

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Temperance Worker

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

The *Weekly Messenger* is the cheapest weekly newspaper known to us on this continent.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THROUGH THE EXERTIONS of the Redemptorist Fathers Oates and Rathke, in St. John, N. B., 228 men joined the Roman Catholic temperance societies of that city.

MR. ST. JOHN, ex-Governor of Kansas, will shortly visit the larger cities of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, speaking upon temperance, of which he is one of the best living champions.

A HAMILTON PAPER that has never been friendly to the Scott Act gives evidence in its news columns of the efficiency of the measure, when it tells of the proprietor of a hotel at Oakville, Halton county, having, under pressure of the Scott Act, become involved and decamped.

A WINNIPEG, Manitoba, paper has been figuring up what is spent in drink in that city. There are about a hundred hotels in the city, and it is estimated that thirty of these average \$100 a day, thirty-five \$75 a day, and the same number about \$50 a day—a total of \$735 per day, or almost three million dollars a year.

IT IS SAID the liquor traffic in India is growing immensely, causing a visible decay in the morality and happiness of the people, even in divisions inhabited by natives of high caste, whose religious and caste tenets forbid the use of spirituous liquors. At the same time it is said the consumption of rum by European soldiers in India has decreased by nearly one-half during the past four years. It is undoubtedly the bounden duty of the English, who introduced the poison into the country along with their commerce and their government, to make the most strenuous efforts to save the native race from the certain destruction that will result from a general falling into drinking habits.

HERE IS SOMETHING for those who are continually harping on the statement that the Scott Act is not effective where it has been adopted. There were ten counties in Nova Scotia under the Act last year, and the *Halifax New Era*, a commercial paper, says:—"Wholesale dealers say that scarcely more than one-half as much liquor has been imported to Halifax this year as last. This is attributed generally to two causes. First, the operation of the Scott Act in many of the counties of this Province, and

second that large quantities were carried over from last year." The second cause here given is undoubtedly to some extent produced by the first, as if large stocks have had to be carried over from last year, it shows that less liquor was consumed than the importers anticipated.

AMONG THE QUESTIONS raised in connection with the present stage of the temperance movement in England is that of a substitute for strong drinks in railway and other refreshment rooms. Gradually the tastes of the teetotal public are being discovered, and caterers are finding that it does not pay to be careless of the demands of the now formidable temperance custom. On some railway lines good tea and coffee is dispensed at the refreshment counters, and milk is furnished instead of stout and wine in luncheon baskets for those preferring it. A writer in a temperance paper says that no beverage stands the test better than milk and cold water. The British Women's Temperance Association lately addressed a memorial to every railway director in the United Kingdom, asking for more consideration about the refreshment bars for temperance drinks. Hopes are entertained by temperance workers that the time is close at hand when all refreshment bars will find it an absolute necessity to pay respect to a person who wears the blue ribbon and asks for something besides a draught of ale or a glass of wine.

IN A LECTURE delivered recently by the Rev. Mr. Brethour at Oakville, Halton county, much evidence was advanced of the efficiency of the Scott Act. Out of about one hundred prosecutions under the Act one-half had been sustained—a much larger proportion than is shown in suits for violations of the election laws. At all county and township fairs in Halton sobriety had been a marked feature, while drunkenness had been one of the leading characteristics of such occasions in neighboring counties. A boarder at one of the leading hotels in the county was told by his landlord that in his hotel not one glass was now sold where fifty formerly were. Another landlord remarked that his hotel, formerly prosperous and paying, had not for three months paid expenses. Lately a clergyman had called upon the manufacturers of Georgetown and questioned them as to the effect of the Scott Act upon their interests, and all, with one exception, pronounced it a success: public morals were better and business was rather improved than depressed. It had been brought against the Act that it promoted secret drinking, but the lecturer held that this phase of the vice was made more evident by the suppression of public drinking. There had been secret drinking, however, under license, and was it not much better—asked he—that a man take his liquor home and drink it in secret than that he spend his means in becoming a sot at the hotel before the public gaze, and perhaps even then take his bottleful home and become more drunken in the bosom of his family. Mr. Brethour dealt effectively with the common fallacy that a license law would remedy some of the evils complained of, giving a convincing array of facts to prove that the

licensed traffic produced only evil. He also answered the charge that prohibition was tyranny by giving instances of the much more galling tyranny exercised by those in the liquor trade toward persons in their power. At the close of the meeting the following resolution was adopted by a rising vote:—"Resolved, that after eighteen months' experience with the Scott Act, this meeting is of opinion that drinking has been reduced, public morals improved, crime lessened, business bettered, and the community made happier and more prosperous."

GOOD TEMPLARS.

MR. B. D. ROGERS, of the seceded Order, lately instituted "Eureka" Lodge at Churchville, Pictou, N. S., with twenty-two charter members. Mr. A. W. McDonald is L. D.; Mr. A. G. Robertson, W. C. T.; Mr. Walker Robertson, W. V. T.; and Mr. D. R. McDonald, W. S. Ten new Lodges of this Order have been instituted and one has been reorganized in Pictou county during the past three months, and 500 persons added to the membership.

"Best Endeavor" Lodge was instituted at Cooksville, Peel county, Ontario, by Mr. W. H. Rodden, special organizing agent of the Grand Lodge of Canada. There were twenty-one charter members, and the list of officers is as follows:—P. W. C. T. and L. D., E. A. Tolman; W. C. T., Wm. Haines; W. V. T., Lucy Readman; W. Sec., Neil McGillivray; W. F. S., James Falconer; W. Treas., Mrs. E. D. Browne; W. M., John Cunningham; W. Chaplain, Rev. G. Browne; W. I. G., Agnes Craigie; W. O. G., Joseph Haines; W. D. M., Barbara Craigie.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Division of Nova Scotia met in thirty-sixth annual session in Halifax, last week, about a hundred delegates being in attendance. Unprecedented progress was shown by the Grand Scribe's report. There was an increase of seventeen Divisions since the 30th June last. 1,654 members were added last quarter, while 947 left in various ways, leaving a net increase of 707 members. The net increase of Divisions during the year was 75, and of members 4,289. Receipts for agency and lecture fund increased from \$113.89 last year to \$2,016.31 this year. 66 new Divisions were formed during the year, 44 old ones resuscitated, and 7,381 persons admitted to the Order. The election of officers of the Grand Division resulted as follows:—G. W. P., Joseph Burrill, Yarmouth, (re-elected); G. A. P., Duncan McLennan, Sydney, C. B.; G. S., Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax; G. Treas., H. A. Taylor, Halifax; G. Chap., Rev. John Murray, Sydney; G. Com., H. D. Holloway, Halifax; G. Sen., T. J. Borden, Port Williams.

MR. J. W. FITZMACRICK, of Flint, Michigan, an enthusiastic temperance worker, is a second cousin of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada.

COUNT KALNOCKY, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, lately said the foreign relations of Austria were perfectly friendly. His recent utterances on Russia had been wilfully distorted, and there was not the least symptom of a quarrel between either Russia or Germany and Austria. He was confident peace was assured for a long time to come. Equally pacific assurances were given about the same time by the *North German Gazette*, a Government organ, which declared the existence of an aggressive alliance and declared the powers only united to secure peace. Lord Hartington, speaking at Buxton, England, said he thought Mr. Gladstone would be able to say, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that the peace of Europe was assured, and that the difficulties of England with France were settled, although a state of affairs might arise between France and China which would require all England's forbearance and friendship to prevent serious complications. In this connection the following despatch from Paris shows that the critical nature of the situation is well understood there:—"A war between France and China would so seriously imperil British interests it is feared England would intervene. France will not provoke a rupture with China, but negotiations will not be closed until the French are firmly seated in Tonquin." The Committee of the Delegations in the Austrian Parliament, reporting favorably upon the foreign estimates of the budget, said the alliance with Germany had no hostile feeling toward foreign nations, and Austria's only endeavor was to preserve peace as long as possible. In spite of all these peaceful assurances inquiry is manifest in Germany as to the maintenance of peace through the winter. It is rumored that the reserves of the second line of the German landwehr, or national militia, which should be relieved according to routine this month, will not be so, and this rumor increases the uneasiness.

THE STRENGTH OF DYNAMITE has been terribly exemplified by the explosion of a magazine of that material at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of October. Several men were killed, trees were uprooted and rocks thrown into the river. Upon the site of the magazine the solid rock was shattered to the depth of thirty feet over an area of a hundred feet square. At a distance of fifty miles the report was heard and seven miles away windows were broken. The finding of a gun near the place led to a supposition that its discharge by one of the victims had caused the explosion.

A NEW AIR SHIP was tried at Courbevoie, France, on October 30th. Brisson, the inventor, another aeronaut named Lair, and Fabula, owner of the balloon that towed the ship up, were on board. Balloon and ship disappeared in an upper fog. The aerial caravan was next heard of at La Maladerie de Poissy, where it landed after an unsuccessful trip.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED PERSONS were taken with trichinosis, and eighteen died, during the first few weeks of its prevalence in Ermleben, Germany.

GO TO JESUS WITH ALL YOUR TROUBLES.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

What's the matter? Come, tell mamma,
She will wipe the tears away;
She will soothe, will pet, and fondle,
Words of sweetest comfort say.

Are you tired of learning lessons,
Do they seem too hard for you?
Words in spelling long and tiresome,
Sums too difficult to do?

Are the towns and cities bigging
From your bright eyes' eager quest?
Can't seas, and lakes, and rivers,
In their beds be found at rest?

Well, my child, with these your troubles,
I will tell you where to go:
The dear Lord will help you study,
Try, and you will find it so.

Go to Jesus with your "bothers,"
Never mind if they are small;
He will help you, he will bless you,
Only ask him, that is all.

Yes, take every tiny trouble
Right to Him who died for you,
You can never go too often
All your earthly journey through.
—*Child's Paper.*

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.—PUZZLED.

The old Australian, Alexander Wilson, had left his niece, Charlotte Home, after his first interview with her, in a very disturbed state of mind. More disturbed indeed was he than by the news of his sister's death. He was a rich man now, having been successful in the land of his banishment, and having returned to his native land the possessor of a moderate fortune. He had never married, and he meant to live with Daisy and share his wealth with her. But in these day-dreams he had only thought of his money as giving some added comforts to his rich little sister, enabling her to have a house in London for the season, and while living in the country, to add more horses to her establishment and more conservatories to build and tend. His money should add luxuries and, consequently, to her comforts. He had never heard of this unfortunate sister for three-and-twenty years, the strange dislike to write home having grown upon him as time went on. But though he knew nothing about her, he many a time in his own wild and solitary life pictured her as he saw her last. Daisy never grew old to him. Death and Daisy were not connected. Daisy in his imagination was always young, always girlish, always fresh and beautiful. He saw her as he saw her last in her beautiful country home standing by her rich husband's side, looking more like his daughter than his wife. No; Sandy never dreamed that Daisy would or could die, but in thinking of her he believed her to be a widow. That husband, so old when he went away, must be dead.

On his arrival in England, Sandy went down into Hertfordshire. He visited the place where he had last seen his sister. It was in the hands of strangers—sold long ago. No one even remembered the name of Harman. Then he met little Daisy Home, and learned quite by accident that his Daisy was dead, and that the pretty child who reminded him of her was her grandchild. He went to visit Charlotte Home, and there made a fresh discovery. Had his Daisy been alive she would have wanted far more from his well-filled purse than horses and carriages. She would have needed not the luxuries of life, but the necessities. He had imagined her rich, while she had died in poverty. She had died poor, and her child, her only child, bore evident marks of having met face to face with the sorrest of all want, that which attacks the gently born. Her face, still young but sadly thin and worn, the very look in her eyes, told this fact to Sandy.

Yes; his pretty Daisy, whom he had imagined so rich, so beautifully provided for, had died a very poor and struggling woman. Doubtless this sad and dreadful fact had shortened her days. Doubtless but for this monstrous injustice she would be alive now,

ready to welcome her long-lost brother back to his native land.

All that night Sandy Wilson lay awake. He was a hale and hearty man, and seldom knew what it was to toss for any time on his pillow; but so shocked was he, that this night no repose would visit him. An injustice had been done, a fraud committed, and it remained for him to find out the evil thing, to drag it to the light, to set the wronged right once more. Charlotte Home was not at all the character he could best understand. She was not in the least like her mother. She told the tale of her wrongs with a strange and manifest reluctance. She believed that a fraud had been committed. She was fully persuaded that not her long-dead father but her living half-brothers were the guilty parties. In this belief Sandy most absolutely shared. He longed to drag these villains into the glaring light of justice, to expose them and their disgraceful secret to the shameful light of day. But in this longing he saw plainly that Charlotte did not share. He was puzzled, scarcely pleased, that this was so. How differently little Daisy would have acted had she been alive! Dear little innocent Daisy, who all alone could do nothing, would in his strong presence have grown so brave and fearless. She would have put the case absolutely and once for all into his hands. Now this her daughter did not seem disposed to do. She said to him, with most manifest anxiety, "You will do nothing without me. You will do nothing until we meet again."

This he had promised readily enough, for what could he do in the short hours which must elapse between now and their next meeting? As he was dressing, however, on the following morning, a sudden idea did occur to him, and on this idea he resolved to act before he saw Charlotte at six o'clock in the evening. He would go to Somerset House and see Mr. Harman's will. What Daisy first and now Charlotte, had never thought of doing during all these years he would do that very day. Thus he would gain certain and definite information. With this information it would be comparatively easy to know how best to act.

He went to Somerset House. He saw the will; he saw the greatness of the robbery committed, so many years ago; he saw and he felt a wild kind of almost savage delight in the fact that he could quickly and easily set the wrong right, for he was one of the trustees. He saw all this, and yet—and yet—he went away a very unhappy and perplexed man, for he had seen something else—he had seen a woman's agony and despair. Sandy Wilson possessed the very softest soul that had ever been put into a big body. He never could bear to see even a dog in pain. How then could he look at the face of this girl which, all in a moment, under his very eyes, had become blanched with agony? He could not bear it. He forgot his fierce longing for revenge, he forgot his niece Charlotte's wrongs, in this sudden and passionate desire to succor the other Charlotte, the daughter of the bad man who had robbed his own sister, his own niece; he became positively anxious that Miss Harman should not commit herself; he felt a nervous fear as each word dropped from her lips; he saw that she spoke in the extremity of despair. How could he stop the words which told too much? He was relieved when the thought occurred to him to ask her to meet him again—again when they were both calmer. She had consented, and he found himself advising her, as he would have advised his own dear daughter had he been lucky enough to have possessed one. He promises her that nothing, nothing should be done until they met again, and so afraid was he that, in his interview that evening with his niece, Mrs. Home, he might be tempted to drop some word which might betray even so little that other Charlotte, that instead of going to Tremier's Road as he had intended, he wrote a note excusing himself and putting off his promised visit until the following evening.

CHAPTER XL.—CHARLOTTE'S PLEA.

When at last the time drew near for him to bend his steps in the direction of Somerset House he had by no means made up his mind how to act. His sympathies were still with Miss Harman. Her face had haunted him all night long; but he felt that every sense of justice, every sense of right, called upon him to befriended Mrs. Home. His dearly loved dead sister seemed to call to him from her grave and to ask him to

rescue those belonging to her, to give again to these wronged ones what was rightfully theirs. In any case, seeing the wrong as he so plainly did, he would have felt called upon to take his sister's part in the matter. But as circumstances now stood, even had Mrs. Home been no relation to him whatever, he still must have acted for her and her alone. For was he not the other trustee? and did not the very law of the land of his birth demand that he should see that the terms of the will were carried out?

He arrived at the square of Somerset House, and found Miss Harman waiting for him.

She came up to him at once and held out her hand. His quick eye detected at a glance that she was now quite calm and collected, that whatever she might have done in the first agony of her despair yesterday, to-day she would do nothing to betray herself. Strange to say, he liked her far less well in this mood than he had done yesterday, and his heart and inclination veered round again to his wronged niece and her children with a sense of pleasure and almost triumph.

"They began to walk up and down, and Miss Harman, finding that her companion was silent, was the first to speak.

"You asked me to meet you here to-day. What do you want to say to me?"

"Good heavens! was she going to ride the high horse over him in this style? Sandy's small eyes almost flashed as he turned to look at her.

"A monstrous wrong has been done, Miss Harman," he answered, "I have come to talk about that."

"I know," replied Charlotte. "I have thought it all out. I know exactly what has been done. My grandfather died and left a sum of twelve hundred a year to my aunt—his wife. He left other moneys to my father and his brother. My father and his brother, my uncle, disregarded the claims of the widow and the orphan child. They appropriated the money—they stole it—giving to my grandfather's widow a small sum during her life, which small sum they did not even allow to be retained by her child."

"That is pretty much the case, young lady. You have read the will with tolerable accuracy."

"I do not know how in the least the deed was done," continued Charlotte. "How such a crime could be committed and yet lie hidden all these years remains a terrible and mysterious thing to me. But that it was done, I can but use my own eyes in reading my grandfather's will to see."

"It was done easily enough, Miss Harman. They thought the other trustee was dead. Your father and his brother were false to their trust, and they never reckoned that Sandy Wilson would come back all alive and blooming one fine morning—Sandy, whose duty it is to see this great wrong put right."

"Yes, it is your duty," said Charlotte; and now again, she grew very white; her eyes sought the ground, and she was silent.

"It is my most plain duty," repeated Wilson, shuffling with his great feet as he walked by her side.

"I should like to know what steps you mean to take," continued Charlotte, suddenly raising her eyes to his face.

"Steps! Good gracious! young lady, I have not had time to go into the law of the thing. Besides, I promised to do nothing until we met again. But one thing is plain enough and obvious enough—my niece, that young woman who might have been rich, but who is so poor—that young woman must come in for her own again. It is three-and-twenty years since her father died. She must receive from your father that money with all back interest for the last three-and-twenty years. That means a goodish bit of money, I can tell you."

"I have no doubt it does," replied Charlotte. "Mrs. Home shall have it all."

"Well, I hope so, young lady; and so, too. It seems to me she has had her share of poverty."

"She has had, as you say, her share of that evil. Mr. Wilson," again raising her eyes to his face, "I know Mrs. Home."

"You know her? You know my niece Charlotte personally? She did not tell me that."

"Yes, I know her. I should like to see her now."

"You would!—I am surprised! Why?"

"That I might go down on my knees to her."

"Well, good gracious! young lady, I suppose you might feel sorry, but I did not know you would humble yourself to that extent. It was not your sin."

"Hush! It was your father's sin. I am his child. I would go lower than my knees—I would lie on the ground that she might walk over me, if the better in that position I might plead for mercy."

"For mercy? Ay, that's all very well, but Charlotte must have her rights. Sandy Wilson must see to that."

"She shall have her rights! And yet I would see her if I could, and if I saw her I would go on my knees and plead for mercy."

"I don't understand you, Miss Harman."

"I do not suppose you do. Will you have patience with me while I explain myself?"

"I have come here to talk to you and to listen to you," said Wilson.

"Sir, I must tell you of my father, that man whom you (and I do not wonder) consider so low—so low! When I read that will yesterday—when I saw with my own eyes what a fraud had been committed, what a great, great evil had been done, I felt in my first hurry that I almost hated my father! I said to myself, 'Let him be punished!' I would have helped you then to bring him to punishment. I think you saw that?"

"I did, Miss Harman. I can see as far through a stone wall as most people. I saw that you were a bit stunned, and I thought it but fair that you should have time to calm down."

"You were kind to me. You acted as a good man and a gentleman. Then I scarcely cared what happened to my father; now I do."

"Ay, ay, young lady, natural feelings must return. I am very sorry for you."

"Mr. Wilson, I hope to make you yet more sorry. I must tell you more. When I saw you yesterday I knew that my father was ill—I knew that he was in appearance an old man, a broken down man, a very unhappy man; but since I saw you yesterday I have learned that he is a dying man—that old man against whom I hardened my heart so yesterday is going fast to judgment. The knowledge of this was kept from me, for my father so loved me, so guarded me all my life that he could not bear that even a pin's point of sorrow should rest upon me. After seeing you yesterday, and leaving you, I visited some poor people, who, not knowing that the truth was hidden from me, spoke of it as a well-known fact. I went away from them with my eyes opened. I only wondered they had been closed so long. I went away, and this morning I did more. I visited one of the greatest and cleverest doctors in London. This doctor my father, unknown to me, had for some time consulted. I asked him for his candid opinion on my father's case. He gave it to me. Nothing can save my father. My father must die! But he told me more; he said that the nature of his complaint was such that any shock must instantly kill him. He said without that shock he may live for months; not many months, but still for a few. Hearing this, I took the doctor still further into my confidence. I told him that a wrong had been committed—that during my father's lifetime that wrong could not be set right without his knowledge. I said that he must know something which would disgrace him. His answer was this: 'As his medical man, I forbid him to know; such a knowledge will cause certain and instant death.'

Charlotte paused. Wilson, now deeply interested, even appalled, was gazing at her earnestly.

"I know Charlotte Home," continued Miss Harman; "and, as I said just now, I would see her now. Yes, she has needed money; she has longed for money; she has been cruelly wronged—most cruelly treated! Still, I think, if I pleaded long enough and hard enough, she would have mercy; she would not hurry that old man to so swift a judgment; she would spare him for those few, few months to which his life is now limited. It is for those months I plead. He is a dying man. I want nothing to be done during those months. Afterwards—afterwards I will promise, I will if necessary sign any legal paper you bring to me, that all that should have been hers shall be Char-

lotte Home's—I restore it all! Oh, how swiftly and how gladly! All I plead for are those few months."

Wilson was silent.

Charlotte suddenly looking at him almost lost her self-control.

"Must I go down on my knees to you, sir? I will if it is necessary. I will here—even here do so, if it is necessary."

"It is not, it is not, my dear Miss Harman. I believe you; from my very soul I pity you! I will do what I can. I can't promise anything without my niece's permission; but I am to see her this evening."

"Oh, if you pleased with her, she will have mercy; for I know her—I am sure of her! Oh! how can I thank you!—how can I thank you both?"

Here some tears rose to Charlotte's eyes, and rolled fast and heavily down her cheeks. She put up her handkerchief to wipe them away.

"You asked me to cry yesterday, but I could not; now I believe I shall be able," she said with almost a smile. "God bless you!"

Before Wilson could get in another word she had left him, and, hurrying through the square, was lost to sight.

Wilson gazed after her retreating form; then he went into Somerset House, and once more long and carefully studied Mr. Jarman's will.

(To be Continued.)

ONE BY ONE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

When a lad I used to join in the apple-gatherings in the ripe month of October. The common fruit, which was destined to the cider-press or the swine, was shaken from the trees, and no amount of bruising did any harm. But the choice pippins and Spitzenbergs, which were destined for the apple-bins, were carefully picked by hand. Those were gathered one by one; we intended that they should keep through the Winter.

This process illustrates the only effectual method for the conversion of souls. "Ye shall be gathered one by one," was the declaration made to God's people in the olden time. The Lord declares that in the time of the purification and restoration of Israel, He would gather in His grain, seed by seed; each seed should be tested, and not a single one overlooked, or one genuine kernel be lost.

A very large portion of Christ's inspired biography is occupied by His personal interviews—witness the guilty woman by a well, with a publican by the wayside, with a young ruler, with a blind beggar, or with a Nicodemus in a private room. To the Son of God, as to every faithful Gospel-minister, one soul was a great acquaintance. The single extended discourse which Christ delivered, was aimed at every auditor before Him.

No fact is more patent on the face of the Book of Acts than that it is the record, chiefly, of individual labors for the conversion of the spiritual training of individuals. Those first Christians were men and women who understood thoroughly their personal responsibilities and the power of personal effort. Find, if you can, the appointment of a single "committee" in the Book of Acts. Seven men were indeed designated to the work of dispensing charities to the poor; but this was done in order to release the others for personal labor in declaring the Word of Life. Very little is said about Church organizations. Nothing was allowed to keep man from man—the individual believer from the individual sinner. Peter goes right after Cornelius; Philip talks directly to Queen Candace's treasurer; Aquila and Priscilla have a great Bible-class in the person of eloquent Apollus; and Dorcas is a sewing-society in herself. Amid all the conventions and "union meetings" and endless talk about revivals, is there not danger that each Christian may forget that he or she is the bearer of one lamp? And if that lamp be well filled with grace, and its light be lovingly thrown on one sinner's path, more good will be accomplished than by a whole torchlight procession out on parade. A crowd is often in the way when a soul is to be rescued. Christ led a deaf man out of the crowd when He wished to deal with him alone. Those early Christians wrought wonders for God and dying humanity, but they accomplished it by the

simple, direct method—every man to his man. Personal holiness made each man a partner with the Omnipotent Jesus.

As I recall my own ministerial experience, I can testify that nearly all the converting work done has been by personal contact with souls. For example, I once recognized in the congregation a new comer, and at my first visit to his house was strongly drawn to him as a very noble-hearted, manly character. A long talk with him seemed to produce little impression; but before I left he took me up-stairs to see his three or four rosy children in their cribs. As we stood looking at the sleeping cherubs. I said to him, "My friend, what sort of a father are you going to be to these children? Are you going to lead them towards Heaven or the other way?" The arrow lodged. At our next communion season he was at the Master's table and he soon became a most useful officer in the church. There is an unlocked door in about everybody's heart if we will only ask God to show us where to find it.

Every pastor and every successful Sunday school teacher will recall similar experiences of personal interviews that did the business. Harlan Page never attempted any other method than hand-picking. Even Mr. Moody has often told me that his most effective work is done in the inquiry-room, where he deals with souls one by one. The true way to ensure conversions in our congregations is for individual Christians (you for instance) to give themselves afresh to Jesus, and then go after some one soul that is within the reach of their influence. Be on the watch for opportunities. Do a person a kindness, or make a personal visit to open the way to the heart's door. Sometimes a kind, faithful letter is blessed to a soul's awakening. A single sentence, kindly spoken to him in the street, brought one of my neighbors to the Saviour. Heaven has its myriads of saved sinners; but they were gathered there, one by one.—*Evangelist.*

MR. SMITHIES AND THE DOCTORS.

Dr. Dawson Barns tells the following story of the editor of the "British Workman." I knew him when he was working first as manager of guita percha works in the City Road; but when he was getting more deeply engaged in his publications it was necessary for him to reduce the strain upon his constitution. A severe illness about this time was a cause of anxiety, and going to York to consult his family doctor he was informed that nothing could save his life but a small quantity of wine per day. When Mr. Smithies admitted that he might take this prescription medicinally, without breaking the pledge, but urged that his action, if known, would be liable to suspicion and weaken his temperance influence, the doctor could only reply that he was very sorry, and that being aware of the facts, he would not have given the order had it not been positively indispensable. Silenced but not convinced—though knowing the doctor to be both able and conscientious—Mr. Smithies came up expressly to London again to consult Sir James Clark, and when assured by him that wine was not necessary, he could scarcely restrain his joy. He thanked God, took Sir James Clark's prescription, and recovered. Had he yielded to his friend at York, and had he survived, he would have added one more to the number of cases where the use of wine in illness has been falsely regarded as the preserver of life and restorer of health.

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day, when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and smiling, said: "Do you want a boy, sir?"

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J.

He said afterward that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be a confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went

into the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," his father, greatly pleased, said to him on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with but \$200 or \$300 each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor discontented man. Jem bought an immigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.—*Springfield Republican.*

AUTHORITY.

The changes in character of the growing youth do not justify a suspension of authority. Indeed, authority is never suspended in life. When he passes from under the control of parents, he passes under the control of the State, and is all the while under the control of God. There should be no period of the boy's life, from the dawn of consciousness to the maturity of manhood, when he does not recognize a power underneath and about and above him—to which he is subject.

Authority over a growing boy should be limited, withdrawing, indeed, in certain features, from certain portions of his life. It should be exercised from the beginning in the interest of self culture and self-control. It should be exercised with peculiar care between twelve and eighteen, because of the tendencies of that period of his life.

One must not expect to begin exercising authority at fifteen. It must be an experience from the beginning, and when modifications are made in authority, it should not be a new establishment of it, but a general release from certain phases of it; and the child should grow to see, all the way through his life, the propriety and dignity and fitness of this authority.—*S. S. Journal.*

WORK AND WIN.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about he replied:

"I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or were at play, he was always at work."

And the force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard was always considered by those who knew him best, to be superior in natural talent to his brother; yet the one rose to greatness, while the other lived and died in comparative obscurity. The lesson to all is, if you would succeed in life, be diligent; improve your time; work. "Seest thou a man?" says Solomon, "diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—*Exchange.*

LIQUORDOM IN NEW YORK.

FOOD VERSUS LIQUOR.

Food.—Butchers, 2,098; Bakers, 1,110; Grocers, 4,118; Total, 7,326.

Liquor.—Hotel Keepers, 4,819; Beer Sellers, 3,732; Store Keepers, 534; Illicit Dealers, 1,000; Total, 10,075.

The above startling facts show that the sellers of Liquor out-number the sellers of Food by 2,749.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

PUZZLES.

AN EASY GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Two princely youths, who knew no—, Arose one morn to chase the deer.
"Twas in the blossoming month of May.
And every bird on verdant spray.
Greeting the sun's forthcoming—,
Poured out a merry roundelay.
Though early dawn, the sky was—,
"Haste, oh! haste, my brother dear,
Let something suddenly appear,
Bringing the floating clouds together,
To spoil for us this bright—!"

"I'd ride," said—to the—,
"Just for the joy one shot to send."
"And I," the other said, "am able
To hunt the otter and the—;
But to the desert some will hie,
Though somewhat—, just to try
Their luck where green cases lie.
It well-befitted noble—
To excel in every manly grace,
Fearless though pent in busy town,
To roam the meads and moorlands brown,
To know each turn of mountain path,
Nor shun the wild beast's fiercest—"

This was a speech for boys quite spicy.
They knelt to quaff the water—;
The elder gazed upon the—
Cut short the horses' grassy feast,
"—" cried he, "we'll hasten forth,
And turn us to the breezy—,
For there the deer was seen at morn,
We'll wake the echoes with our—
With noble quarry hunters cope,
To bring him down they have—;
Up and away with wild halloo,
The dogs have rushed the thicket through;
Up and away o'er bosk and dell,
And till we meet we'll say—"
(Fill the blanks with the names of capes.)

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. The shell is bone color.
2. Far is not always the real value.
3. They went to bathe at the seashore.
4. He is a very pert Harry, is he not?
5. We went to the hall, every one of us
6. Mr. Pot's dam is very deep.
7. It was on ice all day.

WORD CHANGES.

Change the first letter of close by and make back; change again and make a rent; again and make a period of time; again and make to listen; again and make a fruit; again and make an animal; again and make terror; again and make dry; again and make to have on; again and make beloved; again and make harmless.

ENIGMA.

My first is an adverb of negation,
My second is an exclamation,
My whole is a man who lived many years ago.

SARA BELL MCKINNON.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

Behead and curtail a domestic animal, and leave a part of the verb to be.
Behead and curtail tardy, and leave by.
Behead and curtail gone by, and leave in like manner.
Behead and curtail a rope for catching animals, and leave a donkey.
Behead and curtail ground, and leave one.
Behead and curtail ire, and leave a small animal.

SANS TÊTES ET SANS PIÉDS.

1. Behead and curtail a small, light musket, leave to make use of.
2. Custom, and leave to cause to bend.
3. A hotel, and leave to assert.
4. Good-bye, and leave a stamp.
5. An empty show, and leave part of a circle.
6. Perverse, and leave anything.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.—A RHINDOW.
NAMES OF BIRDS.—1. Black-cap; 2. Goose; 3. Starling; 4. Blue-jay; 5. Kite; 6. Crow; 7. Lark; 8. Wood-lark; 9. Night-in-gale; 10. Do do; 11. Parrot; 12. Hawk-bill; 13. Yellow; 14. Bower-bird; 15. Red-breast; 16. Sand-piper; 17. Wag-tail; 18. Yellow-hammer; 19. Wry-neck; 20. Whip-poor-will; 21. Part-ridge; 22. Kity-wake; 23. Cardinal.

HIDDEN ISLANDS.

1. Iceland; 2. Bahama; 3. Antilles; 4. Bermuda; 5. Porto Rico; 6. Lipari; 7. Hebrides; 8. Sumatra; 9. Ceylon; 10. Nicobar; 11. Singapore; 12. Faroe; 13. Crete; 14. Van Dieman's Land; 15. Fire; 16. Canary.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Gillian A. Greene and Ann J. Phoenix.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

A PUBLIC TRIUMPH.

A great libel suit was brought to a close last week in Montreal just as the *Messenger* copy was all in the hands of the printers. The trial began on Thursday, the 25th of October, and ended on Wednesday evening, the 31st. It was a suit for fifty thousand dollars' damages brought by the Messrs. Allan, proprietors-in-chief of the Allan Steamship Line, against Messrs. John Dougall & Son, proprietors and publishers of the *Daily* and *Weekly Witness*. The alleged libel consisted in statements reflecting upon the accommodation and treatment of steerage passengers, and the general condition of the steerage, on board the Allan steamship "Sardinian," in a certain trip from Liverpool to Montreal last summer. It appears the writer of the letter, which was signed "Wayfarer," was Mr. David Currie, employed on the staff of the *Witness* as agricultural editor, who with his wife and child came home from a visit to Ireland in the steerage upon the trip of the "Sardinian" in question. Among the charges made were uncleanness and consequent unwholesomeness of the steerage, causing much sickness as well as general discomfort; overcrowding of compartments, particularly in the women's division; the exaction of tips or bribes by under stewards and servants to procure not only luxuries but even attentions to which passengers were entitled, and disregard of the captain to complaints made to him on board. Shortly after the publication of the letter in both the *Daily Witness* and the *Weekly Witness* the Messrs. Allan denounced it to the publishers of the *Witness* as false in every particular, and demanded a prompt retraction and apology, and at the same time they withdrew the advertisement of the Allan Line from the *Witness*. Messrs. Dougall declined to retract or apologize, and said in an editorial, "We hold that steerage passengers in steamships have a right to make their grievances known through the press, and that this is the only practical means of having them redressed," and again, "We certainly could not apologize for giving honest poor men the freedom of the press on a public question which greatly interests our country; and as for retraction, we had only given the statements of credible witnesses, and we signified our readiness to publish the statements of any other persons to whom we might be directed and whose information had any bearing on the subject." The action was entered almost a year before it was tried—the delay, which was calculated to make the defendants' case harder to prove, being caused, first, by the death of Sir Hugh Allan, one of the plaintiffs, and secondly, in accordance with applications of the surviving plaintiffs for time in which to procure evidence abroad by commission. When at length the trial came on, three days were consumed in making out the plaintiffs' case, by the address of counsel and the evidence of thirty-nine witnesses, namely, eighteen examined in court and twenty-one whose testimony had been taken abroad by commission. Of these fourteen were steerage, and three cabin passengers, two only, and they cabin passengers, being among those examined in court, and most of the remaining witnesses, both in and out of court, were employees and agents of the

plaintiffs. The case for the defence took less than two days in its presentation, and consisted entirely of evidence given in court before the jury. Twenty-six witnesses, all but two of whom were steerage passengers, appeared on the stand and proved a much worse state of affairs on board the "Sardinian" than the offending letter of "Wayfarer" described. After able addresses to the jury by counsel on both sides, the judge instructed the jury exclusively upon legal points and they retired to consider their verdict. They shortly returned to court with a verdict, declaring all the statements of "Wayfarer" true and the Messrs. Dougall fully justified in having published them. Messrs. Benjamin and Bethune, Q. C., were counsel for the plaintiffs, and Messrs. J. J. Maclaren, Q. C., and R. C. Smith, his young partner, for the defendants. The latter was city editor of the *Witness* when the letter of "Wayfarer" appeared and began practice since. His speech to the jury was universally regarded as a fine effort, particularly for a first one. In the court room the two junior members of the firm of Messrs. John Dougall & Son were warmly congratulated upon the triumph achieved at once for themselves, for the freedom of the press and for the public good, and since congratulations—verbally, by telegraph and post, and in the press—have been pouring in upon them from all sides. It is generally anticipated that the issue of the trial will secure better care and treatment for all time to come of poor people crossing the ocean, whose means compel them to travel in the steerage.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

A warm debate occurred in the French Assembly upon the Tonquin affair. In defending the policy of the Government M. Challemeil Lacour represented the French position in Annam as being a strong one, and declared that France never departed from the path of firmness and moderation, and that she had been rendered by the force of circumstances the representative of the interests of all Europe. M. Perrin, replying, reproached the Government for not having fulfilled its promises and characterized the Tonquin affair as a mere adventure. He said Frenchmen were not afraid of war with China, but the necessity thereof must be first shown. Twenty thousand men were required for Tonquin, and he thought it would be imprudent to spare so many Frenchmen in the present condition of Europe. M. Ferry, the Premier, in a speech said the Government was desirous of firmly establishing the French authority in the Red River delta by gaining possession of Sontay and Bachnin, after which he anticipated China would be more conciliatory. At the close of the discussion a motion of want of confidence in the Government was lost by a heavy majority. The Marquis Tseng, Chinese Ambassador to France, says if war occurs between France and China, which he believes probable, Annam will become a Chinese ally, and the French would require forty thousand troops to overcome their united forces. Up till the sixth no orders had been received for the withdrawal of the Chinese embassy from France. Marquis Tseng still hoped the French would see the wisdom of a peaceful solution.

"THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," of Dublin, warns the people against a wholesale scheme of Irish emigration to Canada, for the carrying out of which it says large contracts have been made with steamship companies to convey the emigrants.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

Serious disturbances have occurred in Londonderry, Ireland, since the first of this month. On that day the Orangemen took possession of the City Hall to prevent the holding of a Nationalist meeting in the evening to be addressed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin. At a special session of the City Council late in the afternoon, the motion granting the City Hall for the above purpose was rescinded. Members of Council said they understood that the lecture was to be delivered for the benefit of a local charity, but had since learned it was for political purposes. The apprehensions of trouble proved correct, a riot breaking out upon the arrival of Mr. Dawson, the Dublin Lord Mayor. While the procession escorting him to his hotel was passing the City Hall Orangemen fired upon it, and threw slates from the windows and roofs. After the procession had dispersed those who had taken part in it were summoned together again by a cry, and proceeding to the City Hall, they tormented it with stones, breaking the windows. The streets were cleared by the police and military preserved order the rest of the evening. Mr. Dawson delivered his lecture in the National Institute. A man and boy wounded by the Orangemen were in precarious condition. Two days afterwards a large number of women struck work in a factory because the proprietor refused to discharge the man who moved in the Council to rescind the resolution granting the City Hall to the Nationalists. The women paraded the streets shouting, "God Save Ireland," and being attacked and mobbed, they fought their assailants desperately until the police put an end to the unseemly fray. Other disorders are reported, some assuming the proportions of a riot. One of the worst outbreaks, in which revolvers were freely used and it is believed several persons shot, was provoked by the treacherous and dangerous stabbing of a prominent Nationalist on the street, whose assailant escaped.

ON TUESDAY NIGHT of last week two terrific explosions occurred almost at the same moment in the Underground Railway of London, England. In one case a train crowded with working people coming from the Fisheries Exhibition was badly shattered, only mere skeletons of the two rear cars sticking together. The track and the Praed street station also sustained great damage. Forty persons were injured, some of them dangerously. In the other case the explosion occurred between Charing Cross and Westminster stations, hurting nobody but partially destroying the Charing Cross station and shattering a signal station in the tunnel. The outrages are generally attributed to revolutionary Irishmen, and O'Donovan Rossa, the New York braggart, openly stated that the explosions were the work of the Fenian brotherhood, the active agents being a band of Fenians in London who are in constant communication with comrades in New York. He said London would be in ashes before long unless England gives up Ireland. It was the purpose of the brotherhood to push the work rapidly and reduce England to submission. Five hundred pounds reward is offered by the Government and an equal one by the railway companies for information that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the authors of the explosion.

DEAFNESS THAT FOR SOME TIME troubled the Princess of Wales, and which the highest medical authorities feared would be permanent, has been relieved.

THE WEEK.

BANDS OF ROBBERS are keeping up a reign of terror in the suburb of Neuilly, Paris. Residents have often to defend their homes and their persons with fire arms, and from this cause some policemen have been shot in mistake for robbers by nervous householders at night. In one case the mansion of a nobleman was attacked in the evening when the only one at home was the house-keeper. She succeeded, by the feat of calling her master by name and responding herself in a man's tones, and by lighting up rooms all over the large house, in making the robbers believe that the house was full of occupants. They consequently withdrew, but returned with reinforcements about three in the morning, after the master of the house and a friend had arrived. These two, by keeping up a hot fire from repeating rifles for nearly half an hour, repulsed the desperate fellows.

AN IDEA of the vastness of the irrigation works being prosecuted in the Madras Presidency, India, is obtained from the fact that the embankments required for the tanks would extend thirty thousand miles.

WHEN THE LATE Mr. John A. Poor, of Portland, Maine, once said that before many years trains would run without a break from that city to Portland, Oregon, it is reported that he was laughed at. Lately, however, the prediction was fulfilled, a business house in the first-named city having despatched ten freight cars loaded with canned corn direct to the city last-named without change. Each car was labelled, "From Portland, Me., to Portland, Or.," so that they would be noticeable all along the route.

THE TYRANNY of the Sultan of Turkey has broken out upon the matter of ladies' toilet. He has issued a decree condemning present modes of dress followed by the ladies of his empire and prescribing new styles in accordance with his own taste. The heaviest veiling must henceforth, according to the decree, be used to cover the features, lace fringes must be discarded and the dress generally is to be made simple and plain.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE is called upon to defend the validity of her late husband's will. Her defence is that he used a stamp in signing it instead of a pen because his hand was unsteady.

THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW" for November will contain an article by the Marquis of Lorne, on "Canadian Home Rule." It dwells upon the danger to the Canadian Confederation from any one of the Provinces becoming strong enough to control the Federal Government, or to oppose the central authority when it conflicts with Provincial wishes.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION in London was closed on the 31st October with an address by the Prince of Wales. He spoke of the advantages every country participating had opportunity of obtaining from the Exhibition, and said in encouraging such enterprises he was following the footsteps of his late father, who aimed to encourage rivalries between nations in promoting the good of humanity rather than in injuring each other.

REPUBLICANS made great gains in New York, Massachusetts and elsewhere in elections of Tuesday. General Benjamin F. Butler lost the Governorship of Massachusetts.

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By the overflow of the River Salsburg, in Thessaly, the country so long under dispute between Turkey and Greece, one hundred houses have been destroyed and some loss of life occasioned.

AN AGITATION for universal suffrage is going on in Belgium.

STEAMER "HOLYHEAD," of the North-Western Railway Company, while crossing the Irish Sea from Holyhead for Dublin on the last day of October, suddenly upset, drowning the crew and sixty passengers.

AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION has resulted in finding the management of the United States Marshal's office for the Northern District of New York to have been characterized by fraud and general looseness.

AT A POLITICAL MEETING in Dumfries, Scotland, Sir Henry James, British Attorney General, denying the charge of extravagance against the Government, said the Conservatives had spent an average of eighty-four million pounds yearly, while the Liberals disbursed but seventy-four millions.

A POSENER PAPER says a great council of Governors of Provinces will be held in St. Petersburg, Russia, about the first of December, to elaborate constitutional measures.

AMONG METHODS for detecting Nihilists in Russia is compelling the students of noble birth in the Constantine military school in St. Petersburg to furnish a list of their acquaintances, with a view to the possibility of finding compromising documents in their possession. Two hundred students were lately expelled in a body from the commercial school at Bielaja Zergow, and no reasons given for the summary action.

EUROPEAN WAR RUMORS are being diligently used by speculators in grain on both sides of the Atlantic to raise the price of the staff of life.

DISTURBANCES have been caused at Oldenburg, Germany, said to be immediately provoked by the unpopularity of General Steinmann, who is kept busy fighting duels, in the latest of which he received a bullet in the shoulder. The trouble is between Prussian soldiers and the Provincial soldiers stationed there. Oldenburg is situated in the Province of Schleswig-Holstein, acquired by Germany by the peace of Vienna in 1864, at the close of the war produced by Germany dictating who should have the throne of Denmark, of which Schleswig and Holstein were parts. The Emperor William was very much disturbed by the accounts of disturbances, and summoned the officers connected with the barracks to Berlin, for the purpose of holding a rigid enquiry into the cause of the disturbances. Probably the ultimate cause of the trouble is ill-feeling over Germany's strict enforcement of her military laws in the case of Danish subjects residing on the German side of the frontier, which occasioned much bitterness within the past year. Doubtless the militia of the Province of Schleswig-Holstein are at heart, to a great extent, more attached to their original Danish allegiance than to their forced German nationality.

RUMORS that the Emperor of Germany is liable to apoplexy cause much concern in view of his advanced age.

THE RINGLEADER of the Orange riots at Coatbridge, Scotland, last summer has been sentenced to imprisonment for two years, and another participator for nine months.

THREE MEN have been indicted in Philadelphia for defacing the statue of William Penn.

A COLLIERY EXPLOSION about three miles from Pittston, Pennsylvania, October 29, caused the death of six or eight men.

THAT PART of LABRADOR opposite Belle Isle is badly off for an owner at present. An application made to Newfoundland for mining privileges there procured the response that that country did not claim ownership of the territory. A similar application to the Canadian Department of the interior was answered in like manner on the part of the Dominion. It is thought the territory in question may belong to Nova Scotia, under its ancient charter, that embraced New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the mainland as far north as Ungava Bay.

AT THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE, which met in Paris last week, the English delegates were warmly welcomed and proved the ruling spirits of the proceedings. Different times they interposed a wholesome check upon violent talk, telling French members who advocated a resort to force that the expounders of such ideas were the worst enemies of the working classes. A resolution was adopted declaring that the principal end to be pursued was to limit the hours of labor and thus render supportable the position of the workmen of all nations. At one of the sessions a disturbance was provoked by some thirty Anarchists, mostly Italians, who were ejected after a brisk scuffle.

AT A CONFERENCE of the Fair Trade League of England, the imposition of a moderate duty upon foreign wheat was advocated with a view of encouraging the trade of the British colonies. Thus, under terms as smooth as the name of their organization, would the protectionists of the United Kingdom seek to introduce the thin edge of protection, cast aside long ago after experience had proved its injurious effects upon the prosperity of the nation.

LATELY A NEWSPAPER of New York published a list of the millionaires of that city. They numbered over three hundred and most of them were classified as self-made men. Among them are two Canadians—Sir Roderick Cameron, who was knighted for his great success in building up a trade between America and Australia, and Mr. Erastus Wiman, a native of Toronto, who began life as a printer at a dollar and a quarter a week, and to-day is at the head of a commercial agency covering the continent, and the chief spirit in the great telegraph monopoly of America.

ANARCHISTS EXPLODED AN INFERNAL MACHINE at the entrance to a large cating saloon in Lyons, France, but nobody was hurt. An explosion of dynamite was produced in the office of the Chief of the Police, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, badly damaging the building, but injuring none of the many officials who were in at the time.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE and Princess Louise have arrived home safe and sound.

MUSCAT, a town on the Persian Gulf having been besieged by marauders led by a brother of its ruler, was defended by the British gunboat "Phylomel," which received all the British subjects on board and shelled the camp of the besiegers in the rocky fastnesses surmounting the town. The cause of war is the refusal of a portion of the present ruler's dominions to his younger brother according to his grandfather's wishes.

FEVER HAS APPEARED among the sufferers by the recent earthquake in the town of Chesme, on the Aegean Sea, in Asiatic Turkey. The inhabitants are Greek Christians chiefly, and the Turkish physicians consequently despise them and offer them little or no assistance. Urgent appeals have been made for the sufferers by the Grecian authorities, who rely chiefly upon England in their extremity.

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED by the Spanish Government to suppress the corporal punishment of slaves in Cuba. A period has been already appointed when slavery itself will cease in Cuba. Much of the spirit of it goes when the lash is abolished.

IT IS SAID the stock holders of the Keeley Motor Company, Philadelphia, are about to sue Keeley for not fulfilling his wonderful promises regarding his motor, which, operated in some as yet mysterious way by the agency of cold vapor, was to revolutionize mechanical power.

THE STEAM TUG "Edye" blew up her boiler at Mobile, Alabama, on Sunday, 28th October, while putting to sea for a tow, and sank with the three men running it. It is thought she was racing with another tug at the time and crowding on steam.

HEAVY FAILURES have occurred in the cotton trade of England.

IT IS ANNOUNCED from Berlin, Germany, that a new expedition, to consist of eight persons, including three officers of the Swedish army, will soon leave for the Upper Congo country, Africa. The French Admiral at Gaboon, west coast of Africa, has received instructions to annex the coast and all southern ports as far as the Congo River. A brother of DeBrazza, the French explorer and adventurer, was lately killed in a skirmish on the Congo River.

WHAT SHALL THE CHILDREN EAT.

Too often the noon lunch is made of remnants of cake, sauce and pie, instead of one or two nourishing dishes in which a child's preferences should be indulged as far as may be healthful. In one home this is made the children's special meal, just as the later dinner is planned to subserve in particular the needs and tastes of the head of the house. Nothing has been of greater service to us than the often misunderstood and mutilated bean. Cooked in a simple way, not borrowed from cook books, it has contributed largely to the growth of young forms that have both strength and endurance and minds that are quick, alert, and take "learning" almost like inspiration. Before breakfast wash a quart of the best white beans; put them over the fire in a tin pan with plenty of boiling water. Let them just come to a good boil, then drain off this water and add fresh boiling water to cover them about an inch deep or more, and a tablespoonful of salt. Cover them and move them back on the range to where they will only just simmer, adding water if needed. Two hours before noon add a large tablespoonful of sugar, and a cup of rich milk or cream, or an equal amount of good beef gravy. Cook slowly two or three hours longer, and let them be full of juiciness or gravy when taken up—never cooked down dry or mealy. Highly seasoned or variously flavored soups do not find favor with them like a clear strained stock made from a soup-bone simmered four or five hours, and seasoned only with salt and a mere suggestion of vegetables. Give them small crackers to float in it. One little boy furnishes imagination for the feast, and "plays" that his dish of soup is the ocean, his crackers islands or sail-boats, and his spoon a big ship searching for Robinson Crusoe. Or his saucer of oatmeal is a snow-covered mountain, with rivulets of milk down its sides for snow-slides and glaciers, or streams of berry juice for molten lava, etc. Fancies like

these have almost as much power to give a charmed relish to food as the carefully cooked viands themselves. If bread is a little stale, make Queen's toast of it. Cut it into half slices, not very thin, and dip it into two eggs beaten up with a large cup of milk. Lay it on a hot griddle and brown it nicely on both sides. If any addition is desired, a little sugar or canned fruit spread over it will answer nicely. Milk toast slightly thickened and salted is another much-relished lunch. Little corn-meal or Graham gems are fancied for their cunning shape when the large brown loaf might not be attractive.—M. T. C. in *Christian Union*.

TO PREVENT EARLY CONVERSIONS.

The *Baptist Weekly* puts this in a few telling words:

There are many parents who are astonished that their children give no evidence of spiritual life; but the very last thing they think of is blaming themselves in the matter. They seldom realize that their own faulty manifestation of the power of godliness contributes to the indifference and dislike of religion, and they are very ready to blame the pastor for his want of concern for the spiritual good of his offspring.

Not a few parents make it almost impossible for a pastor to benefit their children. Every sermon of the pastor is criticised in an unfriendly spirit. Any slip of the tongue, any faulty illustration, any misstatement of chronology, an anecdote which can be declared "as old as the hills," and any remark which can be tortured into a personal allusion, is dwelt upon at the dinner-table, and made the occasion of ridicule. Some church members, it might be thought, attend public worship to find material for belittling the learning, talent or good sense of their pastor. After their children for months and years have been accustomed to this species of criticism, they are aggrieved that they care little to attend church, lightly esteem the pastor, and are rude and uncivil when he seeks to approach them. So these children go out from the homes of their parents to establish homes for themselves, and the parents bemoan that in married life they turn out so differently from what they hoped. The truth is that if they had been led to honor the sanctuary and reverence the pastoral office and teaching, the issue would have been different. The hosts of young married people who are scarcely ever found in churches received impressions at home which nurtured contempt and indifference in their minds, and this is well-nigh ineradicable.

RAINY-DAY WORK FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

It is raining and the children do not know how to employ their surplus energy. "Mamma, what shall we do now?" they say, till that wonderful woman is at her wit's end what to suggest. Provide some moulds, such as are used for blancmange and jellies, or even some cups and bowls, or saucers will answer, and give the children plaster of Paris and water. Let them fill these and turn them out. The birch bark plates which are used by bakers and grocers will make plaques which the little artists may hang upon the chamber or sitting-room wall, if they choose. In order to hang them, a loop will be essential. This may be provided for by a bit of ribbon or braid of the proper length, the ends of which may be laid under the wet plaster. When the plaster has hardened, the loop will be firmly adjusted. Then a pretty scrap picture may be pasted in the centre of the plaque, and the result will be, to the child's eyes at least, a thing of beauty and joy until it is broken. And the rainy day will have been busy, quiet, and charmed out of fretfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

ONE WAY to economize and to produce excellent results in cooking is to use suet in place of butter or lard. For many purposes it is better than either of these. Some people who object decidedly to cakes fried in lard relish them when suet is used for frying. Beef balls are very nice fried in suet. Round steak can be used for these. Chop the meat fine, season well with pepper and salt and any herb you may choose, shape them like flat balls with your hands, dip in egg and fine cracker or bread crumbs and fry in the hot suet.

YEMA.

BY REV. J. H. DE FOREST, OSAKA, JAPAN.

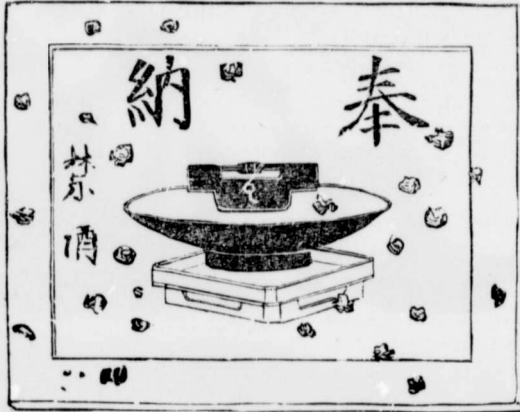
Much has been written about the temples of Japan—their idols

ish. So he went to the temple of his god and publicly offered this temperance pledge. This is his prayer for Divine help.

Now foreigners who visit Japan, of course visit the temples.

once this cursed habit, and, to make it sure, he offers this picture of himself to his god. In the original picture his wife and child stand behind him, adding their prayers to his that the god will

dream. This hard-working farmer lies sleeping under his heavy comfortable, with his head on his wooden pillow. In his dream he sees these frisky foxes jumping joyfully across his bed and through



A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.



A SAILOR'S THANK-OFFERING.

great and small; their sweet-toned bells; their jolly priests, and their ways of worship. But even the best books tell us very little about the Yema, or sacred pictures, that hang in the temple galleries. I have spent hours again and again in studying these paintings, and in learning the meanings of them from the chatty worshippers. And since they have given me so much pleasure, as well as insight into the Japanese character, I gladly turn showman for a few moments, and exhibit some pictures that were copied for me by Mr. Yonedzu, a Christian.

The first one is a saké-cup on a little tray. Right over the cup is a Japanese padlock, locked tight, and the key thrown away. The two large Chinese characters over the cup mean, Respectfully offered. You see these characters on all the temple pictures. At the left of the cup are two more characters meaning, "Sworn off from saké." Here then was a poor fellow whose love of strong drink

They see such pictures as this but they cannot interpret them. Then some of them write home that drunkenness is unseen, almost unknown, in Japan! Well, look at this picture again, and notice the spots all over it. You have heard that the Japanese have paper prayers that they chew and throw at their gods. Not only their gods, but these votive pictures also are often covered with these spit-ball prayers. Among the pilgrims to this temple are those who, seeing this locked sake-cup, have said, "Ah, this is just what I need." And so dozens of them have thrown their soft, moist prayers into it, and asked for like strength from above. A friend whom I took to the temple expressly to see this picture was so taken with the story that, though its original value is not over ten or fifteen cents, he tried to buy it of the priests with the generous offer of \$25. But it hangs there yet.

The second is of a man on his

hear his vow.

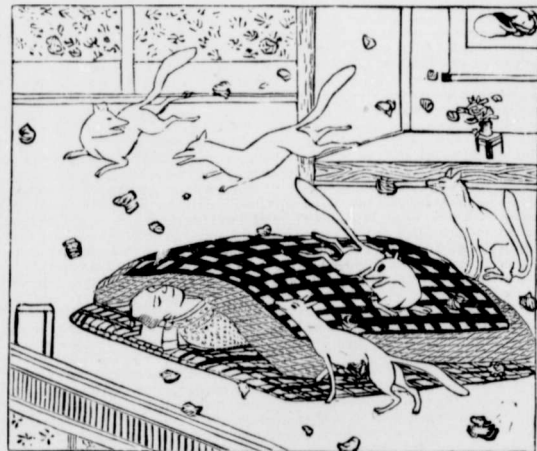
Sometimes in these votive pictures of reformation there is a sly reservation written on one side, "good for five years." And I have been told that while the memory of former suffering is keen, and the superstitious fear remains, the vow will be kept. But as the old desire grows stronger with continual temptations, the reformed man will sometimes say, "I've kept my vow a year: four years are left. That will make eight years of days, and leave me the nights for drinking and gambling."

We come next to two pictures of thanksgiving. A sailor has had a prosperous voyage. The Rising Sun has daily greeted him, and favoring breezes have filled his

the air—their tails out straight and their mouths splitting with fox-laughter. When the farmer wakes up he too will laugh, for the fox is the messenger of the god of rice and to see a messenger of any of the gods is a sign of good luck. There are cart-loads of such pictures in these temples—dreamers with monstrous snakes crawling around them, dreamers with poisonous centipedes in their bosoms! Then instead of waking thankful that it wasn't true, as we should, they awake glad to have been honored with a dream of the messengers of the gods. And I think, too, that these dreamers of beasts and reptiles are waking up out of this nonsense of ages. They are already beginning to laugh at



THE GAMBLER'S REFORMATION.



THE FARMER'S DREAM.

was conquering him. He had tried and tried to be moderate, or to be a total abstainer; but he found himself weak, unable to break the habit. He knew, as every drunkard everywhere knows, that he must have help, or miserably per-

knees breaking to pieces some dice. He is a gambler. He has been drawn gradually into the fascinating game, until at last, reckless in his plays, he has lost everything. He comes to himself and sees that he must give up at

sails. He thinks it a duty and privilege to acknowledge the favor of his god with this picture of his junk. There are thousands of these hung in the temples of Japan.

Last of all comes a picture of a

themselves. And when they once use the reason God has given them, their repentance, their gratitude, and their desires will find a truer and nobles expression than by Yema.—Missionary Herald.

