

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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THE TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

The readers of the *Weekly Messenger and Temperance Worker* are the temperance workers of Canada. On them depends the success of the great Scott Act movement proposed by the Dominion Alliance. They should at once organize by calling a meeting in every county without waiting for anybody to take the initiative and send for copies of Campaign tract No. 3, which is a synopsis of the Scott law. We are prepared to furnish them at twenty-five cents a hundred copies. We ask our readers to write to the *Messenger* what they think of the prospects of the campaign in their counties.

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

The following tracts will be ready very soon at twenty-five cents a hundred:—Campaign tract No. 2, being Sir Alexander Galt's great speech at Sherbrooke on prohibition viewed from the standpoint of a political economist.

Campaign tract No. 3, a synopsis of the Scott law, showing the steps necessary in inaugurating a contest.

Campaign tract No. 4, the Rev. Mr. Brethour's striking speech at Ottawa on the remarkable success of the Scott law in the county of Halton.

Campaign tract No. 5, a sermon by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens.

No parcels will be sold of less than a hundred tracts.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

When we look abroad over this country and see it plentifully dotted with liquor shops—dealing out disease, misery, poverty, insanity, disturbances, crime and almost every mentionable evil—the question arises,—Who is responsible for keeping up these iniquitous establishments? Spontaneously the answer comes,—The rulers of the country. Who are the rulers of the country? They are the people of the country, who govern themselves in this land of freedom through their chosen representatives in municipal, and provincial and federal legislative bodies. In the first place, the people are responsible for allowing strong drink to be made in the country or imported into it, so long as the federal rulers of their choice continue to have it so. Not only that, but the people are partners in every brewery, every distillery, every wholesale liquor store, every saloon, every bar-room, every one of the vilest dens where liquor is sold, so long as they continue to use the revenue derived from excise and customs taxes in carrying on the public services of the country. Last year the people's share in the profits of imported strong drink was \$1,914,989, and in those of home-made drink \$4,314,040, making altogether the enormous sum of six million two hundred and twenty-nine thousand and twenty-nine dollars obtained from the liquor interests of Canada to be applied to the public services of the country. One-

fifth part of the net revenue of the Dominion of Canada is therefore drawn from a source that is acknowledged on all hands to be the greatest curse of the country. Indeed, the vast interest the people of Canada have in the liquor business is urged as one of the gravest objections to having the curse wiped out. In the face of these facts, the people of Canada cannot hide themselves from the awful responsibility of being partners in the entire liquor traffic of the country. Moreover, the people are not satisfied with the share they receive through federal channels, but they must needs cherish the pernicious traffic for what they can get out of it for provincial and municipal revenues. Here the public conscience displays the marked inconsistency of gratefully accepting a share in the profits of a business that it at the same moment condemns by onerous exactions and limitations, the imposition of which upon any decent business it would not tolerate. Notwithstanding all that we have said above, however, a large portion of the people of Canada have earned absolution from the condemnation implied in the facts cited. One Province during its independent position before Confederation, once passed a prohibitory liquor law, which, although it was worked poorly and repealed after a brief existence, showed a powerful desire on the part of a large proportion of the people to be rid of any responsibility for the curse. Another province kept drawing the ligatures of legal restriction closer and closer from year to year, until at length in every county save one not a drop of liquor could be legally sold as a beverage. Other provinces gave their counties the power, which in many cases was availed of, to outlaw the business within their borders. In the year 1878 the temperance sentiment of the Dominion was brought to bear upon a not unfavorable Parliament, with the result that the law called the "Canada Temperance Act of 1878"—commonly called the "Scott Act," from having been introduced by Senator Scott—was passed, giving counties and cities the power to prohibit the traffic by popular vote. This Act having been fought upon every possible ground right up to the highest tribunal in the Empire and there confirmed as good and constitutional law, the people of this country have therein the means of depriving the traffic of legal sanction and placing it beyond the power of municipal councils to legalize. It is the nearest step to total prohibition that the Dominion can make short of that consummation so devoutly desired by right-thinking men. Indeed, until the people show that they are in favor of the total suppression of the traffic by the use they make of this Act, it will be hard to elect a Parliament that will give absolute prohibition to the whole country. Therefore, it becomes the opponents of the traffic through the length and breadth of the land to rouse up to their duties with reference to this Act. A movement has been set on foot by the Dominion Alliance to procure the adoption of the Act in every constituency where it is possible, and several counties are already stirring with the work of the campaign. Let the friends of prohibition in every constituency join promptly

in the struggle, for no time is to be lost if the object is to be gained of having simultaneous polling upon the Act. Only by earnest, active work in behalf of prohibition can each citizen of our country acquit himself of responsibility for the existence of the legalized curse of the liquor traffic.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Braclough, the infidel member for Northampton, who was turned out of the House of Commons by the vote of a large majority after he had illegally administered the oath to himself, was granted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and a writ for a new election having been issued by the House he was elected by a larger majority than ever. This office was a sort of military police commandship in the days when robbers infested the Chiltern Hills, and now is only retained for the convenience of members who wish to give up their seats in Parliament, as according to law a member cannot resign his seat nor can one hold his seat after he accepts office under the Government. It is customary for members to resign the office whenever it has served the above purpose for them. If necessary, the offices of stewards of the Manors of Eastend, of Northhead and of Hempholme are at the disposal of members for the same purpose as the Chiltern Hundreds. A vote of censure upon the Government for its Egyptian policy, which was moved by the Marquis of Salisbury, was carried in the House of Lords by 181 to 81. He said, in supporting his motion, that the news would now run through the whole Mohammedan world that England had been defeated again and again and was now being hunted out of Egypt. In reply Earl Granville said England and India had no interest in the Soudan, nor indeed had Egypt any permanent interest in that country. The Government had no intention of doing more in Egypt than to secure a stable government there. Sir Stafford Northcote, making a similar motion in the House of Commons, declared that the conduct of the Government would greatly complicate the present issue and would probably close the great trade route from the equatorial lakes to the Red Sea, give an impetus to the slave trade and greatly diminish England's prestige. Replying, Mr. Gladstone denied that there had been inconsistency or vacillation in the Government's policy. It had not created, but found, the situation in Egypt. He mentioned measures that had been taken to restore peace in the country, and said General Gordon's plan was designed to restore the former rulers of the Soudan to their ancestral power usurped by Egypt. He strongly opposed the reconquest of the Soudan and asked the House for the acquittal of the Government to which it was entitled. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the temperance Radical, moved an amendment that the House decline to express an opinion on the Government's policy in Egypt. This was seconded by Mr. Labouchere, another leading Radical, who censured both Whigs and Tories. The Hon. Mr. Forster, formerly

Irish Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Government, blamed the Government for want of promptness, saying the battle of Tel-el-Kebir having left England mistress of Egypt, she should have prevented that country attempting to re-conquer the Soudan with unwilling soldiers. He would, however, support the Government because it had sent General Gordon to the Soudan and for present vigor in military operations. Sir Charles Dilke said the reason General Sir Evelyn Wood's army had not been sent into the Soudan after the defeat of Hicks was that it had been enlisted on condition that it would not have to go to that region. He read a very encouraging telegram just received from General Gordon, and said a large English force would be at Suakin within a week. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice said the Government was taking most extensive measures on the east coast of Africa to suppress the slave trade. The vote was taken on Sir Stafford Northcote's motion on Tuesday night, and the Government was sustained by 311 to 263.

THE SOUDAN.

Strong reinforcements have been sent from Cairo into the Soudan. The Egyptian army has become somewhat disorganized by the departure of English officers. A mutinous protest presented to the Khedive by several Egyptian soldiers, objecting to Egyptian soldiers being sent on a Christian expedition, resulted in the arrest of the men presenting it. The protest is numerous, signed, at the signatures are believed to be for the most part forgeries. At all events, General Wood's faith in the fidelity of his command is not shaken by the incident. General Gordon arrived at Khartoum, the chief city, on Saturday last. By means of his remarkable personal influence and ample funds he effected the pacification of all the chiefs on his route. When he reached the capital, he was surrounded by chiefs and hailed as "Sultan of the Soudan." A feeling of confidence in the success of his mission has followed his arrival, it being stated that his proclamations offered liberal concessions and independence to the chiefs and people. He has even recognized El Mahdi, the False Prophet, as Sultan of Kordofan, and allowed domestic slave-holding while declaring against slave trading. Peace and settled government of the region can be restored none too soon, for the rebel chieftain's followers show no mercy to those falling into their power. Two hundred women and children were massacred at the fall of Sinkat, and the war from the beginning has been a series of bloody massacres. Meetings have been held in many parts of England, under the auspices of the Opposition, and the halls made to ring with denunciations of the Government as being responsible, as the virtual ruler of Egypt, for the events in the Soudan. The House of Commons has, however, voted confidence in the Government, notwithstanding the Conservatives had the assistance, in both the debate and the division, of not only the Irish party but members belonging to different subdivisions of the Liberal party.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A DAY IN THE RAVINE.

Mr. Dibell took an early opportunity to come to "The Farm," as the few acres that Mr. Chase himself cultivated were called. The farm proper was a mile away, and it was a grand sight to see them reap and bind, the man on the seat of the reaper driving his handsome horses, with the grain falling and the men binding, all done with the accuracy of machinery and the seemingly easy movement of skilled labor.

Quince had been over several times, but his work was not there. He was glad of that; it suited him to follow Mr. Chase in late ploughing and scattering seed. Then the hay in the meadow was cut with a scythe, and wheat was reaped with a cradle.

Wherever Quince went Merry and Aline were sure to follow; and when Mr. Dibell came out to spend a day with them, Mrs. Chase and Olive joined them.

The ravine offered rare attractions as they wound down by the bridge, over the moss and the lichened rocks, gathering flowers and tearing their dresses, with laughter and chatting, a fragment from some old poet or a snatch of song that set the birds going.

Quince cut poles and nockets were ransacked for twine and fish-hooks. It was all too minute for ordinary fishing-tackle, and the fish knew it, perhaps, as they glided here and there under the grassy bank and among the tree-roots, but never venturing into smooth water.

When there were fish enough caught for a meal, a fire was kindled on the bank; pronged sticks were set in real gipsy fashion, with water boiling in an iron kettle. Then, spreading the live coals, the trout were nicely browned, and the fragrance of the steaming coffee brought Mr. Chase to join them. Quince had not bargained for this kind of life, but it was his—his enjoyment of listening to speech that showed a just appreciation of God's works and God's goodness. Then the children gathered clusters of pink roses, golden honeysuckle, and fleecy dandelions, Mr. Chase finding ferns, of which he had a variety at home, and of which he never seemed to tire.

Quince wondered if every ravine held so many beautiful things, and why it was that so many men, and women, too, failed to see the exquisite design and finish that flashed before Mr. Dibell's eyes and led him to talk so eloquently of leaf and stalk and blossom, each having its distinct life and purpose in the great plan of God's unfolding.

Merry came running to know if his mother had brought the microscope; he had discovered some rare moss, and the cups would be worth seeing. From some hidden recess Mr. Dibell produced one.

"It is an old habit of mine," he said; "I like to bring a magnifying-glass to bear upon everything. Thus I get a better understanding of the truth, and my ideas are enlarged."

Merry's face was full of expectation. "Come, he said to Quince, who accordingly drew near; while Aline cuddled up by the side of Mr. Dibell as he showed them the jewelled cups.

Then a blade of grass was taken, with the countless army of infinitesimal life running along the green fibres.

"I don't like it, the beautiful green grass. It is not clean; I can never roll on it again," exclaimed Aline, with flashing eyes.

Mr. Dibell slipped his glass aside. Aline was puzzled.

"Where are they?" she cried. "Where have they hidden away?"

"They are there all the same, but we cannot see them," was the reply.

"Many of us are like Aline," laughed Mr. Chase; "we cannot bear to have our preconceived ideas interfered with. We would rather look into the moss-cups or examine the feathers on a fly's wing. Aline did not cry out at these."

"But, papa, there were so many ugly creeping things," said the child, not quite relishing the laugh.

The talk ran out on the scenery and the flora of other sections of the country; it was more or less interesting to Quince, and suggestive of studies to which he was yet an entire stranger.

At length there was a breaking of dry twigs, and Merry rushed up with a butterfly

he had captured, a magnificent specimen with wings of black and gold.

"Oh, Merry, how could you?" cried Aline.

"But I never hurt him," was the quick reply.

"Any way, I don't believe it was right," came stoutly from Aline.

"I don't believe it was wrong," said Merry, with emphasis. "We've got a microscope, and now we must have things to look at. I thought you'd be glad of this," he continued, with a little concession in his tone.

Mr. Dibell drew a letter from his pocket and improvised a box for the captive. Good feeling was at once re-established.

"Shall we fish going back?" Quince asked.

"The day is too far spent for that," answered Mr. Chase.

Quince left the rods where he could find them again, securing the hooks and placing the twine in his pocket.

The small group had broken up into irregular parties. Mr. Chase was walking up and down the bank quite by himself.

"I used to come here with Robert," he said to Quince, who joined him. "He was fond of trouting, and many a Saturday afternoon we have spent here."

There was something pathetic in the voice, so unlike the gay, lively banter of the hour previous. Quince was saddened, as much by the lonely attitude of the man walking up and down the bank with his hat drooped over his eyes and his hands clasped behind his back as by his words. True, he could not remember spending Saturday afternoons with his father in this way, but it must have been very pleasant for any one who had had the chance to do so. Robert had known a beautiful child life, and he was never saddened by painful memories.

When the stricken father spoke again, there was the calm of resignation in the voice: "The boy filled up the measure of his life as God would have him to do. It seemed strange to me; I felt that I could not bear it, and his mother was well-nigh broken-hearted. It is different now; it was God who did it, and all he does is for the best."

Quince looked up brightly; there was strength in Mr. Chase's words, and almost a smile on his face. "God who did it." Yes, he knew what it was to rest here. It was God's law; and, let it fall where it would, God's law must be accomplished.

Glad voices were heard farther up the stream, and the children came running in great glee; they had found a light board, and they called it a boat and freighted it with moss and flowers, laughing to see it float down the brook.

"A Nile-boat, if we had made a top to it," Merry shouted.

"As well that as anything," said his father.

Others were coming in. Mrs. Chase was a little in advance, a sweet seriousness in her face, and silent. Was she too thinking of other days, when she had followed up the brook with her boy, gazing into the rippling water and drawing out the silvery trout; and of the camp fire and the enjoyment of sitting around the impromptu table? Quince thought it probable as he caught the expression of her face.

Going home through the dusky openings, there were few words said. Merry had lost his boat and Aline was thoroughly tired.

Quince was walking in advance. There was still work for him to do. He had enjoyed it all, but he had not found the desired opportunity to speak with Mr. Dibell and seek an answer to the question he had intended to ask. He had thought it would be easy to do so when the others were occupied. But it would not be easy now for him to ask the question. And was there any real need of asking? Yet it seemed that he must ask; he must talk freely to Mr. Dibell, and he would be sure to know whether a life of love and trust could ever be by any possibility for him. His mother was a good woman; was there in the Bible a promise to one who had been taught as Timothy was taught, to honor God? But the next moment he was saddened by the thought that it was plainly written, "The iniquity of the fathers upon the children."

The sun was nearly set when they climbed up the tangled path by the bridge and then went on to the house.

"If I do your work, will you do mine?" Mr. Chase asked Quince.

"What is that?"

"Harness the horses and take Mr. Dibell into the village."

It was the very thing Quince had wanted to do; and while his hands deftly fastened buckles and straps he was bringing his thoughts into order and shaping his questions. Possibly the answer would lay upon him an additional burden; but he must bear himself, always remembering to love and honor his mother's God.

Bringing the horses to the door and then running up to his room to freshen himself, he slipped his small Bible into his pocket, with the precise passage marked, so that he might turn to it quickly. Then, running down the stairs, he was surprised to find Mr. and Mrs. Chase about to enter the carriage with Mr. Dibell.

"I had forgotten that I promised to go to the village to-night. You will find the new book on the table, and will not be disappointed, I hope," Mr. Chase said to Quince as he reached out for the reins.

The lad bowed slightly, he was aiseartened, for he had promised himself a long quiet talk with Mr. Dibell.

The latter was coming down the steps. He had lingered to say a word to Olive, and now he was seemingly in haste. Before he entered the carriage, however, he took Quince by the hand:

"We have had a charming day. I have enjoyed it, and I am coming again; then we must have our drive together. Don't forget."

As the horses struck into the road Quince darted away to the barn, there to shed a few tears silently, and there to again resolve to bear up bravely. After all, perhaps it was not right for him to speak of his father in the way and manner in which he would be obliged to speak of him if once the subject was opened. This thought comforted him. His father would have been a good man but for the sin that shut him and his children out from the kingdom of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RIDF WITH MR. DIBELL.

Mr. Scago had sent a letter that made it necessary for Quince to return a week earlier than was expected.

"I wish you wouldn't go, Quince," exclaimed Merry; and the next instant he was clinging to the lad's hand. "It's just as though Rob was with us since you've been here. Why can't you stay always?" with pleading tenderness.

"Would you like me to stay?" Quince asked, affected by the appeal.

"Of course. We all want you to stay—Don't we, mother?" turning to Mrs. Chase.

"If it would be best for Quince, we would want him to stay," was the reply.

"It will be the best thing for him. He's quite as much at home here as any of us," said the boy with childlike insistence.

"Quince came here for his vacation; when school reopens, he must go back. He must study, so as to make himself a man and prepare himself to fill a man's place in the world. And when you are as old as he is, you will have to study in order to fill a worthy station in life," said Mrs. Chase, drawing the boy to her side.

"I shan't want to leave you, mother; I never shan't want to leave you. And I don't want Quince to go away either," hiding his face in her lap.

And now came one of the most silent moments full of action and significance, the boy weeping and the mother lifting the short brown curls and letting them slip one by one through her slim fingers. Then she said, bowing her head over him gently,

"Instead of feeling badly because Quince is to leave us, let us do what we can to send him back to Chelmsford comfortable for the winter. Can you think of any way in which we can do this?"

"We can give him things to take with him; we can give him some of Rob's books," was the quick reply.

"Yes; that is one way."

"And we can tell him he can come and stay the next vacation."

"Yes; that is another way."

"We can write to Mr. Scago and tell him that Quince is one of us and we've the best right to him."

"Yes; this is still another way."

"I can't think of another," lifting his head, "unless it's to be cheerfuller all the time."

"To be happy and smiling all the time. Is this it?"

"You always know what I mean, mother. It seems to me 'cheerfuller' is a good word for it."

This return a week earlier, together with the loss of the week at Mr. Jethro's, which Quince regarded as wasted, made the vacation seem all too short.

"I shall get another boy for winter," Mr. Chase said. "I cannot get along without a boy to whistle; things go smoother. As a general thing a boy who can whistle, and does whistle, is worth double one who can't and never tries to."

Mr. Chase was serious; he was evidently thinking of some particular boy's whistling. "Rob could whistle anything; he was always whistling," spoke up Merry. "I can whistle, can't I, father?" at the same time making a practical exhibition of his ability.

"So can I whistle," exclaimed Aline, anxious to be able to do whatever merry could do.

"Not a very desirable accomplishment for girls," said her father smiling.

"It's nice, though."

"Did you ever hear your mother whistle?"

"Don't believe ever I did." Then, turning with flushed cheeks to her mother,

"Isn't it nice for girls to whistle?"

"It sounds better for birds and boys to whistle, because they live a great deal more in the open air; girls live more in the house," was the answer.

"I know," going over to her father.

"Outdoors anybody can whistle, and I'm outdoors just as much as Merry is."

A smile curved the bearded lips, but there was nothing further said of whistling.

The Sunday following, Merry was the first to inform Mr. Dibell that Quince was to go away; and the young pastor came over the next day for another ramble through the ravine. Mrs. Chase did not join them, and the children must have poles and a lunch-basket. Quince found his hands full, and there was not a moment for a word of all those things he wanted so much to say. It seemed as if an opportunity would never be afforded.

The extent of the ravine did not offer new walks; they visited the same nooks and dropped their lines into the same clear pools as upon their former visit.

As for the trout were, they managed to secure enough to make a royal meal. Added to the fish, they had potatoes roasted in the ashes, with apples baked on the hot stones. It was the same ravine, yet the last growth of summer was brown and crisp and dust-covered.

Mr. Dibell had brought his microscope, and Merry, who had a way of monopolizing persons and things, was busy bringing weeds and flowers to be examined.

"One would never take so much time with common things," he said, after looking admiringly at some tiny seed-vessels. "Our best workmen do not always make things equally perfect; but God finishes even a weed with the most perfect exactness, so that it stands complete in beauty after its kind, as exquisite in its moulding as the most precious flower," Mr. Dibell replied.

Then followed one of those moments when it seemed to Quince that he could talk with the freedom of one who longed for knowledge. But could he speak of his father before Olive? and would it not be selfish to induce Mr. Dibell to listen to what it was not intended for another to hear? He was saddened beyond measure with the thought that he might have to go away without the coveted opportunity.

Meantime, Mr. Dibell was talking in a general way of the wonderful mechanism of minute objects too small to be seen with the naked eye; then he touched upon the telescope, which made plain to the eye of man distant fields of space and revealed worlds in countless numbers.

"These are the works of God," he said, reverently. "Now, more than the microscope reveals of his perfect exactness; and more than the telescope brings before us of the wonderful creations of his power,—does the Bible tell us of his character, of his glorious majesty, and above all of his loving-kindness to the children of men."

Then, so turning his glass that it covered the inner lining of a broken capsule, the children were called to look at what they said appeared to them to be a nest.

"Yes, it is a nest for the seed, and it is beautifully lined," was the answer.

Mr. Dibell slipped the instrument into the case, and the case into his pocket. At the same time he said,

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admire them, while our souls thrill with awe. The Bible shows us his love, and calls for our return. We can love him, and his power and his strength are our safeguards. He cares for us."

Quince had ostensibly been unwinding his lines and getting the hooks in order. He was not sorry that he had something to do; it was always easier for him to stand or to walk about when he was troubled and felt bad.

Olive took her fishing-rod, and the small party straggled up and down the brook.

The sun had fallen quite low before voices sounded out one to another.

"I think we had better go now," ventured Quince.

"I have been thinking so for some time," answered Mr. Dibell; "but, like Merry, I wanted just that last beauty. I had no idea of our taking so many," looking into the well-filled basket. "You are more of a fisherman than I gave you credit for being," smiling radiantly as Olive returned his banter.

Giving her rod to Quince, the latter took a seat where the bank was a little sheltered by overhanging branches and let down her brown braids, smoothing them backward and still leaving a fringe of dainty rings to cling around the white temples.

"Have you seen anything of my hat?" she asked.

The wind had reddened her cheeks, while a half-amused smile parted her lips.

"I found a hat in close proximity to the water; I thought perhaps it might be needed to wear home," said the young minister, bringing the article as carefully as though it were some precious thing and placing it on the brown head.

"Thanks! I was thinking where and when I had seen it last," rising.

"I like that style of head-covering," he began. "It is suggestive of comfort, and has a pretty look to it. That is more than can be said of the conventional dress-hat."

"I did not give you credit for paying attention to the different styles," laughed Olive.

"Why not?" opening his eyes. "I have sometimes thought that the style of the hat had some connections with the sense of hearing. For instance, Mrs. Chorley's."

"It is a new theory, and possibly there is truth in it. I will certainly think of it when it again becomes necessary for me to make choice of a hat," returned Olive.

The stars were out before Quince found time to harness the horses for his drive with Mr. Dibell. The latter found inspiration in the night, and was surprised and considerably pleased to discover how thoroughly Quince had studied astronomy.

"Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him which is perfect in knowledge? Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness where is the place thereof? Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts, or who hath given understanding to the heart? There is but one answer—God. And this God is our God. You will not forget this Quince—our God. More: our Father."

There was a lingering tenderness in the word. Mr. Dibell's voice had the quality of sympathy; his own feeling called up feeling. It may be, and doubtless it was in many cases, evanescent; but for the time being feeling was stirred to its depths.

The day had been pleasant, and it was the last drive, perhaps, to the village—at least, the last with Mr. Dibell. The boy was going back to study and to work; possibly they might never meet again.

As Quince listened tears filled his eyes. He could not answer, much less could he tell Mr. Dibell of his trouble. The latter, mistaking the lad's silence for homesickness, continued speaking to him in the same strain of tender admonition:

"Never forget the 'all,' Quince: 'All things are yours'—positively yours; there is where trust comes in. All that surrounds our lives; all that affects our work, our health; all that fashions our characters; all that, and all that can be,—is of God, and cometh of God to us."

Slowly the lad turned his white face to his companion. He attempted to speak, but his lips were sealed.

"We are at home," exclaimed the minister as the horses stopped without the driver's seeming consciousness. "Good-bye,

Quince, good-bye!" shaking his hand warmly. "I trust to hear good things of you—I shall always trust to hear good things of you—and I shall think of you every day."

"Good-bye, Mr. Dibell. I shall try so to act that you may hear good things of me."

The horses' heads were turned; they were going home, and Quince was weeping as though his heart would break.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT SCHOOL ONCE MORE.

Quince had resolved to save money by walking back to Chelmsford, but Mrs. Chase had another plan for him. The night previous to his leaving she gave him the key to Robert's trunk and asked him to open it.

"It has not been opened since the week after the dear boy was buried," she said as the lid was raised; and, kneeling by the side of it, she lifted out a handsome suit of clothes.

"I think they will fit you, Quince. Try them on, and if they fit, put them on in the morning and pack yours in the trunk. And from there a stage will take you to Chelmsford."

A few minutes later Quince was standing before her with Robert's coat buttoned up to the chin.

"It is a good fit—quite as good as though it were made for you," smoothing the collar. "I went you to have it, Quince. The cloth is good and almost new; it will last you all winter."

"Does Mr. Chase know what a present you are making me?" turning his honest face full upon her. "He has already given me the entire amount of money bargained for, although I leave a week sooner than I expected to."

"Father knows; yes, and he is glad to do it. He knows how hard it is for a boy who has no parents to get along and pay his own school-bills," was the reply.

Once more turning to the trunk, Mrs. Chase continued:

"In the tray you will find some new shirts and plenty of nice socks and handkerchiefs; this is Olive's work, as well as mine. Do not feel obliged to thank us; we have no Robert to sew for. You need them, and you must feel that it is right to accept them."

Mrs. Chase spoke with a gentle insistence; she seemed to realize that Quince would feel under obligation, and she desired him to consider that it was a pleasure on her part—an act of kindness to another in memory of Robert and for his sake.

Before the packing was completed, various other articles were brought, together with books that had belonged to Robert. At last the trunk was locked and strapped and carried down to the lower hall."

"Every thing looks just as it did when Rob was going to school, don't it mother?" Merry asked.

Mrs. Chase was not a woman who could not speak of her dead, and the children thought of their brother and called him Rob. To them he was not hidden away in the grave, but they thought of him as a redeemed soul at home with God the Father, and with Jesus the precious Elder Brother.

Quince expressed his gratitude in few words. His voice trembled, but he strove not to break down.

Mr. Chase was in readiness to leave at an early hour.

"Good-byes are among the things we can hurry over," he said to Merry.

The small trunk was already in the wagon. Quince jumped in by the side of the driver; the horses started. The white house was far behind them before either spoke; then it was Mr. Chase who did so. He had several times taken his son over to Springvale:

"Robert had great admiration for Mr. Seago, and he was learning rapidly. He expected to go to college; do you expect to go, Quince?"

"I shall go, if I can," was the reply.

"If a boy wants to do a thing, he is pretty sure to bring it about by trying for it. We trouble with boys, and not unfrequently with men, is that they strive first for one thing and then for another. To succeed, one must bend his energies in a uniform direction. Just in the case of a river; with the water all in one bed, it is deep; but divert

the current and let the water flow in a dozen different channels, and each is shallow."

Mr. Chase was a practical man, and Quince felt that he had learned much from him during the summer.

When they arrived at Springvale, the stage was nearly ready to start.

"Are you not leaving earlier than formerly?" Mr. Chase asked of the driver after due recognition of old acquaintance.

"Yes; a full two hours earlier. Another boy?" looking intently into Quince's face.

"Something like Robert, I should say."

"Yes, something like him," without any other reference to Quince.

"You see, it's different now. We used to take plenty of time; now we have to hurry up and meet the cars at a certain time every day," resumed the driver.

"They made quick work of that road," said Mr. Chase in reference to the new route.

"Plenty of money; all of them solid men; put a big force on, and the thing was done. And a good road it is too—just sweeping in the money. You are one of the stockholders, I've been told?" returned the driver, with an insinuating smile.

"I have a little interest that way," said Mr. Chase dryly.

"I'll get that trunk of your boy's. It's not so very large; take it on top, I reckon."

Mr. Chase had cautioned Merry to make his "Good-bye" brief; with himself it seemed a difficult word to say. His eyes filled and his hand trembled.

Giving way to a youthful impulse, Quince flung his arms round Mr. Chase's neck and kissed him.

"That's right; that's the way I like to see a boy take leave of his father," said the driver with a smile.

The next moment he snapped his whip over the heads of his leaders, and the clumsy coach rolled away.

Quince had taken his seat inside, but at the first watering-place the driver called out to him to come on top:

"Most boys like the box; you will, I know. It's lonely when a boy first leaves home. I know just what it is, for I have been through the mill myself; I used to have a home, but it seems like a long time ago."

It was on Quince's tongue to say that he did not have a home, but he remembered that Mr. Chase had not seen fit to explain to the driver. It was not necessary for the man to know anything about his family connection. He would doubtless go back another vacation, and the driver would care very little about the position he occupied in Mr. Chase's family.

"Next week the boys will be coming to Mr. Seago's school. I expect you have grand good times there, so many bright chaps together," said the driver.

"Most of them go for study," answered Quince. "There is not a great deal of time for play, if one keeps up with his class."

"You do, I'll be bound, if you're a brother of Robert Chase."

"I am not a brother of Robert Chase. I keep up with my class, however."

"Not a brother! Well, now, really, I thought Chase was your father."

Mr. Chase has been very kind to me; I worked for him through vacation. Now I am going back to school."

It was out. Quince was not one to relish sailing under false colors. He was not a son of Mr. Chase; he was a poor farm-boy.

"Well, now! I know that trunk of your's; I could have sworn to it as the same trunk I have often taken for Robert."

"It is the same trunk."

"Well, now! They were real kind to you. No wonder you missed Mr. Chase. Beats me, though; I thought you was his son."

It was quite dark when the coach rattled up to Mr. Seago's door. As Quince got down he perceived that Gerty and her father were waiting for him.

"You are to live with us now, Quince; I am so glad!" exclaimed the child as she sprang forward to meet him. "You can't think how happy we are, now that mamma is well. She was sick, you know."

Quince had not been sure he was to live with Mr. Seago; the latter had merely alluded to such a possibility.

"Yes, Quince; I have decided that it is best for you to remain here. You can have just the same to do, and I can see to your recitations," Mr. Seago said.

"I shall be advised by you, Mr. Seago. I have come back to do whatever I find to do, and to study. I am something older," a grave seriousness creeping over his face, as

though he fully realized the struggle that was before him.

The small trunk was carried to the new room.

"And now come see mamma. She wants to see you, Quince," said Gerty.

(To be Continued.)

THERE ARE TWO WAYS of following after a leader of a new industrial enterprise. An expert in fish culture on our Atlantic coast was dilating one day, before a group of lazy fishermen, on a grand project for planting oyster-beds and giving every industrious man a chance to make money and supply himself with a superior quality of the article. The interest appeared to gather as he went on, till a crisis was reached by the test question, "My friends, will you cooperate in this enterprise?" "Yes," replied the leader of the crowd, "you stake out the beds, and grow the oysters, and we'll steal them when good enough to eat." A few people are chosen by Providence to do the best things, and the multitude everywhere have an old-time habit of letting them do the work and stealing the results. But, as the veteran journalist, E. D. Mansfield of Ohio, used quaintly to remark, "One-sixth the people in this world do the greater part of the world's work, but I don't remember that I ever envied the lot of the other five-sixths."—*Journal of Education.*

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who said "My brethren count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations" and what reason did he give for so doing?
2. Where were we commanded to "be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath"?
3. Where is the tongue compared to the helm of a ship, a fire, a wild beast, and called an unruly evil full of deadly poison?
4. On what occasion did Christ command "Swear not at all"?
5. Why were Daniel and his three companions cast into the fiery furnace?
6. By what king was Daniel and his three friends carried into captivity?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The initials give a structure filled with gold and gems, yet unprotected by lock or bar; fitted to last for centuries, yet having neither walls nor windows, ceiling nor floor. No place of worship has ever been built on the pattern of it, and yet we know that the pattern was given by God Himself.

1. The only object in the sanctuary for which a counter part, though for a different purpose, is found in every Christian church.

2. The repository of God's laws.
3. The inspired artist of the desert.
4. The youngest of the three who went up Mount Hor, and of the two who came down.

5. That which became a token that its owner was God's chosen priest.

6. The first of two who were punished for offering "strange fire."

7. That which "sanctifieth the gift."

8. The light of the earthly sanctuary,—not needed in the heavenly sanctuary.

9. He "who taketh away the sins of the world."

10. The aged high priest who died on hearing of the loss of the Ark of God.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

A SHORT PRAYER FROM THE PSALMS.

TURN US AGAIN, O LORD.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ten | Matt. xxv. 1, 2 |
| 2. U riah | 2 Sam. xl. 14-17. |
| 3. R eboam | 1 Kings xii. 6-13. |
| 4. N eomi | Ruth i. 17. |
| 5. U rai | Dan. viii. 2. |
| 6. S olomon | 1 Kings xi. 4. |
| 7. A s ahel | 2 Sam. ii. 18-23. |
| 8. G ood | Matt. xix. 10. |
| 9. A s a g | 1 Sam. xv. 23. |
| 10. I do | 2 Chron. ix. 29; xiii. 22. |
| 11. N aavy | 1 Kings ix. 22. |
| 12. O rnan | 1 Chron. xxi. 25-23. |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

An interesting discussion took place on the navigation of Hudson's Bay. It was pointed out that a railway to Hudson's Bay would be a relief to Manitoba and the North-West from the high rates now charged on their products by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Such relief was wanted immediately, and it was urged that the Government should assist the project, especially as it was giving large amounts to the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose owners were negotiating for an outlet in the United States. Sir John McDonald said two companies had already been chartered, with land subsidies, and they had amalgamated. He said the question was not as to the length of the navigable season in Hudson's Bay, but the condition of navigation in the Straits during the opening, closing and continuance of the season. Apart from other reasons for opening up that region he believed its mineral wealth would repay development. It was the Government's intention to send out a vessel fitted for an Arctic voyage at once, for the purpose of gathering information. Mr. Blake, leader of the Opposition, expressed pleasure at the intention of the Government, and said the Imperial Government should co-operate. A select committee on the subject was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Royal, Scott, Ross, Watson, Lawson, Abbott, T. White, Woodworth, Foster, Paint, Brecken, Macmaster and Desjardins. On motion of Mr. Orlin a select committee was appointed to enquire as to whether cheaper and easier banking and other financial facilities cannot be afforded Canadian farmers, and that gentleman has introduced a bill upon the subject. In reply to a question, the Minister of Marine said the School of Navigation at Quebec was so poorly attended that the Dominion subsidy to it had been stopped. A delegation from Quebec has been bothering the Government for a larger allowance to that Province from the Dominion treasury. Of course if the claim were allowed, the other Provinces would all demand an improvement likewise in their financial positions. Probably it would better suit all the Provinces to demand a reduction of the extremely heavy Dominion taxation upon their people to a point where they could afford to tax themselves directly for Provincial purposes. Manitoba also had a delegation at the capital, wanting the Provincial boundaries extended northward to Hudson's Bay and westward to the 102nd meridian, and the handing over of ungranted lands within its bounds to the Province, and the giving it all revenues from its timber and mineral resources, also the appointment of a commission to settle disputed land titles, as well as an increase of subsidy based upon the increase of population since the Province was added to the Union. In the House of Commons the Minister of Railways promised his most favorable consideration to requests for aid to a railway from Chicoutimi on the Saguenay to Lake St. John and to the Ottawa and Gatineau Valley Railway. Mr. Cook, in moving for certain information, complained that in the multiplication of Indian agents men were chosen as such who could not instruct the Indians in agriculture and who used their positions for money-making by trading with the Indians. A bill to amend the law

of evidence in criminal cases, so that the defendant may testify in his own behalf, passed its second reading by 86 to 81. A similar bill was thrown out last year. A bill to prevent fraud in the manufacture of agricultural fertilizers passed its second reading. The Orange incorporation bill is up again to vex the politicians who want to maintain their own views on liberty in religious matters and at the same time please both the Orange people and the Roman Catholics. In reference to a petition from fishermen of the Georgian Bay and neighboring waters for leave to use nets with smaller meshes than now allowed, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries said that to grant the prayer would be to destroy the inshore fisheries. The Government resolutions granting some \$22,500,000 additional aid to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has been the overshadowing topic in Parliament for the week, and a great deal of oratory has been expended upon both sides.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

A bill has passed the Senate securing to American inventors the full term of seventeen years for their patents in cases where a foreign patent expires before that time. It is proposed to send three ships and a naval tender on the new Greely relief expedition to the Arctic seas. One ship is to go through the ice packs and the tender and other ships to try and go round them. A prominent member of the Senate finance committee says it is not likely the Senate will act upon any tariff bill this session. Senator Hale's bill for the construction of additional steel vessels for the navy has been favorably reported upon. Two cruisers of 4,500 and 3,000 tons respectively, one dispatch boat of 1,500 tons, two gun boats of 1,500 tons each, and two of 900 and 750 tons respectively, one steel ram and one cruising torpedo boat are proposed to be constructed. Bills have been reported in the House for a more speedy delivery of letters at free delivery offices, and to establish and maintain a department of labor statistics. Messrs. Stephenson and Trainor, commissioners of immigration, New York, appeared before the committee of commerce on behalf of legislation to regulate immigration. They made the extraordinary statement that last year 185,000 pauper immigrants came to Canada, 72,000 of whom went to the United States. The commissioners wanted the law amended so that pauper immigrants from any foreign country may be returned. The law may be needed, but a prior necessity is a law to make immigration commissioners tell the truth. Certainly the above figures are outrageous, as all the immigrants arrived in Canada for the year numbered less than the proportion given above as paupers. The postal committee has agreed to report favorably a bill striking out the word "fraudulent" from the statute authorizing the Postmaster-General to stop delivering registered mail or money orders to lottery companies. As the law stands, it rests with the Postmaster-General to prove a lottery company fraudulent before stopping its mails. Under the proposed amendment the mails cannot be used in the service of any lottery concern, however honestly, as a lottery, its business may be conducted. A section is recommended by the commerce committee to be added to the inter-State commerce bill, making it unlawful for railroads to discriminate in rates between persons for service of like kind and done at the same time.

KADRY PASHA, Governor of Adrianople, formerly Grand Vizier of Turkey, is dead.

THE WEEK.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, the famous English author and philosopher, is lecturing to crowded audiences in the leading Canadian cities. The attraction is purely from his fame and in his words, as he is a wretchedly poor speaker.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT, Irish Nationalist, speaking in Glasgow, repudiated the assertion of *United Ireland* newspaper, that Irishmen would rejoice if General Gordon was slain in the Soudan. He said that General Gordon was in sympathy with the Irish Nationalist movement. Mr. Davitt has also exposed the trickery of some of his overzealous countrymen in forging his name to the "no rent" manifesto. For this he is rewarded with coolness from fire eating Nationalists, who would not stop at any means in order to gain a point.

THE NEW ENGLAND CREMATION SOCIETY has been organized in Boston. While New England has enough ground to bury its dead without injury to the living, the movement to burn them out of sight will be slow to win popular favor.

THE CITY GAOL of Wausau, Wisconsin, was burned on a recent night, and Michael Dermott, an incendiary, and Edward Carey, a forger, perished. It is supposed that Dermott fired the building.

ENQUIRY IS TO BE MADE into a story that ten immigrants who landed in New York in December were enticed aboard a vessel and sent to Cuba, where they are now forced to work in a sugar refinery, locked up every night, whipped for refusing to work on Sundays and are practically slaves.

MEXICANS ARE EVIDENTLY UNUSED TO RAILWAYS as yet, judging from the action found necessary to be taken by the engineers on the Mexican National Railway between Laredo, Texas, and Saltillo, Mexico. These men have organized and declared they will resign in a body unless protection be guaranteed to them against arrest and indefinite imprisonment in Mexico, when in the discharge of their duty they inadvertently run over and kill Mexicans who carelessly get upon the track.

THE KING OF KINJABOO, West Africa, assembled his forces to resist the Anglo-French commission for fixing boundaries. French men-of-war, in response to a request of the English commissioner, landed troops at the scene of disturbance. Lieutenant Thompson, special commissioner, was surrounded by hostile natives at Assinee, and serious riots had occurred at Accia and Quitta. Small-pox was raging at Coomassie.

THE WEAVERS OF BLACKBURN, England, have accepted the reduction in wages, ending the formidable strike.

MR. O'DONOHUE, member of the New York Assembly, was in Montreal with some friends attending the recent winter carnival. One of his companions for a joke sent a telegram to the New York press announcing that Mr. O'Donohue had been arrested in Canada for complicity in one of the Fenian raids of two decades ago. The subject of this heartless joke was, it may be believed, very much annoyed about it.

BASTIAN, AN AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, was exposed as a fraud by the Crown Prince of Austria, while giving a performance of spirit materializations in the Imperial Palace.

JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, a distinguished botanist and physician of Great Britain, is dead.

A WEDDING PARTY broke through the ice in crossing the River Theiss in Hungary, and thirty-five persons were drowned, the only survivor of the whole party being a gypsy musician.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKET's mission at Stratford, England, is pronounced a great success. A fund has been started to erect a permanent hall in which to continue the work begun by these evangelists. Their next mission is at New Cross.

MRS. PENNINGTON, an aged lady residing in Adelaide township, Ontario, dropped dead a few days ago, and a messenger who went to Strathroy to send the news to her son John, in Kansas, was given a telegram saying that he and his wife had been murdered.

MR. CROOKS, late Minister of Education in Ontario, has been pronounced hopelessly and incurably derailed, and a writ has been issued for the election of a member of the Legislature in his stead for South Oxford.

HODGES' BANKING HOUSE at Platteville, Wisconsin, has come to grief through lending money to grain speculators. Its liabilities are \$150,000, and assets \$40,000. Many depositors lose all their money by the failure.

FRANK JAMES, brother and accomplice of the desperate outlaw, Jesse James, who met a violent death at the hands of another accomplice in the midst of his murderous career, has been discharged along with Frank Ford, under the accusation of committing the Blue Cut train robbery. The Attorney General said he could not make out his case owing to the refusal of the Governor to pardon Frank Liddell, one of the James gang, thus depriving the State of his testimony and also valuable corroborative evidence. The case against James for bank robbery at Gallatin has also been dismissed, thus clearing him of all indictments in Missouri. He has been taken before the United States Court, however, on the charge of robbing the national paymaster of Alabama. There appears to have been a terrible amount of trifling in connection with the whole course of the Missouri State authorities with regard to the James gang, that for years plundered and murdered almost at will. Jesse, the leader, was put out of the way in a manner as ignominious to the State as to himself, having been treacherously murdered by an associate in crime under promise of pardon and a heavy reward. Now his brother Frank goes unwhipped of justice, the only protection society has from him for the future, outside of the defence of deadly weapons on the part of each person for himself or herself, when a desire he is said to have expressed, when in the clutches of the law, to spend the rest of his days in retired industry and peace.

PETITIONS FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE have been coming into the Ontario legislative and municipal councils very freely at the present session.

THE TORONTO BRANCH OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE is petitioning the Legislature of Ontario for amendments to the Provincial License Act, one being to make the minimum license fee \$500, \$100 of which to be appropriated toward establishing an inebriate asylum. This is curing with a hair of the biting dog in an original and commendable sense. Make the traffic, while it is to be legalized—which we hope will not be long—contribute to repair, if only in a slight degree, the damage it is causing.

THE SOCIALIST have begun vigorous ensing elections, ment, hitherto in watching the movements of workmen police on a recent called *Free Speech* organ in St. Peterburg, discount still more extensively than its predecessor into the previous assassin of the det Austria, it has he was living in planned an attempt Emperor William lower house of the Minister of the In ceptional measure plied solely to s Anarchists and p sassin. The Gov sidering plans wh cured without t A bill has passed Deputies to supp tions, including streets.

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THE MISSION College, Kings against the rais poses by such things as lotte meetings, picnics bers pledged tholic means of which was dire

THE SOCIALIST DEMOCRATS of Berlin have begun vigorous preparations for the ensuing elections, and the Prussian Government, hitherto indifferent, is now closely watching the movement. Twenty-one meetings of workmen were broken up by the police on a recent Sunday. A new paper called *Free Speech* takes the place of Socialist organ in St. Petersburg, Russia, instead of *Studentor*, discontinued, and it proclaims a still more extensive and radical programme than its predecessor. In the investigations into the previous record of Stelmacher, assassin of the detective Bloch, in Vienna, Austria, it has been discovered that when he was living in Zurich, Switzerland, he planned an attempt upon the life of the Emperor William of Germany. In the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrath the Minister of the Interior said that the exceptional measures adopted would be applied solely to stop the plottings of the Anarchists and protect the citizens from assassins. The Government, he said, was considering plans whereby Socialism might be cured without the suspension of liberty. A bill has passed the French Chamber of Deputies to suppress seditious demonstrations, including cries and songs, on the streets.

"AFTER MANY DAYS," old and poor, Thomas Benson, of Frontenac, Ontario, is proved the heir of Patrick Benson, to an estate worth \$10,000. The law's delays kept this man out of his own until at eighty years of age he cannot have much pleasure in it.

THE STREET RAILWAY of Kingston, Ontario, has suspended operations and is in the hands of the bondholders.

MR. GLADSTONE was assaulted in Bond Street, London, the other day while going unattended to the House of Commons. His assailant seized him by the collar and brought him to a standstill. The venerable statesman, with a great effort, shook the fellow off and proceeded quietly on his way. It is said the attack was made on a highway.

THE SECOND TRIAL of Elliott, Swords, Magrath and LeStrange, charged with conspiracy to murder Mr. William Smythe, of Barbarville House, collapsed in Dublin owing to disagreement of the jury. Evidence was given to show that before the murder of Mrs. Smythe the prisoners met in a barn and formed an assassination society for the removal of tyrants and bad landlords.

MRS. ANGELIQUE COMEAU died at Cape Bald, New Brunswick, a few days ago, at the age of one hundred and five years, one month and six days.

THERE WAS NO DISTURBANCE in Spain on the anniversary of the Republic, the prohibition of public meetings being generally obeyed. Senor Castelar, the Republican orator and leader, held a reception, which was largely attended.

FEARFUL MASSACRES of Christians, including missionaries, are reported from Annam. It is said that the Court of Hue has brought some of the murderers to justice and executed them. It is said China has resolved on open warfare if France attacks Bacinh. Volunteer reinforcements are being enrolled in France for Tonquin.

THE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION of Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, has protested against the raising of money for church purposes by such discreditable and reproachful things as lotteries, political elections, tea meetings, picnics, and bazaars. The members pledged themselves to revive the apostolic means of carrying on Christian work, which was direct voluntary contributions.

THREE MEN are under arrest in New York charged with procuring divorces by fraudulent means, including forgery, and it is said many divorces have been procured through their agency.

A LIQUOR SELLER named Collins at Fairville, New Brunswick, became enraged at two of his customers, who under the influence of his wet goods smashed the windows of his tavern. He opened fire upon them rather wildly with a revolver, wounding one of them in the face and the other in the arm, but neither seriously.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION is that of the Supreme Court in Atlanta, Georgia, making the Western Union Telegraph Company responsible for the gross negligence of its agents in transmitting messages, no matter what is printed on the top of the message blanks.

THE REV. W. G. LANE, a Methodist minister of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has had to pay a penalty of two hundred dollars for performing the marriage ceremony without the legal license being produced by the parties. The groom—a British army sergeant—broke his word of honor to procure the license and have it executed without delay, and then deserted the woman, repudiating the marriage. Mr. Lane is a powerful champion of temperance, and this trouble has called forth much sympathy for him in many quarters.

THE CAPTAINS AND LIEUTENANTS of all companies of the 71st Regiment of the National Guard of the United States have resigned, owing to dissatisfaction with the management of Colonel Vose. The Colonel charges the officers with having conspired to secure his removal.

A DEBATE ON PROHIBITION was in progress this week in the Iowa Legislature and excited great interest. In the Mississippi Legislature a local option bill was defeated.

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE were driven to the hills at Pomeroy, Ohio, by the floods, and suffered terribly for want of food and shelter. Nearly every business man of the place is bankrupt. A house floated past Middleport with a woman on the gable end. When men rowed out and appealed to her to come off, she refused, saying she had four babes below. The glass was broken and the children were seen floating dead. New Richmond was cut off from the outside world for many days, except by means of skiffs. One-third of the population depended on outside support. Similar reports come from Marietta, Ohio; Jeffersonville, Indiana; Little Rock, Arkansas; Wheeling, West Virginia, and many other places. In Covington, Newport and Cincinnati 20,000 to 30,000 people were driven out of their homes, and about 20,000 laborers deprived of their employment. Food and supplies in the more isolated towns were consumed as fast as they came, even at short allowances to the sufferers. Congress hurried through a vote of \$300,000 for the relief of the widespread distress. In Cincinnati two buildings undermined by the water fell in, killing or drowning ten persons, four of whom belonged to one family. At the beginning of this week the floods had materially abated. The calamity has been one of the most extensive and disastrous in the history of the country. Hundreds of human lives have been lost, and the loss in property, including farm stock, must be among the millions.

FIFTY THOUSAND FRANCS were voted by the Paris municipal council toward the relief of homeless workmen, and it was resolved to ask Parliament to grant a million francs to relieve the destitute.

OVER A THOUSAND DOLLARS was stolen from the house of Mr. W. Lamb, of Chesapeake, Ontario, during his temporary absence.

A GERMAN JOURNALIST named Andree, living in New York, was shot, it was supposed fatally, in that city recently by a young teacher named Jennie H. Almey, who immediately after shot herself dead. He had promised to marry her and afterward deserted her.

A CLOUD DUNS THE RELATIONS between the United States and Germany. It arises partly from the prohibition of American pork by Germany. It has been deepened by the German Government returning resolutions of condolence with the German Parliament on the death of Herr Lasker, the Liberal statesman. The reason given for returning the resolutions is that Herr Lasker's position in Germany did not justify their tenor. The Liberal press in Berlin condemns the action of Prince Bismarck in returning the resolutions as a violation of the rights of parliament.

A DREAFFUL MURDER has been committed at the village of Winnetka, sixteen miles north of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. James L. Wilson, a venerable and estimable couple, were murdered and their house plundered by unknown persons.

BILLY MCGLORY, a New York liquor dealer, is helping in the blacksmith shop of the penitentiary, for violation of the liquor law.

A PROJECT CAME BEFORE a parliamentary committee in France, to construct an overhead railway from France to England across the Channel. Vice-Admiral Peyron, Minister of Marine, opposed the project, saying such a work would be dangerous to shipping, and besides it was necessary to obtain England's consent. While a tunnel is being discussed on one side and a bridge on the other side of the Channel, perhaps the problem will only be solved when some enterprising American comes along with an electric flying machine, prepared to carry passengers and freight across through the clouds, at the lowest rates, each way every half hour.

TEN THOUSAND COPIES of the new edition of Queen Victoria's book were sold the day it was issued.

THE COMMERCIAL CONVENTION between Spain and the United States has been signed in Madrid.

TWO CORN MERCHANTS of Liverpool, England—John Herd, jr., and William J. Mullins—have been condemned respectively to eighteen and three months' imprisonments, for obtaining a large amount of money from a bank upon false pretences.

MERV'S TRIBES HAVE GIVEN in their allegiance to Russia. It was fear of this a few years ago on the part of Great Britain which led to the war in Afghanistan that cost the Empire so heavily in men and means. That war, however, taught England that the conquest of India by Russia or any other country through Afghanistan was never to be apprehended.

LAUGHING GAS.

IF THERE is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

The reason why the newspaper is a great educator is because every time the type and the paper come in contact there is a new impression.

"WHEN in society never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette.—People in society never do—they run down other people.

"You are a girl after my own heart," he said earnestly, pressing her hand fondly, and with meaning. "You are a fellow after my hand," she replied.

OWING to the custom of having their feet tightly bandaged when young Chinese women do not have to wear their heels in the middle of their shoes to make their pedal extremities look small.

BACON says: "Reading makes a full man." Here is another long felt want filled by a valid excuse. You can now tell your wife you've "bin to the (hic) readin' room."—*Bismarck Tribune*.

"Do you know why I am like the new bridge at Niagara?" asked young Bliffkins of pretty Miss Smithers. He expected her to give it up and then he would have rung in a pun on cant-i-lev-er, but she replied: "It must be because you are without visible means of support."

"I NEVER can enjoy poetry when I'm cooking," said an old lady who dropped in on us recently. "But when I step out to feed the pigs and hit myself on the fence, and throw myself into a few lines of 'Captain Jinks,' it does seem this airth was made to live on after all."

A NEW AND STRIKING ARGUMENT FOR TEETOTALISM.

The anecdote is told of the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of London, that by a simple experiment he convinced an intelligent young man of the importance of total abstinence, when argument or appeal might have been in vain. The young man was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," as he called it, and saying that it not only did him good but that he could not get through the day without it.

Without attempting a direct reply, Dr. Richardson said, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I am standing here?"

He did so, and the doctor said "Count it carefully, and tell me what it says."

"Your pulse," was the reply, "beats seventy-four to the minute."

The doctor then sat down in a chair, and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "It has gone down to seventy."

The doctor then laid himself down on the lounge, and said, "Now count it again."

He did so, and exclaimed, "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

The doctor then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way that nature gives your heart rest. In sleep you know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, you will see at once it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less every minute than before. Now multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred, and multiply that number again by the eight hours you may give to sleep, and, within a fraction, it is five thousand strokes less than when you are awake.

And as the heart throws out some six ounces of blood at every stroke of pulsation, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces, or nearly nineteen hundred pounds, of lifting during the night, or nearly eleven millions of ounces, or almost seven hundred thousand pounds, of lifting in a single year; and this by so delicate an organ or instrument as the human heart. When I lie down at night without alcohol, that is the rest that my heart gets. But when you take your wine or whiskey, or grog of any kind, you do not get that rest, for the effect of alcohol or spirit is to increase the number of strokes; and instead of getting this rest you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, or some ninety thousand ounces of extra lifting, in a single night; and the result is that you rise up weak and exhausted, and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken another drink, which, in the end, increases the exhaustion, and rapidly wears the life itself."

The young man acknowledged that all this was perfectly true, though it had never before struck him in that light. He carefully reckoned up the figures, and finding what it meant to be lifting up so many extra thousand ounces whenever he took a drink, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit, as he admits, to his purse, his health, and his happiness.

Is not here a most striking and conclusive argument for teetotalism? Let every young man ponder it.—*Rev. Tryon Edwards D. D., in the Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

RUTH'S FAILURE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

They had talked of it, at intervals, for a year past—that bright, merry group of school-girls. Indeed, hardly a day had gone by without mention of the mysterious subject, and the wildest speculations as to its nature and end. For you must know that, on the very first day of the year, Miss Gray—their calm-faced, firm-voiced, mild-eyed teacher, who, they used to say, was strong, and gentle, and funny all at once—had said to them:—

"Although, as a rule, I do not approve of the giving of prizes as an inducement either to good behavior or scholarship, yet there are special reasons why, this year, I should like to offer two—one to the boys, the other to the girls. They will be somewhat different in their nature from ordinary gifts, and my reason for offering them is not the usual one. It is not so much that I may secure a regular attendance and high standard of scholarship, as that I may be able to judge something of your advancement in what I have for so long told you is the great object of all study—character growth. Of course I shall be obliged to make the winning of the prize dependent upon the first-mentioned requirements, but I am by no means sure that I shall not feel that a higher prize has been won through some one's failure. For the rest, there must be no feeling of jealous rivalry in your striving; that, of itself, will be sufficient to prevent you from gaining the end. If you cannot 'in love provoke one another' to good works, let there be no striving at all."

And now the year was almost gone. Only one week remained, and the wonder of its first three months—who of the thirty girls would win—had gradually narrowed itself until it remained a question between two only—Eleanor Russell and Ruth Gaskell. They had neither of them missed a day's attendance; neither had, so far as could be judged, failed in a single recitation; and the school was beginning to feel all the excitement of a great political contest; although the fact that both girls were favorites had hindered the growth of a violent feeling of partisanship quite as fully as Miss Gray's injunction.

They were gathered together on Friday, at recess, a group of a dozen, with Eleanor and Ruth in their midst.

"Now, Eleanor, honor bright," cried gay Minnie Reeves, "don't you expect the prize? Shan't you feel awfully if Ruthie gets it?"

Eleanor, a sweet-faced girl of fifteen, lifted her blue eyes with a half laugh and a blush, and said:—

"Of course I should be disappointed, for I have tried very hard to win; but I know Ruth has done as well as I, and I am so sure of Miss Gray's justice, that I don't think I should feel awfully—at least I hope not."

"Well," spoke out Kate Campbell, who was something of a terror in the school, because of her talent for plain-speaking. "I should say that Ruth was sure of the prize, for she is certainly more brilliant than Nellie, if Miss Gray hadn't put in that one little clause about jealous rivalry; but I declare to you, girls, I've seen a look in her black eyes sometimes which hardly indicated that she was 'provoking Eleanor in love.' There, that's the very look, Ruthie dear, and please don't flash those radiant orbs at me as if I were a match you would set fire to."

"Ding-a-ling!" rang the bell, and with a gay laugh the girls bundled into the school-room.

But Ruth did not laugh; there was a flush on her cheek and a fire in her eye which even Eleanor's smile could not soften, and when, at the close of school, her friend came to her and said:—

"Don't mind, Ruthie, I'm sure Kate didn't mean it; besides, we all know that it isn't true," her only answer was to snatch her hand hurriedly away and start for home at a pace which called forth remonstrance and even tears from her brother Fred.

All the next day and the next this fire burned, and she wandered about the house as restlessly as some forgotten ghost. She could not shake off the memory of Kate's words, because she knew they were true. Eleanor Russell was her dearest friend; and had loved each other from babyhood, and had long been dubbed "David and Jonathan," "Damon and Pythias," etc., and yet

she had been jealous of her, was jealous now, was seeking with all her might to surpass her, and knew in her heart of hearts that if she failed she should feel an anger which would be almost hatred. She knew that no such feeling existed on Eleanor's part; she recognized it fully as being utterly unworthy herself; and yet she only set her white teeth more firmly together and whispered fiercely, "I will succeed."

Monday came, and the girls were at their posts, each faultless both in lessons and deportment. Tuesday—and the record was the same. Wednesday—and the very air was growing electric with the eagerness of the contest. Only one more day of recitations remained. On Friday the reports would be read, Miss Gray would give them her farewell talk, and in the afternoon they would have their annual supper on the broad green in front of the school room.

Thursday morning Ruth came down to the breakfast table a little pale and with blue circles about her eyes, but with her look of fixed determination only showing the more plainly. Her mother came in with a troubled face, and said:—

"Oh, Ruth, dear, I wish your school had closed last week, or else that you were not so anxious about the prize. Here is poor Mrs. Browning in sad trouble. Word has come to her from the hospital that if she would see Willie alive she must go to-day; but Janey is sick in bed, and she can find no one to stay with her and little Jo. I would go gladly, but Bridget is away and I cannot possibly leave baby."

Ruth looked up in surprise.

"But certainly I cannot go, mamma," she said with a decided air.

"No, I suppose not," her mother answered wearily. "It would be a great deal to ask of a young girl; and yet—you have done the work of the year well; isn't that consciousness worth more than any prize? But I must go and tell Mrs. Browning that she must look elsewhere. Poor woman! my heart aches for her!"

Ruth hurried upstairs to make ready for school. In her own room she paused for a moment before the mirror and looked, half in wonder, at the face reflected there. It was not herself. Her papa said she was working too hard, and he should prohibit this prize-seeking another time; but she knew it was not the work that had given this hard, almost fierce look to her eyes. Then some words which Miss Gray uttered yesterday came to her mind. She had been talking with a refractory pupil, and Ruth had caught this sentence, hardly knowing that she heard it: "God always gives us a chance to escape from ourselves, George."

Was this her chance?

Just a moment she paused, and the look in the dark eyes softened, then she hurried down stairs.

"Mamma," she cried, "I will go and sit with Janey. I know all my lessons, and, as you say, the prize doesn't matter. Where is Fred? He can't go to school alone, so I will take him with me. He can play with little Jo, and you can have the whole day for the work and baby?"

And before her startled mother could find words with which to answer, she had kissed her good-bye and was hurrying away.

She was received with rapture at the cottage, helped Mrs. Browning to the depot, tidied up the poor, yet bright little room, and then sat down to amuse Janey. Not a very difficult task that, for long years of suffering had taught the little cripple girl the sweet lessons of patience and cheerfulness. Ruth had brought that book, dear to all girls' hearts, "Little Women," and they were soon deep in its mysteries, with many a merry laugh at the fun of Teddy and Jo.

Meanwhile Fred and little Jo were improving the golden moments in true childish fashion. They played keeping school and going to church, had a wedding, and, as the next cheerful feature of their programme a funeral.

Then the children rushed in, demanding something to eat. Papa had already appeared with a neatly packed hamper, and the relish with which Janey and Jo attacked her chicken and raspberry tarts would have delighted Mrs. Gaskell's heart; while Fred declared he had never in all his life tasted anything so good as the baked apples and cream found in Mrs. Browning's cupboard.

After dinner they played "What's my thought like?" "Beasts, Birds and Fishes," and sent little Jo rolling on the floor in an ecstasy of delight over "Simon says thumbs' up."

"Thank you, dear," said Janey, as Ruth kissed her good-night. "This has been one of my bright days."

Next morning Ruth was met with wondering eyes and countless questions; but she managed to evade them all, and only threw Eleanor a reassuring smile in answer to her anxious look as she bell-rang and they took their seats.

Miss Gray said never a word, but she had a magician's trick, the girls sometimes said, of finding out things; so Ruth was not at all surprised when she called her to her recess and said:—

"Did you spend yesterday with Janey Browning just out of sympathy for her, Ruth, or was there another reason?"

Ruth stood for a moment, nervously twisting her fingers, and then said softly:—

"There was another reason."

"And what was it?"

"I found my way of escape from myself," said the girl with a blush.

The teacher made no reply, but her gray eyes deepened and darkened, and Ruth saw her cast a swift glance upward, as if in thanksgiving.

After recess came the farewell talk. The boys were first met in the adjoining room, then they were dismissed, and she turned to the girls:—

"I told you," she said, "at the beginning of the year, something of what my motives were in offering this prize. I wanted to see how you would try, how you would succeed or fail. I wanted to learn something more of your inner lives. I have found much to commend, and much to regret, both in your efforts and lack of effort."

Then in a few gentle words she pointed out to each girl some defect which this trial had brought to view, not forgetting words of commendation as well, for this teacher had learned that hardest of lessons—how to mingle praise and blame judiciously.

Turning at last to our two friends, she said:—

"You all know how the matter has stood here. Eleanor has won, fairly, most beautifully, without, I truly believe, one jealous thought or hard feeling towards Ruth. I think you have all dimly felt how it has been with Ruth; how near she has come to success in one sense, to a sad failure in a higher sense. But I want to tell you of a little Ruthie fought yesterday, and a victory which came to her."

Then quietly she told the story, while tears came to the girls' eyes, and they broke out at its close in a little storm of applause curiously mingled with sobs.

"I told you," continued the teacher, "that my gift would not be an ordinary one. I have purposed taking the girl who should succeed for a quiet little rest with me down to Nantucket, and I have the consent of Eleanor's parents to her going."

Here the applause grew tumultuous, and when Miss Gray could find voice again, she continued:—

"But you remember, too, that I said I might feel as if some one who should fail had earned a richer prize. I do feel so to-day, and I think I must have had dim forebodings of this event all through the year, for I have spent many leisure moments on this little panel which I want to give to Ruth, not as a reward, but in commemoration of her failure."

Ruth came forward with tear-stained eyes to receive a dainty panel, wreathed with passion vine and morning glories, on which were inscribed these texts:—

"Even Christ pleased not Himself."

"I delight to do Thy will, O God."

"He that loseth his life shall find it."

"Oh Miss Gray," sobbed the girl, "I don't deserve praise. If you only knew how hard it was for me to do it!"

"No, dear," was the answer, "we none of us deserve praise, but God does, who sends us our 'ways of escape.'"

"Mamma," said Ruth that night, "I think I am just finding out what it is to be a follower of Christ. I used to think it was loving Him and believing on Him in some vague, mysterious kind of a way, talking about Him a good deal, and belonging to the church; but now I think it's just trying to do what you think He would if He were here—no matter how hard it is. And you needn't talk much about it—Miss Gray doesn't—but if you keep right on doing, the love will come."

"Have you learned that lesson, dear?" said her mother with a happy smile. "Then you have won the prize."—*Zion's Herald.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

March 2.—Acts 17: 22-34.

PRACTICAL.

1. Paul was very courteous even to heathen men and opposers, but he was full of courage and spoke the plain truth.

2. Ver. 22. Men may be very religious, and yet their religion being false, they may be very bad.

3. The highest culture and art and literature, surroundings of beauty, and an atmosphere of philosophy, cannot alone make a people holy, or save them from sin. Used for Christ and his kingdom they are blessed; as a substitute for Christ, they are a failure.

4. Ver. 23. The city of Athens was a picture of the human heart, full of idols, many of them very beautiful, full of lust and passions and longings, but often among its many gods rejecting the true God, and among its many searchings refusing to seek the true Saviour.

5. Since all men are our brethren, children of one Father, we should treat all men as brethren, be our brother's keeper, help him, relieve his wants, send him the Gospel, love him.

6. Ver. 27. The blessing of an ever-present God, "not far from every one of us," (1) keeping us from sin, when we realize his presence. (2) Ever near to help and comfort us. (3) Near us in friendship and love. (4) An ever-present guide.

7. Ver. 31. God will judge all the world, but it will be in righteousness, and not according to man's judgment.

8. The judgment to come is a true and powerful motive for repentance.

9. The importance in Christian life, and hope, and doctrine, of the resurrection of Christ.

10. Ver. 32. Men will listen calmly to all the philosophy of the Gospel, to the things common to it and other religions, while they reject the divine Christ and his claims upon them.

11. It is not always the fault of the preacher or the teacher when men refuse to believe the Gospel. The failure may be in the barren soil of the hearer.

12. There may be a far off success even in immediate failure. History has justified Paul's faith; the Parthenon became a Christian temple; Athens ceased to be a city full of images; and the repugnance of the Greeks to images and image worship became so great, as to be a principal cause of the schism between the churches of the East and the West, in the eighth century.—*Abbott.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

(1) It is necessary to set forth clearly the circumstances in which Paul preached this sermon. Athens, as a city, its idols, its religions, its philosophers. (2) Paul's sermon to the Athenians, with its beautiful teachings and its practical truths. (3) The three effects of the sermon, some mocked, some put him off till a more convenient season, and some believed.

OMELET SOUFFLE A LA CREME.—Four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a speck of salt, half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one cupful of whipped cream. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually beat the sugar and the flavor into them. When well beaten add the yolks, and lastly the whipped cream. Have a dish holding about one quart slightly buttered. Pour the mixture into this and bake just twelve minutes. Serve the moment it is taken from the oven.

KEEPING FLOWERS FRESH.—All that is necessary to keep flowers fresh, is to keep them moist and cool. If, instead of dipping flowers in water, would simply wrap them up in a wet newspaper, they would keep far fresher over night. A wet towel of napkin would be too heavy, and crush the blooms too much, and, besides, it would allow the moisture to evaporate too easily.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Put butter and rich milk or thin cream in your spider, and when hot break in as many eggs as wished for your family and stir them gently till they set, then add salt and pepper and remove before they get hard.

ABOUT

The spiders I fancy of "Arti group are called do not know h name was give but it seems to Grecian myths is said, was a long ago marv spinning. So j her art that she pete with the g but her presum ed by her being a spider. But ated, she yet r and wove we beauty; and so that the spider to naturalists as "children of Ar

Now if our y pen to be so far studies in Nat be interested in of the Arachnid say that Linnae naturalists used to "insect." But they have been distinct class. lated skeleton; consisting of s have from two ed, not movab different parts (different specie their varied ha "falces," or m their prey, and might be ca squeeze and ea

Now we hv fic. Let us st species of the s we do that I y you about the " Most of the catching insect they weave in l in outhouses, a ly in our home:

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These webs o only used as nei catch its prey, spinnerets affor to escape fro Green, the fish an observation o a pole in the u pond, and put s

ABOUT SPIDERS.

The spiders belong to the great family of "Articulata," and in the group are called "Arachnida." I do not know how long ago this name was given to the spiders, but it seems to have come from Grecian mythology. *Arachne*, it is said, was a Grecian lady in the long ago marvellously skilled in spinning. So proud was she of her art that she aspired to compete with the goddess *Minerva*; but her presumption was punished by her being transformed into a spider. But though so humiliated, she yet retained her skill, and wove webs of wondrous beauty; and so it comes to pass that the spider family are known to naturalists as the *Arachnida*, or "children of *Arachne*."

Now if our young readers happen to be so far advanced in their studies in Natural History as to be interested in the classification of the *Arachnida*, we will briefly say that *Linnaeus* and older naturalists used to call the spider an "insect." But since *Lamarck* they have been separated into a distinct class. They have articulated skeleton; usually eight legs, consisting of seven joints; they have from two to seven eyes—fixed, not movable, but placed in different parts of the head in the different species to accommodate their varied habits. They have "falces," or mandibles, to seize their prey, and maxilla, or what might be called a mouth, to squeeze and eat them.

Now we have done the scientific. Let us study one or two species of the spider. But before we do that I would like to tell you about the "web."

Most of the *Arachnida* live by catching insects in nets which they weave in bushes, on fences, in outhouses, and not infrequently in our homes.

This web is a wonder of lightness, elasticity, and strength. It is the strongest material of its size known. It comes from the spinneret, located in the rear of the abdomen of the animal, and is composed of thousands of distinct threads blended into one. This blending accounts for its great strength. This apparatus and instinct were furnished the spider long ago, long before men thought of twisting together many strands of wire to make a strong and pliant rope. These webs are also elastic, and yield to the strain of the wind or the spider's weight. The strands are also covered with a viscid humor or paste, that not only keeps the intersections of the web glued fast, but, like birdlime, fastens the prey to the meshes.

These webs of the spider are not only used as nets and air-sieves to catch its prey, but sometimes his spinnerets afford him the means to escape from danger. *Seth Green*, the fish-raiser, tells us of an observation of his. He placed a pole in the middle of a little pond, and put a spider on it. It

first spun a long thread, and let the wind blow it out lengthwise, in hope it would find lodgment on the shore. After having tried this method of escape in vain, finding the wind not strong enough to aid him, he resorted to another ingenious experiment. Climbing to the top of the pole, he commenced to make a silken balloon; when made, he attached it to the pole with a strand, got into it, and finding it too small, constructed a larger one. Then seemingly satisfied he cut the guy-rope and sailed away to land. Is not that wonderful?

We sometimes call the nets the spiders weave in our houses cobwebs. This comes from the Dutch word for spider, "coppe." Good housekeepers don't like to acknowledge having seen them in the corners of their rooms, so

like to describe in brief three varieties of the *Arachnida* that have always seemed to us very interesting specimens of the family.

First, the Trap-Door Spider, "*Mygale nicotiana*," found not only in the West Indies, but in California. This spider lives in the ground, does not spin a web for catching insects, but chases and captures them upon the ground. His home is a marvel of skill. He digs a perpendicular hole in the earth where there is a slope, so that water may not interfere with him. He then lines it with a silken web more beautiful than any regular tapestry. He constructs a door of earth on the upper side, made to look just like the ground about it, while on the inner side there is the same silken lining and hinges of the same material, so



THE WEB AND ITS VICTIMS.

as a spider can weave one in the night, it ought not always to be a sign of untidiness. *Hogarth*, in one of his pictures, represents neglected charity by sketching a spider-web over the aperture of the collection-box; and one of our modern poets, in describing the peace that has followed our fratricidal war, weaves a spider's web over the cannon's mouth; and among the Jewish legends I read that when *David* entered the cave of *Adulam*, a spider quickly wove a web across its entrance, that *Saul* passed it by, convinced that the fleeing *David* could not have entered it for refuge.

We have in the illustration the webs of the common spiders with some poor victims of their snares vainly endeavoring to extricate themselves. We would

that its lid when raised will fall back to its place. From his door he emerges at night to search for his prey. The lid closes after him. Having secured his food, he lifts his portal with his strong feet, and passing in, the door closing after him, he enjoys his meal in security.

Another interesting species is the Water Spider, "*Argyroneta Aquatica*." He lives in the water, and yet is an air-breathing insect. Some amphibious animals, like the porpoise and seal, though they can remain under water for a good while, yet are forced to the surface every few minutes; but this little fellow can live for weeks beneath the water. The explanation is curious. He takes the air down with him. First, he builds a little gossamer home down at the bottom of the pond

between some water-plants; he coats it with glue to make it water-tight, leaving an aperture at the bottom for a door. It is as yet filled with water. He now makes a little bag of his web, goes to the surface, fills it with air, and going down empties it into his house; it bubbles up to the roof and stays there, displaying the water. Again and again he does this, until he has an air-castle in which he can breathe and rear his family, the open door beneath keeping the air pure. This home of our veritable water nymph resembles a globule of quicksilver. As the little fellow gets his food from insects that live on or in the water, he is thus wonderfully provided.

Another species has always excited our admiration—the Raft Spider, "*Dolomedes fimbriatus*." This spider subsists upon the insects that skim upon the surface of ponds and streams; and while his feet are so constructed that he can run very swiftly for a short distance upon the water, he cannot entirely live upon it, so he constructs a raft of leaves, lashing them together with the silken cords that his spinneret affords, and pushing out from shore, is drifted by the winds or currents to where his prey is disporting itself. The dead leaves conceal the spider, the insects imagining no danger, when suddenly the fierce and hungry little fellow leaves his raft and gives chase; returning with his prey, he leisurely devours it. Oh, how wonderful is all this! It seems more like reason than instinct. It is as if, seeing that leaves fallen from the bushes and trees and floated out by the wind and currents do not frighten the insects that sport upon the water, he uses one, as the sportsmen do our sink-boats when we would approach a flock of ducks. But we must not fail to notice how the Creator makes every faculty and function of his creatures in harmonious adaptation to the end of their being. Unlike the web-weaving spider, his feet are formed so that he can run swiftly upon the surface of the water, and his eyes are so constructed that he can discern his prey at long distances, both of which are necessary that he may be able to provide for his sustenance.

There is another lesson. All these creatures use their knowledge, skill, and functions in doing just that, and that only, which their Creator intended them to do. I wonder if we are always found using our faculties and powers just in those directions in which they were wisely intended to be employed?—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

As THE night follows the day, so surely and naturally does an irreligious and a corrupt manhood or womanhood follow an irreverent childhood.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 20, 1884.

The Chicago market is weaker by about 2 cents than it was last week, and is quoted at 93 1/2c Feb., 94 1/2c March, 94 1/2c April, \$1.00 May and \$1.02 June. Corn is somewhat lower at 53 1/2c March, 54 1/2c May and 59 1/2c June. Liverpool has recovered a trifle, and Spring wheat quoted at 75 1/2c to 83 1/2c and Red Winter 82 1/2c to 84 1/2c. The local market is unchanged and values are nominal. We quote as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.22 to \$1.23; Canada White, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Canada Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Corn, 63 1/2c in bond; Peas, 90c; Oats, 35c; Barley, 55c to 65c; Rye 62c.

FLOUR.—The market is unchanged with very scanty sales. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$5.55 to \$5.60; Extra Superior, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Fancy, nom.; Spring Extra, \$4.90 to \$5.05; Superfine, \$4.50 to \$4.70; Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.25 to \$5.50; do., American, \$5.45 to \$5.85; Fine, \$3.60 to \$3.75; Middlings, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.50; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do., Spring Extra, \$2.25 to \$2.25; do., Superfine, \$3.15 to \$3.25; City Bags, delivered, \$2.95 to \$3.

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

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Neither the butter nor cheese market have changed during the week. Butter.—We quote:—Eastern Townships, 19 1/2c to 21 1/2c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 18c to 21c; Western, summer makes, 13c to 15c. Autumn makes, 17c to 18c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese.—Earlier makes, 10c to 12c as to quality; fall makes, 13c to 13 1/2c.

Eggs that are fresh are bringing from 33c to 35c.

HOG PRODUCTS are still advancing and the market shows no abatement of strength. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$21.00 to \$21.50; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50 to \$22; Hams, city cured, 13c to 15c; Bacon, 13 1/2c to 15c; Lard, in pails, Western, 12 1/2c to 13c; do., Canadian, 12c to 12 1/2c; Tallow refined 7c to 9c as to quality. Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$8.50 to \$8.75.

POULTRY AND GAME.—Market is rather quiet at 8c to 9c for geese and chickens, and 11 to 12c for turkeys.

ASHES show very little life at \$4.15 to \$4.25 for Pots.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The supplies of farm produce have been much more liberal of late and prices have a downward tendency. In many cases, Grain and roots are plentiful at easier rates. Dressed hogs and fresh killed poultry are scarce and rather high priced. There are no changes to note in the prices of butter, but fresh laid eggs are much more plentiful as considerable quantities from a distance are arriving in the city. Prices are declining rapidly, but are still rather high for general consumption. The hay market is rather glutted of late on some occasions; very low rates have to be taken for the poorer kinds of hay. Oats are 90c to \$1.00 per bag; peas, \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes, 70c to 80c per bag; Swedish turnips, 45c to 50c do.; dressed hogs are \$8.50 to \$9.00 per 100 lbs.; turkeys, 12c to 16c per lb.; geese, 9c to 12c do.; fowls, 10c to 15c do.; ducks, 12c to 15c do. Tub butter, 15c to 24c per lb.; eggs, 30c to 50c per dozen. Apples, \$3.00 to \$6.00 per barrel. Hay, \$4.00 to \$5.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There was a considerable advance in the prices of good cattle during the latter part of last week, owing to an increased demand by shippers, but prices have again fell to about their former level. Pretty good steers and heifers sell at from 5c to 5 1/2c per pound and fair conditioned animals at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c; ordinary dry cows and milkman's strippers sell at from \$3.00 to \$4.50 each or 4c to 4 1/2c per lb. and some of the best bring higher rates. Calves are beginning to arrive in larger numbers, but good veals still bring exceptionally high rates, or from 14c to 15c per lb. dressed weight; small leanish calves sell at from \$4 to \$6 each. Very few sheep have been offered here of late and prices of any that are moderately good have an upward tendency. Live hogs are

scarce and advancing in price; several small lots have been sold lately at 10c per lb. Dressed hogs are also very dear at from 8 1/2c to 9c per lb.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, No. 2 Red, \$1.8 1/2c Feb.; \$1.90c March; \$1.11 1/2c April; \$1.13 1/2c May, Corn, 63c Feb.; 63 1/2c March; 64 1/2c April; 65 1/2c May, Oats, 41 1/2c Feb.; 42 1/2c May, Peas, Canada field 90c to 95c; green peas; \$1.38 to \$1.40. Rye, Western, 72c. Barley No 1 Canada 90c to 92c.

FLOUR.—Quotations are: Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.30 to \$3.50; Clear, \$4.50 to \$5.00; Straight, (full stock), \$5.15 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.37 1/2 to \$6.85. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.30; Low Extra, \$3.35 to \$3.75; Clear, (R. and A.), \$4.20 to \$5.65; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.50 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.25 to \$6.50; Straight (White Wheat) \$4.45 to \$5.75; Low Extra (City Mill), \$4.25 to \$4.35; West India, sacks, \$4.25 to \$5.15; barrels, West India, \$5.45; Patent, \$5.50 to \$6.10; South America, \$5.40 to \$5.75; Patent, \$5.35 to \$6.25. Southern Flour.—Extra, \$3.50 to \$4.55; Family, \$4.75 to \$6.50; Rye Flour.—Fine to superfine \$2.65 to \$3.70. Buckwheat Flour, \$3.00 to \$3.25.

MEAL.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Coarse, \$5.25 to \$5.65 per hl. Cornmeal, Branly fine, \$3.40 to \$3.45; Western Yellow, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Bag meal, Coarse City \$1.18 to \$1.20; Fine white, \$1.40; Fine yellow, \$1.50 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.00 to \$4.25; Hominy, \$3.25 to \$3.90 per barrel.

FED.—100 lbs. or sharps, at \$24 to \$25; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$21.50 to \$23.50; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, at \$21 to \$21.50; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed \$20; 50 lb or medium feed, \$20.00 to \$21.50; 40 lb or No. 2 feed, \$20.00 to \$21.50. Rye feed at 20.00 to 21.00 per ton. None here.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, prime, nominal at 10 to 10 1/2c, choice, 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; fancy, 10 3/4c to 10 1/2c; timothy, retail parcels \$1.55 to \$1.65; round lots nominal; domestic flaxseed, \$1.55 to \$1.65; Calcutta linseed, \$1.85 to \$1.95.

BUTTER.—The market is more of a jobbing character, prices are somewhat weak also. We quote:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 20c to 30c. State dairies, fair to fine, 22c to 27c; State firkins, fair to best, 18c to 27c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 18c to 27c; Western imitation creamery, 18c to 25c; Western dairy, ordinary to best, 14c to 21c; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 9c to 20c. Rolls, 12c to 20c.

CHEESE.—A steady market. We quote:—State factory skims to select, 7c to 14c; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 3c to 8 1/2c; Ohio flats ordinary, 5c to 12 1/2c.

BEEF.—We quote:—Extra mess, \$12.00 to \$13.00; Extra India mess, \$24.00 to \$26.00; Plate, \$13.50 to \$14.00 in lbs.

BEEF HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$28.50 to \$29.00 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—We quote:—\$17.00 to \$18.00 for old brands mess; \$17.75 to \$17.50 for extra prime, \$19.50 to \$20.50 for clear back and \$19.00 to \$20.00 for family.

BACON.—A market much quieter but strong at 9 1/2c.

CUTMEATS.—Pickled bellies, 12c lb. average, 9 1/2c to 9 1/4c; pickled shoulders, 8 1/2c to 9 1/2c; pickled hams, 12 1/2c to 13c; smoked shoulders, 9 1/2c; smoked hams, 13 1/2c to 14c.

LARD.—Prices are higher. City lard bringing 9.50c. Western 10.20c.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine is at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c for choice city. Oleomargarine, weak at 8 1/2c.

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c for prime city.

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USES FOR STALE BREAD.

BY MRS. C. G. HERBERT.

There are so many ways to utilize stale bread that it seems a wonder so much is wasted in many households. We see it thrown in garbage pails, or left to mould by many an economical servant, who would gladly use it if she only "knew what to do with it."

It makes delicious griddle cakes when soaked soft in cold water. Three small slices, with water enough to cover them, should be sufficient, when the milk and flour are added, to make nearly two quarts of batter. Some cooks prefer to put in one egg, while others like them fully as well without. When the bread is soaked soft, and the flour is added, add the milk and sufficient flour to stiffen enough so the cakes can be easily turned.

French toast is always a favorite dish with children and most grown people, and can be made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf and moistened in milk and egg—two eggs to a pint of milk—and then fried on a griddle with a mixture of butter and lard, or butter and beef drippings. It is eaten with sugar or syrup like griddle cakes.

Of course all our readers are familiar with the ordinary bread puddings; but all may not know that pieces of bread which are not too hard can be made into a resemblance to turkey dressing. Cut your bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, lift from any kind of roast (though a piece of butter will do as well), thoroughly grease the bottom of the spider; put in the bread, with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning, then pour enough boiling water on it to moisten it; cover tightly, and in a moment it will steam through and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. It should be eaten with gravy over it, and it is a good substitute for potatoes.

The little dry hard pieces and crusts, which always accumulate can be put on a pie tin in an oven that is just hot enough to dry and make them a light brown. Then roll them fine and put away to use in making croquettes, frying fish, etc. We have recently learned that these slightly browned crumbs make excellent griddle cakes, with the addition of one egg and a handful of flour, and milk to make a batter; but as we have never tasted them, we can only recommend it as worthy of trial.—*Cabinet.*

A POOR CURE.

Children are often kept from school by anxious parents because their attendance there brings on headache, lachache, and other troubles, when more attention to the general health at home would prevent these evils. Since the law compelling all the children in England to attend school has been enforced, the health of the young people in the kingdom has been improved.

Mothers are lovely and kind, but they are sometimes too indulgent to their school boys and girls. I heard a sweet-voiced lady ask her little son the other day what brought him home from school so early.

"Sick; had to come out at recess," was the answer.

"Poor fellow! go into mamma's room and lie down, dear."

"Don't want to; want some lemon pie."

"Oh, Johnny! it would make you worse."

"Don't care; I'm sick, and I want some lemon pie."

"But it isn't good for you, dear."

"Give me some lemon pie. If you don't, I'll cry and make my head ache dreadfully."

I am sorry to tell you, that, in spite of the lady's sweet voice, which made me like her at first, she knew no better than to leave the piazza, where she was sitting, and go into the house for the pie, which I soon saw in the greedy boy's hand. I don't believe any child who reads this has such a weak, indulgent mother, but children should not ask for things which they know to be hurtful. I may be prejudiced in my opinion of lemon pie, but I think all will agree with me in thinking it a poor cure for a boy too sick to stay in school.—*Mrs. Mary C. Hangerford.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.

March 2, 1884. (Acts 17: 23-34.)

PAUL AT ATHENS.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 23-31.

22. Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.

23. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.

24. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;

25. Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things;

26. And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

27. That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us:

28. For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring.

29. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.

30. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.

31. Because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

32. And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked; and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter.

33. So Paul departed from among them.

34. Howbeit certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris, and others with them.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"In him we live, and move, and have our being."—Acts 17: 28.

HOME READINGS

M. Acts 17: 1-34. The True God. Lk. 12: 1-12. The Ab-sent God. Th. Gen. 1: 1-31. God the Creator. P. Matt. 6: 23-34. God the Preserver. R. Rom. 8: 1-21. God the Redeemer. S. Rev. 21: 1-3. God the Judge.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Paul's Address. 2. His Effect. Time.—A-B. 51. Place.—The Areopagus in Athens.

INTRODUCTORY.

When Paul was brought to Athens he went for a while, and Timothy to come to him with all speed. Waiting at Athens, he was deeply moved when he saw the city filled with idols. He therefore preached in the synagogue and in the market-places. Many and various were the opinions formed of his teachings. At length certain Epicureans and Stoics brought him to the Areopagus, that away from the noise of the market-place they might hear an account of the new doctrine. There, to this company of Athenian philosophers, he apostle delivered the remarkable discourse which is the subject of this lesson.

LESSON NOTES.

L. V. 22. IN THE MIDST—in the very centre, MARS' HILL—a rocky height where the court of the Areopagites was held, so called in honor of the creature god of war. SUPERSTITIOUS—literally, "more so-bering" that is, than others. V. 23. YE IGNORANTLY—(Revised Version, "the objects of your worship.") TO THE UNKNOWN GOD—"to an unknown god." (See John 1: 22.) V. 31. DWELLETH NOT—in company Acts 7: 43, 49. V. 25. WORSHIPPED—"served" (numbered 10. V. 35. OF ONE BLOOD—of one common parentage. THE TIMES—the periods, both in date and duration of national life and glory. V. 25. RAPIDLY—by chance. MIGHT FEEL AFTER HIM—(Revised Version, "grooping in the dark.") NOT FAR—very near. Rom. 10: 8. V. 28. YOUR OWN POETS—Greek poets; ARATUS of Cilicia (125-270) and Cleanthes the Stoic (180, 200). THE OFFSPRING—children. LIKE UNTO GOLD—this to imply matter is to make God the Creator inferior to gold, the creature. GAVEN—granted, acquired. V. 30. WINKED AT—"overlooked" suffered, bore with. Now—when the gospel is preached to all. REPENT—turn from every evil way especially from the sin of idolatry. V. 31. APPOINTED—set fixed. A DAY—a definite time. THE WORLD—the whole human race. IN RIGHTEOUSNESS—on religious principles. ORDAINED—chosen, appointed for this purpose. ASSURANCE—conviction evidence.

11.—V. 32. SOME MOCKED—they thought the idea of a resurrection absurd. V. 33. SO—mocked by some and put off by others. V. 34. CLAVE (STOKE HIM)—broke up his doctrine in the face of ridicule and sarcasm. NOTHING BUT—nothing of either Dionysius or Damaris. This was Paul's only visit to Athens, and he nowhere mentions the city in his letters.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God is the Creator, Preserver and Lord of all.
2. That all the nations of the earth belong to one family.
3. That God has revealed himself to us in his word.
4. That he is not to be likened to idols of gold or silver or stone, formed by the skill of man.
5. That he commands all men everywhere to repent and render him a pure and spiritual worship.
6. That he has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ.

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