayer," relates Dr. Borchgrewink, "the doubts which had so long held him captive disappeared, and soon after, when my wife came into the room, he stretched out both his hands, while joy beamed from his face, and triumphantly cried out, 'Yes, dear friend, there is indeed a Christ,' and he often repeated that he could now die with joy."—Wahrheitszeugen.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 23.—Prov. 1: 1-16.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Professor Law, who knew Scotland well, said that the practical sagacity of the Scotch was owing to their familiarity with the practical wisdom of the Book of Proverbs. My own pastor in my childhood, Dr. Duffield, used to say that when he was in any spiritual trouble, he could always find help in the Psalms, and when he wanted guidance in any practical matter he could always find it in the Proverbs.

II. Enticements of sinners. Sometimes temptation comes to us like an army with open attack, but more often like a malaria. We breathe in the poisoned air from neighboring marshes, we bring the deadly sewer-gas into our houses by the very triumph of modern conveniences, cesspools in hundreds of yards send up their malaria to enter every open window in summer, and then in winter we shut up every crack and crevice lest God's pure air enter our rooms, to save coal; till our whole systems are poisoned, and in some hour of weakness or overwork, suddenly we are consumed with a burning fever. If the fever had come like a deadly serpent, we should have avoided it; if it had come like the north wind, we should have sheltered ourselves from it; if in battle array, we could fight it. But it has come with our daily breath, its footsteps unheard, without knocking at the door, and has insidiously poisoned our whole system before we were aware of our danger.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. Ver. 1. Few words and to the point, like a proverb, is one secret of successful prayer-meetings.
2. "Let thy heart be without words, rather than thy words without heart," said John Bunyan on his death bed.
3. "The man who has drained the cup of pleasure can best tell the taste of its dregs."
4. Practice is better than precept. Solomon's sins were a living illustration of all that his father warned him against.
5. Vers. 2-5. Old and young, wise and simple, all need wisdom and instruction.
6. Ver. 7. The sign and the proof of a wise man is his desire for more wisdom. The mark of a fool is the conceit that he knows about enough already.
7. Fear and not love is the beginning of wisdom, but love is the end.

OUT of four thousand Jews in Toulon and Marseilles only seven, it is said, were attacked by the cholera. It is the repetition of an old experience, and is attributed to the dietary laws of Moses.

Question Corner.—No. 21.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. A woman killed a man with a nail; who was the woman and who was the man?
2. Who was the judge of Israel at that time?
3. Why was the country after Solomon's reign divided into two kingdoms?
4. Mention an Old Testament incident similar to that of Christ feeding the five thousand.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials and finals give our two chief gateways of knowledge.

- 1. Our first mother.
2. What did Gaal, the son of Ebed, tell Abimelech to increase?
3. From what city did Claudius command the Jews to depart?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO 19.

- 1. At the close of a prayer for Solomon given in the 72nd Psalm.
2. Omri, king of Israel, 1 Kings 16: 23, 24.
3. Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Rev. 2: 3.
4. Smyrna, Rev. 2: 8, 11; and Philadelphia, Rev. 3: 7, 12.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

SHEPHERD—HIRSELING.

- 1. S. A. T. A. Gen. xx 2.
2. H. A. N. A. 2 Chron. xvi 7.
3. E. T. Isa. xxiv 8.
4. P. H. E. N. I. C. Acts xv 8.
5. H. A. N. A. M. E. Jer. xxxii 7.
6. R. E. 1 Sam. iii 8.
7. R. A. Levit. xxvii 4.
8. D. I. Y. Luke xiii 8.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Hannah E. Greene, and Cora Snow.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES

(From Westminster Question Books)
LESSON VIII.
PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.
COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 9-10.
1. The proverbs of Solomon the son of David, king of Israel:
2. To know wisdom and instruction; to perceive the words of understanding;
3. To receive the instruction of wisdom, justice, and judgment, and equity;
4. To give stability to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion;
5. A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels;
6. To understand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings;
7. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
8. My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother;
9. For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.
10. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;
11. If they say, Come, with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause;
12. Let us swallow them up alive as the grave; and whole, as those that go down into the pit;
13. We shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil;
14. Cast in thy lot among us: let us all have one purse;
15. My son, walk not thou in the way with them: refrain thy foot from their path;
16. For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.

GOLDEN TEXT
"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."—Prov. 1:7.
HOME READINGS.
M. Prov. 1:1-16..... The Proverbs of Solomon.
T. Prov. 1:17-33..... Counsels of Wisdom.
W. Prov. 1:1-12..... The Fear of the Lord.
Th. Prov. 2:1-22..... The Secret of the Lord.
F. Ps. 86:1-12..... No Fear of God.
Sa. Ps. 37:1-15..... Evildoers Cut off.
Su. Ps. 34:1-10..... No Want to them that Fear Him.

LESSON PLAN.
1. The Counsel of Wisdom. 2. The Counsel of Folly.
Time—no. 1006. Place.—Written at Jerusalem, by Solomon.

INTRODUCTORY.
The book of Proverbs is universally ascribed to Solomon. It is probable that he himself selected and edited the first twenty-four chapters, and the remaining chapters were added by other hands—under the direct inspiration—at a later period. The book is a treasure-house of wisdom, a combining plain and practical rules for conduct in almost every duty and relation of life.

LESSON NOTES.
I. V. 2 TO KNOW—FOR KNOWING. The object of this book is stated in the first four verses. Wisdom—the use of the best means for the best end—prudence. TO PERCEIVE—for perceiving. V. 3. JUSTICE AND JUDGMENT—the characteristics of one who is in all his relations to God and man. V. 4. KNOWLEDGE AND DISCRETION—to escape evil and find good. V. 5, 6. The one who pursues right ends by right means will prize such writings. TO UNDERSTAND—so as to understand. DARK SAVINGS—compare Ps. 49:4; Job 10:25. V. 7. THE FEAR OF THE LORD—the principle of the book. Job, 28:28, Ps. 34:21; Acts 9:31. BEGINNING—the part, foundation. FORTITUDE—the wicked. HEAR—listen to and obey. (compare ch. 9:20; Eph. 5:2-3.) V. 9. AN ORNAMENT OF GRACE—compare Gen. 41:42; Cant. 1:10; 1:13.
II. V. 10. CONSENT THOU NOT—the sin in yielding to temptation, not in being tempted, vs. 10-12. Murder and robbery are given as particular illustrations. V. 11. LURK PRIVILY—conceal our plans and acts. INNOCENT WITHOUT CAUSE—will not meet the innocence of their victim in any cause with which they should not molest him, if only he has what they want. V. 12. SWALLOW THEM UP—completely destroy the victim and traces of the crime. Ps. 55:15. V. 13. WALK NOT THOU—be wary of the path of the wicked is dangerous. Keep out of their company. Avoid the beginnings of sin. Prov. 4:14, Ps. 11:4; Job 30.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?
1. That those who serve the Lord are truly wise.
2. That we cannot begin this service too young.
3. That we should honor and obey our parents.
4. That we should resist every temptation to do wrong.
5. That we should keep out of bad company.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Nov. 11, 1884.

The export grain trade of this port has come to an end, after a season of constantly diminishing prices, lessening margins, and general unprofitableness. The approaching close of inland navigation will of course bring prices even lower than they now are throughout the country. American wheat touched bottom prices this week, but the price quoted locally has not changed. Liverpool has also gone a penny or so lower with moderately steady country markets and sales of about 65,000 quarters therein.

The Chicago market this week has not been excitable, dealings have not been large, and prices have fallen 3 1/2 cents during the week and now stands at the lowest point yet reached. Wheat is now steady at 73c Dec. and 73 1/2c Jan. Corn is also lower by from 1 1/2 to 2 cents; year is quoted at 37 1/2c, and Jan. at 36 1/2c.

The local market is as dull as ditch water, or any other dead thing. Quotations are: Canada Red Winter, 82c to 83c; White, 82c to 83c; Spring 83c to 84c; Peas, 72 1/2c to 73c Oats, 31c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn 69c.

FLOUR.—The stocks in store have increased by about 8000 barrels in the last week, and there are now 12,000 more barrels of flour in this city than at the corresponding date last year. This naturally makes the market tender. We quote: Superior Extra, \$3.90 to \$4.00; Extra Superfine, \$3.85 to \$3.90; Fancy \$3.80; Spring Extra \$3.80; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Strong Bakers', (Can.) \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American) \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.95 to \$2.05; Spring Extra, \$1.85 to \$1.90; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.70.

MEALS are unchanged at former prices.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Both butter and cheese are quiet with unchanged prices. We quote: Creamery, 24c to 26 1/2c; Eastern Townships, 18c to 22 1/2c; Western, 14c to 18c. Cheese is unchanged at 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c for September and October, and 8c to 10 1/2c for other makes.

Eggs, fresh, are selling at 21c to 22c, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote: Western Mess Pork \$17.50 to \$18.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western, in pails, 10 1/2c to 11c; do, Canadian, 10 1/2c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$4.00 to \$4.15, as to tars, and Pearls being nominal at \$5.00.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Farm produce has been brought to market in larger quantities of late, although the roads and the weather are not always favorable, and prices are generally pretty low; especially is this the case with grain and roots. The farmers seem to have been slaughtering their fat hogs by wholesale and the market is glutted with pork in the carcass and also in pieces of various sizes which sell at much lower figures than have prevailed for a long time. Dead poultry are also plentiful and prices are lower, except for the best turkeys and ducks. Fresh print butter and fresh laid eggs are getting scarce and high prices prevail; good tub butter is also held at firm rates, but common and inferior butter is plentiful enough. Apples are plentiful, but being of better quality, in most cases, bring higher prices. The supply of hay brought to market fluctuates a good deal on account of the state of the roads and the weather. On some days the supply is so light that prices of the best loads advance to \$10 per 100 bundles, while on other days when supplies are abundant, \$8.50 is the top price. Oats are 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 75c to 85c per bushel; beans \$1.40 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 40c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 15c to 30c per dozen heads; butter 15c to 35c per lb; eggs 22c to 40c per dozen; apples \$1.00 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c per lb.; mutton quarter, 5c to 8c do; young turkeys \$1.25 to \$2.00 the pair; dead geese \$1.25 to \$2.00 do; fowls 50c to 75c do; spring chickens 35c to 65c do; ducks 75c to \$1.00 do; hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a dearth of good heaves on this market this week and the city butchers who deal in such stock have been unable to get as many good cattle as they require, although offering advanced rates. The supply of moderately good cattle was also not equal to the demand and drovers obtained a considerable advance on late prices. Leanish stock were pretty numerous, but met with an improved demand from butchers who were compelled to buy such stock, in the absence of better kinds. Good butchers' cattle sell at from 4 1/2c to 5c per lb.; common dry cows \$24.00 to \$33.00 each, or 2c to 3 1/2c do; leanish small animals \$10.00 to \$15.00 each, or 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c do. There has been a slight decrease in the number of mutton critters offered and prices of the best animals are higher; good lambs selling at \$3.50 to \$4.25 each; common lambs \$2.00 to \$3.25 each. The hog market continues in a congested state and prices have reached pretty low figures, some sales having been made at about 4c per lb. There has been little doing in the market for milk cows as very few are offered, but there seems to be an improved demand for good cows, fresh calved. The horse trade continues dull with very few transactions occurring, and these on local account.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1884.
GRAIN.—Wheat, 80 1/2c Nov.; 82 1/2c Dec.; 84 1/2c Jan.; 86 1/2c Feb. 8 1/2c Mar. Corn, 5 1/2c Nov.; 4 1/2c Dec.; 4 1/2c Jan.; 4 1/2c Feb. Rye, quiet, 63 1/2c. Oats dull 32 1/2c Nov., 32c Dec. Barley, Canada No. 2, 76 1/2c. Pease nominal.

FLOUR, quiet and unchanged. We quote: Superfine, \$2.65 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.35; Clears, \$3.75 to \$4.45; Straight \$4.75 to \$4.80; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.65. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.50; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.90 to \$4.85; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.10 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.50; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.20 to \$5.15; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.10 to \$3.50; West India, sacks, \$3.90 to \$4.00; barrels, West India, \$4.50; Patent, \$4.85 to \$5.40; South America, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Patent, \$4.85 to \$4.50. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.50; Family, \$4.65 to \$5.20; Patent, \$5.15 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.90.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS.—Dull. Clover 8 1/2c to 8 3/4c; Timothy, \$1.45 to \$1.50; Linseed \$1.80.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter unchanged Creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 31c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 14c to 25c; Welsh tubs 21c to 24c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9c to 24c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 4c to 12 1/2c. Ohio fats, fair to choice, 6c to 11 1/2c; Skims 1c to 3c.

A VICTIM'S STORY.—A sickening story of drink-slavery,—some of the details vouchered by the editor,—appears in the New York Voice. A drinker tells how at the age of eighteen he began to drink with fast companions. On completing his 21st year he received \$155,000 left him by his father. When, four years later, he left England for America, he had only \$1500 left and that only lasted a short time. Being an expert at figure, he got a situation with one firm after another. We give the conclusion of his story in his own words:

"My experience as book-keeper has earned me a yearly income of \$2,000. Of what benefit has this been to me! More than three-quarters of my salary at all times has been expended in whiskey. To sum up, I place my loss of fortune, career, friends, and position to rum. To-day, generally speaking, I am without a friend—alienated from all—both friends and relatives. Too old to commence life again, and having lost all ambition, I seek only to eke out a miserable existence in any capacity from which the bare necessities of living can be earned. The life I have led under the influence of rum, and its results, ought to be a warning to many; but how few heed example or caution!

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