

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. II.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

#### TO NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

A large increase in the subscription list of this paper is expected through the prize plan announced on another page. Yet none who see the *Weekly Messenger* for the first time need wait for the formation of a club before sending in their own names. With a fresh copy to show to friends every week the chances for getting up clubs would be greatly increased, and there would be no room to suspect that any particular number was specially got up to draw patronage. Equal care is taken in the preparation of every issue from one end of the year to the other, with the one exception that the management always has an eye to improvement. Those who see the paper now for the first time have an opportunity of judging for themselves as to its average merits, and we freely invite an inspection of the contents, asking at the same time if the *Weekly Messenger* is not the very best value for the money in periodical literature to be obtained anywhere.

#### TO OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

It would be a great favor to us and we believe a pleasure to ourselves, if old friends would assist in extending the circle of our readers by lending their copies when read to persons who have never seen the paper, and sending an occasional copy to a distant friend, asking them to subscribe. See terms and prize list in our advertisement elsewhere.

#### TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

You can greatly benefit the societies to which you belong as well as the temperance cause and help us in the very important work of furnishing temperance literature, by recommending the *Messenger and Worker* to your fellow-members and getting up clubs among them. In this paper, besides all the Canadian and general temperance news we can crowd into it, its subscribers have a pure and entertaining family newspaper that will undoubtedly be a welcome visitor weekly in every home where it enters. We are grateful to the friends who send us regularly items of temperance news, and hope the number of such may constantly grow until we have a correspondent in at least every county and large town. It is necessary, however, to caution our friends that what is chiefly desired is news concerning temperance work and progress, as a line or two is the most a weekly paper can afford to such an event as a picnic or an evening social held by any local organization. As an instance of the need of this caution, we may say we have on hand a description of a Lodge picnic in the country, which would fill a quarter of this page.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The editor of the *Messenger* proposes to answer questions of public interest which may be put to him.

### PERSEVERE.

Temperance efforts in communities in many cases come short of their possible results from the workers becoming too soon weary in well-doing. They too frequently see the end of their labors in what is only the beginning, and rest on their oars in the middle of adverse even if unseen currents. Thus a great deal of promising work is irrecoverably lost, and triumphs are followed by periods of false security, when arms are laid down until in dismay the warriors find that the war must be begun anew or the foe be left in possession of the field. When under restrictive laws the evils of the liquor traffic in a district are reduced to the minimum, the opposers of the evil, forgetting the price of liberty, relax vigilance and before they are aware the enemy has anew gained a strong foothold in the community. Alternate success and reverse have the effect of wearing out the energy and cooling the ardor of many who had lent a helping hand in the good work, and the brunt of battle usually is left to a devoted few with resources inadequate for anything more effective than a desultory and all but hopeless struggle. Gradually the traffickers gather fresh force until its ravages upon the public peace and domestic happiness induce another general uprising of the community, the law is made once more supreme and a new season of fatal slumber supervenes. Similarly, in efforts of moral suasion, does relaxation of work keep the total abstinence movement vibrating between hope and despair. Many are the slaves of intemperance who are induced to sign the pledge and then left without the friendly support and sympathy necessary to protect them from the tempter. Men in their first few sober hours for years are, as it were, exhibited as trophies of some movement upon the public platform, where hundreds of sympathetic eyes inspire them with resolution against the power of the destroyer; but, when the popular enthusiasm dies away and the nightly round of meetings gives way to a weekly gathering, the recruits are suffered to fight the battle for the most part alone. Then, when the old appetite returns to the attack with redoubled fierceness, and the subject has to endure the inward struggle in the solitariness of cold and cheerless lodgings, while as yet bereft of proper substitutes for the companionship and conviviality of his drinking days, is it any wonder that he succumbs and affords a living argument to the mouths of scoffers at sudden reformations of the victims of habit? This state of affairs, with respect either to legal or moral suasion, is far from being a reason for persons withdrawing from active support of the temperance movement, yet many have made these things an excuse for indifferent conduct regarding every phase of the question. Notwithstanding all the failures that can possibly be cited, it is doubtful if any vigorous rally in the cause ever took place without leaving some permanent mark to attest its value, and one drunkard fully and finally reclaimed is worth a good deal of effort and a much larger expenditure of brotherly kindness than busy men are usually prepared to bestow. It is not alone

with regard to great temperance efforts that we would urge the duty of constancy and persistence; in the quiet work of individual members of the regular organizations those qualities are as important as in public operations. If the various temperance orders succeeded as well in holding fast all that they obtain as in securing recruits the position of the cause would be immeasurably stronger to-day than it is. Let, therefore, members of every pledged band not forget that their responsibility concerning every man whom they lead into their ranks is only beginning when he subscribes their roll.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

An appeal has been made by the Good Templars of the State of Ohio to their brethren abroad asking for contributions to the campaign fund of the temperance party, to carry on the electoral contest over a Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment to be submitted to the people of that State this year. The circular containing the appeal is bordered with the following mottoes:—"Maine, Kansas, Iowa and, if you will help, Ohio;" "Watchword: Home against saloon;" "Remember, Ohio will help you when your turn comes;" "If we work we shall win, because we are right." Each Lodge is asked to contribute something, and Mr. W. H. Lambly, G. W. C. T. of Quebec, endorses the appeal and recommends it warmly to the Order in his jurisdiction.

In our issue of July 14th appeared a general report of the meeting of the Loyal Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. From a fuller report sent us by the G.W.C.T., we take a few specific facts. The present membership in that jurisdiction is 2,601, an increase of 621 in the year. After all old debts had been paid off, there was a surplus of \$121.80. The report of the Committee on Political Action as adopted commended the Scott Act and condemned the license law of the Dominion. An increase in the capita tax from 5cts. to 7cts., one cent to go to the support of County Lodges, was resolved upon, and also the levying of a tax of one cent per member upon the Juvenile Templars for the support of that branch. A most urgent matter considered, in connection with the report of the Committee on the State of the Order, was the great loss annually sustained by resignation and non-payment of dues. One remedy for this universal evil suggested was an increase of initiation fees and a lowering of quarterly dues. Attention was drawn by the Committee on Temperance Literature to the matter of educating the public mind through the agency of sound, reliable and readable temperance literature. These discussions are of interest to Good Templars everywhere, and the mention of them here should cause a large amount of thinking throughout the Order in the Dominion.

The Grand Lodge of Quebec meets in Sherbrooke on the 19th September.

Still another trophy of Temperance has been secured in the Eastern Townships, Mr. W. H. Lambly, the G.W.C.T., having held a very successful meeting at Maple Grove, Megantic county, and resuscitated

"Maple Grove" Lodge, No. 132, with fifteen charter members.

### NEWS AND NOTES.

At Lapane, Indiana, Dr. C. E. Young, while out driving with his wife stabbed her forty times, it is believed fatally, and, as usual, whiskey was the cause of the murderous madness.

The Scott Act is being vigorously enforced in Milltown, Carleton county, N. B., but in St. Stephen, the chief town of the county, the law is being administered with rather a slack hand.

Mr. Gladstone, the venerable English Premier, was present at the Wesleyan Conference in London the other day, and presented some blue ribbons in presence of the ministers. In his remarks he expressed his gratification at the spread of the temperance movement, which pointed to a brighter and more hopeful future for the working-men of England.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Witness*, writing from Collingwood, Ontario, advocates a movement to have the Scott Act submitted simultaneously in every constituency in Canada. He believes that many would vote for the Act in the hope of its becoming the law of the Dominion who would regard it as almost useless to adopt the Act in isolated sections.

Remarkable energy has been shown by the temperance people of Iowa, in preparing for the approaching contest on the liquor question. Within two weeks the State Temperance Alliance effected a complete organization in forty-two counties of the State, and the remaining counties would be ready for the battle in an equally short period. Every township and school district would then wage war on the saloons until the decisive day.

A State Convention to organize for the approaching struggle over the Constitutional Prohibitory Amendment in Ohio was attended by five hundred delegates. It was the general wish that an organization should be effected which would enable electors to vote their political party ticket in freedom while voting for the amendment. The Convention resulted in a State Constitutional Amendment Association being started, with Mills Gardner as President, Mrs. Mary Woodbridge as Vice-President, E. T. Dean as Secretary and J. C. Jackson, jr., as Treasurer. Temperance people everywhere will watch the irrepressible conflict in Ohio with interest, and cheer the warriors for the right with their prayers and sympathies, and in many cases with money to aid the campaign. Organization is projected by the Ohio Liquor Dealers' Association, who doubtless see their craft in danger, and they hold a convention at Toledo on the 9th of August.

INTERNAL REVENUE RETURNS in the district of New York fell off nearly a million and a half dollars the past year, owing, doubtless, to the changes in the tariff.

## ECHO AND THE TOPER.

BY HRO. J. OLIVER.

A toper once returning from potatoes,  
 Imbibed with freedom at the Dog and  
 Gun—  
 Where jovial comrades on the laws of nations  
 Allowed their thirsty tongues to glibly  
 run—  
 Was passing through a valley where 'twas  
 said,  
 Though he had never put it to the test,  
 That Echo answered when'er questioned.  
 Quoth he, "I'll see whether 'tis truth or  
 jest."  
 He paused a moment, hiccupped, scratched  
 his head,  
 His trembling fingers passed across his  
 vest  
 To feel that he was there and not in bed,  
 And then and there the Echo thus ad-  
 dressed :—  
 "The place we left, say Echo, dost thou  
 know?"  
 Echo—"No."  
 "The public-house where folks like thee  
 don't go."  
 Echo—"Don't go."  
 "'Tis after ten, my mates still at their  
 drinks."  
 Echo—"Asses."  
 "The drink they love before all else is  
 wine."  
 Echo—"Swine."  
 "Good liquor I enjoy in any shape."  
 Echo—"Ape."  
 "I wonder what's the end of all this brew-  
 ing."  
 Echo—"Ruin."  
 "Would'st have me take the pledge, all  
 drink resign?"  
 Echo—"Sign."  
 "Methinks I could not live without such  
 stuff."  
 Echo—"Such stuff."  
 "You may be right, at any rate I'll try it."  
 Echo—"Try it."  
 He signed the pledge, and very soon he  
 found  
 That, like the eagle, he'd renewed his  
 youth;  
 He keeps it still, and furthermore has  
 owned  
 That what the Echo said was but  
 truth.  
 —The Good Templar's Watchword.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

## CHAPTER VI.—IN PRINCE'S GATE.

Having arranged her household matters,  
 been informed of another pair of boots  
 which could not last many days longer, seen  
 to the children's dinner, and finally started  
 the little group fairly off for their walk with  
 Anne, Charlotte ran up-stairs put on her  
 neat though thin and worn black silk,  
 best jacket and bonnet, and set off to Ken-  
 sington to see Miss Harman.  
 She reached the grand house in Prince's  
 Gate about twelve o'clock. The day had  
 indeed long begun for her, but she reflected  
 rather bitterly that most likely Miss Harman  
 had but just concluded her breakfast. She  
 found, however, that she had much wronged  
 this energetic young lady. Breakfast had  
 been over with her some hours ago, and  
 when Mrs. Home asked for her, the footman  
 who answered her modest summons said  
 that Miss Harman was out, but had left di-  
 rections that if a lady called she was to be  
 asked to wait.  
 Charlotte was taken up to Miss Harman's  
 own private sitting-room, where, after stir-  
 ring the fire and furnishing her with that  
 morning's *Times*, the servant left her  
 alone.  
 Mrs. Home was glad of this. She drew  
 her comfortable easy-chair to the fire, placed  
 her feet upon the neat brass rail, closed her  
 eyes and tried to fancy herself alone. Had  
 her father lived, such comforts as these  
 would have been matters of every-day oc-  
 currence to her. Common as the air she  
 breathed would this grateful warmth be  
 then to her thin limbs, this delicious easy-  
 chair to her aching back. Had her father  
 lived, or had justice been done, in either  
 case would soft ease have been her portion.  
 She started from her reclining position and  
 looked round the room. A parrot swung  
 lazily on his perch in one of the windows.  
 Two canaries sang in a gilded cage in the

other. How Harold and Daisy would love  
 these birds! Just over her head was a very  
 beautifully-executed portrait in oils of a  
 little child, most likely Miss Harman in her  
 infancy. Ah, yes, but baby Angus at home  
 was more beautiful. A portrait of him  
 would attract more admiration than did that  
 of the proud daughter of all this wealth.  
 Tears started unbidden to the poor perplexed  
 mother's eyes. It was hard to sit quiet with  
 this burning pain at her heart. Just then  
 the door was opened and an elderly gentle-  
 man with silver hair came in. He bowed  
 distantly to the stranger sitting by his hearth,  
 took up a book he had come to seek, and  
 withdrew. Mrs. Home had barely time to  
 realize that this elderly man must really be  
 the brother who had supplanted her, when  
 a sound of feet, of voices, of pleasant laugh-  
 ter, drew near. The room door was again  
 opened, and Charlotte Harman, accompanied  
 by two gentlemen, came in. The elder of  
 the two men was short and rather stout,  
 with hair which had once been red, but was  
 now sandy, keen, deep-set eyes and a shrewd,  
 rather pleasant face. Miss Harman ad-  
 dressed him as Uncle Jasper, and they con-  
 tinued firing gay badinage at one another  
 for a moment without perceiving Mrs.  
 Home's presence. The younger man was  
 tall and square-shouldered, with a rather  
 rugged face of some power. He might  
 have been about thirty. He entered the  
 room by Miss Harman's side and stood by  
 her now with a certain air of proprietor-  
 ship.  
 "Ah! Mrs. Home," said the young lady,  
 quickly discovering her visitor and coming  
 forward and shaking hands with her at once,  
 "I expected you. I hope you have not  
 waited long. John," turning to the young  
 man, "will you come back at four? Mrs.  
 Home and I have some little matters to  
 talk over; and I dare say her time is pre-  
 cious. I shall be quite ready to go out with  
 you at four. Uncle Jasper, my father is in  
 the library; will you take him this book  
 from me?"  
 Uncle Jasper, who had been peering with  
 all his might out of his short-sighted eyes at  
 the visitor, now answered with a laugh, "We  
 are politely dismissed, eh? Hinton," and  
 taking the arm of the younger man they  
 left the room.

## CHAPTER VII.—IT INTERESTS HER.

"And now, Mrs. Home, we will have  
 some lunch together up here, and then after-  
 wards we can talk and quite finish all our  
 arrangements," said the rich Charlotte, look-  
 ing with her frank and pleasant eyes at the  
 poor one. She rang the bell as she spoke,  
 and before Mrs. Home had time to reply, a  
 tempting little meal was ordered to be served  
 without delay.  
 "I have been with my publishers this  
 morning," said Miss Harman. "They are  
 good enough to say they believe my tale  
 promises well, but they want it completed  
 by the first of March, to come out with the  
 best spring books. Don't you think we may  
 get it done?—it is the middle of January  
 now."  
 "I dare say it may be done," answered  
 Mrs. Home, rising, and speaking in a remon-  
 strant voice. "I have no doubt you will work  
 hard and have it ready—but—but—I regret  
 it much, I have come to-day to say I cannot  
 take the situation you have so kindly offered  
 me."  
 "But why?" said Miss Harman, "why?"  
 Some color came into her cheeks as she  
 added, "I don't understand you. I thought  
 you had promised. I thought it was all ar-  
 ranged yesterday."  
 Her tone was a little haughty, but how  
 well she used it; how keenly Mrs. Home  
 felt the loss of what she was resigning!  
 "I did promise you," she said; "I feel  
 you have a right to blame me. It is a  
 considerable loss to me resigning your situa-  
 tion, but my husband has asked me to do  
 so. I must obey my husband, must I  
 not?"  
 "Oh! yes, of course. But why should  
 he object? He is a clergyman, is he not?  
 Is he too proud?—I would tell no one. All  
 in this house should consider you simply as  
 a friend. Our writing would be just a secret  
 between you and me. Your husband will  
 give in when you tell him that."  
 "He is not in the least proud, Miss  
 Harman—not proud I mean in that false  
 way."  
 "Then I am not giving you money  
 enough—of course thirty shillings seems too  
 little; I will gladly raise it to two pounds  
 a week, and if this book succeeds, you

shall have more for helping me with the  
 next."  
 Mrs. Home felt her heart beating. How  
 much she needed, how keenly she longed  
 for that easily earned money. "I must  
 not think of it," she said, however, shaking  
 her head. "I confess I want money, but I  
 must earn it elsewhere. I cannot come  
 here. My husband will only allow me to  
 do so on a certain condition. I cannot  
 even tell you the condition—certainly I  
 cannot fulfil it, therefore I cannot come."  
 "Oh! but that is exciting. Do tell it to  
 me."  
 "If I did, you would be the first to say I  
 must never come to this house again."  
 "I am quite sure you wrong me there. I  
 may as well own that I have taken a fancy to  
 you. I am a spoiled child, and I always  
 have my own way. My present way is to  
 have you here in this snug room for two or  
 three hours daily—and I working in  
 secret over something grand. I always get  
 my way, so your conditions must melt into  
 air. Now, what are they."  
 "Dare I tell her?" thought Mrs. Home.  
 Aloud she said, "The conditions are these;  
 —I must tell you a story, a story about my-  
 self—and—and others."  
 "And I love stories, especially when they  
 happen in real life."  
 "Miss Harman don't tempt me. I want  
 to tell you, but I had better not; you had  
 better let me go away. You are very happy  
 now, are you not?"  
 "What a strange woman you are, Mrs.  
 Home! Yes, I am happy."  
 "You won't like my story. It is possible  
 you may not be happy after you have heard  
 it."  
 "That is a very unlikely possibility. How  
 can the tale of an absolute stranger affect my  
 happiness?" These words were said eagerly  
 —a little bit defiantly.  
 But Mrs. Home's face had now become so  
 grave, and there was such an eager, almost  
 frightened look in her eyes, that her com-  
 panion's too changed. After all what was  
 this tale? A myth, doubtless; but she would  
 hear it now.  
 "I accept the risk of my happiness being  
 imperilled," she said. "I choose to hear the  
 tale—I am ready."  
 "But I may not choose to tell," said the  
 other Charlotte.  
 "I would make you. You have begun  
 —begin in such a way that you must finish."  
 "Is that so?" replied Mrs. Home. The  
 light was growing more and more eager in  
 her eyes. She said to herself, "The die is  
 cast." There rose up before her a vision of  
 her children—of her husband's thin face.  
 Her voice trembled.  
 "Miss Harman—I will speak—you won't  
 interrupt me?"  
 "No, but lunch is on the table. You  
 must eat something first."  
 "I am afraid I cannot with that story in  
 prospect; to eat would choke me!"  
 "What a queer tale it must be!" said the  
 other Charlotte. "Well, so be it." She  
 seated herself in a chair at a little distance  
 from Mrs. Home, fixed her gaze on the glow-  
 ing fire, and said, "I am ready. I won't  
 interrupt you."  
 The poor Charlotte, too, looked at the  
 fire. During the entire telling of the tale  
 neither of these young women glanced at  
 the other.  
 "It is my own story," began Mrs. Home;  
 then she paused, and continued, "My father  
 died when I was two years old. During my  
 father's lifetime I, who am now so poor,  
 had all the comforts that you must have had,  
 Miss Harman, in your childhood. He died,  
 leaving my mother, who was both young and  
 pretty, nothing. She was his second wife.  
 For five years she had enjoyed all that his  
 wealth could purchase for her. He died,  
 leaving her absolutely penniless. My mother  
 was, as I have said, a second wife. My  
 father had two grown-up sons. These sons  
 had quarrelled with him at the time of his  
 marrying my young mother; they came to  
 see him and were reconciled on his death-  
 bed. He left to these sons every penny of  
 his great wealth. The sons expressed sur-  
 prise when the will was read. They even  
 blamed my father for so completely forget-  
 ting his wife and youngest child. They  
 offered to make some atonement for him.  
 During my mother's lifetime they settled  
 on her three thousand pounds; I mean  
 the interest, at five percent, on that sum.  
 It was to return to them at her death, it was  
 not to descend to me, and my mother may  
 only enjoy it on one condition. The con-

dition was, that all communication must  
 cease between my father's family and hers.  
 On the day she renewed it the money would  
 cease to be paid. My mother was young,  
 a widow, and alone; she accepted the condi-  
 tions, and the money was faithfully paid to  
 her until the day of her death. I was too  
 young to remember my father, and I only  
 heard this story about him on my mother's  
 death-bed; then for the first time I learned  
 that we might have been rich, that we were  
 in a measure meant to enjoy the good things  
 which money can buy. My mother had  
 educated me well, and you may be quite  
 sure that, with an income of one hundred  
 and fifty pounds a year this could only be  
 done by practising the strictest economy. I  
 was accustomed to doing without the pretty  
 dresses and nice things which come as natu-  
 rally to other girls as the air they breathe.  
 In my girlhood, I did not miss these things;  
 but at the time of my mother's death, at  
 the time the story first reached my ears, I  
 was married, and my old child was born.  
 A poor man had made me a poor girl, his  
 wife, and, Miss Harman, let me tell you,  
 that wives and mothers do long for money.  
 The longing with them is scarcely selfish, it  
 is for the beings dearer than themselves.  
 There is a pain beyond words in denying  
 your little child what you know is for that  
 child's good, but yet which you cannot give  
 because of your empty purse; there is a pain  
 in seeing your husband shivering in too thin  
 a coat on bitter winter nights. You know  
 nothing of such things—may you never know  
 them; but they have gone quite through my  
 heart, quite, quite through it. Well, that is  
 my story; not much you will say, after all.  
 I might have been rich, I am poor, that is  
 my story."  
 "It interests me," said Miss Harman,  
 drawing a long breath. "It interests me  
 greatly; but you will pardon my expressing  
 my real feelings; I think your father was a  
 cruel and unjust man."  
 "I think my brothers, my half-brothers,  
 were cruel and unjust. I don't believe that  
 was my father's real will."  
 "What! you believe there was foul play?  
 This is interesting—if so, if you can prove it,  
 you may be righted yet. Are your half-  
 brothers living?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And you think you have proof that you  
 and your mother were unjustly treated?"  
 "I have no proof, no proof whatever,  
 Miss Harman, I have only suspicions."  
 "Oh! you will tell me what they are?"  
 "Even they amount to very little, and yet  
 I feel them to be certainties. On the night  
 before my father died he told my mother  
 that she and I would be comfortably off;  
 he also said that he wished that I and his  
 son's little daughter, that other Charlotte he  
 called her, should grow up together as sis-  
 ters. My father was a good man, his mind  
 was not wandering at all, why should he  
 on his death-bed have said this if he knew that  
 he had made such an unjust will, if he knew  
 that he had left my mother and her little  
 child without a sixpence?"  
 "Yes," said Miss Harman slowly and  
 thoughtfully, "it looks strange."  
 After this for a few moments both these  
 young women were silent. Mrs. Home's  
 eyes again sought the fire, she had told her  
 story, the excitement was over, and a dull  
 despair came back over her face. Charlotte  
 Harman, on the contrary, was deep in that  
 fine speculation which seeks to succor the  
 oppressed, her gray eyes glowed, and a faint  
 color came into her cheeks. After a time  
 she said—  
 "I should like to help you to get your  
 rights. You saw that gentleman who left  
 the room just now, that younger gentleman,  
 I am to be his wife before long—he is a  
 lawyer, may I tell him your tale?"  
 "No, no, not for worlds." Here Mrs.  
 Home in her excitement rose to her feet.  
 "I have told the story, forget it now, let it  
 die."  
 "What a very strange woman you are,  
 Mrs. Home! I must say I cannot understand  
 you."  
 "You will never understand me. But it  
 does not matter, we are not likely to meet  
 again. I saw you for the first time yesterday,  
 I love you, I thank you. You are a rich  
 and prosperous young lady, you won't be too  
 proud to accept my thanks and my love.  
 Now good-bye."  
 "No, you are not going in that fashion.  
 I do not see why you should go at all; you  
 have told me your story, it only proves that  
 you want money very much, there is nothing



at all in it to prevent your becoming my amanuensis."

"I cannot, I must not. Let me go."  
"But why? I do not understand."  
"You never will understand. I can only repeat that I must not come here."

Mrs. Home could look proud when she liked. It was now Miss Harman's turn to become the suppliant; with a softness of manner which in so noble-looking a girl was simply bewitching, she said gently—  
"You confess that you love me."

Mrs. Home's eyes filled with tears.  
"Because I do I am going away," she said.

She had just revealed by this little speech a trifle too much, the trifle reflected a light too vivid to Charlotte Harman's mind, her face became crimson.

"I will know the truth," she said, "I will—I must. This story—you say it is about you; is it all about you? Has it anything to say to me?"

"No, no, don't ask me—good-bye."  
"I stand between you and the door until you speak. How old are you Mrs. Home?"

"I am twenty-five."  
"That is my age. Who was that Charlotte your dying father wished you to be a sister to?"

"I cannot tell you."  
"You cannot—but you must. I will know. Was it—but impossible! it cannot be—am I that Charlotte?"

Mrs. Home covered her face with two trembling hands. The other woman, with her superior intellect, had discovered the secret she had feebly tried to guard. There was a pause and a dead silence. That silence told all that was necessary to Charlotte Harman. After a time she said gently, but all the fibre and tune had left her voice—  
"I must think over your story, it is a very, very strange tale. You are right, you cannot come here: good-bye."

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE WOMAN BY THE HEARTH.

Mrs. Home went back to the small house in Kentish Town, and Miss Harman sat on by her comfortable fire. The dainty lunch was brought in and laid on the table, the young lady did not touch it. The soft-voiced, soft-footed servant brought in some letters on a silver salver. They looked tempting letters, thick and bulgy. Charlotte Harman turned her head to glance at them, but she left them unopened by her side. She had come in very hungry from her visit to the publishers, and these letters which now lay so close had been looked forward to with some impatience, but now she could neither eat nor read. At last a pretty little time-piece which stood on a shelf over her head struck four, and a clock from a neighboring church re-echoed the sound. Almost at the same instant there came a tap at her room door.

"That is John," said Charlotte. She shivered a little. Her face had changed a good deal, but she rose from her seat and came forward to meet her lover.

"Ready Charlotte?" he said, laying his two hands on her shoulders; then looking into her face he started back in some alarm.  
"My dear, my dearest, so, nothing has happened; what is the matter?"

"This young woman was the very embodiment of truth. She did not dream of saying 'Nothing is the matter.' She looked up bravely into the eyes she loved best in the world and answered—  
"A good deal is the matter, John. I am very much vexed and—troubled."

"You will tell me all about it; you will let me help you!" said the lover tenderly.  
"Yes, John dear, but not to-night. I want to think to-night. I want to know more. To-morrow you shall hear; certainly to-morrow. No, I will not go out with you. Is my father in? Is Uncle Jasper in?"

"Your father is out, and your uncle is going. I left him buttoning on his greatcoat in the hall."  
"Oh! I must see Uncle Jasper; forgive me, I must see him for a minute."

She flew down-stairs, leaving John Hinton standing alone, a little puzzled and a little vexed. Breathless she arrived in the hall to find her uncle descending the steps; she rushed after him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Uncle Jasper, I want you. Where are you going?"  
"Hoity-toity," said the old gentleman

turning round in some surprise, and even dismay when he caught sight of her face.

"I am going to the club, child. What next? I sent Hinton up to you. What more do you want?"

"I want you. I have a story to tell you and a question to ask you. You must come back."

"Lottie, I said I would have nothing to do with these books of yours, and I won't. I hate novels, and I hate novelists. Forgive me, child. I don't hate you; but if your father and John Hinton between them mean to spoil a fine woman by encouraging her to become that monster of nature, a blue-stocking, I won't help them, and that's flat. There now. Let me go."

"It is no fiction I want to ask you, Uncle Jasper. It is a true tale, one I have just heard. It concerns me and you and my father. It has pained me very much, but I believe it can be cleared up. I would rather ask you than my father about it, at least at first; but either of you can answer what I want to know; so if you will not listen to me I can speak to my father after dinner."

Uncle Jasper had one of those faces which reveal nothing, and it revealed nothing now. But the keen eyes looked hard into the open grey eyes of the girl who stood by his side.

"What thread out of that tangled skein has she got into her head?" he whispered to himself. Aloud he said, "I will come back to dinner, Charlotte, and afterwards you shall take me up to your little soggery. If you are in trouble, my dear, you had better confide in me than in your father. He does not—does not look very strong."

Then he walked down the street; but when he reached his club he did not enter it. He walked on and on. He was puzzling, not so much over his niece's strange words as over something else. Who was that woman who sat by Charlotte's hearth that day?

CHAPTER IX.—CHARLOTTE CANNOT BEAR THE DARK.

The elder Mr. Harman had retired to his study, and Charlotte and her uncle sat side by side in that young lady's own private apartment. The room looked snug and sheltered, and the subdued light from a Queen's reading-lamp, and from the glowing embers of a half-burned-out fire, were very pleasant. Uncle Jasper was leaning back in an arm-chair, but Charlotte stood on the hearth-rug. Soft and faint as the light was, it revealed burning cheeks and shining eyes; but the old face these tokens of excitement appealed to remained completely in shadow.

Charlotte had told the story she had heard that day, and during the little recital her uncle had sat motionless, making no comment either by word or exclamation.

Mrs. Home's tale had been put into skillful hands. It was well told—all the better because the speaker so earnestly hoped that its existence might turn out a myth—that the phantom so suddenly conjured up might depart as quickly as it had arrived. At last the story came to a conclusion. There was a pause, and Charlotte said—  
"Well, Uncle Jasper?"

"Well, Lottie?" he answered. And now he roused himself, and bent a little forward.

"Is the story true, Uncle Jasper?"  
"It is certainly true, Charlotte, that my father, and your grandfather married again."

"Yes, uncle."  
"It is also highly probable that this young woman is the daughter of that marriage. When I saw her in this room to-day I was puzzled by an intangible likeness in her. This accounts for—"

"Then why—" began Charlotte, and then she stopped. There was a whole world of bitterness in her tone.

"Sit down, child," said her uncle. He pointed to a footstool at his feet. Whenever he came into this room Charlotte had occupied this footstool, and he wanted her to take it now, but she would not; she still kept her place on the hearth.

"I cannot sit," she said. "I am excited—greatly excited. This looks to me in the light of a wrong."

"Who do you think has committed the wrong, Charlotte?"  
Before she answered, Charlotte Harman lit a pair of candles which stood on the mantel-shelf.

"There, now," she said with a sigh of

relief, "I can see your face. It is dreadful to speak to any one in the dark. Uncle Jasper, if I had so near a relation living all these years why was I never told of it? I have over and over again longed for a sister, and it seems I had one, or one who might have been to me as a sister. Why was I kept in ignorance of her very existence?"

"You are like all women—unreasonable, Lottie. I am glad to find you so human, my dear; so human, and—and—womanly. You jump to conclusions without hearing reasons. Now I will give you the reasons. But I do wish you would sit down."

"I will sit here," said Charlotte, and she drew a chair near the table. The room abounded in easy chairs of all sizes and descriptions, but she chose one hard and made of cane, and she sat upright upon it, her hands folded upon her lap.

"Now Uncle Jasper," she said, "I am ready to hear your reasons."

"They go a good way back, my dear, and I am not clever at telling a story; but I will do my best. Your grandfather made his money in trade; he made a good business, and he put your father and me both into it. It is unnecessary to go into particulars about our special business; it was small at first, but we extended it until it became the great firm of which your father is the present head.

We both, your father and I, showed even more aptitude for this life of mercantile success than our father did, and he perceiving this, retired while scarcely an old man. He made us over the entire business he had made, taking, however, from it for his own private use, a large sum of money. On the interest of this money, he would live, promising, however, to return it to us at his death. This money taken out of the business rather crippled us, and we begged of him to allow us to pay him the interest, and to let the capital remain at our disposal; but he wished to be completely his own master, and he bought a place in Hertfordshire out of part of the money. It was a year or two after that he met his second wife and married her. I don't pretend," continued Uncle Jasper, "that we liked this marriage or our step-mother. We were young fellows then, and we thought our father had done us an injustice. The girl he had chosen was an insipid little thing, with just a pretty face, and nothing whatever else. She was not quite a lady. We saw her, and came to the conclusion that she was common—most unsuited to our father. We also remembered our own mother; and most young men feel pain at seeing any one put into her place."

"We expostulated with our father. He was a fiery old man, and hot words passed between us. I won't repeat what we all said, my dear, or how bitter John and I felt when we rode away from that old place our father had just purchased. One thing he said as we were going off.

"My marrying again won't make any money difference to you two fellows, and I suppose I may please myself."

"I think my grandfather was very unjust," said Charlotte, but nevertheless a look of relief stole over her face.

"We went back to our business, my dear, and our father married; and when we wrote to him he did not answer our letters. After a time we heard a son had been born, and then, shortly after the birth of this child, the news reached us that a lawyer had been summoned down to the manor-house in Hertfordshire. We supposed that our father was making provision for the child; and it seemed to us fair enough. Then we saw the child's death in the *Times*, and shortly after the news also came to us that that same lawyer had gone down again to see our father."

"After this, a few years went by, and we, busy with our own life, gave little heed to the old man, who seemed to have forgotten us. Suddenly we were summoned to his death-bed. John, your father, my dear, had always been his favorite. On his death-bed he seemed to have returned to the old times, when John was a little fellow. He liked to have him by his side; in short, he could not bear to have him out of his sight. He appeared to have forgotten the poor, common little wife he had married, and to live his early days over again. He died quite reconciled to us both, and we held his hand as he breathed his last.

"To our surprise, my dear, we found that he had left us every penny of his fortune. The wife and baby girl were left totally unprovided for. We were amazed! We

thought it unjust. We instantly resolved to make provision for her and her baby. We did so. She never wanted to the day of her death."

"She did not starve," interrupted Charlotte, "but you shut her out, her and her child, from yourselves, and from me. Why did you do this?"

"My dear, you would scarcely speak in that tone to your father, and it was his wish as well as mine—indeed, far more his wish than mine. I was on the eve of going to Australia, to carry on a branch of our trade there; but he was remaining at home. He was not very long married. You don't remember your mother, Charlotte. Ah! what a fine young creature she was, but proud—proud of her high birth—of a thousand things. It would have been intolerable to her to associate with one like my step-mother. Your father was particular about his wife and child. He judged it best to keep these undesirable relations apart. I, for one, can scarcely blame him."

"I will not blame my father," said Charlotte. Again that look of relief had stolen over her face. The healthy tint, which was scarcely color, had returned to her cheek; and the tension of her attitude was also withdrawn, for she changed her seat, taking possession now of her favorite easy-chair.

"But I like Charlotte Home," she said after a pause. "She is—whatever her mother may have been—quite a lady. I think it is hard that when she is so nearly related to me she should be so poor and so rich. I will speak to my father. He asked me only this morning what I should like for a wedding present. I know what I shall like. He will give that three thousand pounds to Charlotte Home. The money her mother had for her life she shall have for ever. I know my father won't refuse me."

Charlotte's eyes were on the ground, and she did not see the dark expression which for a moment passed over Jasper Harman's face. Before he answered her he poked the fire into a vigorous flame.

"You are a generous girl, Lottie," he said then. "I admire your spirit. But it is plain, my dear, that money has come as easily to you as the very air you breathe, or you would not speak of three thousand pounds in a manner so light as almost to take one's breath away. But suppose—suppose the money could be given, there is another difficulty. To get that money for Mrs. Home, who, by the way, has her husband to provide for, you must tell this tale to your father—you must not do that."

"Why not?" asked Charlotte, opening her eyes wide in surprise.

"Simply because he is ill, and the doctors have forbidden him to be in the least agitated."

"Uncle Jasper—I know he is not well, but I did not hear this; and why—why should what I have to say agitate him?"

"Because he cannot bear any allusion to the past. He loved his father; he cannot dwell on those years when they were estranged. My dear," continued old Uncle Jasper, "I am glad you came with this tale to me—it would have done your father harm. The doctors hope soon to make him much better, but at present he must hear nothing likely to give rise to gloomy thoughts; wait until he is better, my dear. And if you want help for this Mrs. Home, you must appeal to me. Promise me that, Lottie."

"I will promise, certainly, not to injure my father, but I confess you puzzle me."

"I am truly sorry, my dear. I will think over your tale, but now I must go to John. Will you come with me?"

"No, thanks; I would rather stay here."

"Then we shall not meet again, for in an hour I am off to my club. Good night, my dear."

And Charlotte could not help noticing how soft and cat-like were the footsteps of the old Australian uncle as he stole away.

#### To be Continued.

SORE.—To make an excellent soup allow four pounds of beef to two and a half cups of water, one small onion, one carrot, and a small head celery. Let these boil for four or five hours. Three quarters of an hour before dinner strain this soup, salt it, and add a heaping cupful of macaroni, broken in bits; let this boil slowly. Add any other seasoning you like; for some tastes a pinch of curry powder improves it.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4.

### SOMETHING THAT IS LACKING.

One of the most apparent defects of modern civilization is the slight attention, amounting almost to entire neglect, paid to the training of people from youth up in the principles that should control their relations with the civil institutions of their country and with the community in which they dwell. Patriotism and public spirit—not professed but real; not the articles that flash in political declamation but that burn with a steady glow in the lives of true citizens—are the most indispensable requisites to national progress and stability. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the principles underlying these qualities should be inculcated in the people's minds from early years. There are, of course, few who do not have a more or less fond feeling for their country and a desire to see their immediate neighborhood enjoy all the conditions of prosperity and happiness. Yet too many people take little or no thought regarding their individual powers, privileges and duties in the affairs of national government, but take their places in the following of a party, often simply because they were born into it, and shut their eyes to the faults of their party while watchful enough of the conduct of the opposite one. Such are apt to become animated with prejudices instead of principles, and be guided by party expediency rather than by a perception of right and wrong. Again, persons of narrow, uncultivated ideas of their duty toward the management of city, town or county affairs comprise a class that makes personal likes and dislikes, selfish interests and aims, with other equally unworthy motives, govern its members and often place them in opposition to desirable improvements and necessary reforms. The only remedy for many wrongs that flourish in every division of government is by having the great body of the people grounded, at a period when impressions are most durably made on the human mind and character, in the principles of right government and the functions of citizenship. Less space can be given, if need be, in school books to reading lessons that are valuable chiefly for their dramatic and oratorical qualities, and room given to comprehensive courses of instruction in political economy, the constitutions of various countries, the charters of cities, the powers and privileges of rulers and ruled under various systems and in different subdivisions of government. Newspapers and other periodicals which shape their teachings upon principles and not by the lines of party should be encouraged, read and studied and it should be held a sacred duty by every citizen to supply his family library with books relating to civil government and social science.

### THE ALLIANCE YEAR BOOK.

In obedience to the instructions of the Council of the Dominion Alliance an interesting and useful Year Book has been published. The friends of temperance who desire to know all about the work of the Alliance can find in the Year Book all they require. Not only is the work of the past year reprinted, but the several steps by which various interests have become blended in the Alliance are set forth. The work of the Dominion Alliance, of the Provincial Branches, and of County Alliances, respect-

ively, is explained. The pamphlet also contains a synopsis of the Canada Temperance Act, and of the License Act, 1883. Facts in reference to the working of the Canada Temperance Act have been carefully collected and arranged. There are also short articles of great interest on "Temperance work in Great Britain," "Temperance work in the United States," and an essay on "Temperance Teaching in Schools." The Year Book is highly creditable to the Alliance and may reasonably be expected to advance its interests. Copies have been mailed to officers of the Alliance, and to all Protestant ministers in this Province, and it is hoped such will take pains to introduce it into their respective communities. Quantities of 25 or more can be had at 8c per copy, by applying to the Rev. Thos. Gale, Dixville, P. Q. Every County Alliance, Temperance Division or Lodge, and Woman's Temperance Union should secure a number for distribution. A small investment will furnish the people with a large amount of information.

SUEZ CANAL MATTERS have been keenly discussed in England during the past few weeks. It appears the Government made an agreement with M. De Lesseps, the famous French engineer who built the present canal, in which the Company's exclusive right to make canals across the Isthmus of Suez for ninety-nine years was admitted by the Government. This admission was so diligently used by the Opposition against the Government as to arouse intense popular feeling in favor of England putting an end to the Company's monopoly. Mr. Gladstone, perceiving that the tide of popular feeling was against the agreement, announced last week in the House of Commons that the Government would not press the consideration of the agreement upon Parliament this session. He gave as reasons for this course the unfavorable reception the agreement had received and the fact that some members wanted time for consideration. While he would not express any opinion at that moment upon the idea of placing the canal business in the hands of an international committee, yet he would say that the canal should be for the benefit of all. England, he nobly said, would not use her temporary exceptional position in Egypt to invade a lawfully acquired right. Seeing the excitement the agreement was creating in England, M. De Lesseps magnanimously and doubtless with far-sighted sagacity wrote to Mr. Gladstone, absolving the Government from the obligation to press the agreement. M. De Lesseps had previously informed an English statesman that whatever England would do a second canal should be constructed at once. The capital would be raised by an allotment of shares or debentures and England would have the option of subscribing in respect of her shares. In his letter to the Premier, M. De Lesseps regretted very much the feeling that had been stirred up in England upon the subject, which he feared would for a long time injure the mutual feeling between the two countries, and chiefly upon that ground he begged Mr. Gladstone not to consider himself bound by the agreement. Under the present monopoly the Company has ground enough for the construction of three canals as large as the existing one. M. De Lesseps purposes widening the old canal and dividing it into two with dykes. A vote was taken upon the question in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon last. Sir Stafford Northcote had moved an address to the Queen, praying that in future negotiations she will decline to recognize any claim of the Suez Canal

Company to such a monopoly as would exclude other undertakings designed to open a way between the Mediterranean and Red Sea. In making his motion, Sir Stafford disclaimed partisan motives, saying he only wanted to relieve the House from the embarrassment arising from the practical recognition of the Suez Canal Company's monopoly by some of the members of the Government. An amendment, moved by Mr. Norwood and supported by Mr. Gladstone, declared that it was undesirable to prejudge the action of the Government, and that the House declined to pass resolutions concerning further negotiations or proceedings in connection with the canal. In discussing the motions Mr. Gladstone maintained that the late Government was aware, when it bought the Suez Canal shares, that M. De Lesseps claimed rights even more exclusive than he does now. He further said it would be useless to pass an opinion upon the question, which would have to be settled in the Egyptian courts. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was rejected and Mr. Norwood's amendment adopted by a vote of two hundred and eighty-two to one hundred and eighty-three.

CAPTAIN WEBB, the famous English swimmer who had won the applause of both Europe and America by his numerous feats in sea and river, came to an untimely death at the age of thirty-five, on the twenty-fourth of July, in a rash attempt to swim the Whirlpool Rapids below the Falls of Niagara. Few believed he would be bold enough to attempt the feat, about which he had talked for some weeks, but promptly at the hour he fixed he was rowed out to the stream above the terrible rush of waters. In going out the boatman asked him how much of the twenty-five thousand dollars he had made by swimming the English Channel was left. On being told fifteen thousand dollars by Captain Webb, the boatman sagely told him to be pulled ashore and spend the remainder before he tried that. In a few minutes the Captain was being hurried down to the awful maelstrom, down the vortex of which he was quickly sucked and the spectators saw him no more. His body was found four days later floating in the Niagara River, a short distance below Lewiston, New York. A few bruises on the body and a slight cut on the forehead formed all the injuries apparent. As no examination of the body was made by doctors at the inquest, it is not known whether death was caused by contact with the rocks or by suffocation in the foamy waters. The leading press of England, America and Canada join in deploring the needless sacrifice of so many a life. Captain Webb left a wife and small family.

A SUMPTUOUS LUNCHEON was given by the Lord Mayor of London in honor of the American and Canadian riflemen after the Wimbledon match. Colonel Howard responded for the Americans and Colonel Otter for the Canadians. The former said the defeat of his team would stimulate the men, and the contests would continue until victory was again with them. Referring to the match the Lord Mayor, while expressing pleasure at the success of his countrymen, freely admitted that the weather favored the home team, and he remarked upon a great improvement noticeable in the use of the rifle by the Americans. The British volunteers also gave a banquet to the American team, at which a very pleasant interchange of friendly sentiments took place.

## THE WEEK.

RECRUITS ARE WANTED in the Mounted Police of the Canadian North-West.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL BILL has been abandoned for the present session of Parliament.

HENRY L. KENDALL, of Providence, Rhode Island, at death left six hundred thousand dollars to the public library of that city.

IMPROVEMENTS are the order of the day in Berlin, Germany, fine new public buildings going up, old buildings coming down and street-making being pushed in various directions.

SETTLERS ON THE TOWN PLOT of Regina, North-West Territory, who were ordered off that reservation some time ago, are standing for their rights to the ground under the advice of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, a leading lawyer of Ontario.

THE GREAT TELEGRAPH STRIKE continues, in the chief cities the business being very miserably performed by the Companies, while throughout the country the strikers are reported as gradually going back to work.

THE REBELS in Hayti continue masters of the country, and it is said the main portion of the people are opposed to the Government, but remain quiet through fears of a massacre by Negroes and Mulattoes in the event of a general rising.

OWING TO THE CHOLERA in the East, Americans are abandoning trans-Atlantic trips projected for this season, and Americans in Europe are preparing to return home, which will cause a loss of millions of dollars to many European cities.

PHILADELPHIA furnishes a romance in the family life of a prominent manufacturer. His son was sent to China to break off a marriage engagement with a ballet dancer. The young fellow made good use of his exile, acquiring a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars. Then he returned home and married the girl.

SEÑOR BARCA, Spanish Minister to the United States, committed suicide on Sunday last by shooting himself, at the Albe-marle Hotel, New York. It is said family extravagance and troubles led him to the fearful crime, for one thing his wife having bothered him very much lately to return to Europe for the purpose of visiting her daughter in France.

A MOTION made in the House of Commons by a Conservative member regretting that part of the cost of the Egyptian war had been charged to India, was rejected by two hundred and ten to fifty-five. Mr. Gladstone said if the motion was adopted the Government would resign, adding that he did not know whether he should personally regret it if the motion passed.

TROUBLE OF A THREATENING NATURE has broken out in the disputed border land between Ontario and Manitoba. Constables of both Provinces are upon the ground and have been arresting and locking each other up, this pastime being accompanied with some popular turbulence. Some overpowering authority is necessary in the place to prevent anarchy and bloodshed. The Dominion will have to step between the two claimants until the dispute is settled in some way, as it would be atrocious to give up the peaceable settlers of the neighborhood to confusion and lawlessness.



LONGFELLOW the poet left an estate valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY was made in tearing down an old house near Warm Springs, North Carolina. The skeleton of a mail carrier was found with a leathern bag of letters dated 1827. It is not unlikely that he was murdered for plunder.

THREATS HAVING BEEN MADE BY Fenian or Invincibles to blow up the British naval storeship at present anchored at Coquimbo, Chili, the Chilean Government granted permission to her crew to fire at any suspicious boat seen in the neighborhood of the vessel after nightfall.

LIGHTNING is likely to be one of the hardest foes to overcome in electric lighting. In Washington the other night lightning was conducted by the wires to the machinery of the United States Electric Light Company, causing the lights of the Company to go out all over the city, at the same time the works being badly damaged.

ARCHDEACON MACDONALD, who has been laboring under Bishop Bomps within the Arctic circle for the past twenty years, arrived in Winnipeg, his native place, the other day, on his way to England, where he is to have the New Testament and English Prayer Book published in the language of the Indian tribes around Fort Yukon.

A CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA is reported from Delaware, Ohio, by the application of what is called the "mad-stone." William Pyle was bitten by a mad dog on Saturday, and was taken with hydrophobia on Sunday and was growing worse when a neighbor checked the distemper with that article. The virtue of the mad-stone lies in its power of absorbing poison from the wound, it being of a porous texture.

GRADING ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY has been completed to Calgary, and the track layers are also close to that point, which is eight hundred miles from Winnipeg. Five thousand men and three thousand teams are employed on the Rocky Mountain division, and the men will be kept employed all winter. It is now the expectation of the Company to have the road opened to the Pacific within two years.

CHOLERA CONTINUES VERY VIRULENT in Egypt. It has attacked the British troops in Cairo; one out of every hundred dying the first week. A French expert says the reign of the disease will be short, as its history shows that its continuance epidemically has, as a rule, been short in proportion to the rapidity of its spread. Danger having been rightly apprehended in the United States from the importation of rags from Egypt, all rag vessels must now submit to quarantine while the rags are turned out to be cleaned and disinfected.

A FRESH STATEMENT of some of his religious views has been made by the famous preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, in a written reply to the Rev. Mr. Kennard, who had replied from the pulpit in Chicago to a sermon preached in the same city by Mr. Beecher. He says he is orthodox and evangelical as to the facts and substance of the Christian religion, and calls himself a cordial Christian evolutionist. While believing the animal part of man is evolved from beings below him, he regards man in spiritual value as the son of God. Man, he thinks, is a voluntary not a born sinner, and he does not believe in the fall of Adam or the inheritance of his guilt by the race.

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON, the popular Baptist preacher of London, is dangerously ill from malignant gout.

MR. WALLACE, United States Minister to Turkey, is still working hard to change the Porte's determination to end the commercial treaty between the two nations.

A PROPOSAL to raise a loan of two hundred and twenty million francs—about forty million dollars—to be expended for sewers, water-works, schools and hospitals, has been rejected by the Municipal Council of France.

ATTENTION HAS BEEN CALLED in a mournful but striking manner to the great evil of duelling in Germany. Professor Pulitz refused to fight a duel in the ordinary way because his antagonist was short-sighted, and killed himself to vindicate his so-called honor.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR was announced to open the Southern Exposition, in Louisville, Kentucky, on the first of August. At the conclusion of his opening address, the President was to set all the machinery in motion by a silken cord connected with the engines.

PRETTY'S ISLAND, near Pembroke, Ontario, is said to be the abode of a gigantic wild man. This creature is eight feet high and covered with black hair. Two raftsmen went in search of the giant and their boldness nearly cost them their lives, the giant attacking them and fracturing an arm of one.

A MOST MELANCHOLY DISCOVERY is reported by a Texas paper as having been made in Plano County in that State, being a carriage containing the skeletons of three grown persons and two children, sitting upright, under a tree. The tree being shattered by lightning, the inference is that the party were struck dead by the same agent while taking shelter from rain. Appearances indicate that the casualty happened a year or two ago, and the remains were found by a ranchman driving cattle. The victims are supposed to have been tourists, and in a trunk was found a letter addressed to J. G. Chamberlain, London, England.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUN DANCE as practised annually by the Sioux Indians lately appeared in a Chicago paper. The barbarous rite took place this year at the camp near the Rosebud Agency, Dakota Territory, about one thousand Indians being present from all parts of the reservation, as well as a number of white visitors. A fast of four days was endured by the fifteen devotees who performed the dance, and according to usage their bodies were shockingly cut as a test of fortitude. It is said this performance will be made the last one, as the Government will be urged to interfere to compel the abolition of the barbarous ceremonies.

LAST WEEK a somewhat famous lady was reported dying at her home in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Jane Grey Swishelm, the lady referred to, was among the first to join the movement for the abolition of Negro slavery in the United States. She was later an opponent of certain phases of the woman's rights movement. Next she became effective as a speaker and writer for the temperance cause. Among the achievements of her life is mentioned an attack upon Daniel Webster, to which is attributed his defeat for the Presidential nomination in 1848. She also distinguished herself in a controversy with George D. Prentice. Mrs. Swishelm was born in the United States and was seldom out of the country.

ONE TERRY has crossed the English Channel from Dover to Calais on a marine tricycle, doing the journey in about eight hours.

TWO MEMBERS of the Municipal Council of Paris will represent the gay French metropolis at the forthcoming world's exhibition in Boston, Massachusetts.

MR. ERICSSON, the famous inventor, has devised a torpedo boat to go under water and shoot torpedoes while beneath. Successful trials have lately been made of the vessel near New York.

OVER HALF A MILLION DOLLARS was deposited in the Postal Savings Banks of Canada in the month of June. More than twelve million dollars is to the credit of depositors at the present time.

THREE THOUSAND CARBINES have been sent to Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, which looks as if the hardy American meant to blow respect for his country and race into all opposers of his plans.

GERMANY IS LOOKING AFTER her frontier defences in order to be prepared for any warlike movement of Russia. Count Von Moltke, the veteran Commander-in-Chief of the German army, urges the Government to buy the railways leading to the frontier.

THE APPOINTMENT OF M. Waddington, one of the most moderate and peaceful of French statesmen, as Minister of France to England is regarded as a sign that peaceable relations will be maintained between the two countries. On the other hand, it has been reported that the British commander at Tananarive, Madagascar, demanded that Admiral Pierre raise the siege of that town and was refused.

A REBELLION in the lower end of the State of Tamaulipa, Mexico, is said to be gaining strength, the Government forces having been defeated in the first engagement. Troops have been sent against the rebels from Laredo. Trouble is reported as imminent between Spain and Mexico, owing to the latter rejecting the Spanish debt claim, and it is said the Spanish Minister has been recalled from Mexico. England and France only resumed diplomatic relations with Mexico upon her engagement to pay her indebtedness to them.

A HEAVY VICTORY has been won by the French in Tonquin, according to their own report. In a sortie from Hanoi on the nineteenth July, with five hundred men, they captured seven cannon and killed a thousand of the enemy, losing themselves but eleven men. Official assurance has been given on the part of China that she does not contemplate war with France, and is only massing her troops on the Annam frontier as a precaution against predatory incursions of the Black Flags. Yet China still forbids cattle being sold to the French, and it is said a demonstration of the French squadron will be made on the Chinese coast.

CEWEWAYO, THE ZULU KING, was completely routed in his last battle, and in his flight most of his followers, numbering thousands, fell. His wives and many of his chiefs shared death with himself at the hands of their conqueror Usibepu's forces, only his eldest boy, a child of twelve years, being saved from the slaughter that befell all the rest of the king's company. Dabulmanze, a brother, was among the slain. Chief Mapoch, with eight hundred followers and all their war supplies, surrendered willingly to the Boers, the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa, who are frequently in trouble with the native tribes of the region.

THREE BRITISH MEN-OF-WAR, the "Northampton," the "Canada" and the "Dido" are shortly to visit Quebec. Prince George, son of the Prince of Wales, is a midshipman on the "Canada."

JAMES CAREY, the chief Dublin murder conspirator, who joined in a league to murder English officials while he was a member of the Dublin Common Council, and the man who betrayed his fellow-murderers to save his own life, has come to the untimely death that most people believed he would come to at the hands of his own class and nationality. He was shot dead on board the steamship "Melrose," on the passage from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, Africa, by a man named O'Donnell. Carey was travelling under the name of Power, and his wife and children were on board the vessel with him. O'Donnell is in the hands of the authorities at Port Elizabeth, and there will be no difficulty in securing his conviction so far as evidence is concerned. Riotous rejoicings have taken place in some parts of Ireland over the account of the informer's death, a fact that reveals a very bad spirit among a portion of the people.

TIVOLI, AN EXCURSION RESORT on the Patapsco River, ten miles from Baltimore, Maryland, was on the twenty-third of July the scene of a dreadful calamity. Excursionists to the number of five or six hundred had gone to the place upon various trips of a barge from the city. Upon the barge's arrival at the place for the last return trip about ten o'clock a great crowd was assembled on the wharf waiting to get aboard. As the barge struck the wharf, the wharf gave way and instantly a large number of the crowd, principally women and children, were struggling in the water. The moon had gone down and all the light there was came from two feeble lamps. Chairs, benches and life preservers thrown into the water from the barge in some cases struck the struggling ones, knocking them insensible. About a hundred in all were drowned, and in its verdict the coroner's jury found that the authorities of the pier did not take proper care and precaution to prevent the occurrence. At the burial of some of the victims, Father Starr, a Roman Catholic priest, broke down with grief and the congregation's sobs mingling with his own the services had to be abruptly closed. Among the many affecting incidents related of the casualty is that of a young couple who were to have been married in a few days, who were taken out of the water clasped in each other's arms and who were buried together.

#### DEAD.

W. T. Carleton, electrician, died lately at Brockton, Massachusetts.

Ex-Governor Swan, of Maryland, is dead.

General Sir William Fenwick Williams, a famous man in British military annals died last week. He saw extensive service in the East, in 1854 winning the title of the Hero of Kars by his successful resistance of a severe siege of Kars in Asia Minor by the Russians. General Williams is well-known in Canada, having been Commander of the Forces in North America and for a year Governor of Nova Scotia, of which Province he was a native, having been born of United Empire Loyalist descent at Annapolis in the year 1800.

Dr. Calhoun, an American missionary and physician, has died at Tripoli, Syria.

Captain Leitch, Commodore of the Cunard line of steamers, is dead after fifty years in the service, during which he took out the first British troops to the Crimean war.

## GAMBLING IN THE PARLOR.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER WRITES TO ME A LETTER.

I was brought up to regard the game of cards with decided aversion, as always associated more or less intimately with gambling. If every one playing cards was not actually gambling, it was supposed to lead to it, and if boys and girls became fond of the game, there was every reason to fear that they should fall into that vice by and by. But now it is common to see card playing among the amusements of the evening in the best of families. At summer hotels all sorts of people, which must include good people, play cards all day long, especially when the weather keeps them in the house. I observe that they play for small sums of money, so very small as not to make it unpleasant to lose, and not large enough to cause any great anxiety to win. The young people in the parlor at home, or in little circles in one another's houses, are in the habit of playing for 'favors' trifling articles which they freely give and take in other social pastimes. Now they win them or lose them in a game of cards. My children and their young friends are playing for 'favors' now while I am writing; I am very anxious about it; they have grown so much wiser than their parents, that they are sure there is no harm in it. They tell me that the children of ministers play in the same way; and what I say seems to be of no use. Do you think it is right? Will it be too much to ask you to give your opinion in one of your letters?

## THE OPINION.

It is wrong to play cards, or any other game, for any stake, prize, money, goods, or anything of value, however small. It is not the amount won or lost in play that makes the game right or wrong. Only a very small-minded person would think it right to play for sixpence, and wrong for a shilling. The difference is not in the stakes; the only question is the right or the wrong of playing for stakes at any time.

A clergyman riding in the country saw a packet lying in the road, and upon dismounting picked up a pack of cards. He was putting them in his pocket to take them home to amuse his children, when he said to himself, if I were to be thrown off and killed, and this pack of cards were found in my pocket, it would not read well in the newspapers. He threw them over the fence and rode on.

As I was brought up with the idea that playing cards is in itself wrong, I have never looked upon the game with any favor whatever. I have all along in life noticed that it is in the line that gambling takes from the first game where the player seeks to win a cent or a "favor" or a shilling, up to the game, or down to the game where a fortune is the stake to be lost or won. Up in the country the boys used to play cards in the barn, hiding away from parents who would forbid and punish them if they were found out. And I know that such habits of secret gambling were the beginning of evil courses that had sad endings. If we could trace a thousand instances of wrongdoing by clerks, bank-tellers, and cashiers, treasurers, trustees, speculators, and others, we would find that in nine cases out of ten, perhaps nineteen out of twenty, the first step was a game of cards for a mere trifle. It may be a total misapprehension on my part, but I think cards have wrought more evil in the world than any other device of the evil one to tempt men to their ruin. All games of chance have the dangerous element of gambling in their nature, and should be avoided; while games of skill if played for the sake of winning anything are also wrong. It is hard to make young people see this distinction clearly, but it is real and important. To take from another his property against his will and without rendering an equivalent, violates the eighth and tenth commandments. The gambler's occupation is composed of covetousness and robbery. You see this; I wish your children would see it.

And if children are made familiar with gambling, by being permitted to play for gain, they will infallibly grow up with the idea that there is no wrong in the practice even when it is employed on a larger scale. But there is no sin in the world so small as to be innocent. On an elevated plain in the State of Vermont was a lake that came within a few feet of the edge of the hill that

overlooked a lovely, fertile and happy vale. Some idle boys amused themselves by making a channel for a tiny stream from the lake; as it ran out it sank into the sand and worked its way along, deepening the channel; the breast-work that had held the waters securely from time immemorial soon began to crumble, the hill-side yielded; the flood descended; the people fled before it and left a field of desolation and ruin where once was a peaceful valley filled with happy homes. That was the result of letting out a little water, a tiny stream at first that a lamb might drink up. It is not likely that you will ever hear of one case in a hundred of young people who are ruined by habits of gambling. A president of one of our city banks said to me, "It is a matter of common occurrence for us to be called on to cover up, or overlook wrongs in business houses." Where one case gets into the newspapers, fifty are hushed up, for the sake of others who would suffer shame by exposure.—*Trenous in N. Y. Observer*

## COMPOSURE IN DANGER.

On a very cold morning, says Grant Thorburn, of America, we left Hoboken, fifteen of us, well packed in a stage.

Among our passengers was a young woman who, from her appearance, might have seen seventeen summers. Having finished her education in New York, she was returning to her friends in the West. Most of the day there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio; a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two.

Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants in the new settlements, remarked that, wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people were more orderly, sober, and circumspect than were those who did not enjoy this privilege.

This remark drew forth the tongue and the learning of our younger companion, who had been to college and was studying law in New York. He spoke long and loud about priest craft; said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the bible of Mohammed than the Acts of the Apostles. He said death at the worst was only "a leap in the dark."

But ah, this leap in the dark! We little thought we were so near that precipice, and that our courage in a few minutes would be put to the test. It had rained all day, the road got bad, and the driver said he would take to the ice on the river. The passengers remonstrated to no effect. At every stopping-place while the horses drank water the driver drank rum.

Our fears arose from the danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as the ice was covered two feet with water. Fear was now on every countenance.

I looked on our farmer. I asked what he thought! He said it was very unsafe and very imprudent.

I looked on the young woman; she was pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not. On her lap she carried a small wicker basket. While I watched the effect of fear on her countenance she took from her basket a little red book; she opened it, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut the book and replaced it in her basket she turned her face towards the heavens; she closed her eyes and her lips moved.

I looked on the young man; he trembled in every limb. This leap in the dark had taken him by surprise; he was like one without hope—while she placed her foot firmly on the Rock of Ages.

We arrived at Albany by sun-down. The young woman and I put up in the same hotel. Supper being ended we took sweet counsel together. I asked to see the little red book. Its title was, "Daily Food for Christians; being a portion of Scripture and a Hymn for every Day in the Year." I asked what portion pleased her so much when we were dragging in the water? She pointed to the text for that day in February—it read: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people, from henceforth even for ever."

Returning the book, I said, "There be many who say the Bible is all delusion."

"They may call it what they please," she replied "but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life."

I now learned that this young lady was the adopted daughter of the Hon. William Campbell, surveyor-general to the State. She afterwards married Dr. Grant, of Utica. They sailed from Boston for Constantinople as missionaries to the Nestorians in Persia; and there she died, aged twenty-five years.—*Friendly Greetings.*

## HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

August 12.—Joshua 24: 14-29.

## ILLUSTRATIVE.

1. "Say your prayers in fair weather." On board a vessel that sailed from an eastern port was a sailor who made himself notorious for his blasphemy. He took delight in inventing new and fearful oaths. In a terrible storm that arose soon after leaving port, the captain called all hands to the deck. They all came except this swearing sailor. The captain, going down into the fore-castle, found him on his knees praying. Taking him by the collar he jerked him up, exclaiming, "Say your prayers in fair weather." Soon after the sailor left this vessel. Four years later this captain came into the harbor of New York one Sabbath morning, and was invited by a friend to go and hear a famous sailor minister. On entering the door, it being late, the minister stopped in the midst of his sermon, and exclaimed, "Say your prayers in fair weather." Then he told the above story, concluding with, "I was that blaspheming sailor." That sentence had clung to him, and he began immediately to serve the Lord. Every reason impels us to give our hearts to God on the covenant of his love; and these reasons are stronger in the fair weather of youth and health. Then, not in the storm, in sickness, in danger, is the time to choose whom we will serve.

## PRACTICAL.

1. Ver. 14. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

2. Ver. 15. Religion is never compelled. We must serve God from free choice, or not at all.

3. But we should examine carefully the reasons for the course we choose.

4. All reasons are on the side of serving God.

5. We should throw the weight of our personal influence and example on the side of God.

6. We should make our decision now—"to-day, if ye will hear his voice." For (a) you are not too young. (b) You should not wait for your feelings to change. (c) You should not wait till you are better, but come that you may be better. (d) You should not wait for others. (e) You should not wait for opposition to cease.—*Johnson.*

7. Vers. 17-20. God's goodness, his power, his preserving care, his providences in our past lives, his hatred of sin, should combine to lead us to choose God's service.

8. Those that are bound for heaven must be willing to swim against the stream, and must not do as the most do, but as the best do.—*Henry.*

9. We should take care that our households as well as ourselves should serve God.

10. Those that lead in other things, should lead in God's service.

11. We should do right, whatever course others may take.

12. Ver. 22. The mercies each one has received, his conscience, his profession, his principles as to worldly things, his dealings with others, all are witnesses against him if he refuses to serve God.

## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Here we have a solemn covenant and promise to serve God. (1) There is a free choice (vers. 14, 15). Every one of us must make the choice. (2) There are weighty reasons why we should choose to serve God (vers. 16-20). Gratitude for God's goodness, God's power, his kind, preserving care, the blessings he has conferred, the enemies he has overcome for us, his hatred of sin, all are arguments for serving God. (3) The covenant (vers. 21-25). (4) The last days of Joshua (ver. 29). His life and character. The lessons to be learned from his career. The confirmation it gives of the wisdom of choosing to serve God.

## PUZZLES.

## CHARADE.

My first and second are often found  
By those who are delving under ground  
In search of my second, with which, so  
rare,  
E'en silver or gold's will scarce compare.

My whole the Punic general used  
When the crafty Falxus he confused;  
And many a captain has used it since  
And got the better of titled prince.

## ANAGRAMS ON AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

Beets write, Jog Han LL D. Loser of  
Rand, E. T. Rogue. Oh easy honors!  
Sol. E. Whom. Blaine's Hebes, Rob B.  
Thane. Dowdroo, Web. H. Cheer. Saint  
Heiving, Mary W. Hackett.

## CHANGED PREFIXES.

Prefix a letter to a part of the body and make

1. A wild animal. 2. A term of affection. 3. A token of grief. 4. A division of time. 5. To listen. 6. To search. 7. Not far. 8. Terror. 9. Harness. 10. A fruit. 11. Behind.

## AN OLD PUZZLE.

Stand take to taking  
I u throw my

## BEAN BAG STRUGGLE.

Games for a Rainy Day.

Prepare about twenty small bags filled with beans, being careful to sew the seams firmly. Select two captains, and let them choose sides. Place two tables (or chairs will do) at one end of the room, and two, opposite them, at the other. Having divided the bean-bags, each captain takes E's position by the tables (having the bags upon them), at the head of the room, while the "men" of each side form in lines facing each other, the last man of each row being within easy reaching distance of the table at the end of the line.

One—two—three. The captain takes a bag in one hand, passes it to the other hand and then to the "man" next him, who must also pass it from one hand to the other, and so on down the line; the last player of each line putting the bags as they come to him, upon the lower table. When the last bag has touched the lower table, the last player must send them back the way they came, and the side that puts all its bags first upon the starting table wins.

In the excitement of the game, one will often take a bag in both hands and so pass it to his neighbor, instead of putting it from one hand into the other first. It is therefore necessary to have some one to act as umpire. This causes rather wild fun, but is a capital game.

Here are some good words for charades: Patchwork, songstress, dramatic, sweetheart, knapsack, hatband, news-boy, bookworm, madcap.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUZZLE PICTURE.—Turn the paper so that the left side of the picture forms the bottom.

NAMES OF BIRDS.—Robin, sparrow, peacock, condor, magpie, partridge.

EASY SPELLING LESSON.—1. Evoked. 2. Curate. 3. Creatures. 4. Enraged. 5. Opened. 6. Obligable. 7. Interest. 8. Remark. 9. Intensity. 10. Certain. 11. Earnestness. 12. Engagement. 13. Careless. 14. Release. 15. Special. 16. Intimate.

## ENIGMA.

Breathes there a man with a soul so dead.

Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own, my native land?"

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Samuel Woodworth.

Lord Byron.

Alfred Tennyson.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Vida.

Whittier.

Sidney Smith.

Tasso.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, salt, and flour. To one-half this quantity add one cup of currants and one-half teaspoonful of different spices, which gives you light and dark, mix this by dropping in the tin a spoonful of each alternately.

JELLY ROLL.—Three well beaten eggs, one cup of powdered sugar, one cup of flour stir well and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in a shallow pan in a quick oven. When done spread with jelly and roll up quickly.



THE HORNBILL.

BY FRED BEVERLEY.

It is not strange that Africa, the home of the gorilla and hippopotamus, should possess the most curious specimens of the great class of birds; for it has been found to contain within its tangled jungles the rarest and most grotesque forms of animal life, though we must except the island of Australia, where the laughing jackass and the kangaroo are found.

One of the most interesting and attractive families of birds is that of the hornbill, one species of which is shown in the illustration. Although this bird is found in India, it is much more abundant in Africa.

If we may believe report, the bill of the hornbill is nearly one-fourth the length of its body. The bill is very long, curved, deep and thin, and has a helmet upon its crown, of various shapes and sizes; and this helmet is used to give to many species their specific, or proper names. Thus, there is the *Buceros bicornis*, or two-horned hornbill; the *Buceros rhinoceros*, or rhinoceros hornbill, so called from the immense helmet resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. *Buceros* is the generic name applied to them for some peculiarity they all possess in common; the specific, or individual, names being derived from the shapes of their helmets.

Though seemingly heavy and unwieldy, the bill of the hornbill is very light, being composed of light cellular tissue, resembling in this respect the skull of the elephant; and the walls of thin bone are so fragile, that in dried specimens it may be crushed in the hand. The edge of the mandibles, or beaks, are very sharp, frequently breaking off and being renewed. It is said that the age of the bird may be ascertained from the wrinkles on its bill, as the age of a cow is sometimes told from the wrinkles around her horns.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to notice a family of birds, inhabiting South America, often confounded with the hornbills, from their resemblance. These are the toucans. They are confined to the warmer portions of the New World, as the hornbills are to those of the Old. Their bills are large, of the same structure, but lack the helmet; they are brighter-colored and gaudy of plumage. Their voices are loud and harsh, and can be heard a long way.

It is from the cry of the Brazilian species, "toucano," that they derive their name. When feeding, they post a sentinel. They have a habit of sitting upon the topmost branches of trees, chattering, lifting their heads at regular intervals, clashing their bills together, and crying out so loudly as to be heard at the dis-

tance of a mile. From this the natives have given them the name of "preacher birds." They have great antipathy to any bird uglier than themselves, and will mob an owl with the zest of crows, nearly frightening the poor bird to death with their clashing beaks and loud cries.

To return to our friends the hornbills. From the great size of their bills, they cannot walk easily upon the ground, but hop along awkwardly. The trees are their homes, and they hop from limb to limb with great ease, climbing to the tree-tops, where they remain for hours shouting gleefully in their bravest tones.

They feed upon pulpy fruits, small animals, reptiles and insects, and make their nests in hollow trees.

have been told by Livingstone the African explorer, that this bird breeds, like the other members of its family, in hollow trees; that it makes its nest in holes in the trunks of these trees, that the female lines its nest with feathers from her own body, and lays four or five eggs, white, and of the size of pigeons' eggs.

In this there is nothing remarkably noteworthy; but we are astonished when we read further and find that, after the nest is prepared to the satisfaction of the female, she is shut up a close prisoner for weeks; that the entrance to the hole is plastered over with mud, until only a little slit is left, three or four inches long and half an inch wide—just large enough to admit the beak.

The male bird, who has walled

up the young hornbills; but, although they cannot tell exactly why the plan is adopted, there is no doubt that the old birds know what they are about.

It is certainly not to prevent the escape of his mate that the male works so industriously to imprison her, and becomes lean and emaciated in his labor of love, in procuring food for her and their little ones during those two long weary months. It is more than probable that the object sought is to prevent the entrance of noxious reptiles, which could easily destroy mother and young, did not that formidable bill so effectually fill the hole. But one thing is certain, the mother hornbill is obliged to stay at home and attend to her domestic duties, although she must be very different from almost any other bird if she does not, of her own free-will and desire, hatch out her little ones and take care of them until they can look out for themselves.

If we all attended to our duties as earnestly and conscientiously as mother-birds (and sometimes father-birds too) attend to theirs, it would be better for most of us.—*St. Nicholas*.

A CATARACT THAT RUSHES UP THE RIVER.

In most rivers, as I've heard, the cataracts and rapids flow down-stream, but one of my Canadian friends sends word that the St. John River, New Brunswick, has a cataract which has a queer habit of sometimes rushing up-stream.

A little above where the river flows into the ocean, there is a wide and deep basin that empties itself into the harbor through a narrow passage between two walls of rock. When the tide is going down, the water runs out of the harbor into the ocean far more quickly than the river can flow through the narrow channel above, and so the stream pours itself seaward through the harbor end of the passage in a roaring water-fall. But when the tide is rising, the ocean fills the harbor and passage so rapidly that the sea-water plunges down into the basin from the river end of the narrow channel, in a foaming cataract that falls up-stream!

Twice in every tide, however, there is a space of about twenty minutes when the waters are at one height in the harbor, passage, and basin, and then the ships that are to go up or down must be hurried through before the river "gets its back up," as the boys say.—*St. Nicholas*.

The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.—*Emerson*.



THE HORNBILL FEEDING HIS WIFE.

The largest species is the rhinoceros hornbill, which has a stretch of wing of about three feet, and a bill ten inches in length. The general color of this bird is black, the tail tipped with white. The bill is black at the base, reddish in the middle, and yellow tipped.

The most attractive species, as to plumage, is the crested hornbill, which has a crown of feathers like the spread crest of a cockatoo, and a long beautiful tail.

But the most interesting species is one noted, not for its plumage, but for a habit of nesting and living peculiarly its own. This is the red-billed hornbill, the *Buceros erythrorhynchus* of naturalists. We

up the hole, feeds the female through this slit until the young are hatched and fledged—a period of eight or ten weeks. In this time the female has become very fat, and is often hunted out and eaten by the negroes of the country, who esteem her a great delicacy.

Sometimes the female hatches out two young ones, that are nearly able to fly before the other two appear. Then, with the two older birds, she leaves the nest and walls in the younger ones, which are fed, through the slit, by their father and mother until able to take care of themselves.

Many writers have speculated upon the reason for this peculiar style of hatching out and bring-

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, August 1, 1883.

The telegraphic strike still continues and as a result but little is doing in the grain market generally...

FLOUR.—The sales this week have been not many but prices still keep up. August is always the quietest month in the year...

MEALS unchanged. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$5.25 to \$5.50; granulated \$5.75 to \$6.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter quiet. Cheese dull and quotations for both unchanged. Butter—Creamery, 15c to 20c; Eastern Township, 13c to 14c; Western 12c to 14c.

Eggs, same at 16c to 17c. HO PRODUCTS are quiet and without change. We quote—Western, \$18.50 to \$19.00; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; do, canvassed 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, 12c to 12c; Tallow, refined, 8c to 9c.

ASHES, steady at \$4.70 to \$4.80. FARMERS' MARKET.

The showery weather this week has caused more farmers to bring produce to the markets, and although the demand is good, prices of a number of things are lower; especially is this the case with garden stuffs, which are of remarkably fine quality and are offered in unusual quantities.

LIVE STOCK MARKET. The numbers of beef cattle brought to market here have been not so large this week as on some former occasions, and the quality is not up to the mark, so that butchers find considerable difficulty in securing the right sort of animals to supply their trade.

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS!

Inducements for your Co-operation in assisting us to increase our Circulation.

August is a splendid month in which to canvass for a newspaper. You can take subscriptions either for a year or for four months; boys and girls are out of school, and many of them like nothing better than to enter on a competition in the public service...

The Weekly Messenger was commenced in January, 1882, and by the end of that year had found its way to the homes of over five thousand regular subscribers. This year, so far, it has made but little progress. Its present circulation is 7,000. It is now about time to stir if we mean to make during this year a stride equal to that of last. The Messenger is not a children's paper, but it is very much prized by young people because it is so interesting, and they always are the best canvassers.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest list of subscribers TEN DOLLARS, to the second FIVE DOLLARS, to the third THREE DOLLARS, to the fourth TWO DOLLARS, and to the fifth ONE DOLLAR.

In the above competition every full yearly subscription will count for four, as there is four times as much money sent us.

Still further, to every one who sends us more than twenty five names we shall send a present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cuyler to be the greatest painting of modern times, and in this every full yearly subscription will count for three, as it will be treble the time.

REASONS AND HINTS.

The above offer is made so as to secure for the Messenger a good start, as we are convinced that it only needs to become generally known to be taken everywhere. If our young canvassers are enterprising

they can secure this end. The paper will only pay with a very wide circulation, and if that is obtained it can be greatly improved. We do not so much look for very large individual lists as for a great many small ones, and so we have arranged the awards so that all will be rewarded irrespective of prizes. Every good worker, however, will have a chance of being published as a prize winner if he only extends his efforts far enough and writes to his friends at a distance. The real prize, however, is the good work accomplished. The country is full of pernicious literature, which is sowing the seeds of wickedness, and it is the duty of all to take their share in the effort to overcome evil with good. When you send in your money tell us how you go to work and how you get along.

Carefully Observe the Following Directions.

Write names and addresses plainly; head each letter you write "For August Competition"; as soon as you get five or more names send them with the money, by post-office order or registered letter (the former preferred), addressed to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "WITNESS" OFFICE, MONTREAL, P.Q.

When you get more names to add to your list send them on, and say how many you have sent before. Mail your last letters by the 31st of August. We trust that very many of our young friends will send in good lists, and so materially increase the circulation of the Weekly Messenger, as to, at any rate, make its headway fully equal to that of last year. We know that this little paper is the best, for its price, published anywhere, and we feel convinced that those who, through the solicitation of our young fellow-workers, gain an introduction to the Messenger will not be willing thereafter to be without it, but will become regular subscribers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Montreal, July 28th, 1883.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON VII.

Aug 12, 1883. [Josh. 21:14-20.]

THE LAST DAYS OF JOSHUA.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11-16.

- 11. Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth; and put away the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt; and serve ye the Lord.
12. And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.
13. And the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods;
14. For the Lord our God, he it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage; and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed.

the land; therefore will we also serve the Lord; for he is our God.
19. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord; for he is a holy God, he is a jealous God; he will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins.
20. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then he will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that he hath done you good.
21. And the people said unto Joshua, Nay; but we will serve the Lord.
22. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen ye the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses.
23. Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel.
24. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.
25. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem.
26. And Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God, and took a great stone, and set it up there under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord.
27. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God.
28. So Joshua let the people depart, every man unto his inheritance.
29. And it came to pass after these things, that Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord died, being a hundred and ten years old.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Josh. 21:15.

TOPIC.—The Great Decision.

LESSON PLAN.—I. THE CHOICE OFFERED, vs. 14, 15. II. THE DECISION MADE, vs. 16-21. III. THE COVENANT RENEWED, v. 22.

Time.—B.C. 1425. Place.—Shechem.

INTRODUCTORY.

The probable date of this lesson is twenty-five years after the entrance into Canaan; and eighteen years after the division of the land among the tribes and the appointment of the cities of refuge. Joshua, finding his end approaching, first called together the elders and heads of Israel and gave them his final charge. Afterward he assembled the people as a whole, with their representatives, at Shechem to receive from him his farewell counsels. He recounted God's mercies to Israel from the call of Abraham to their own time; summed up the victories to which he had himself led them; and closed with the impressive words, "Choose you this day whom you will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The entire people, with one voice, responded to this call, and pledged themselves to be faithful to their covenant with God. Joshua then made a record of the transaction and set up a stone pillar as a memorial of this renewal of the covenant. He died soon after, at the age of one hundred and ten years, and was buried in his own grounds at Timnath-serah.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 14. Now therefore—since God has done such great things for you. FEAR THE LORD—reverence and worship him. SERVE HIM—by obeying his commands. IN SINCERITY AND IN TRUTH—not in pretence and form. PUT AWAY—renounce, have nothing to do with them. He decided in your purpose. Do not worship them in secret, while in public you in form worship the true God. THE FLOOD—the river Euphrates. IN EGYPT—see Lesson V. BE YE IT SEEM EVIL—unpleasant and profitable. CHOOSE YOU—by comparing the gods of the heathen with Jehovah. THIS DAY—the words being then to a free, firm and final choice of God as their portion. (Compare 1 Kings 18:21.) GOD'S SERVICE is a matter of free choice. AND MY HOUSE—whatever course others in my lake, we are decided. Though others desert the cause of God, we should stand by it all our days. IF A GOD FORBID—far be it from us; the expression implies abhorrence of idolatry. vs. 17, 18, good, substantial reasons for the choice. HE IS OUR GOD—we have bound ourselves to him by solemn vow. V. 19. YE CANNOT SERVE THE LORD—he shows the difficulty of serving two, and would have them count the cost. A HOLY GOD—his servants, therefore, must be holy. A JEALOUS GOD—as he has no equal, so he can suffer no rival. HE WILL NOT FORGIVE—rather, will not bear, will not tolerate. He is ever ready to show mercy to the penitent, however great their sins; but he will not clear or tolerate those who persist in their sins. V. 20. Do YOU HEART—will be as severe as he had before been kind. V. 21. WE WILL SERVE THE LORD—Jehovah, in distinction from all the gods of the heathen. V. 22. JOSHUA MADE A COVENANT—literally, cut a covenant, adding to the sacrifice that was usually offered on such occasions. A renewal of their covenant with Jehovah as their King. V. 23. A STATUTE AND ORDINANCE—both they and their posterity were so regard it as having all the force of divine law. V. 25. IN THE BOOK OF THE LAW—in the sacred records. A GREAT STONE—according to the custom of ancient times to erect stone pillars as memorials of public events. UNDER AN OAK THAT WAS BY THE SANCTUARY OF THE LORD—under the oak (or terebinth tree) where Abraham and Jacob had built their altars (Gen. 12, 6, 1; 33:20), and where Theophanet was revealed when Israel entered Canaan, Josh. 8:30-35. This was "the sanctuary of Jehovah" in Shechem. V. 27. THIS STONE SHALL BE A WITNESS—compare Mark 2:11 and Luke 19:40. (See also Deut. 32:1; Isa. 1:2.)

TEACHINGS.

- 1. The service of God is a matter of choice.
2. It is a good and reasonable service.
3. We should serve the true God, and him only.
4. Prompt decision in religion is a personal and present duty.
5. Though others may desert the cause of God, we should not.

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