

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The *Weekly Messenger* was in existence fifteen months and had become established in popular esteem and support, when it was resolved, in view of a widespread demand for a comprehensive temperance organ for all Canada, to add *The Temperance Worker* to the title and devote a portion of space specially to the promotion of temperance work. Although the paper has only been issued in its double character for a few weeks, and its connections with the country have not had time to become fully established, yet the cordial reception that it has met wherever introduced gives promise of grand success. At this early stage in the career of this publication it has from seven to eight thousand paid subscribers, with the list constantly increasing, and we have confidence that the number could be doubled almost immediately if those who rejoice in its weekly visits would only think of recommending the paper to others when they have an opportunity for doing so. Those who see the paper for the first time we would ask to examine its different points for themselves—the clear print, the comprehensive digest of the week's news, original articles in the temperance and news departments, general reading, markets, puzzles, pictures and the remarkably low price. It is sent to any address on this continent for fifty cents a year, or forty cents to clubs of ten, addressed singly or otherwise. All orders should be sent to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal.

Correspondents will please address their favors to "Editor Weekly Messenger," as otherwise delay is almost certain to occur in their publication, and news should be in our hands by Saturday if possible to appear in next Saturday's issue.

### WORK.

In every walk of life, in every movement for the elevation of humanity, work is the main condition of success and the chief element in progress. All that has been accomplished in the cause of temperance represents a certain amount of labor performed, and none who have been idle can claim any credit in the great things that have so far been achieved. Everyone who has done anything toward reducing the number of those who sell or use intoxicating drink is entitled to honor in proportion to his work, and responsible for neglect in what he has failed to do that he might have done. It is not yet time, however, to discuss the honors of this great war, and that is not the object of these lines. What is wanted now is to enlist recruits, more needed than at any previous stage of the conflict, because the drink question has developed into a political as well as a social one. The matter has arrived at a stage when all work done in the cause converges in political power opposed to the traffic and when much of the work of the past is manifest in restrictive legislation and a growing demand for more of it. There is no excuse

for indifference or neutrality on the part of any person, and it is for each one to find out what he can do and do it. Good example in abstaining has done much of itself in the way of causing the downfall of pernicious drinking customs in many places, but passive example alone will not fill the measure of any man's duty with respect to the greatest evil of the age. Each person's responsibility is in proportion to his ability and influence, and the day ought to be past when the leading men in a community can satisfy enlightened public opinion, not to mention their own consciences, by merely lending their gracious countenances to the cause of temperance upon an occasional platform and giving a dollar now and then to campaign funds, in the midst of vigorous agitation promoted by others. Every lad inducing a companion to join a temperance society may be procuring not only one voter for prohibition a few years hence, but a score or a hundred whom the recruit may be able himself to enlist or influence. Think of how many thousands of temperance converts were secured, and what an endless influence for good was put in operation when the poor inebriate book-binder, John B. Gough, was prevailed upon to take the pledge. This matter of personal responsibility is one of the most supreme importance, and cannot be magnified unduly by temperance workers. While the liquor dealers seldom get more than they deserve upon the temperance platform, yet in hundreds of cases the cause would be better served by some plain and wholesome admonition to professed friends of temperance who seem to regard their duty accomplished when they coldly assent to temperance principles or consent to lend their influence to the right side during a period of revived interest which they had no share in creating. It is a duty of the real workers to be honestly bold in showing professed friends how short they come of their responsibilities, at the same time setting all an example of untiring exertion and perseverance, and accordingly as this course is followed triumphant results will ensue.

### ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO.

The Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Knox Church, Toronto, delivered an excellent and powerful address on temperance a fortnight since in the Baptist Church here. Notwithstanding the bad weather he had a good audience.

The Hon. Mr. Finch, of Nebraska, U. S., addressed two meetings in the St. Paul Street Methodist Church lately on prohibition. He is a powerful and first class advocate of the cause. He came to the city under the auspices of Grantham Division.

Col. Bain, of Kentucky, speaks in the Academy of Music on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union secured the services of the Rev. Mr. Parsons and Col. Bain.

The want of a Temperance Hall to seat five or six hundred people is to be supplied. The ladies of our town have undertaken the work, secured a site, got up plans and a good part of the stock, \$5,000, subscribed and promised.

April 21st, 1883.

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

An effort is being made to prove the Scott Act not in force yet in Colchester County, N. S., on the ground that there is an outstanding rule in the County Court against the Act itself, the point being raised on behalf of half a dozen liquor-dealers on trial before the Recorder's Court in Truro.

The Town Council of Ormstown, Quebec, has passed a by-law against licenses being granted to stores.

### RENEWAL OF LICENSE.

A few days ago, my neighbor who keeps a tavern came to me to sign his requisition for a renewal of license. I promptly said, "No, sir, I cannot do it, I dare not, I am an abstainer and opposed to the liquor traffic." He very politely excused himself and said he once belonged to a division and knew the rules of the total abstainers. I replied, "I wish you had never left the division," and he sighed while he said, "I wish so too." I believe prohibition would be as great a blessing to the rumseller as to the tippler. The traffic is ruinous to their present and eternal peace.—VERITAS.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

A new Division, with forty-three charter members, has been instituted at the thriving village of Lewis Mountain, Salisbury, N. B. William Killam is W. P.; John H. Dolsen, R. S. and D. G. W. P. Six new Divisions have been organized in New Brunswick since last July.

South Stukely Division, No. 89, situated in the place of that name, Province of Quebec, held a public installation of officers, of which the following is the list:—W. P., W. K. Knowlton; W. A., Sister Nancy Spencer; R. S., A. M. Jenne; A. R. S., Sister Bertha McDonald; F. S., J. A. Kneeland; Treas., W. G. Kneeland; Chap. Rev. H. Fowler; C., W. S. Brame; A. C., Sister W. S. Brame; I. S., C. A. Martine; O. S., M. F. Goddard; P. W. P., C. A. Goddard. The installing officers were D. G. W. P., C. A. Goddard and D. G. C., R. S. Savage. It was the first time the ceremony was performed publicly there, and was a novelty to some who regarded the Sons as a mysteriously secret society. After installation an excellent programme of entertaining and instructive exercises was performed. The Division is trying to promote the cause by building a temperance hall, which it needs badly. There is a general awakening to renewed effort to make the work successful in that quarter and the membership is increasing in consequence.

### TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A County Court Judge in Nova Scotia quashed the conviction of a liquor-seller on the ground that the justice below, having indemnified the plaintiff, was an interested party. It appears the justice was Recording Scribe of a Division of the Sons of Temperance, which passed a resolution asking the Clerk of License to proceed against an

illicit dealer and guaranteeing costs of the case. The justice conveyed this resolution to the Clerk in fulfillment of his official duty in the Division, which is an incorporated body, and considered his action did not disqualify him to try the suit, as the law of the Province expressly says that no person shall be incapable of exercising judicial functions in any cause, matter or proceeding by reason of being "interested as one of several ratepayers, or as one of any other class of persons, liable in common with others, to contribute to, or be benefited by, any fund which may be affected by the disposition or determination of such cause, matter, or proceeding." The County Court Judge in this case must have acted upon the principle that a poor pretext was better than none when a lawless rumseller needed his protection.

A remarkable law to diminish temperance is proposed to be enacted in Russia. It will prohibit drinking houses in the neighborhood of factories and workshops; the number of places where liquor may be drunk upon the premises is to be limited very materially, and the selling to children up to full age will procure the closing up of the offender's shop. Customers are also to be dealt with in the new law. An incorrigible, chronic drinker shall forfeit the rights of headship to his family, and his children be taken care of and educated by the state and no interference on his part allowed with them. The wife of an incorrigibly drunken husband may be granted a conditional divorce by the courts and shall be defended in her rights to her own earnings. On the other hand the husband of an incorrigibly drunken wife shall be released from the obligations of supporting and living with her. In neither of these cases, however, will the divorce be considered absolute, a second union of any of the parties being forbidden during the life of the other.

A Free Mason Lodge has been instituted in Manchester, England, upon a temperance basis, inasmuch as its funds cannot be applied to the purchase of intoxicating beverages and these are prohibited from its social gatherings. The Lodge is called after Lord Wolsley, the commander in the Egyptian war, who, although not a teetotaler, professes favor for temperance principles. It was the universal practice, it seems, for members of masonic lodges to indulge in drinking after the business of the meetings was over, which caused temperance members to avoid the meetings, and a few of these were instrumental, in spite of opposition from members of the Order interested in the sale of liquor, in having the new lodge started. Lord Wolsley was present at the institution of the Lodge and expressed his cordial agreement with its objects. The fact that the organization of a masonic lodge upon such principles in England is regarded as an astonishing event shows how far behind some of her children the Mother Country has lagged upon this great question. In some of the Canadian Provinces, respectable associations of all kinds have for many years abandoned the use of intoxicants at their social gatherings.

## I WILL TRUST AND NOT BE AFRAID.

Begone! unbelief,  
My Saviour is near,  
And for my relief  
Will surely appear:  
By prayer let me wrestle,  
And he will perform;  
With Christ in the vessel  
I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way,  
Since he is my guide,  
'Tis mine to obey,  
'Tis his to provide;  
Though cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken,  
Shall surely prevail.

His love in time past  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last  
In trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite through.

Why should I complain  
Of want and distress,  
Temptation or pain?  
He told me no less:  
The hours of salvation,  
I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation  
Must follow their Lord.

How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up,  
That sinners might live!  
His way was much rougher  
And darker than mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer,  
And shall I repine?

Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet,  
The medicine is food:  
Though painful at present,  
'T will cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!

## RUTH'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY BELLE WILLIAMS IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

A brighter morning never dawned on the little township of Greenville than of a certain day in the summer of '81. The sun rose with a fierce glare, boding intense heat before night-fall. Every ray seemed like a fiery dart sent down to destroy the few lingering traces of verdure, for rain had not fallen in weeks, and plants and animals were alike consumed with thirst.

The sun had wide range for havoc on Mr. Leonard's farm, and it blazed relentlessly down upon his well-tilled acres, upon his roomy barns and stables, which sheltered the panting cattle, and upon a little "root-house," used as a storage for winter vegetables, that stood half under-ground and covered with earth. But on this retreat the tyrant cast his beams in vain. The shadowy room within was delightfully cool, and there in the doorway lay little Scott, the five-year-old baby of the household, with his chin resting on two chubby palms, his heels loosely planted in the damp earth, and elbows beating the air, intently watching a swarm of ants. The old root-house had been a favorite haunt of the little fellow during the hot, sultry days of summer, for it was so near the kitchen that he never felt lonely there.

"Breakfast 'most ready, Ruthie!" he called out, still surveying the interesting ant colony.

"Almost, little man," said sister Ruth, appearing at the porch door to see what the small lord was about.

Ruth Leonard made a charming picture as she stood there shading her eyes with her hand, framed in by a clustering mass of honeysuckle vines. Yet no one called her a pretty girl. Though only sixteen, she was very tall and strong for her age, every well-formed limb indicated the possession of muscular strength, and her broad shoulders seemed just fitted to bear burdens. Her thick brown hair was brushed plainly back from a low forehead and braided, but the braid was oftener coiled up in a loose knot to "get it out of the way." Not a suspicion of a curl was to be seen, for Ruth always forgot to "put up her hair," and Nature

had evidently intended it to hang straight. A pair of keen gray eyes that often grew dark with unsatisfied longing, yet hid in their depths a world of conscious power, a straight nose, and full red lips, complete the picture—a picture which had become to father and mother as their daily bread.

Ruth turned away smiling, and went on with her work of setting the table. Suddenly a shrill voice echoed through the room. "Hi, Betty! ho, Betty! it's all in n'eye!" came with piercing distinctness from the open doorway, accompanied by scuffling as of a brigade of robbers, and boisterous Hal presented himself.

"Now, Hal—" began Ruth.  
"Now, grandmother," reiterated Hal, striking an attitude, "don't read off more than a yard of lecture before breakfast."  
"Henry, behave," commanded a stern voice from the other side of the room, which caused a noticeable decline in Hal's spirits.

There stood Mr. Leonard, having just come down-stairs unnoticed by the young scapgrace. He held little Lou by the hand, a delicate, sensitive child, older than Hal, though scarcely taller than her sturdy brother.

"Here come the provisions," remarked Hal, as Ruth brought in a smoking omelet from the kitchen.

"Go call Scott," said his father; which cruel mandate obliged the young gentleman to remove his admiring gaze from the repast.

"Ay, ay, sir," he responded, and in a few minutes he reappeared with Scott, who was very red in the face, and howling most frantically. Hal had the little fellow's skirts gathered tightly in one hand, while with the other he firmly grasped the neck of his dress, just as he had picked him up from the ground, "making him walk Spanish," as he termed it.

The family gathered around the table, and Mr. Leonard asked a blessing on the food in a sad, pleading voice. For several minutes the children seemed awed into silence. At length Ruth broke the stillness.

"Did you see the doctor again last night, father?"

"Yes, daughter."

"What did he say?" she eagerly asked.

Mr. Leonard could not at once trust himself to speak, but after a moment he replied, in a husky voice, "The doctor says your mother will never walk again."

The quick tears sprang to the girl's eyes as she thought of the dear little Quaker mother upstairs, lying so patiently on her bed of suffering, who only a year ago before that terrible fall, which hurt her back, had been well and happy.

Lou began to sob outright, and great-hearted Hal again brushed his coat sleeve over his face, but this time to wipe away the tears.

"Does mother know it?" asked Ruth.

"Yes."

"How does she feel about it?"

"Cheerful as ever," replied Mr. Leonard.

"She never thinks of complaining, but only of comforting us."

The children brightened up a little at these words, for their blithe spirits refused to be long downcast, especially when they felt sure of seeing the same bright, loving mother unchanged—all except Ruth; her sober face too well expressed her thoughts.

"Oh, father," broke in Hal, presently, "Jake Murphy says the fire has caught over at Liberty."

"Yes," replied his father, absently, "they are having a desperate struggle with the fires this summer."

Lou's great blue eyes had grown brighter and brighter while he was talking, and a pink spot glowed in each cheek as she asked, "Do you think it could get here?"

"No, I think not; the wind is decidedly westward, and the people of Liberty will probably take all possible measures for checking its progress."

Mr. Leonard sighed as he spoke, and he seemed to be looking straight through Ruth rather than at her. Perhaps he was wondering how the four bairns and the sick wife were to be fed and cared for all winter if no rain came to save his falling crops.

Just then a low call was heard for Lou.

"Yes ma'am," answered the little girl, running to the foot of the stairs.

"Will thee bring mother a nice glass of cold water?"

"I will, mother," rang out Ruth's cheery voice; "I'm coming anyway."

Ruth went out to the well with her tin

water pail, that her mother might have a draught fresh and sparkling. As she lowered the bucket, peering down into the mossy depths, she noticed how low the water was—lower than she had ever seen it, for their well was never known to fail, and in these times of drought the neighbors from far and near drew their daily supply from Farmer Leonard's spring. "We'll have to be very careful of it," she thought, "or it will give out."

Ruth returned to the house with her cool refreshment, and taking one of the best goblets from the pantry, gave an extra polish with a fresh towel, and filled it with the water, "because it would taste so much better out of that."

"I thank thee, deary. How good it looks!" said the invalid, drinking eagerly. "Thee takes a deal of trouble for thy mother."

"And why shouldn't I? Thee is the best of mothers," responded the girl, tenderly hugging her.

Ruth now began to busy herself about the room. She wheeled out a big armchair by the window, padded it out with pillows into comfortable proportions, placed in front of it a little stuffed cricket, and threw a fringe soft shawl over the whole arrangement. She then gathered up all the stray dishes, placed everything in order and carefully dusted the room.

A pair of loving eyes watched these operations, following every motion; but not a word was spoken, not a word of the doctor's decision, not a word of the life long suffering in store.

"Now, mother," said Ruth at last pausing in front of her, "we'll have thee up in a twinkling;" and with one strong motion she quickly lifted the slender form, so light in its best days, and so reduced by pain and suffering now, into the chair.

When she had settled her comfortably, and arranged the blinds so as to make a pleasant shade in the room, she brought the mate to the little stuffed cricket, and sat at her mother's side.

"What is it, daughter?—what troubles thee?"

"Oh! a great many things, mother," answered Ruth, laying her head on the sympathetic breast.

"Well, suppose thee tell mother the greatest trouble, and then the second, until thy mind is unburdened?" and the soft hands gently smoothed the brown hair.

"Well, the first is about thee; and the tears would come in spite of her."

"Why, my dear child, do not grieve over that. Almost a year has gone by, and another will soon pass; and think what a calm, peaceful time I may have with so busy a little housekeeper to do everything."

"Ah! but that is just the trouble, mother," said Ruth, earnestly, as she lifted her tear-stained face. "I feel so good for nothing when I have only the same homely little duties every day. I do so long for a chance to be great and good."

"My daughter"—and Mrs. Leonard took both trembling hands in her own—"does thee know that the only way to be good and great is to do faithfully the work that is nearest thy hand? Let thy whole heart be drawn into each homely duty, and when an opportunity comes to do a great work, it will find thee ready."

Ruth said nothing, but the deep, strong look in the gray eyes expressed a firm resolve.

Presently there was a clatter of stout boots heard on the stairs.

"Harry is coming," said the mother with a smile.

In burst the noisy urchin, all aglow with excitement, his hair flying, eyes blazing, and breath so nearly spent that he could hardly speak.

"Don't you smell the smoke?" he gasped. "Something's up! Father—and a crowd of men—have gone off—into the woods—to see what's the matter. There's danger, I tell you. Come on, Scott, let's sit on the big post and watch."

"Thee'd better go down and see about it," said Mrs. Leonard to Ruth, as the two sat staring blankly into each other's faces.

"I will, mother," assented Ruth, recovering her waned energy, as she ran down the stairs.

A strong wind greeted her upon opening the outer door, blowing into her face a sickening smell of burned wood. The whole space seemed overcast, and a thick heavy haze was settling down upon fields and buildings as far as the eye could reach.

"Harry! Harry!" she called excitedly, "where's father?"

"Gone to the woods, I told you. Oh, there he comes!" and Hal peered into the gloom as he looked in the direction of the woods.

Ruth saw a dark moving object coming toward them. She waited for no second look, but sped away like the wind into the nearest field.

"Oh, father, what's happened?" she cried, breathlessly, running up to him and catching his arm as she turned to keep pace with his long strides toward the house.

"We're going to burn out," he answered, with set teeth, "and there's no time to lose. Go get your mother ready to move, while I harness the horses. We must reach the lake within an hour, or—"

"How can we?" uttered Ruth, aghast.

"Ten miles!"

"It must be done. Quick, daughter!"

The girl needed no further bidding but ran homeward, calling to Hal as she passed, and charging him to keep near the house with Scott.

Ruth made straight for the store-room, and filling her arms with a pile of blankets, she carried them to the door and threw them on the ground, ready to spread in the wagon. She then hastened to her mother's room, and found her pale and composed, trying to quiet Lou, who was sobbing hysterically.

"Mother, we're gone. Not a thing can be saved. Father's getting the wagon ready to drive us to the lake;" and Ruth began to dress her mother, slipping on a loose wrapper, and covering her with shawl after shawl as a protection from the scorching air.

"Try and gather up some of the clothing, Ruth, if there's time," said Mrs. Leonard, controlling herself into calmness.

Ruth obeyed, pulled a sheet from the bed, and crowded into it such articles as were nearest at hand.

"Oh, mother!" screamed Lou, and hid her face, as a blinding smoke burst into the room enveloping the place in darkness.

"We must go," Ruth cried, as she snatched her mother up in her arms, and stepped firmly toward the door, clasping her burden tight to her breast, and followed by Lou, clinging frantically to her skirts.

Hurriedly Ruth groped her way down the staircase and through the lower rooms, stumbling over the furniture, until they reached the scorching blast without. Upon emerging from the house a burning shower of cinders met them.

Not a sign of father or the wagon.

"Come, put your dress over your head, Lou," panted Ruth, whose hands were smarting with pain.

There was not a moment to be lost. They must flee somewhere, for the house was already ablaze. An awful yellow glare lit up the dense darkness, and an every side the crash of falling trees filled the air with a terrible din. On they rushed through the blistering heat, scarcely knowing where, Ruth still bearing her precious burden, and the children clinging to her in wild despair.

How long they pursued this headlong flight no one knew. All sense of time was lost; it might have been minutes, or it might have been hours. Suddenly Ruth lost her balance. She gave utterance to one piercing shriek, but she never let go her burden, and then she slid down, down, down. The terrified children screamed as they rolled over and over, and then all was silence and darkness.

Ruth was the first to recover.

"Mother?"

"I'm safe. The children?"

"Oh, where are we?" moaned the little ones, creeping— their hands and knees toward the familiar voices. They managed to reach the sheltering embrace of mother, who lay unhurt amid her wrappings just as she had slipped from the staunch arms that saved her life.

Ruth began to feel around; for even the ghastly light of the flames had vanished, and not an object was visible in the thick, deep gloom. Branches and briars and low bushes upon all sides. With each turn the dry twigs and leaves crackled, and in attempting to move, the girl found her clothing caught upon thorns that projected on all sides. It was with difficulty that she managed to extricate herself, bruised and benumbed as she was, but it was necessary to explore further. The ground felt hard and clayey, and was covered with stones. Turn-

ing half-way round, Ruth found a little clear space, and creeping forward, soon came to rising ground. Catching hold of a bush, she pulled herself a little way up the slope, when an idea of their situation suddenly flashed upon her.

"Why, we're in the creek—the creek drench down by the meadow lot," she called out. "Where are you all? I've lost you."

"Here," replied her mother's voice not three yards away. "Is Scott with thee? Harry and Lou are safe."

"No," answered Ruth, aghast, hastening with all possible speed to her mother's side.

"Where is the child?" she cried, immediately calling aloud with all her strength, "Scott! Scott!"

"But no answer. He must have hidden somewhere when the darkness came," was the mother's despairing conclusion.

"The root-house!" Ruth's words told the awful story.

"If I could save him!" And with a silent prayer for strength, she once more dashed into the stifling smoke.

Hour after hour crept by; it seemed to the terrified children as if they must have sat there for days; and they were so hungry! and Ruth never would come!

Presently, after long waiting, the darkness began to lift somewhat, and they could see each other's faces. Little by little the gloom cleared away until the whole atmosphere was of a dusky hue. And still they waited. At length, starting up with an exclamation of joy as rapid footsteps approached, they heard their father's voice.

"Ruth! Hal!"

"Here, roared Hal, starting to his feet. In a moment more Mr. Leonard bounded down the steep bank of the creek, and with him Jake Murphy, who had started from the village to warn Mr. Leonard, reaching the farm just as that first overwhelming darkness dropped.

They had found shelter in the old well, for Mr. Leonard was overtaken in his preparations for flight, and could not reach the house before it burst into flames. When the crisis was past, almost wild with grief and despair, he commenced a search for wife and children, fearing at every step to come upon their lifeless bodies. For a moment he stood overcome with thankfulness as he found them unharmed.

But two were missing. Mrs. Leonard hurriedly told of little Scott's disappearance, and of Ruth's effort to save him.

The two men hastened to the root-house. It was still standing, though blackened and charred, and no sign of life appeared. The door was tightly closed, and upon opening it a sight met the father's eye which almost overpowered the strong man. There lay Ruth, white and still, tightly clasping the little fellow to her bosom.

It was but the work of a moment to carry them out of the dark building. Both were unconscious, though they bore few traces of the fire. Might there not yet be a chance of life?

Quickly the men bore the motionless forms to the creek. All the remedies which they could obtain were applied, but it seemed in vain; the loving ones could do little but watch and wait.

At last Ruth stirred, and slowly opened her eyes. The brave heart once more began to beat, though for many a long, weary day the blistered hands and arms refused to move. But Ruth was spared.

Little Scott lay there for hours, until it seemed that the family must lose their baby, when he wonderingly gazed around upon the anxious group, and inquired, "Did you try to cook me for dinner?"

All the pent-up feelings found vent in a tearful laugh, and then the laugh turned to joy, and the joy to thanksgiving.

When the flaming hurricane had swept onward in its mad course of destruction, and the sun, which had risen in such fierce glory, sent a last sickly glimmer through the murky air, it revealed the little village of Greenville a waste of smoking ruins. But the fire had mercifully stopped upon reach-Farmer Leonard's grassy meadow, and thus had the fugitives in the creek been saved.

The strong men set to work with a will. It took but a few hours to raise a little shed for protection; and day after day his prospects brightened, as the timely aid and sympathy of friends helped him to rebuild his ruined home.

It would have been hard to find a happier household than this reunited family.

Slowly a strength returned to Ruth's wounded arms, and a sweet peace shone through the gray eyes as she once more became able to enjoy the blessings which had so nearly been taken from her.

Her great opportunity had come, and it had found her ready.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

A TRUE STORY.

A mother and a little child of six years were together one afternoon, the former busily plying her needle, the latter building a wonderful castle with a box of jointed bricks. They were almost constant companions, for all the elders of the flock were at school, whilst Nellie was still her mother's pupil. A bright, merry, intelligent young creature was the little scholar. She needed neither coaxing nor driving; but loved to learn as the mother loved to teach. And, childlike she chattered on for a time, hardly noticing how brief were her mother's answers, or that, very often, there was no reply at all to her many questions. But this state of things was so contrary to custom that it attracted Nellie's attention, and, turning towards her mother, she saw that her hands were lying idle in her lap, and that her eyes were filling with tears.

In a moment the bricks were on the ground and the castle a mere wreck. The child darted to her mother, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma! what is the matter? Are you ill? Do tell me what you are crying for!" and at the same time she softly wiped the tear from Mrs. Matthews' cheek, and followed this act by a loving kiss.

The mother lifted the child on her knee, and clasping her arms round her, wept quietly for a few moments. Then, as soon as she could speak, she said, "Nellie, your father and I are in great trouble about something. You are too young to understand why I am crying, darling, and I cannot tell you about it or I would, because I know my little Nellie would like to comfort her mother."

The little arms gave an answering pressure as the child said, "Can't I fetch or do anything, mamma?"

"Darling, I wish you could," was the answer.

Nellie remained silent for a moment, and then she said, with a beautiful bright smile, "Mamma, I can ask God to take away the trouble from papa and you. He can do everything."

The child's hopeful words thrilled through the mother's ears like a message of mercy. She was a profound believer in the power of prayer. She had taught her children to pray as soon as they could lispen, and not one of them could say, "I remember the time when mother first prayed with me." She had knelt with her babe in her arms; she had breathed prayers over the little sleepers as they lay in their cots; and as soon as they were old enough mother and children had bowed the knee, and in simple words sent up their petitions to the throne of grace together.

And now this youngest of them all was bringing her lessons to mind, and strengthening the faith of her mother by her childlike confidence in the love and power of God, and in His willingness to answer prayer.

Mrs. Matthews saw Nellie go to the window and behind the shelter of the curtain. She remained silent for some minutes while the little bowed figure, with clasped hands, was asking God "to take away the trouble which made her mother weep." She was sure He knew all about it, though she did not, and could not tell Him.

The prayer ended, Nellie came back to her mother, and sat quietly for a little while, until Mrs. Matthews was called out of the room; but before she went to bed that night she whispered, "Is the trouble gone yet, mamma?"

"Not yet, Nellie. We have to wait God's time for removing trouble."

"Well! He will take it away," replied the child, without one shade of doubt as to the result of her prayer.

The mother sighed, as the thought came into her mind, "Oh that I could receive the kingdom of God, that I could grasp His promises and trust Him, as this little child, who first heard of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners through me! How easy it seems to tell others; how difficult to Rejoice in the Lord always, and to trust Him as a child submits to the leading of a living parent."

The morning came, and again Nellie whispered her inquiry, "Mamma, I have asked God again. Is the trouble gone yet?"

Mrs. Matthews was half afraid to say "No," there was something so touching in the child's confidence. She replied, "Not yet, Nellie."

"But it will, mamma?" half inquiringly.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Matthews, firmly, "it will, Nellie. But we cannot be sure when or how. God knows what is best. Never forget that, dear. Sometimes He makes us wait a while, to see if we can be patient and trust Him; and sometimes, though He does not take away the trouble, He makes us strong and willing to bear it."

This was something new for the child. She thought the little face brightened. "I understand, mamma. I know," she cried eagerly. "You love me, but you do not always give me everything I want, and sometimes you make me wait. I will ask God to make you strong."

Day after day the child waited, prayed, and expected an answer, believing it would certainly come. One morning Mr. Matthews received a letter as they were all at breakfast. As he read it his face grew bright; he handed it to his wife, and Nellie heard her mother say, while tears of a new kind ran down her cheeks, "Thank God!"

"Mamma mamma! is the trouble gone?" cried Nellie, eagerly.

"My darling, it is," was the answer, as she kissed the face of her little comforter with a thankful heart.

Mr. Matthews wondered what Nellie meant, especially when he heard her glad shout, "I knew it would go! I was sure it would go." But when her mother told him how the child's prayer and her daily expressions had cheered and comforted her during those days of trial, he understood it all, and rejoiced that the good seed sown in the young heart had already brought forth fruit.

These words of Jesus are—"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

May this true story of a child's prayers faith, and patiently waiting, be the means of carrying comfort to some weary and heavy-laden soul, longing, but fearing to take God at His word, and to lay hold on those precious promises which are all "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus."—*Ruth Lamb in Friendly Greetings.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes*)

May 13.—Acts 11: 19-30.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "The Church in a wicked world." As the coral islands of the Pacific rise and bask in the light of heaven, flowery and fertile, while their base is surrounded by the barren, salt, angry waves of an unfathomable ocean, so the group of Christians that clustered together as a Church in Antioch, were rich in all the graces of the spirit, although they had sprung from a dreary heathenism, and were surrounded by it still.—*Ariost.*

II. Some one has said that the Church in the world is like a ship in the ocean—the ship is safe in the water so long as the water is not in the ship.

III. "Cleaving to Christ." I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot; and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine, too, if I choose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hand's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, in contact with a human spirit, keeps that spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or in hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows; through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle were broken, the dependent spirit would instantly drop off.—*Ariost.*

1. Ver. 19. All the efforts of men to destroy the Gospel God uses for its furtherance.

2. True religion is always a religion that will travel. No true Christian ever leaves it behind him.

3. Ver. 20. All true preaching and teaching of Christianity is preaching the Lord Jesus.

4. Ver. 23. A man's character is shown by the things that make him glad.

5. The need of young converts—to cleave unto the Lord Jesus.

6. Ver. 24. Three qualities needed for a successful worker in the Gospel: (1) goodness; (2) full of the Holy Ghost; (3) faith.

7. Are we Christians? Then we ought to think and speak and act, in everything, as becomes Christians, and to do nothing to the reproach of that worthy name by which we are called; that that may not be said to us, which Alexander said to a soldier of his own name, that was noted for a coward, "Either change thy name or mend thy manners."—*Henry.*

8. Ver. 29. The desire to help others is one of the first fruits of the Christian life.

9. Each disciple should give and help according to his ability.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

There are brought to our notice in this lesson three things connected with the progress of the Gospel: (1) Its progress among the Gentiles, (vers. 19-21). How the change took place from the Gospel to Jews only to the Gentiles. The hand of the Lord, as the cause of the great number of additions to the Church, compared with the sources of the addition noted in verse 24. (2) Progress by the aid of Christians, vers. 22-26, by sending from the mother Church, by the goodness and faith of Barnabas, by an extra helper, Saul. (3) Progress in good works, vers. 27-30. This, the natural fruit of the Christian spirit.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. When did some arrows save a friend's life?
2. What class of men wore linen bonnets?
3. When did a cake of barley bread give courage to a judge and his army?
4. What king's life was saved by some figs?
5. When was one bunch of grapes carried by two men?
6. When did a taste of honey almost cause the death of the king's son?
7. Who caused iron to swim?
8. When was a jaw-bone used as a weapon?
9. What leaves were freshly arranged every Sabbath?
10. Of what were mirrors made by the Jews?
11. Whose daughter was Noah? Give chapter and verse.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

"The words of the wise and their dark sayings."

1. What will the Lord direct if we acknowledge Him in all our ways?
2. Than what is wisdom more precious?
3. What is it that maketh a wise man mad?
4. What kind of woman is a crown to her husband?
5. Whom does the Lord make to be at peace with the man whose ways please Him?
6. What does Solomon recommend for the back of him that is void of understanding?
7. What is it that maketh rich and has no sorrow added to it?
8. Who is it that is advised to go to the ant and consider her ways?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

Prov. 2: 6. Phil. 4: 6. Paul. Gal. 6: 2. James 5: 16.

EASTER ACROSTIC.

T-hou shalt  
H-ope  
E-tishah.  
  
L-ydia,  
O-badiah,  
E-noshah,  
D-orcas.  
  
I-saac,  
S-arid.  
  
R-achel,  
I-srahel,  
S-arahel,  
E-lijah,  
N-ebot.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Black, David McJannet, M. Edith Waters, Frederick Holland, Annie E. Brown, Clara E. Folsom, and J. F. Hunter.

## The Weekly Messenger

SATURDAY, MAY 5.

### SPURIOUS LABOR CHAMPIONS.

Labor is saddled these times with all that is evil and unclean, if we judge by the murderous and malicious things said in its name. The Central Labor Union, of New York, for instance, in discussing the relation of the labor question to the revolutionary movements of Europe, generally concurred in favoring the use of dynamite against kings and potentates. This would be a disturbing item of news were it not well-known that the men who are really doing the honest work of the world have nothing in common with the gabbling mischief-makers who hold these labor conventions. The true laboring man sticks to his work and strives to obtain a home and a resource in bank against the future, which would be all swept away in the general wreck that those noisy loafers profess to aim at bringing about. Even labor societies that sometimes appear in the train of these anarchists are guided only to a limited extent by them in many cases, their members finding more ground for amusement than hope of any good from the vague but vicious orations of their would-be leaders. Last summer the writer of these lines was at a famous New England shore resort on a day that a number of labor unions of two or three States had a picnic and demonstration on the grounds. Several Socialist speakers from New York were brought there to herange the workmen, and some of them were fair-spoken orators, who descended glibly upon the vast power held by labor, and the great things that were shortly to be accomplished by its subjugation of capital—an achievement that the speakers and their associates had all but within reach. Yet the workmen did not listen to the grand promises of blessings that were to be bred from revolution for them, a constantly shifting audience of a few dozens out of thousands breaking out into alternate applause and laughter at the boastful and ridiculous pretensions and predictions made upon behalf of the poor, downtrodden workman. So indifferent was the attention paid, in fact, that the chief orator, seeing the play of the waves on the beach and the antics of a neighboring colony of monkeys were more attractive than his eloquence, said in despair that if the people would not come to hear them they should go where the crowds were; and forthwith chairs and tables followed a brass band to the ground in front of the principal hotel, where thousands of excursionists innocent of labor unionism were enjoying the sea-breezes and the sun. Intelligent workmen know that their true friends are not those who incite them to war against other classes of society.

### IRISH AFFAIRS.

Kelly, tried twice but not convicted on account of a disagreement of the jury, was to have been put on trial a third time this week, for the Phoenix Park murders. Fitzharris, who drove the murderers to the Park, has been tried and acquitted, there being no trustworthy evidence implicating him directly with those murders, but he is to be tried for conspiracy to murder in other cases. Michael Fagan has been convicted, protesting his innocence, and the judge sentenced him to be hanged on the twenty-eighth of May. Arrests of conspirators have been made in many quar-

ters, and the authorities are gaining fresh information daily of plots to murder and destroy on all hands. A combination rivaling the Invincibles has been discovered in Ireland, centering round the famous Fenian James Stephens, and both of these formidable organizations have existed side by side almost unknown to each other, so closely were their murderous secrets kept. Link is being added to link, it is said, forming a chain of evidence connecting the parliamentary party with the criminal societies, and people in England will hardly be surprised at any developments that may be made. On Wednesday Patrick Delaney and Thomas Caffrey pleaded guilty in Court to the Phoenix Park murders, and were sentenced to be hanged on the second of June. This makes five now under sentence of death for the murders. These two said they were sent to the Park under orders from the secret society, on pain of death, but that the murders were actually committed by Joe Brady and Tim Kelly. Over eleven hundred delegates attended the Irish convention in Philadelphia, and, although the dynamite party was kept down, remark is made that crime and outrage were not denounced. Before adjourning the Land Leagues of America were merged into the Irish National League of America, to act in concert with the parent country's National League. Voluminous resolutions were passed, describing the unfortunate condition of Ireland, and denouncing English rule and policy. Mrs. Parnell, mother of the Irish leader, was present, the heroine of the occasion. Mr. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, a native of Canada, was elected President, and Mr. John J. Hynes, of Buffalo, Secretary. Emigration, under Government assistance, has begun in large volume, and hundreds of poor Irish people are weekly landed in the United States and Canada. During the embarkation of emigrants at Belmullet, a few days ago, Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant, showed so much sympathy and kindness as to raise him exceedingly in the estimation of the people. Thousands of Irish are likely to settle in the Canadian North-West under a scheme presented by the Pacific Railway Company providing them with free homesteads, the Government advancing a million of pounds without interest, upon the Company's security, for a term of years, to give the people a start in their new homes.

A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN'S CREW relate an incredible story about a live turtle seen by them on the Grand Banks, forty feet long, thirty wide, thirty from the apex of the back to the bottom of the undershell, and with flippers twenty feet long. The wonder may be shelved alongside the enormous meteor that was never seen, but was said to have displaced an acre or so of ground in Texas a few days ago, burying a house and family.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the distinguished advocate of negro freedom and elevation, himself a mulatto born and reared in slavery and a self-taught man, says there are three outlooks for the colored race: emigration to Africa, extinction and unification with the white race. The only course open to the black man, he thinks, is to become identified with the whites.

LATEST ACCOUNTS from Hayti indicate that the rebels continue to hold Miragoane, and had been largely reinforced. A determined effort was to have been made on the twentieth April to dislodge them, and the Government had ordered the execution of all captured rebels.

### BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

A grain pest in the shape of a plant louse has appeared in California, threatening serious damage.

Thousands of coal miners in Ohio and Pennsylvania were resolved to strike the first of this month against reductions.

Farmers are digging up their ground in Myerstown, Pennsylvania, for mineral instead of vegetable wealth, on account of the supposed existence of gold and silver veins beneath the surface.

Early cherries were killed and peaches injured by a recent frost in some parts of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, but fruit in general is not supposed to have suffered much, or wheat any.

In a strike of ship-laborers at St. John, New Brunswick, it was demanded that steam should be dispensed with in loading vessels and hand labor reverted to, and the stevedores have submitted to the remarkable proposition.

Michael Krietzer, a farmer in Lebanon County, New York, believes he has a combination of mineral wealth stored under his feet which will assay a thousand dollars a ton, including iridium, platinum, quicksilver, copper, tin, cobalt, gold and nickel.

The German Government has introduced a bill in parliament to impose a scheme of insurance upon the working people of the Empire, and two thousand workmen have protested against it. Twenty-five hundred cabmen in Berlin have struck for an increase of wages.

No particular change in general trade is manifest in latest reports from the principal centres. A uniform improvement in wheat crop prospects during the month is noted, but it is conceded that winter wheat has suffered materially in some States. Iron is even more depressed than before, and small furnaces have no chance at all in competition. Labor prospects are not bright among the iron mills. One hundred and eighty-six failures occurred in the United States last week, eighty-one more than in the corresponding week last year, and thirty-nine occurred in Canada, an increase of seven over the previous week.

### CASUALTY.

Steamer "Valetta," from Halifax for Boston, has been wrecked on a Nova Scotia reef; all hands saved.

Two boys named Gagne, aged eighteen and eleven, perished in the burning of a sugar house at St. Thomas, Quebec.

Ship "British Commerce," bound for Melbourne, Australia, has been sunk by collision off the British coast, with twenty-five of the crew.

Mrs. Cooke, equestrienne, was fatally injured during a circus performance at Nottsville, Pennsylvania, by her horse stumbling and falling upon her.

After an explosion in a mine at Besseges, France, nine bodies were recovered and one hundred and twenty-seven failed to respond to the roll call, and it was feared many perished.

Samuel Reiman, a well-known Jewish rabbi of New York, was killed the other day by being crushed between a ferry-boat and bridge, through attempting to get off the boat before it was made fast.

Sixteen workmen were burned to death by a fire in a furniture factory in Warsaw, Poland. Two striking workmen were killed and five wounded in the same place in a conflict with troops sent to arrest leaders of the strike.

Mr. Stewart Heaton was killed in his father's saw-mill, at Trenton, Ontario, under peculiar circumstances. A fire had started in the place and he was searching for it through thick smoke, when he slipped and fell with his neck across a circular saw and was beheaded.

Full accounts of the recent cyclone in Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina, a loss of over two hundred and fifty lives, and nearly a thousand persons injured, some fatally. In some places the calamity was aggravated by the fall of hailstones four inches in diameter.

### CRIME.

Eleven persons have been arrested in New York on a charge of counterfeiting coin, and the operations of the gang extended through half-a-dozen States.

George and Samuel Work were arrested at Philadelphia the other day for embezzlement from the People's Passenger Railway Company. Their plunder is stated as amounting to nearly a million.

George Ware, who confessed he murdered a boy named Bethune, at Muscle Shoals, for five dollars and a plug of tobacco, was taken out of jail at Florence, Alabama, by a big crowd and hanged.

Two Italians have been arrested in Brooklyn for fighting a duel, through jealousy about a woman. They fired two shots at each other, but their fears disturbed their aims so that neither was hurt.

The brothers Ward, at Creel City, Dakota, jumped a mining claim belonging to one Bell, and he with twenty friends besieged the shanty of the Wards and fired into it, killing them. Several men were arrested, and threats of lynching then were made.

A dreadful outrage was recently committed at Buckhorse Gully, Texas, by a cowboy aged twelve, named Adams. Suspecting other cowboys of an intention to flog him, he tied one of them named Wilson, aged eleven, to his saddle by the waist and rode rapidly away, dragging the lad over the prairie until he was dead.

Charles Walters, a colored man who died from injuries received from the explosion of a dynamite cartridge in his house, at Amsterdam, New York, is believed to have been the murderer of William Percival, who was killed and his body placed on a railway in 1879. He escaped conviction upon trial through legal technicalities.

A suspicious looking character known as Corcoran went into a mineral water factory in Philadelphia, and became excited when told the proprietor was not in, and he had scarcely passed out of the door when a violent explosion occurred. He had been heard muttering and saying "Dublin castle blown up," and it is supposed he threw an explosive compound among some French syphons as he was going out.

A NEW LICENSE LAW is giving saloon keepers at Long Branch, New Jersey, a good deal of trouble. It compels twelve freeholders to sign every application, their names to be accompanied by a description of the property that constitutes them freeholders.

IN A VIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT of the excise law in New York last Sunday a hundred liquor dealers were arrested. If these fits of official vigilance were only more frequent, they would be more likely to have permanent effect for good.

## THE WEEK.

THE BILL AGAINST TREATING has been defeated in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

SMALL-POX has been almost wiped out in Massachusetts under compulsory vaccination, and the Legislature therefore wisely decides to retain the measure.

MRS. JAMES MATHER, of Missouri Valley, Iowa, has given birth to four children, all males, who are said to be strong and vigorous-looking, though small in size.

A GOOD EXAMPLE was made by a magistrate in Toronto, when he fined Alfred Knapp fifty dollars and costs, or thirty days, for pointing a pistol at a man.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS have been awarded as damages to the relatives of George Demorest, killed in an accident on the New York Central Railway last summer.

FOR WANT OF A SINGLE VOTE to overcome the Mayor's veto, the ordinance fixing saloon licenses at fifteen hundred dollars, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, has been defeated.

A RESOLUTION in favor of an amendment of the constitution making women eligible as justices of the peace and notaries public has been defeated in the Massachusetts Legislature.

COLOR PREJUDICE LINGERS LONG in Tennessee, where excitement has just been created among the old white classes over Bishop Warren's declaration that the new Methodist University at Chattanooga shall be used for the education of blacks as well as whites.

REVOLUTIONISTS have made a terrific descent upon Chiantla, Mexico. They attacked the municipal guard, killing four and wounding others, released prisoners, burned the archives and robbed houses. Retreating, they left eight of their party dead behind them.

"A GENTLEMANLY-LOOKING" sneak thief named John Ottinger, who hailed from New York, was sent to prison for thirty days, in Toronto, without the option of a fine. Better to extend such hospitalities to those gentry than to let them off with a small tax upon their plunder.

WHILE PREPARATIONS were being made in Philadelphia to formally seize the steamer "Tropic" for violation of the neutrality laws in Haiti, a new crew and clearance papers were obtained and the steamer slipped out of dock and escaped. There must have been some earnest official winking going on when such a glaring evasion of justice as this was perpetrated.

MR. KING, secretary to a party of Mormon converts who came out from England in a recent steamer, said he labored as a missionary in Great Britain for two and a half years, and was rewarded for sixteen months' work in Nottingham with a hundred and twenty-five converts. Three hundred and fifty recruits were in the company, of whom about a hundred were from Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the rest from the British Islands.

ELIZABETH, New Jersey, tried to compound with its creditors for fifty cents in the dollar, but the attempt did not succeed, and the city is being hard pushed for payment of its debts. This year the civic ratepayers have to pay a million dollars in addition to the usual taxes. Debt is bad for corporations as well as for individuals, and worse for the case of the former inasmuch as it involves burdens upon individuals for which they are not morally responsible.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS bequeathed by Aranhun Huntington, of Canada, for the common schools of Vermont, has been secured by the State authorities after a legal contest.

THE RAGE OF THE ENEMY against local option in England, it is to be hoped, is based upon the conviction that his time is short. One of the most riotous meetings in Bristol for some years took place recently, and it is described as follows by a newspaper correspondent:—"It was convened by the United Kingdom Alliance in favor of local option; but the Licensed Victuallers' and Beer Retailers' Associations having issued circulars calling upon their friends to attend and support an amendment, the body of the hall was packed with the opposition, with whom were a number of roughs who at the commencement of the proceedings stormed and took possession of the platform, where a free fight lasted a considerable time. The balustrade was carried away, and the disturbers having been dislodged seized the chairs in the body of the hall, and hurling them violently at those on the platform they inflicted injuries on several persons. A most tumultuous scene continued till a body of the police entered the hall and arrested some of the ringleaders. The Chairman, whose arm was severely injured, acting under the advice of the police dissolved the meeting. The licensed victuallers then took possession of the platform, and on the motion of Mr. Fairfield, of London, they carried a resolution declaring local option tyrannical. The hall was eventually cleared.

## FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

A man named Charette went to bed drunk at Ste. Flavie, Quebec, a few nights ago and was found dead in the morning.

In Quebec, recently, a young man named McCammon, while under the influence of liquor, was pitched out of a caleche and injured fatally.

At Arden, Ontario, on a recent Sunday morning two men were found lying beside the railway buildings, one dead and the other in a stupor, and a jug of whiskey lay near leaving no doubt as to the agent in the tragedy.

Frank Little, an American, aged forty, was beaten so badly in a drunken quarrel at Centreton, Ontario, that he died on the following day, and John Atkins and Robert McCullary are in Cobourg goal on suspicion of being the guilty persons. Atkins was proprietor of the tavern in which the fatal row took place.

Two well-known residents of Cambridge, Ohio, quarrelled the other day while playing billiards, and one of them, Darius Davis, struck the other, Jules McHenry, with a billiard cue, knocking him senseless and causing his death on the following evening. When Davis was arrested he cried and said he was drunk when he struck the fatal blow.

In St. Rochs, Quebec, a party of tipplers met in a tavern. One unfortunate fellow who was stupidly drunk was urged to take more gin, as a bet was made on the quantity he could drink. He swallowed his last glass and fell down dead. It was rumored that he was poisoned, and so the police made several arrests, and at the verdict given at the close of the inquest on Friday last. three of the party, who forced the deceased man to drink to his death, were committed for trial, charged with manslaughter. Notwithstanding the warning given another man in St. Rochs died yesterday from drink. Thus two men in St. Rochs have been killed by drink inside of one week.—*Com.*

## CHINESE AND CHRISTIAN—A CONTRAST.

Prohibition builds its platform on the moral doctrines of the word of God. It leads in a crusade more glorious than that of the old crusaders—to rescue the Bible, Christianity, Civilization, and Liberty from their worst destroyer, the liquor traffic. The English and American manufacturers of and dealers in intoxicating beverages have been the greatest obstacles in the world's conversion during the past century. They have stayed the Cross of Christ in its onward movements; but thank God that light has descended from above, and we see this great evil before us as it is, and our duty against it; and we now appeal to all Christian men to rally with us in defence of Christianity; to exalt its standard above Paganism, Mohammedanism, and Mormonism; to exalt the Bible above the Koran, Shasters, and the book of Mormon; and to show the world, here in the State of Ohio and in the United States of America, that there is a far higher and mightier power in the Christian religion than in all others to prohibit and abolish vice and crime to vindicate and maintain civil liberty, to advance civilization, to protect, to save and bless mankind. But in respect to the wrongs and woes of the liquor traffic, we stand to-day in humiliating contrast with the opposite side of the globe, and the heathen world points its finger of scorn and rebuke at this shame of Christendom.

Oh, what a spectacle was that, my friends, when the two great lines of railway met beyond the passes of the Rocky Mountains, where the golden spike was driven, which has bound together the Atlantic and Pacific shores, the East and the West, and the North and the South of this republic, in a glorious union forever. From the West to that place of meeting came a multitude of the pagan prohibitionists of China. They were the builders of the Central line. From the East came another multitude of men, claiming the name of Christian, but oh, how they defamed and disgraced it, for they were the slaves of the dram-shops. They built the Union line; and as they moved from Omaha to the West, there went with them a flood of liquid fire, sweeping across desert and mountain. Grog-shops sprang up at every point along the Union line, and gambling hells and brothels clustered thickly about them; thieves, robbers, prostitutes, and criminals of every grade, rushed from all the land and crowded the way, and that iron track, stretched like a serpent, festering in the slime of every vice and crime. The travellers who took the first cars which passed over that road, found their only safety under guards of soldiers and police, and were warned at this and that station not to leave the cars, for it was unsafe to enter those places in their wretched state of society. Worse than the dangers from savages and wild beasts were those with which the dram-shops lined the way. But from that meeting-point where the golden spike was driven, to the settlements on the Pacific slope, what a change was visible to the travellers. The worshippers of Boodh had brought with them their total abstinence principles and their laws of total prohibition against intoxicating drinks. Not a dram-shop was permitted to poison their way. As they did their work and passed on, true Christian men came, following the men of Asia, and planted schools and churches in the new, smiling villages, and at every station all was peace, order and safety. There was seen, not the contrast of Paganism with Christianity, but only the logical and practical results of prohibition on the one side, and the liquor traffic on the other. Whether the dram-shop army bore the standard of the Cross, or of Boodh, its path would have been crowded with the same curses; and whether the flag of prohibition was borne by Pagan or Christians, it would have brought with it only blessings.—*From Address by G. J. Stewart of Ohio.*

## A HIGH AIM IN LIFE.

Perhaps there is no one thing, children, that will better help you to become what you ought to be than a high aim in life. I think you can very easily see how this is so. Suppose, Johnnie, you want to make a box. You get some boards and nails, and the tools that you need, and you say to yourself, "Well, I am only a boy, and cannot be expected to do very good work. I don't much care how I get this thing together, so

it will be something like a box when it is done." So you are not accurate in marking off your work. You saw your boards without making the right allowances, and the consequence is that when you come to put them together they do not fit. One side is longer than the other, and the ends do not match, and the bottom does not meet the sides all around, and you have a very peculiar piece of workmanship, of which secretly you are heartily ashamed.

But now suppose you had said to yourself, "I know what a good box is, and I am going to make a good one. It is going to be all right, sides true, corners square, bottom fitted tight." You would then have begun by making very careful measurements, for they are the first essentials of good workmanship. Then you would have cut just as carefully as possible to those measurements. So you would find the different parts fitting when you came to put them together. Very likely of course, you would find something a little out of the way, for it takes trained skill to turn out work just as it has been measured and marked. But you would find no glaring mistake, and it would be a very creditable piece of work you could show to your friends. The difference in the two cases supposed would be just the difference between a high aim and a low one.

This illustrates what is true all through life. The scholar who aims high, even if he never reaches perfection, will know far more and have a mind far better trained than the one which is content with inaccuracy. We shall go higher if we aim to reach the top of the mountain, even if we cannot attain the summit, than if we are content to stand upon one of the lower peaks.

This is most emphatically true concerning moral character. Christ himself has told us what our aim ought to be. He says, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." We cannot hope to reach the full perfection of God's character for he is infinite. But we ought not to be content with anything less than God's perfection. We ought never to dare to say, or even to think, I am as good as I need to be. Oh, no; the aim should be absolute perfection. We shall come far enough short even when we try to be perfect. It will not do for us to have a lower aim than that. Yes, children; set a high aim before you in everything, and then, with prayer and faithful effort, seek to reach it.—*Child's Paper.*

## LAUGHING GAS.

WHEN A GIRL travels on her good looks she passes for her face value.

THE MONEY LENDER never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.

JOSH BILLINGS says—To enjoy a good reputation—give publicly and steal privately.

THE NEW YORK SUN has discovered that "splendiferous" and "splendacious" are both good old English.

A LADY of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind time.

CUSTOMER—"Have you any first-class musical instruments?" Shopkeeper—"Yes sir; best stock in town, sir; can't be beat. Customer (turning to go out)—"Can't be beat, eh? Sorry; wanted a drum."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that bad air, bad whiskey, and irregular habits keep the doctors alive. He must be mistaken. Those very things have killed several doctors in this city.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

SOME GREAT THINKER once said: "Don't commence to write an article for publication until you are full of your subject." An editor who intended to write an article on "beer" remembered this advice.—*Norristown Herald.*

A FRENCHMAN claims that he has invented a system by which he can cause three and two to make six. This invention is not original with him, however. It was first discovered by the American government while negotiating with the Indians.

A POLITE MAN, truly: "The scene is laid in a railway carriage, where the passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger, courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my smoking doesn't inconvenience you."—*French Fun.*

## THE ARCHER FISH.

The archer fish (*Toxotes jaculator*) belongs to a group or sub-family of the scale-finned fishes (*Squamipinnis*), so called because the "vertical fins are more or less densely covered with small scales." The principal characteristic of this fish is the elongated lower jaw. The inhabitants of Java, its native island, keep these fish in their houses as pets. They are sometimes twenty centimetres in length. The coloring of the upper part of the fish is greenish-gray, the under part silvery; there are four short, wide bands across the back, dark brown, with a shade of green.

With few exceptions all of the scale-finned fishes are found in the upper stratum of the water and near the shore; some of them descend into the ocean, and others occasionally wander out into the sea, following ships for their refuse or chasing other prey. Most of them, especially the beautifully colored species, belonging to this family, are found, as a rule, in the vicinity of reefs, or above shallow places, playing in the sunshine. Their beauty is very much heightened by motion.

Heuglin says that in the Red Sea they are commonly observed in the deep chasms or well-like depressions between the coral reefs, where the water is always clear and quiet, although there may be a high sea outside.

When a ship anchors in a dark night between the reefs, the presence of these fish may be perceived by their phosphorescence.

They may be observed, often at a considerable depth, faintly glowing spots; suddenly they disperse like scattering sparks, move slowly to and fro, gather together in groups, and separate again.

Nearly all the fishes of this family are carnivorous, feeding upon small medusae, coral insects, &c. These fish, Heuglin says, play round the coral branches in the same manner as birds hover around trees upon the land.

In crowds they stand still for a few minutes before the branch of a coral, suddenly dart forward, bite at the coral insects on the branches, and hasten as if inspired by a spirit to another place, to go through the same play, and begin again the same chase.

As soon as the archer fish sees a fly or any other insect sitting upon a plant hanging over the water, it approaches to within about one or one and a half metres, and spurts from its mouth a drop of water, so violently and with such accuracy that it seldom misses its prey.

It has this habit even in captivity, and the Japanese make a household pet of it. They keep the fish in water basins, and place in the middle of the vessel a stick, sometimes reaching out over the water sixty centimetres. In the stick wooden pins are fixed, and insects are fastened upon them. Soon after this is done, the fish swims around the stick, comes up to the surface of the water, raises its eyes toward the surprised insect, suddenly spurts a drop of water upon it, throws it down, and swallows it if its shot is successful; if not, it swims around the stick and tries again. The certainty with which they throw this jet of water upon their victims is wonderful.

In order to observe this, Honnell thrust a needle through a fly and fastened it to the stick. Without intermission, rapidly, and in regular order, all of the fish attempted to throw the fly down without once missing their aim as they shot the crops of water upon it.

Insects appear to be the most natural food for this species, and seem to be preferred to every other kind of food.—From *Thierleben*, by A. E. Brehm.

## CROSSING THE LINE.

A boy who went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line, and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"Oh! yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether

they had crossed the line. The old tar said: "Yes, my lad."  
"Why didn't you tell me, and show it to me."  
"The sailor replied: "Oh! my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinker, you always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral might settle down on you as you cross the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding you to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little way farther on in the road you are travelling.

## RESPONSIBILITIES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

At a recent Sunday-school Institute held by the Presbytery of Steuben, New York, the following suggestions, in the line of the obvious responsibilities of Sunday-school

II.—*May not my Class expect:*

That I be punctual in attendance?  
That I be regular in attendance?  
That I come prepared on the lesson?  
That I do, in class, all that I ask them to do?

III.—*Will not the Master Require:*

That I fully prepare myself, by previous study, and prayer, to interest and instruct my class?

That, during the week, I make my class the subject of special prayer?

That I speak to my class, personally and pointedly, about the saving of their souls?

That my example shall correspond with my teaching!—*S. S. Times.*

## A THING TO BE PROUD OF.

"How does it taste, I wonder," said Jamie, as he saw Patrick Glynn take a glass

## WORK AND TRUST.

During a long course of years even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness Dr. Judson lamented that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world, saddened with that thought. Then, at last, there came a gleam of light that thrilled his heart with grateful joy. How did it come? Unexpectedly. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side, while he was in a state of great languor, with a newspaper, a copy of the *Watchman and Reflector*, in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hague's letters from Constantinople. That letter contained some items of information that filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries in Constantinople, Mr. Schaeffer stated that a little book had been published in Germany, giving an account of L. R. Judson's life and labors, that it had fallen into the hands of some Jew and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a messenger had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to them.

When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes were filled with tears; a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him; and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said,—

"Love, this frightens me. I do not know what to make of it."

"To make of what?" said Mrs. Judson.

"Why, what you have just been reading. I never was deeply interested in any object, I never prayed sincerely and earnestly for anything, but it came, at some time—no matter at how distant a day—somehow, in some shape—probably the last I should have devised, it came!"

What a testimony was that! It lingered on the lips of the dying Judson; it was embalmed with grateful tears, and is worthy to be transmitted as a legacy to the coming generations.—*Watchman.*

## THIRTEEN WAYS OF BEING HAPPY.

Happy is the man whom God correcteth, for he maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Happy is the man that feareth alway.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

Whoso trusteth in the Lord happy is he.

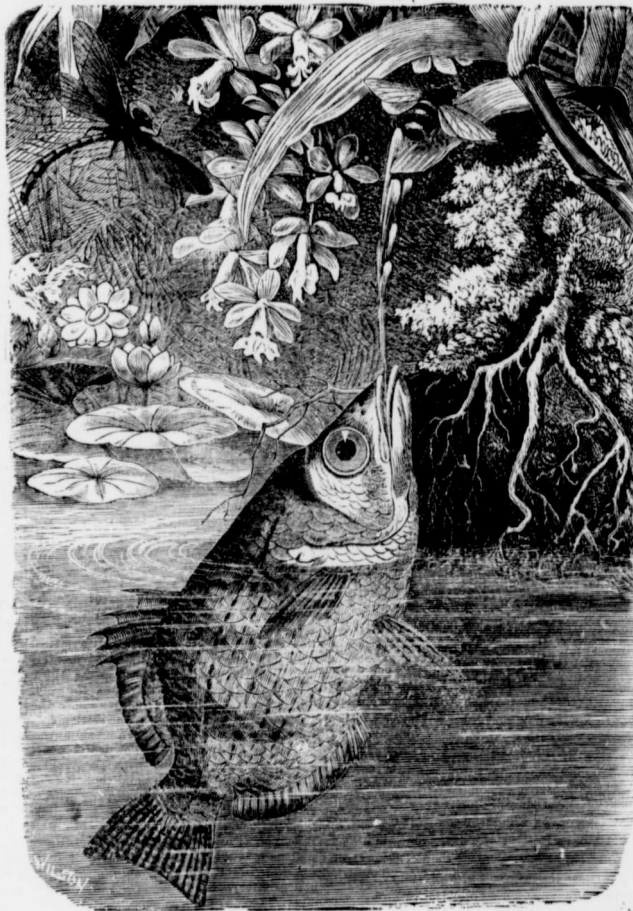
He that keepeth the law happy is he.

If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.

Behold we count them happy which endure.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*



THE ARCHER FISH.

teachers, were ordered printed, that a copy might be sent to every teacher in the field of the Presbytery:

## TO THE TEACHER.

I.—*May not the Superintendent ask:*

That when I cannot be present in school I will secure a substitute who can come prepared on the lesson.

That when sickness or loss of interest, or any other cause, shall occasion my absence a third or more of the time, I will resign, in order that a regular teacher can be secured before the class is scattered?

That, when practicable, I will give at the teachers' meeting my presence and my counsel for the good of the school?

That I will take pains to keep full records concerning my class, and, when desired, will make prompt reports?

of steaming punch from the bar of a restaurant.

"Did you ever taste strong drink James?" said a handsome old man standing by.

"Never," said Jamie, "I wonder if it's good?"

"I cannot tell you how it tastes," said Mr. Landers. "I am sixty years of age and never tasted it in my life, and I am proud to say it. I see what it does. It has cheated Flynn out of his snug little home; it has clothed his poor wife and children in rags, and made him cross and quarrelsome; it is liquid fire and theft and poison. I don't want to know how it tastes."

"Neither do I," said Jamie. "Thank you, Mr. Landers, for what you have said. When I am a man sixty years old, I, too, will have it to say, 'I never tasted strong drink in my life.'"—*S. S. Messenger.*

**TAPIOCA CREAM.**—Soak a teacupful of tapioca in milk over night. In the morning, stir into it the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and a cupful of sugar; place a quart of milk on the fire, let it come to the boil, and stir in the tapioca and let it all cook until it has thickened; then take it off the fire and stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor to taste. Save a portion of the whites to ornament the top.

**TAPIOCA.**—An easily prepared dessert is made of tapioca—it hardly seems appropriate to call so dainty a dish a pudding. Soak a cupful of tapioca for an hour in cold water, then boil, adding warm water enough to allow it to expand; when tender sweeten it, and take from the fire; add an orange-cut in small bits for flavoring. Serve with cream.

HOW PLANTS COME FROM SEEDS.

BY ANNIE J. MACKINTOSH.

We are going to assist you in finding out yourselves some of the wonderful things connected with the life and growth of plants; and if you will try the simple experiment here mentioned, you will surely be interested, and, besides, will learn a great deal that you ought to know.

Let us begin at the beginning, then; and as most plants grow from seeds, we shall talk first about seeds.

We will suppose that you have collected a few seeds, such as may be easily obtained—peas, beans, grains of wheat, corn, &c. Of course you have a penknife in your pocket; and if, in addition to the knife, you can have a small magnifying glass, many of your lessons will be much more interesting.

Take a bean first (Fig. 1), and with your knife remove the skin, which is called the seed-coat. You will find that the bean separates into two halves as soon as the covering is removed. Now, each part is called a lobe, and seeds which naturally split in two are called two-lobed.

Take a grain of corn, and treat it in the same way. It does not split; if you want to part it, you must cut it. Seeds which do not split in two are called undivided; and you will find that all seeds belong to one or other of these classes.

Now examine those from which you have removed the seed-coats, and you will find at the end of each a small worm-like object

(Fig. 1, a, and Fig. 2, a), which may easily be removed with the point of the knife. If you look carefully at the specimen removed from the bean, you will be able to see that it bears somewhat the appearance of a little plant. Such

in truth it is—the germ, or baby plant. But put your germs aside for a while, and let us look at the rest of the seed. You will find in the corn that it resembles dry flour or starch, while in the bean it looks more like a mixture of flour and water which has become dry. This is the food of the baby plant, and consists mostly of sugar and starch. Upon this the germ lives till old enough to obtain nourishment from the earth and air.

Perhaps you think it strange, if the plant and its food are both contained in the seed, that it is

necessary to sow seeds in order to have them grow. But the plant cannot appropriate the food until it has been moistened. But if moisture can be obtained in any other way than from the ground, the seed will begin to grow just as if part in the earth; and you may prove this for yourselves.

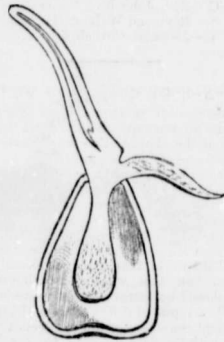


FIG. 3.—A GRAIN OF CORN BEGINNING TO GROW.

Fill a tumbler with water, and cover the top with cotton-wool, on which you may place a few beans or some seed of the kind. Place the glass in the window, and in a few days you will find that your seeds have sprouted; and they will continue to grow until the nourishment is exhausted.

But let us return to the germs. Place them under the magnifying-glass, and you will find that some have a root, stem, and two leaves, while others have a root, stem, and but one leaf. You will also notice that all those having two leaves have been taken from two-lobed seeds, while those having only one leaf have come from the undivided seeds; and you will find, when they begin to grow, that they present the same differences. The two-lobed seeds put out two leaves at first, the undivided only one. So, that, by looking at a young plant, you can tell at once from which class of seeds it has sprung; or, looking at a seed, you will be able to foretell the appearance of the plant.

Now we shall require the plants in the tumbler, and such leaves as you may be able to collect.

Observe first, that although you may have placed the seeds in various positions upon the cotton, still in every case the leaves have shot upward into the air, while the roots have passed downward through the cotton into the water. Some of them have had to do a good deal of twisting in order to accomplish it. It has been hard work, but they have succeeded. It is one of Nature's laws that leaves must go up, roots down. But how or why the plants should know what this law requires of them, we cannot tell. Experiments made upon this point prove that, rather than break the law, plants will sometimes slowly

transform their parts; that is, the branches of trees which have been planted upside down, will in time become roots, while the roots will turn into branches.

Now take the leaves which you have before you, and examine the veining of each, by holding it between your eye and the light. In some of them—maple, oak, and beech leaves, for instance—you will find the veins, or fine lines of the leaf running in every direction; while in others, as the leaves of the calla, lily-of-the-valley, grasses, etc., they are parallel to each other—that is, they run side by side, extending from the top of the leaf to the bottom, or else from the outer edge to the stem, which passes down the middle. The blades of grass and lily-of-the-valley leaves are examples of the first; the calla leaf of the second.

Look at the plants in the tumbler, and you will find that the leaves all come under one or other of these two classes; they are either net-veined or parallel-veined.

Next consider the seeds; those that are two-lobed have all produced net-veined leaves, while the leaves growing from the undivided seeds are all parallel-veined.

Let us sum up what we have learned in this way. Two-lobed seeds: Two leaves at first, net-veined leaves. Undivided seeds: One leaf at first, parallel-veined leaves.

If you will commit these two short lists to memory, you will often find it an advantage, as one point will immediately recall the others.

But let us look once more at our young plants. You will notice that in the case of the two-lobed seeds, the lobes have grown up with the plant, and are now to be found one on each side of the stem (Fig. 4, a, a). They have changed not only their appearance, but their name, since our last lesson, and are now called

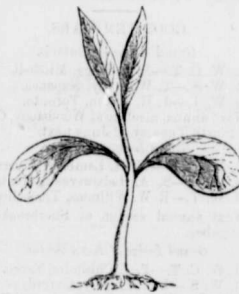


FIG. 4.—A BEAN GROWING.

seed-leaves. Perhaps by this time they may have turned green; but they will never resemble the other leaves in anything but color. By and by they will begin to look shrivelled, as they part with the nourishment which is stored in them, and when it is all gone they will drop off.

Perhaps you are wondering what the plant is going to do after it has exhausted the food contained in the seed, but by that time it is quite able to support itself by drawing upon the earth and the air. From the earth it obtains earthy matter and moisture; from the air, some of the gases of which it is composed; and these three things constitute the food of the plant.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE FOX, THE MONKEY, AND THE PIG.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

The fox, the monkey, and the pig were once inseparable companions. As they were nearly always together, the fox's thefts so far reflected upon his innocent associates, that they were all three held to be wicked animals.

At length, the enemies of these three laid a snare, in a path they were known to use.

The first that came to the trap was the pig. He viewed it with contempt, and, to show his disdain of his enemies and his disregard for their snare, he tried to walk through it with a lofty tread. He found he had undervalued it, however, when, in spite of his struggles, he was caught and strangled.

The next that came was the monkey. He inspected the trap carefully; then, priding himself upon the skill and dexterity of his fingers, he tried to pick it to pieces. In a moment of carelessness, however, he became entangled, and soon met the fate of the unfortunate pig.

The last that came was the fox. He looked at the snare anxiously, from a distance, and, approaching cautiously, soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with its size and power. Then he cried, "Thus do I defeat the machinations of my enemies!"—and, avoiding the trap altogether, by leaping completely over it, he went on his way rejoicing.—*St. Nicholas*.

THERE WAS ONCE a little bird chased by a hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge in the bosom of a tender-hearted man. There it lay, its wings and feathers quivering with fear, and its little heart throbbing against the bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk kept hovering overhead, as if saying, "Deliver up that bird, that I may devour it." Now, will that gentle, kind-hearted man take the poor little creature, that puts its trust in him, out of his bosom, and deliver it up to the hawk? What think ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom of Jesus, who came to seek and save the lost, do you think he will deliver you up to your deadly foe? Never! never! —*Duncan Matheson*.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 2nd, 1883.

The grain trade is still as dull as ever. Navigation will open next week, however, and some stir should follow.

FLOUR.—The flour market has been without much movement all week. Sales for local trade have been up to the mark of dull times, and that is all.

MEALS.—Slightly higher. Oatmeal, \$5.25 to \$5.50 for ordinary, and \$5.80 for granulated.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter. The market is very quiet with 24c to 26c for fine new and 20c to 22c for old stock.

EGGS.—Fresh sales at 15c though sales at 14c have been made.

HOG PRODUCE.—A good local demand; at following prices:—Canada, short cut, \$23.00 to \$23.50; Western, \$22.55 to \$22.75; Hams, city cured, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; and in pails, 14c to 15c.

MAPLE SUGAR.—Symp firm and in demand at \$1 to \$1.10 per gallon, and new sugar sells at 13c to 14c, a short crop is looked for this year.

ASHES.—Aye stiff at \$5.10 to \$5.20 for pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET. The supply of good beef cattle continues small, but rough and half fat beasts are more numerous and prices are generally lower, more especially for common and inferior animals.

FARMERS' MARKET. Spring work has become general on the farms in this vicinity, consequently the attendance of the farmers on market days is rather small, but there seems to be a good supply of nearly all kinds of seasonable produce.

A DEAR LITTLE GIRL, with eyes brimful of loveliness and face rippling with fun and mischief, heard her aunt say that "a bee had alighted on her cheek."

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SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

National Division.

M. W. P.—Benj. R. Jewell, Boston. M. W. A.—John S. Hall, Montreal.

M. W. S.—H. S. McCollum, St. Catharines, Ont. Next session at Ocean Grove, N. J., second Wednesday of July, '83.

Grand Division of Ontario.

G. W. P.—John McMillan, Toronto. G. S.—Thomas Webster, Paris.

G. T.—David Miller, Toronto. Grand Division of Quebec.

G. W. P.—Robert Craig, Quebec. G. S.—John S. Hall, Montreal.

G. T.—Wm. McNaughton, Ormstown. Grand Division of Nova Scotia.

G. W. P.—Joseph Burrell, Yarmouth. G. S.—Rev. R. A. Temple, Halifax.

G. T.—H. A. Taylor, Halifax. Grand Division of New Brunswick.

G. W. P.—W. J. Robinson, Moncton. G. S.—S. B. Paterson, St. John.

G. T.—W. W. Graham.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Grand Lodge of Ontario.

G. W. C. T.—J. H. Flagg, Mitchell. G. W. S.—T. W. Casey, Napanee.

G. W. T.—J. H. Nixon, Toronto. Next annual meeting at Woodstock, Ont., the fourth Tuesday of June next.

Grand Lodge of Quebec.

G. W. C. T.—W. H. Lambley, Inverness. G. W. S.—S. A. Lebourveau, Montreal.

G. W. T.—R. W. Williams, Trois Riviers. Next annual session at Sherbrooke in September.

Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm, Truro. G. W. S.—I. J. Hingley, Oxford.

S. J. T.—W. C. Smith, Conquerall Bank. Grand Lodge of New Brunswick.

G. W. C. T.—James Watts, Woodstock. G. W. S.—S. H. Galbraith, Sussex.

S. J. T.—Calvin Powers, St. John. R. W. Grand Lodge.

R. W. G. T.—Geo. B. Katzenstein, Sacramento, Cal. R. W. G. S.—F. G. Keens, Kearney, Neb.

R. W. G. M.—W. H. Lambley, Inverness, Que. Next annual meeting in Chicago, on the fourth Tuesday of May.

WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Pres.—Mrs. D. B. Chisholm, Hamilton. V. P.—Mrs. Tilton, Ottawa.

—Mrs. Cowan, Toronto. R. Sec.—Miss A. Orchard, Brantford.

C. Sec.—Mrs. Rev. R. Fawcett, Scarborough. T.—Mrs. Brethour, Milton, Ont.

Next annual meeting at Ottawa.

ROYAL TEMPLARS OF TEMPERANCE.

G. C.—Rev. John Kay, Waterford. G. S.—Raymond Walker, Hamilton.

G. T.—Jeremiah Cornell, Lynden.

"NOBODY EVER TOLD ME?"

Passing near an encampment of gipsies, I went in amongst them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned one of their number was ill, and begged to be allowed to see him.

In the tent I found a lad alone, and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him I thanked God. "The lips moved again. I caught 'that's it.' There were more words, but I could not hear them.

On going the next day, I found the dear lad had died "or, rather, had fallen asleep in Christ" eleven hours after I left. His father said he had been very "peaceable," and had a "tidy death." There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left one of each. The poor man wished me "good luck," and gave me a little bundle of skewers the "boy Jemmy" had made.

It was apparently the first time this dear boy ever heard of God's salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at His word, and with his dying lips thanked Him that He so loved the world as to give His Son for him, a "poor gipsy chap." God is satisfied with the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. This poor lad was also satisfied, and this mutual satisfaction was instant and everlasting salvation. In eleven short hours he exchanged that forlorn, rickety tent, for the Paradise of God, where he is tasting that God is as good as His word.

If you have not with your heart said amen to God's way of saving lost sinners, you are on the extreme verge of that death which God calls "eternal," and He alone has the keys of hell and of death. But the "grace of God that bringeth salvation" is brought down to you—do your very level to-day. Oh! will you walk past it to the "great white throne" lying ahead of you, and thence to the fire that "never shall be quenched" or will you pause and take it, and "return Him many thanks"?

My fellow-believer! may God forbid that any one within your reach or mine should ever have occasion to say, with regard to these everlasting realities, the awful words, "Nobody ever told me!"—Band of Hope Review.

HEART OVERWOULDED BY IT.—The heart pumps the blood all over the body through the arteries. In a full-grown man the heart beats 73 times in a minute, 4,380 times in an hour, 105,120 in 24 hours; over 5,000 ounces of blood are pumped through the body by the heart in 24 hours. This is the same as saying that 115 tons have been raised one foot. Suppose you take a wine-glass of whiskey at luncheon, another at dinner, and another at supper, you will then have taken two ounces of alcohol. This increases the beating of the heart 6,000 times in 24 hours, which means lifting a weight of seven tons a foot high—that is, 35,480 ounces. So that two ounces of alcohol make the heart beat two ounces equal to lifting a seven-ounce weight 35,480 times. We cannot wonder then at the drinker being exhausted, when he has to do so much unnecessary work.

ONE GLASS DOES HARM.—The one glass may lead to more; all drunkards began by drinking one glass at first. If you can take one glass yourself and no more, your example may be the means of leading another to drink who has not the same self-control. However small the quantity of drink taken into the system, it does mischief.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminister Question Book.)

LESSON VII.

May 13, 1883.

[Acts 11: 19-30.]

THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 21-25.

(Revised Version.)

They therefore that were scattered abroad upon the destruction that came upon Jerusalem, traveled as far as Phenicia, and Cyprus, and Antioch, speaking the word to none save only to Jews. But there were some men of them, who were Cyprus and Cyrene, who, when they were come to Antioch, spoke unto the Greeks also, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hands of the Lord were with them, and a great number that believed turned unto the Lord. And the report concerning them came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem; and they sent forth Barnabas as far as Antioch; who, when he was come, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and he exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord; for he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith; and much people were added unto the Lord. And he went forth to Tarsus to seek for Saul; and when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that even for a whole year they were gathered together with the church, and were teaching people; and that the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."—Acts 11: 21.

TOPIC.—Disciples First Called Christians. LESSON PLAN.—1. PERSECUTION IN PHENICIA AND CYPRUS. 2. THE MISSION OF BARNABAS. 3. THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH. 4. THE FRUIT OF GODLINESS. 5. SYRIA. 6. ANTIOCH.

INTRODUCTORY. Of the disciples driven from Jerusalem by persecution, some went into Iconium, some into Philippi, and some into Thessalonica. Others, as we learn to-day, travelled far beyond the boundaries of Palestine, and wherever they went, they preached the word. While they were scattered, they scattered the truth. Even the heathen were thus made to know of Christ. In Antioch especially many of them "were added to the Lord," and a church was established which led much for the further progress of the gospel, specially among the Gentiles.

LESSON NOTES. 1. PHENICIA.—Phenicia, a province on the southeast of Palestine, including Tyre and Sidon. 2. CYPRUS.—an island in the Mediterranean Sea, north of Jerusalem. It was the thirteenth of the Roman Empire, being next to Rome and Alexandria. 3. MEN OF CYPRUS AND CYRENE.—Jews born there. Cyrene was a province and city in the North of Africa. 4. GENTILES.—Gentiles as distinguished from Jews. 5. THE HAND OF THE LORD.—the power of God. 6. THE CHURCH.—a church, wherever they went, this was the mother-church; the apostles were there, and this was the seat and centre of the spreading Christianity. 7. TO SEEK FOR SAUL.—to see if this work was of God, and, if so, to give it help and counsel. 8. SAUL HAD SEEN THE GRACE OF GOD.—as shown in the conversion of the Gentiles. 9. BARNABAS.—forgot all Jewish prejudices, and urged these Gentile converts to stand fast in the new faith. 10. FULL OF THE HOLY GHOST.—such a man will always be full of joy when souls are converted. 11. GENTILES.—probable this name was given them by the heathen, and yet by divine appointment. It is found in only two other places in the New Testament, and in a way implying that it was a term of reproach, for which they were called to suffer. 12. THOSE DAYS.—when Saul and Barnabas were preaching at Antioch. 13. SIGNIFIED BY THE SPIRIT.—foretold under the influence of the Holy Spirit. 14. JULIUS CESAR.—the fifth Roman emperor, who reigned from A. D. 41 to 54. There were no less than four families during his reign. 15. RULING ELDERS OF THE CHURCH.—by their office they had the oversight and rule of the church in connection with the pastor.

- TEACHINGS. 1. God's people may be persecuted, but they are never forsaken. 2. The presence and blessing of God is a sure pledge of success. 3. Times of refreshing are times of gladness to all good people. 4. Joy at seeing souls saved will lead to efforts to save others. 5. We should always be ready to aid those who are in distress.

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