

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

Please read our second offer of commissions and prizes to canvassers, which presents a fine opportunity for making money and doing a good work besides. Everybody can make a commission and no one need despair of winning a prize. The first prize in the last competition was about double as much money as the winner of it sent to us. Friends can have sample copies at any time by dropping us a card with their addresses.

Temperance people in Canada would do us a service for which we would be truly grateful by sending us news of work and progress in the cause in their neighborhoods.

Questions upon matters of general interest will be gladly answered through these columns.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Lately an analysis was made by the United States Internal Revenue Bureau of a patent medicine sold under the name of bitters, and the sample yielded 82 percent of ordinary whiskey and four percent of drugs, with water for the rest. Under false names, as medicine, liquor presents one of its most dangerous aspects, in which it is highly important that it should be combated. People heretofore innocent of drinking habits by the doubly deceitful nostrums for what they purport to be, and are deluded with their early exhilarating effects until the baneful appetite for intoxicants is established and their health made worse than ever. Newspapers of principle should know what they are advertising when filling their columns with advertisements of patent medicines.

A blue ribbon movement actively prosecuted is doing great good in British Columbia. Many hitherto regarded as hopeless cases are clothed in sobriety and are in their right minds. The clergy endorse the movement; the Bishop of Columbia has eulogized it highly in a sermon. Side issues are raised by the publicans—ever capable as their class is of any meanness in defence of their craft in danger. One minister has been attacked—just think of it—upon the score of his doctrinal views! Shades of the early Fathers—rumsellers the censors of theological belief! By the time they have mastered the purport of all the Scripture references to themselves and their wares, we should think they will be sick either of theology or of their business.

### DOMINION ALLIANCE.

A well-attended meeting of the Executive of the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance was held in the *Witness* office, Montreal, last week. In sending a list of business to the meeting the Secretary, Mr. Gales, wrote from his sick retirement, "Workers may die, but the work will go on." Mr. J. R. Douglass gave an encouraging report of the visit of the Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. James Baylis, and himself, as deputed, to Argen-

teuil county in July last. The Rev. Alex. Campbell was appointed a delegate to the Grand Lodge of Good Templars at Sherbrooke, and the Rev. D. W. Morison to the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance at Ormstown. Upon behalf of the annual picnic committee the Rev. Mr. McCaul reported the demonstration at Cowansville to have been one of the most important ever held in the Province.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The following new Divisions have lately been organized in Nova Scotia:—"Crystal Light" Division, to meet on Tuesdays, at Whyecocmagh, Inverness county, with thirty-one charter members and the following officers:—W. P., Peter A. McLean; W. A., Duncan Carmichael; R. S., Robt. Finlayson; A. R. S., Arch'd McDougall; F. S., John Gillies; Treas., James McKinnon; Chap., James McPhail; Con., Arch'd McDonald; A. C., Janie McMillan; I. S., John McDonald; O. S., Robert Burton; P. W. P., Maggie E. Mitchell; D. G. W. P., James McPhail. "Speedwell" to meet on Tuesdays, at Baddeck, Victoria county, with forty-one charter members and the following officers:—W. P., Rev. Kenneth McKenzie; W. A., Albert J. Hart; R. S., Leavers Sparling; A. R. S., Carrie Anderson; F. S., John E. Campbell; Treas., T. S. McLean; Chap., Daniel McCurdy; Con., John T. Phillips; A. C., Alice McCurdy; I. S., Hedley McKay; O. S., Daniel Ross; P. W. P., James Archibald; D. G. W. P., John L. Bethune, M. D. "League of Honor," to meet on Fridays, at North Range, Digby county, with twenty-two charter members and the following officers:—W. P., Neill McNeill; W. A., William McNeill; R. S., Peter D. Nowlan; A. R. S., Allen McNeill; F. S., Johnson Thomas; Treas., Robert McNeill; Chap., Jas. S. Wright; Con., Benjamin Frefy; A. C., Elkannah N. McNeill; I. S., Leman Bill; O. S., E. W. White; P. W. P., Cyrus B. McNeill; D. G. W. P., Peter D. Nowlan.

By the kindness of Mr. McCollum, of St. Catharines, M. W. S. of the National Division of America, we have before us a printed abstract report of the fifteenth annual session of the National Division of Australasia, held last March. To our antipodean friends, last year was not one of progress, the temperance cause in their quarter of the world having suffered a reaction. Still, a number of their Grand Divisions were able to report an increase of Sons, and others of Daughters. While in the previous session the M. W. Scribe had to congratulate the membership upon their political success in the passing of the new Licensing Bill, at this session he had to press upon all the necessity of untiring exertion to prevent all they had obtained from being swept away. Says he: "The cry must be, organize and petition. Further, if we desire to succeed, we must labor as well as shout." That is as good advice on this side of the globe as on the other. Strangely, the abstract does not give any statement of the total membership of the Order in Australasia, only presenting statistics of the bene-

fit membership. There are 3,431 Sons on the benefit list, and 1,549 Daughters. Including two Grand Divisions in New South Wales, whose returns were not tabulated with the others, and the New Zealand membership, there are in all over 5,700 benefit members in the jurisdiction. In 1882 the Sons' benefit receipts were £8,353 5s. 11d., and the expenditure—under the heads of sickness, medical men, deaths and sums exclusive of benefits—£7,066 17s.; the Daughters' receipts, £2,252 3s., and expenditure £1,696 15s. 3d. Amounts respectively on hand were—Sons, £19,919 13s. 8d.; Daughters, £3,425 9s. 10d. Besides the benefit system there is a Funeral Fund, giving a funeral gift that the past session raised to £50, with quarterly fees of 1s. 6d. for Sons and 1s. for Daughters.

The Division at Butternut Ridge, N. B., numbers about a hundred and twenty members.

### W. C. T. U.

A Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention for the Maritime Provinces met in Fredericton, N. B., on Sept. 8th, delegates being present from all parts of that region. Mrs. Dr. Todd, of St. Stephen, N. B., was elected President; Mrs. Hotson, of Halifax, Vice-President; Miss Thorne, of Fredericton, and Miss Denistadt, of Moncton, N. B., Secretaries, and Miss Lockhart, of St. John's, Treasurer. New Unions have been organized at Amherst, N. S., and Sackville, N. B. The committee on unfermented communion wine had received a favorable reply from the Baptist Convention to an appeal sent to the governing bodies of different religious denominations in the Provinces. A temperance hotel has been established under the auspices of the Union at Amherst. Mrs. Black presented the following police report, which shows the Scott Act to be anything but a failure as a legal instrument:—"Number of prosecutions under the Canada Temperance Act, since March, 1880, 158; number proved, 107; amount of fines collected, \$3,650; imprisoned for non-payment of fines, 26; cases appealed, 11, of which one was sustained, 4 dismissed and 6 are still before court." It was resolved that the members of the Maritime Convention do covenant with each other to wear the blue ribbon at all times and to use their influence to persuade members of local Unions to do the same.

The Members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of St. John, N. B., are bitterly disappointed over the result of leaving the erection of a drinking fountain, for which they had raised funds, in the hands of an architect and the Public Grounds Committee of the City Council. Their original design of a figure of Moses striking a rock, with the inscription, "Thou shalt bring forth water to the people," was rejected by the Committee, one of whose members gave as his reason for objecting to the design, that he had never seen Moses. The ladies hope that the fountain, which cost from eight to nine hundred dollars, can yet be improved.

### "GENERAL NEWS."

*The Pictou News*, published at Pictou, N. S., in a county where the Canada Temperance Act is law, contains the following account of a fatal fruit of the traffic:—"Last Friday evening, Murdoch McKenzie, of Cariboo River, who had been in town all day, went home well under the influence of liquor. On Saturday morning he was found in a stupor from which it was found impossible to rouse him, even after medical assistance had been procured. He exhibited all the symptoms of a person under the influence of opium, and, although not certain, Dr. McMillan who attended him thought there were evidences of blood poisoning. He died on Tuesday while still in an unconscious condition. This is possibly a case for investigation, at any rate another victim is added to the deaths from rum-drinking."

The sober people of Pictou, who allow liquor to be sold in their community when they have voluntarily assumed the power to prevent its sale, ought to reflect whether they have any responsibility for such melancholy results of the illegal traffic as the above one.

The following item is going the rounds of the press. It will be seen that there is one prince of the earth who "dares to be a Daniel" in maintaining what he deems to be right. Although some of the laws of this prince mentioned below would hardly be endured in a civilization partaking of advanced freedom, yet it is better to see tyranny erring on the side of right than on the outside. His nergetic enforcement of the laws against intemperance is an example that needs to be copied by those responsible for the enforcement of similar enactments in many enlightened communities on this continent:—"A stern reformer is the Prince of Montenegro. Some time ago he closed all the cafes and drinking shops in his dominion, regarding the same as schools of effeminacy, extravagance and corruption. Then he abolished all titles, so that, while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an 'excellency,' now even the ministers have to be content with plain 'Mr.' And now the prince has issued an interdict against all 'luxurious wearing apparel,' including cravats, gloves, walking sticks, parasols, umbrellas. No one dared complain, because the prince himself lives up to the strictest letter of his laws."

Woodstock District Meeting of the Methodist Church at its last session passed a resolution rejoicing attempt being made to pass the C. T. act of 1878 in Oxford county, "an act which removes the responsibility for the evils of the traffic from the electorate and places it upon those who wilfully break the law of the land;" and, further, strongly urging all the ministers and members of that church to do all in their power to secure the passage of said act. Many members expressed the opinion that the Act would be triumphantly carried. The Rev. C. R. Morrow, agent for the Oxford Temperance Association, is doing valiant work in the campaign.

Ninety-eight persons took the pledge at the close of a temperance meeting held by Mr. T. M. Lewis, at Bear River, Digby, N. S., last week.

## THE INNER CALM.

BY BONAR.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elimi's palm  
Beside the desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude;  
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the day of buoyant health;  
Calm in the hour of pain;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth;  
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news, with  
power,  
My listening spirit stir;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
Which stuns as fall in vain;  
Moving, unruffled, thro' earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—"YOU KEPT A SECRET FROM ME."

Hinton, when he went away that morning, was, as I have said very undecided how best to act. He saw very clearly the fresh danger arising to Harold. Was he but rescued from the dangerous fever to fall a prey to lingering, or, perhaps, rapid consumption? Even his unprofessional eye saw the danger the boy was in; and the boy himself, lying awake during most of the weary hours of the night, had confided to his friend some thoughts which it seemed to Hinton could only come to such a child as the precursor of death. He now loved the boy for his own sake, and he was determined, even more determined than during the height of the fever, to do something to again save his life.

After a brief pause for rapid thought, he determined to visit Dr. Watson. That busy man was at home and saw Hinton at once.

"Little Home is no better," said Hinton, going straight, as his wont was, to the very heart of his subject.

"He will never be any better unless he has change," replied the doctor. "Neither I nor any other man can now do more for him. He requires, nay, he is dying for want of nature's remedies, complete change, fresh, mild sea-air. I told his mother so most plainly yesterday. I recommended Torquay. She should have him at Torquay within a week from now, if she wishes to save his life."

"Torquay is an expensive place, and a very long way from London," replied Hinton. "It seems almost cruel to tell Mrs. Home to do that for her child which must be utterly impossible."

"There is no other chance for his life," replied the doctor. "I should bedevil less than my duty, did I for a moment conceal that fact."

Hinton paused for a moment to think, then he abruptly changed the subject.

"I want to visit a friend this morning—a friend who has never had scarlet fever. It is rather important that we should meet; but I must not risk danger. You know I have been a good deal with the little boy. Is there a risk to my friend in our meeting now?"

"Change all your clothes," replied the doctor; "wear nothing you have in the Home's house. Perhaps it would also be a wise precaution to take a Turkish bath. If you do all this you may meet your friend without the slightest risk of evil consequences."

Hinton thanked the doctor, and as the result of this conversation entered the dining-room in Prince's Gate just as Charlotte was sitting down to her solitary luncheon.

It was over three weeks since these two had met, and the long three weeks had seemed like forever to the loving heart of the woman, who was so soon to be Hinton's wife. She expressed her joy at this unexpected meeting, not so much by words, but so effectively with eyes and manner, that Hinton, as he folded his arms round her, could not help a great throbb of thankfulness rising up from his heart.

They sat down to lunch, and then afterwards Hinton told her the story of little Harold Home. In telling this tale, however, he omitted again both name and address. He had not meant when beginning his tale to keep these things any longer a mystery from her, but as the words dropped from his face, and Charlotte's eyes were fixed on his, and Charlotte's lips trembled with emotion, some undefined sensation prompted him to keep back these particulars.

Hinton, in coming to Charlotte, relied on her help, but he meant her just now to bestow it on a stranger. As he had expected his tale aroused her warmest enthusiasm and interest.

"John," she said, "something must be done—the boy must not die!"

"He must go to Torquay," replied Hinton. "That is most manifest. But the difficulty will be how. They are very proud people. The difficulty will be how to induce them to accept aid from outsiders."

"Do you think they will be proud, John, when their child's life depends on their accepting some aid from others? I don't think they will allow so false an emotion to sacrifice his little precious life. It seems to me, that were I in that mother's place, I would lick the dust of the most menial feet that ever walked, to save my child."

"Perhaps you are right," said Hinton; "there is no doubt that one woman can best read the heart of another. What I propose is, that I take the little boy down to Torquay for a few weeks; I can make an excuse to the mother on my own score, and it will not seem so hard for her to send her boy. And the little lad loves me, I believe."

"Would it not be best for the mother to take her child herself?"

"It undoubtedly would. But it would be placing her under deeper obligation. I want to make it as light as possible to her."

"Then, John, you will give me one happiness? I will provide the money for this expedition."

"You shall, my dearest," answered Hinton, stooping down and kissing her.

He meant her to help Charlotte Home in this way, and he did not notice the slight sigh scarcely allowed to escape her lips. The fact was, Charlotte Harman had grown very hungry, almost starved, for her lover during his three weeks' absence, and now the thought that he was going still farther away from her, and their wedding day drawing so quickly on, could not but excite a pang; the selfish part of her rose in revolt, and struggled to rebel, but with a firm hand she kept it well under, and Hinton never noticed her strangled little sigh. They talked for a long time of their plans, and Charlotte mentioned what money she had of her very own, and which could be immediately at Hinton's disposal. In the midst of this conversation, the postman's knock was heard, and a moment later a servant brought Charlotte a letter. She did not recognize the handwriting, and laid it for a moment unopened by her side. Then some confused remembrance of having seen it before, caused her to tear open the envelope. This was what her eyes rested on.

"Charlotte—my sister and friend—I have found the little piece of paper you put into my Harold's hat. I never knew it was there until to-day. Thank God I did not know, for had I seen it after your visit, I should certainly in my mad, ungodly, evil pride, have returned it to you.

"Dear Charlotte—God nearly broke my heart since I saw you. He nearly took my boy away. In that process my pride has gone, though my love and tenderness and gratitude to you remain, for with this fifty pounds you are saving my child's little life. Thank you for it. God will bless you for it. You will never—never regret this deed. It will come back to you, the remembrance of it, in the midst of your own wealth and affluence, or if dark days visit you, you will let your thoughts wander to it as a place of

safe anchorage in the storm. It will, all your life long, be a source to you of rejoicing that you saved a father's and mother's hearts from breaking, and kept a precious little life in this world.

"I can add no more now, my dear. For this money must be spent, and at once. Oh! precious, valuable gold, which is to keep Harold with me! I will write to you when we come back from Torquay; do not come to see me before, it would not be safe for you."

"Ever, my dear friend, because of you, the happiest and most grateful mother on God's earth,

CHARLOTTE HOME."

Charlotte Harman's face was very white when, after reading this letter, she raised her eyes to Hinton's. What had been written with all joy and thankfulness was received with pain. Why had Hinton kept this thing from her? Why had he not told her where he had been staying?

"You kept a secret from me," she said, and her eyes filled with heavy tears.

Then as he tried to comfort her, being very compunctious himself at having failed utterly to trust one so brave and noble, she suddenly drew herself from his embrace.

"John," she said, with some pride in her voice, "did you in any degree keep this thing from me because you believed Mrs. Home's story about my grandfather's will?"

"I had a thousand nameless reasons for not telling you, Charlotte. My principal one after the child got ill was my fear that you would come to the house, and so run the risk of infection."

"Then you do not at all believe Mrs. Home's story?"

"I have not investigated it, my darling. I have done nothing but simply listen to what you yourself told me. You do not believe it?"

"Certainly not! How could I? It implicates my father."

"We will not think of it, Charlotte."

"We must think of it, for justice must be done to this woman and to her children; and besides, I wish to clear it up, for I will not have my father blamed."

Hinton was silent. Charlotte gazed at him eagerly, his silence disatisfied her. His whole manner carried the conviction that his faith in her father was by no means equal to hers.

"Is it possible to see wills?" she asked suddenly.

"Certainly, dear; anybody can see any will by paying a shilling, at Somerset House."

"Would my grandfather's will be kept at Somerset House?"

"Yes. All wills are kept there."

"Then," said Charlotte, rising as she spoke, "before our wedding-day I will go to Somerset House and read my grandfather's will."

CHAPTER XXV.—THEY RECALL TOO MUCH.

Mr. Harman had a hard task before him. He was keeping two things at bay, two great and terrible things, Death and Thought. They were pursuing him, they were racing madly after him, and sometimes the second of these his enemies so far took possession of him as to grasp him by the heart-strings. But though he knew well that in the end both one and the other would conquer and lay him low, yet still he was in a measure victor. That strong nourishment, those potent medicines were keeping the life in him; while his still eager absorption in business prevented that time for reflection which was worse than death. His medical man, knowing nothing of his inner history, had begged of him to rest, to give up business, asserting that by so doing he would prolong his short span of life. But Harman had answered, and truly, "If I give up business I shall be in my grave in a fortnight;" and there was such solemn conviction in his voice and manner, that the physician was fain to bow to the dictum of his patient. Except once to his brother Jasper, and once to Hinton, Mr. Harman had mentioned to no one how near he believed his end to be. The secret was not alluded to, the master of the house keeping up bravely, bearing his pains in silence and alone, and that subtle element of rejoicing began to pervade this quiet, luxurious home which precedes a wedding. Only one in the dwelling ever thought of funeral gloom.

Little Harold Home had gone to Torquay with his mother. Hinton was once more free to go in and out of the house in

Prince's Gate, and he and Charlotte were necessarily much occupied with each other. There seemed to these two so much to be done, and the time seemed so short until the twentieth of April, that had the very sun stood still for them, they would have felt no undue sensation of surprise.

When people are about to step into the Garden of Eden even nature must sympathize, and marriage seemed that to Charlotte and Hinton. After their wedding tour it was arranged that they were to come to the house in Prince's Gate. For some time Mr. Harman had begged them to make it their home; but though Hinton could not oppose, he had a hope of some day settling down in a smaller house. He liked the power which wealth could give, but he was so unused to luxuries, that they were in themselves almost repellent to him. Charlotte, on the contrary, was perfectly happy to live in the old place. Home to this womanly heart was wherever her loved ones were; and she also acceded; yfultly to another question which otherwi might have appeared a little either strange or selfish. Her father begged of her not to extend her wedding tour beyond a week. "Come back to me," said the old man, "at the end of a week; let me feel that comfort when you say good-bye on your wedding-day."

Charlotte had promised, with her arms round his neck and her bright hair touching his silver locks. And now April had set in, and the days flew fast. All was bustle and confusion, and milliners and dressmakers worked as though there had never been a bride before, and Charlotte, too, believed there had never been so happy, so fortunate, so altogether blessed a woman as herself.

On one of these spring days, for the weather was particularly lovely, Mr. Harman came home earlier than usual and went to his study. For no special reason he had found it impossible to settle to any active work that morning. He had hastened home, and now taking his accustomed medicine, lay back in his arm-chair to rest. The medicine he had taken was partly of a sedative character, but to-day it failed in all soothing effects. That bloodhound Thought was near, and with a bound it sprang forward and settled its fangs into his heart-strings.

Mr. Harman could not sit still, he rose and began to pace his room. Stay—how could he quiet this monster of remorse and reflection? Would death do it by-and-by? He shook his head as this idea came to him. Were death but an annihilation he could, would, how gladly, welcome it, but all his firmest convictions pointed to a God and a future. A future to him meant retribution. He found it absolutely impossible to comfort his heart with so false a doctrine as that of annihilation. In the midst of his meditations his brother Jasper entered.

"Good Heavens! John, you do look bad!" he exclaimed almost involuntarily, noticing the anguish on the fine old face.

"I'm a very miserable man," answered John Harman, and he sank down into a chair as he spoke.

"I would not think so much about my health," said Jasper; "doctors are the most mistaken fools under the sun. I knew a man out in Australia, and the first medical man in Sydney told him he had not a week to live. He came home and made his will and bid all his relations good-bye. Well, what were the consequences? The week came an end, but not the man; my dear John, that man is alive now, and what is more, he is in the enjoyment of perfect health. The doctor was all wrong; they are mortal like ourselves, man, and by no means infallible. I would not take my death for granted, if I were you; I would determine to take a fresh lease of life when Charlotte is married. Determination does wonders in such cases."

"I am not thinking of my death," answered Mr. Harman; "were death but all, I could almost welcome it. No, it is not death, it is memory. Jasper," he added, turning fiercely on his brother, "you were as the very devil to me once, why do you come to preach such sorry comfort now?"

Jasper Harman had an impenetrable face, but as these words it turned a shade pale. He went to the fire and stirred it, he put on more coal, he even arranged in a rather noisy way one or two of the chimney ornaments.

"If only that trustee had not died just then—and if only—only you had not tempted me," continued the elder man.

"You forget John," suddenly said Jasper,

"what the alternative would have been just then, absolute ruin, ruin coupled with disgrace."

"I do not believe in the disgrace, and as to the ruin, we could have started afresh. Oh! to start even now with but sixpence in my pocket, and with clean hands! What would have been the old disgrace compared to the present misery?"

"Take comfort, John, no one knows of it; and if we are but careful no one need ever know. Don't excite yourself, be but careful, and no one need ever know."

"God knows," answered the white-headed elder brother. And at these words Jasper again turned his face away. After a time, in which he thought briefly and rapidly, he turned and sitting down by John began to speak.

"Something has come to my knowledge which may be a comfort to you. I did not mention it earlier, because in your present state of health I know you ought not to worry yourself. But as it seems you are so over-sensitive, I may as well mention that it will be possible for you to make reparation without exposing yourself."

"How?" asked Mr. Harman.

"I know where Daisy Harman's daughter lives—you know we completely lost sight of her. I believe she is poor; she is married to a curate, all curates are poor; they have three children. Suppose, suppose you settled, say, well, half the money her mother had for her lifetime, on this young woman. That would be seventy-five pounds a year; a great difference seventy-five pounds would make in a poor home."

"A little of the robbery paid back," said Mr. Harman with a dreary smile. "Jasper you are a worse rogue than I am, and I believe you study the Bible less. God knows I don't care to confront myself with its moralities, but I have a memory that it recommends, nay, commands, in the case of restoring again, or of paying back stolen goods, that not half should be given, but the whole, multiplied fourfold!"

"Such a deed, as Quixotic as unnecessary, could not be done, it would arouse suspicion," said Jasper decidedly.

After this the two brothers talked together for some time. Jasper quiet and calm, John disturbed and perplexed, too perplexed to notice that the younger and harder man was keeping back part of the truth. But this conversation agitated John Harman, agitated him so much that that evening some of the veil was torn from his daughter's eyes, for during dinner he fainted away. Then there was commotion and dismay, and the instant sending for doctors, and John Hinton and Jasper Harman both felt almost needless alarm.

When the old man came to himself he found his head resting on his daughter's shoulder. During all the time he was unconscious she had eyes and ears for no one else.

"Leave me alone with the child," he said feebly to all the others. When they were gone, he looked at her anxious young face.

"There is no cause, my darling, no cause whatever; what does one faint signify? Put your arms round me, Charlotte, and I shall feel quite well."

She did so, laying her soft cheek against his.

"Now you shall see no one but me to-night," she said, "and I shall sit with you the whole evening, and you must lie still and not talk. You are ill, father, and you have tried to keep it from me."

"A little weak and unfit for much now I confess," he said in a tone of relief. He saw she was not seriously alarmed, and it was a comfort to confide so far in her.

"You are weak and tired and need rest," she said; "you shall see no one to-night but me, and I will stay with you the whole evening!"

"What!" said her father, "you will give up Hinton for me, Lottie!"

"Even that I will do for you," she said, and she stooped and kissed his gray head.

"I believe you love me, Lottie. I shall think of that all the week you are away. You are sure you will only remain away one week?"

"Father, you and I have never parted before in all my life; I promise faithfully to come back in a week," she answered.

He smiled at this, and allowing her still to retain his hand in hers, sank into a quiet sleep. While he slept Charlotte sat quietly at his feet. She felt perplexed and restless. Her father's fainting fit had alarmed her, and now, looking into his face, even to

her inexperience, the ravages which disease, both mental and physical, had brought there could not be so apparent to her. She had to acknowledge to herself that her father, only one year her uncle Jasper's senior, looked a very old man, she could not shut her eyes to the fact, a very unhappy man. What brought that look on his face? A look which she acknowledged to herself she had seen there all her life, but which seemed to be growing in intensity with his added years. She closed her own eyes with a pang as a swift thought of great anguish came over her. This thought passed as quickly as it came; in her remorse at having entertained it she stooped down and kissed the withered old hand which still lay in hers.

It was impossible for Charlotte really to doubt her father; but occupied as she was with her wedding preparations, and full of brightness as her sky undoubtedly looked to her just now, she had not forgotten Hinton's manner when she had asked him what faith he put in Mrs. Home's story. Hinton had evaded her inquiry. This evasion was as much as owning that he shared Mrs. Home's suspicions. Charlotte must clear up her beloved father in the eyes of that other beloved one. If on all hands she was warned not to agitate him, there was another way in which she could do it; she could read her grandfather's will. But though she had made up her mind to do this, she had an unaccountable repugnance to the task. For the first time in all her open, above-board life she would be doing something which she must conceal from her father. Even John Hinton should not accompany her to Somerset House. She must find the will and master its contents, and the deed once done, what a relief to her! With what joy would she wish her own lips chase away the cloud which she felt sure rested over her beloved father in her lover's heart!

"It is possible that, dearly as we love each other, such a little doubt might divide us by-and-by," she said to herself. "Yes, yes, it is right that I should dissipate it, absolutely right, when I feel so very, very sure."

At this moment her father stirred in his sleep, and she distinctly heard the words drop from his lips—

"I would make reparation."

Before she had even time to take these words in, he had opened his eyes and was gazing at her.

"You are better now," she said, stooping down and kissing him.

"Yes, my darling; much, much better." He sat up as he spoke, and made an effort to put on at least a show of life and vigor.

"A man of my age fainting, Charlotte, is nothing," he said; "really nothing whatever. You must not dwell on it again."

"I will not," she said.

Her answer comforted him and he became really brighter and better.

"It is nice to have you all to myself, my little girl; it is very nice. Not that I grudge you to Hinton; I have a great regard for Hinton; but, my darling, you and I have been so much to each other. We have never in all our lives had one quarrel."

"Quarrel father! of course not. How can those who love as we do quarrel?"

"Sometimes they do, Lottie. Thank God, such an experience cannot visit you; but it comes to some and darkens everything. I have known it."

"You have, father?" In spite of herself, Charlotte felt her voice trembling.

"I had a great and terrible quarrel with my father, Charlotte, my father, who seemed once as close to me as your father is to you. He married again, and the marriage displeased me, and such bitter words passed between us, that for years that old man and I did not speak. For years, the last years of his life, we were absolutely divided. We made it up in the end; we were once again when he died; but what happened then has embittered my whole life—my whole life."

Charlotte was silent, though the color was coming into her cheeks and her heart began to beat.

"And to-day, Lottie," continued Mr. Harman, "to-day your uncle Jasper told me about my father's little daughter. You have never heard of her; she was a baby-child when I saw her last. There were many complications after my father's death; complications which you must take on trust for I cannot explain them to you. They led to my never seeing that child again, Lottie, though she was my little half-sister, she

was quite young, not older than you, and to-day Jasper told me about her. He knows where she lives; she is married and has children, and is poor. I could never, never bring myself to look on her face; but some day, not when I am alive, but some day you may know her; I should like you to know her some day, and be kind to her. She has been hardly treated, into that too I cannot go; but I must set it right. I mean to give her money; you will not be quite so rich; you won't mind that?"

"Mind it! mind it! Oh, father!" And Charlotte suddenly began to weep; she could not help that sudden, swift shower, though she struggled hard to repress it, seeing how her father trembled, and how each moment he looked more agitated.

"Do you know," she said, checking her sobs as soon as she possibly could, "that uncle Jasper, too, has told me that story; he asked me not to speak of it to you, for you would only be upset. He said how much you took to heart, even still, that time when your father was angry with you."

"And I angry with him, Lottie; and I with him. Don't forget that."

"Yes, dear father, he told me the tale. I longed to come to you with it, for it puzzled me, but he would not let me. Father, I, too, have seen that little sister; she is not little now, she is tall and noble-looking. She is a sweet and brave woman, and she has three of the most lovely children I ever saw; her children are like angels. Ah! I shall be glad to help that woman and those children. I cannot thank you enough for doing this."

"Don't thank me, child; in God's name don't thank me."

"If you could but see those children." "I would not see them; I would not; I could not. Charlotte, you don't know what bygone memories are to an old man like me. I could never see either the mother or the children. Lottie, tell me nothing more about them; if you love me never mention their names to me. They recall too much, and I am weak and old. I will help them; yes before God I promise to help them; but I can never either see or speak of them; they recall too much."

(To be Continued.)

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY FRANK H. STUAFFER.

As Sunday-school teachers we ought to become intimately acquainted with the children under our charge,—acquainted in the fullest sense of the word. It is not enough to know their names and faces, their residences, and the nature of their daily surroundings. We ought to become familiar with their dispositions, their peculiarities, their methods of thought, their longings and aspirations, their successes and disappointments.

Especially should we become aware of their doubts, so that we can remove them; of their perplexities, so that we can unravel them; of their errors, so that we can correct them. We must go down into their souls, as it were, and take the measure of their spiritual life.

We must become acquainted with the children, or we cannot win their confidence and if we have not succeeded in doing that, we have not made flattering progress. It is something indeed to have won their respect; it is something more to have gained their friendship; it is a great deal more to have secured their confidence. Then, and not until then, will they tell us about their trials and temptations, their doubts and misgivings; and not until then will we be able, by God's grace and a ripe experience, to lighten and enlighten, advise, direct, encourage, comfort.

It requires patience, prayerfulness, self-denial, adaptability, gentleness, to entirely win the confidence of a child. We have sometimes thought that a man who is not genial has not been called to teach. There must be magnetism in the eye, fervor in the grasp, sympathy in the smile, solicitude in the voice.

I recently heard a good minister say, in the pulpit, at the close of a year of faithful labor, that what he regretted most was, that during all that time none of his congregation had visited him in the privacy of his study to talk about their spiritual

welfare. He was conscious that their confidence had been withheld.

As teachers, we ought to be burdened with a similar regret if our scholars fail to come to us in confidence. They may be longing for some one in whom to confide, just when we least suspect it. There is, perhaps, nobody at home willing or capable to advise or admonish,—the father too worldly, the mother without experience, the elder sister without sympathy. Do they naturally come to us?

Perhaps we have not won their confidence for want of this thorough acquaintance, this keen appreciation, this happy adaptability, this genial inner life about which we have been writing.

Very frequently the child does not come to us; perhaps does not even think of us. His needs remain unsatisfied, his doubts unremoved, his aspirations undirected, his difficulties unsolved. It may be a long time before he is in the same pliant, susceptible, inquiring, appropriating mood. We, as teachers, have missed a precious privilege, have lost a golden opportunity. Let us get acquainted with our children.—S. S. Times.

Did You ever ask your girls how much they knew about bread-making? Unfortunately cooking cannot be taught in public schools, as sewing is; but a hint can go from the teacher to the mother which may or may not bring forth fruit. However, the chance of results makes the effort worth while. Suggest that each girl watch her mother while she is bread-making, and that she ask every possible question about the process. Say, very emphatically, that she will be a fortunate girl who is allowed to try the operation with her own hands, and have a composition written on what each one has seen or done. Some of you who have not had much intercourse with the poorer class of parents will be surprised to find that a mother who works hard over sewing and housework seven days in the week is likely to have a daughter incapable of tying a knot in her thread, or sweeping a room carefully. Send out filaments in every direction. Reach the parents and force them, by the very power of your interest in their children, to help you in directions where you alone can accomplish nothing.—Journal of Education.

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS. SCRIPTURE SCENE.

1. A multitude rejoices As the sound of sonorous voices Rings through all the startled air. While in solemn, slow progression, Winds along a grand procession, Cymbals clash and trumpets blare. Who is this with flowing drapery, Like the far clouds, white and vapory? Who is this that leads the band? In his earnest gaze upturning, Light of sacred joy is burning, As he dances, harp in hand. Thus, with sounds of sacred pleasure, Bringing home a priceless treasure, Comes the goodly company, One in heart, Jehovah praising, Loud thanksgivings to Him raising, For His mercies large and free.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. To whom did the Lord say, "Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen?"
  2. What beast did Abraham find caught in the thicket by its horns?
  3. Ahab's servant who saved the prophets alive.
  4. Where did Ahab live?
  5. The wife of Ananias.
- The initials give that in which Paul glorified.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

- SCRIPTURE ENIGMA—Eben-ezer.—1 Sam. vii. 12.
1. Eshcol . . . . . Num. xiii. 24.
  2. Benoni . . . . . Gen. xxxv. 18.
  3. Ephrathah . . . . . Mich. v. 2.
  4. Nabor . . . . . Ruth. 2.
  5. Engedi . . . . . Song of Solomon i. 14
  6. Zion's daughters . . . . . Zech. xiv. 7. lii. 11.
  7. Evening time . . . . . Jer. xxxi. 15, 16.

BIBLE STUDY.—Water, Damascus fertile and beautiful by artificial irrigation, Gen. xxiv. 13, 21; the Pools of Solomon near Bethlehem; also 2 Chron. iv. 2; 2 Chron. xxxii. 20; Judges iv. 13, v. 21; Ex. xiv. 26, 27; Gen. ii. 10; oceans and seas, rivers and fountains, rain, etc.; etc.; Rev. xxi. 1.

The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

IRISH NEWS.

A demonstration, in which several well-known agitators participated, was held in Waterford last Sunday week, under the auspices of the Irish National League. The object of the League was stated by Davitt to be the achievement of national independence for Ireland. In replying at a banquet to the toast "Ireland as a nation" Mr. Richard Power, M. P. for Waterford, said that England was a nation insulted by France, hated by Europe, and harassed and embarrassed by Ireland.

The purchase in Glasgow by Terence McDermott, several weeks before the explosions there, of two lots of glycerine has been discovered by the police, and that the glycerine was carried to Whitehead's factory in Birmingham for the probable purpose of being converted into nitro-glycerine.

Over thirty thousand persons attended the demonstration in Waterford last Sunday week. The city was profusely decorated. Resolutions demanding a parliament for Ireland "not only in name but in reality" were passed amid loud cheers. The Land Act was denounced by Mr. Davitt as quite inadequate to Ireland's needs. He stated that when all the land cases had been settled a million pounds would cover the reductions made in rent.

A caretaker named Sullivan was fatally shot at Killarney last Thursday night by an unknown person.

A man by the name of Farrelly successfully resisted the attempt of officers to evict him at Kells, in the county of Meath, on Friday last. Having strongly barricaded his windows and doors he awaited the arrival of the officers who were received with a shower of stones and sticks, and boiling water was poured over them from above. They had to retreat and Farrelly retained possession.

Dynamite cartridges to the number of 197 have recently been discovered and seized by the Cork police.

The mortgage on Mr. Parnell's estate, amounting to £13,000, has been paid off from the proceeds of the testimonial fund.

Further evidence has been adduced against Doctor and Patrick Connolly and their sister Catherine, charged with being implicated in a conspiracy to murder a rent warner, named John Carroll, for the purpose of obtaining his property, and they were all fully committed for trial.

O'Donnell, the slayer of James Carey, has arrived in England. On leaving the vessel at Southampton he remarked, in a laughing tone, "Have you got 'Number One' this time?" He was taken to London under a strong escort of police and was arraigned at Bow street Police Court and charged with the murder. He pleaded not guilty and was remanded for trial.

REPORTS FROM EGYPT indicate that the False Prophet needs another putting down, and Hicks Pasha has been sent out to the desert with five thousand troops. A telegram has just been received by the Khedive from Hicks that the False Prophet's religious influence is broken. As his military influence depended chiefly upon his religious, Hicks ought not to find it very difficult to destroy that also, and put the holy disturber where he will do no more harm.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Colonel J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, is doing heavy work in Prince Edward Island. His meetings have in many cases amounted to great temperance demonstrations, and below we give a list of Lodges instituted by him, with their officers.—At Head of St. Peter's Bay, a Lodge with a membership of fifty—Chas. Way, W. C.; Maggie McLain, W. V.; W. E. Scott, W. S.; S. D. Anderson, W. F. S.; Mary E. McLean, W. T.; Rev. W. B. Hinson, W. C.; M. McInnis, W. M.; Helen D. McCallum, W. I. G.; C. Hayden, W. O. G.; Laurinda Webster, A. S.; Jemima Coffin, A. M.; Mrs. C. Wayne, R. H. S.; Elizabeth McLaren, L. H. S.; J. Webster, P. W. C. T.; Lestock Anderson, L. D. At Montague Bridge, one with a membership of ninety—J. M. Aitken, W. C.; Mrs. D. McLeod, W. V.; E. Campbell, W. S.; G. Gillis, W. F. S.; Isabella Johnson, W. Treas.; Rev. W. Wass, W. Chap.; P. W. Dewar, W. M.; Emma Lemon, W. I. G.; J. Campbell, W. O. G.; D. Forbes, P. W. C.; N. J. McDonald, L. D.; J. Campbell, L. S.; M. Moore, A. M.; M. Dewar, R. H. S.; P. Johnson, L. H. S. At Mount Stewart, one with a membership of fifty, the ninth Lodge since he began his mission on the 23rd ult.—E. Leemon, W. C.; Bessie Coffin, W. V.; Victor Coffin, W. S.; J. Partridge, L. S.; Horace McEwen, L. D.; Mrs. H. McEwen, Treas.; Rev. D. H. Lodge, Chap.; Kemble Douglas, W. M.; Margaret Birt, I. G.; A. Matheson, O. S.; Lorinda Clark, A. M.; Mrs. T. Douglas, A. S.; Phoebe Douglas, R. H. S.; Mrs. E. Anderson, L. H. S.; Horace McEwen, P. W. C. At Bay Fortune, two Lodges—one "Ark of Safety," with fifty-four members for Bay Fortune, and the other "Fortune," for Rollo Bay, with sixty-one members.—Officers of "Ark of Safety;" H. McKie, W. C.; Lettie Needham, W. V.; W. H. Underhay, W. S.; L. Needham, W. F. S.; Ella Underhay, W. Treas.; J. Mills, W. Chap.; B. Coffin, W. M.; Mary Underhay, W. I. G.; W. Dingwell, W. O. G.; W. B. McInnis, P. W. C.; J. C. Underhay, L. D.; Sophia Dingwell, R. H. S.; Gertrude Dingwell, L. H. S.; Mrs. J. Mills, A. S.; S. Coffin, A. M. Officers of "Fortune;" J. A. Dingwell, W. C.; Margaret Aitken, W. V.; J. A. Morson, W. S.; W. B. Webster, W. F. S.; Mary McKie, W. Treas.; C. Aitken, W. Chap.; L. McCormack, W. M.; Clara Dingwell, W. I. G.; A. Dingwell, W. O. G.; A. McPherson, P. W. C.; A. A. Morson, L. D.; Maggie Townsend, A. S.; Eliza A. Simmons, A. M.; Edith Simons, R. H. S.; Elizabeth Dingwell, L. H. S. At Souris, a Lodge with a membership of eighty;—Mr. Peter Stewart, W. C.; Mrs. J. J. Coulter, W. V.; Mr. L. Brehaut, W. S.; Mr. J. D. Coffin, F. S.; Miss Hattie Maskell, Treas.; Rev. R. B. Kinlay, Chap.; Rev. J. J. Coulter, P. W. C.; Mr. Archibald Lord, W. M.; Miss B. McIntosh, A. M.; Miss Jane MacCormick, J. G.; Mr. James Nowlan, O. G.; Mr. William Mellett, L. D.; Gabriel Macdonald, W. A. S.; Miss Laura Stewart, R. H. S.; Miss Maggie MacCormick, L. H. S. At Eldon, one with ninety-six members.—J. St. C. Moore, W. C.; Davina McLeod, W. V.; W. Mutch, W. S.; W. H. Lord, F. S.; Florence Nicholson, Treas.; John S. McDonald, Chap.; M. J. McLeod, W. M.; M. J. Finlayson, I. G.; M. Anderson, O. G.; J. M. Nicholson, P. W. C.; N. Laraby, A. S.; T. Lantz, D. M.; Isabella McDonald, R. H. S.; Mary Morrison, L. H. S.; J. M. Nicholson, L. D. At Pownall, one with seventy members.—F. H. Campbell, W. C.; Lavinia Clark, W. V.; A. Murchison, W. S.; J. J. Gay, F. S.; Wm. Lane, Chap.; Rosie McRae, Treas.; Albert

Gay, W. M.; Lilly Moore, I. G.; F. S. Drake, O. G.; G. Wood, P. W. C.; Sadie Jenkins, D. M.; N. Cousins, A. S.; Mary E. Jenkins, R. H. S.; Elsie Acorn, L. H. S.; Samuel Brown, L. D. We are at present without particulars of the remaining Lodges organized by Col. Hickman. He organized eleven in all, and delegates from these assembled in Charlottetown on the seventh inst., and were organized into a Grand Lodge for Prince Edward Island. Following is a list of the delegates. From Charlottetown, Rev. C. O'Meara, Rev. J. M. McLeod, Mrs. D. Farquharson, and J. A. Lawson; from Summerside, Rev. J. S. Allen, D. Stewart, and Annie Ackerman; from Bredalbane, J. A. McLeod, A. J. McLellan, and A. W. Delaney; from St. Peter's, C. Way, M. McInnis, and L. Anderson; from Souris, W. Mallett, J. Maskill, and Hattie Maskill; from Bay Fortune, J. C. Underhay, L. H. Needham, W. McDonald, and M. B. McInnis; from Rollo Bay, J. A. Morson, Maggie J. Aitken, M. McKie, and S. McInnis; from Montague, E. Lane, P. A. Dewar, D. C. Campbell, and Miss M. McVane; from Mount Stewart, Rev. D. H. Lodge, Mrs. H. McEwen, and Victor Coffin; from Pownall, F. H. Campbell, J. J. Gay, A. Gay, and R. J. Wood; from Belfast, J. St. C. Moore, J. M. Nicholson, M. Anderson, and A. J. Campbell. The following officers of the Grand Lodge were elected and installed.—J. C. Underhay, G. W. Chief; Rev. J. M. McLeod, G. W. Cr.; Mrs. D. Farquharson, G. W. V.; J. A. Lawson, G. W. Sec. and Tr.; Annie Ackerman, Supt. Juvenile Templars; Rev. J. S. Allan, G. Chap.; C. Way, G. Marshal; Maggie Aitken, G. Guard; J. A. McLeod, G. Sentl; Miss H. McEwen, Asst. G. Sec.; Miss M. McVane, D. G. Marshal; J. M. Nicholson, G. Messenger. It was decided to hold the annual and semi-annual meetings in Charlottetown on the second Thursday of July and the second Thursday of January in each year. On motion of the Rev. J. S. Allen, seconded by the Rev. J. M. McLeod, a vote of thanks to Col. J. J. Hickman for his untiring zeal in working up a live temperance sentiment in the Province, was unanimously passed, to which he gave a most effective reply. The probably unparalleled amount of work effected in so short a period by Col. Hickman in this case—the institution of eleven strong subordinate Lodges and a Grand Lodge—need be our only apology for devoting as much space as we do to the Order in a single Province. Every friend of temperance, as well as every Good Templar, may well rejoice at the grand achievement of our Southern brother in the smallest Province of the Dominion.

BUSINESS AND LABOR NOTES.

An extensive factory is to be erected at once at Parkdale, adjoining Toronto, by the India Rubber and Gutta Percha manufacturing Company of New York, for the manufacture of mechanical rubber goods for the Canadian market. About \$250,000 will be the cost of the building and machinery.

Middlesex and Elgin is reported to be severely injured by the late frost. It is the opinion of some farmers that it will be quite impossible for the crop in those counties to ripen at all.

The great cranberry fields of Cape Cod have had great havoc caused them by the protracted drouth and the worms. Vegetation is so far gone on many farms that even frequent rains would fail to revive it, and the poor pasturage is causing suffering among the cattle.

In the getting out and manufacture of

lumber in Canada about one hundred thousand men are engaged. These men support families forming a total of half a million, or about one-ninth the population of the Dominion. The amount of capital invested in land and lumbering outfits is about \$50,000,000 altogether, or more than one-third of the amount invested in all other industrial establishments. The total product of lumber in 1881 was \$38,541,752 or \$9 for each inhabitant of the country, of which sufficient was sold abroad to bring into the country \$23,991,052.

THE WEEK.

ADMIRAL PIERRE, lately in command of the French naval expedition to Madagascar, and who conducted the bombardment of of Tamatave, is dead, and will be given a public funeral by France.

COUNT DE CHAMBORD, the late proposed king of France, bequeathed four hundred thousand francs to the Peter's Pence fund of the Roman Catholic Church.

WINDSOR CASTLE is to be, by the Queen's orders, partially illuminated with the electric light.

AT A FANCY BALL at Baden, a famous watering place in Austria, the Prince of Wales, Lord Charles Beresford and other members of the royal party were attired as cooks, chambermaids, and other domestic functionaries.

AN EMINENT COMMERCIAL AUTHORITY, M. Lourdelet, has been commissioned by the French Minister of Commerce to go to the chief cities of the United States, to study American manufactures with a view to transplanting methods into French manufactures whereby the formidable competition of American with French products throughout the world may be counteracted. Perhaps the better plan would be to buy American machinery and get American workmen to operate it and show the natives how to do so.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia has raised two hundred thousand dollars to pay off its unfunded debt. Wealthy men came forward handsomely—Mr. John Wanamaker giving fifty thousand dollars; Mr. George W. Childs, the famous journalist, five thousand; an unknown friend, twenty-five thousand; another, twenty thousand; two others, ten thousand each, and James Talcott, five thousand.

LORD DUFFERIN, British Ambassador to Turkey, has been recalled. Being about the best diplomatist in the service of the Empire, his recall may mean that he is wanted in connection with the str now manifest on all hands in European affairs.

MR. CLIFFORD LLOYD, one of the most hated of Irish landlords by the revolutionary Irish, has gone to Egypt as the representative of the British Government. He has there formed a new Egyptian police, of which all the chief officers are Irishmen. Some volunteers with whom he is personally acquainted have been offered to have places kept open for them, as head constables, for a year, to give them time to decide whether they will stay in Egypt or not.

DAYTON, OHIO has the lowest death rate of any city in the United States—fifteen in the thousand. New Orleans and Memphis have the highest death rates. The favorable condition of Dayton's health is due to advantage having been intelligently taken of excellent facilities for drainage.

UNITY, BY ALL ACCOUNTS, does not characterize Roman Catholic society in the South. Father Seupens, an aged priest at Donaldson, Louisiana, was adjudged by the bishop, upon complaint from his people, to have been usurping the powers of the church officers. A Committee of the congregation thereupon gave the priest twenty-four hours to leave, but a number of the flock took his part and a religious faction fight was only averted by the priest quietly obeying the warning. A similar case in that State is that of Father Venisat, pastor of the church at Labadelley, who is seventy-four years of age. Feeling against him upon an accusation of grave misconduct became so high that a gallows was erected before his rectory the other day, and six days' warning given to him to leave or hang.

AN IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION, that gives a severe blow to the truck system, has been given by the local courts of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A large number of employees of an iron company were refused work on returning from a strike, and they brought suit for wages claimed to be due. It appears there were accounts against them for supplies bought in the company's stores and enough of their wages had been kept back monthly to cover these bills. Judgment was, however, given in the men's favor for the full amounts claimed, which so far settles it that no person or corporation can lawfully take private methods of enforcing the payment of debts.

AT A RECEPTION in Boston to Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England, he said England and America were one in language, one in law, one in blood, and what God has joined, as they were joined, he felt assured man could not put asunder. In Newport Lord Coleridge showed much wisdom when he declined to express his opinion of America from his limited experience of it, saying one of the chief lessons of his life had been not to judge of a matter without ascertaining all the facts possible pertaining to it. Would that all travellers and tourists were guided by a like principle.

ONLY LAST JULY an expedition set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, under orders from the United States Government, with stores for the relief of the Greeley Arctic Expedition, which has been in the Polar regions for two years. The relief expedition consisted of the United States steamer "Yantic," conveying the sealing steamer "Proteus," chartered to carry the provisions and selected on account of her strength. Word came now by the "Yantic," which has returned to St. John's with all the members of the relief party and crew of the other steamer on board, that the "Proteus" was crushed in the ice and sunk near the entrance to Smith's Sound, on the west of Greenland, within three weeks after leaving St. John's. A small portion of the stores was saved and, having been dragged to land, placed in caches, or holes, where most likely to attract the attention of the Greely party, when, as instructed they came south for supplies. They were to have started on that errand about the latter part of this month. No trustworthy information having been obtained of the explorers by the relief party there is some apprehension that they may have met with a fate like that of many brave men before them who sacrificed their lives in the effort to gratify the world's curiosity as to the kind of territory that immediately surrounds the North Pole.

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS without damage were felt at Lima, Peru, on September 6th.

CONNECTICUT has been fitly called the land of steady habits, if such cases as the following one are characteristic of it. A woman died lately at Lebanon in that State, at the age of seventy-eight years, who had lived with her husband for fifty-eight years on the place where he was born and spent his childhood.

A LARGE POLAR BEAR, supposed to have drifted from the polar regions on a cake of ice, is disturbing the fishermen at Meat Cove, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia.

PEDESTRIANISM as a professional thing has been varied by a laborer named William Kitzig, in Chicago, mounting a flight of stairs three hundred times in ten hours, winning a wager for the task with nineteen minutes to spare. During the latter part of his toil he spurred his waning powers with liberal imbibings of wine.

W. MONTROSE, of the New York *Police Gazette*, went to Atlanta, Georgia, to test the laws against immoral literature by circulating that paper there. He ought to be satisfied with the result, for he secured conviction and a sentence of a thousand dollars fine or twelve months in the chain gang.

DIRECT TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION has, after three years' work, been established between North and South America. A despatch now goes through from New York to Rio Janeiro, Brazil, in two hours, which formerly, having to cross the Atlantic twice, took about twenty hours.

AN INFANT of Patrick H. O'Brien, New Haven, Connecticut, has been killed through a druggist's blunder.

MANY PHYSICIANS anticipate more or less cholera in the United States next year, and advise the observance of sanitary precautions.

GENERAL BROMLEY, a former Attorney-General of Tasmania, who was in San Francisco the other day, said that the feeling in favor of annexation was so strong in the Australian colonies that the British flag would probably be planted in the New Hebrides within a few weeks. France's reputed designs of acquiring the group in question have probably aroused the Australians to take the position they are reported as having assumed.

THE APACHE INDIANS in Mexico are charged with "beginning to show signs of treachery," which possibly means that the Mexicans want an excuse to kill them off, as being less troublesome than to furnish them with the lands and seeds to start them in farming, which they were lately reported as asking in return for laying down their arms. At all events the "signs of treachery" are made the pretext for a movement to complete a cordon of Mexican troops around the hunted savages, so as to confine them to the neighborhood of Casa Grande.

A MANIFESTO has been issued after the model of the American Declaration of Independence by the revolutionists of Hayti. President Solomon is in the document declared a tyrant, and liberty is demanded. The latest engagements reported have resulted in favor of the Government troops, who have retaken the towns of Bainet and Marigot, and bombarded Miagoane, the recently captured capital, with such effect as to silence the fire of the rebels.

THE STEAMER "Frederick William," about which anxiety was felt in Holland, sailed from Batavia the day before the eruption, thus escaping the Java disaster.

THE MORMONS are beginning to find out what rascals they are, if the report is true that the heirs of the late "prophet," Brigham Young, have brought suit in Salt Lake City, Utah, against President Taylor, of the Mormon Church, and his grand staff of officers, charging them with having stolen over half a million dollars from Young's estate.

JOHN HEFFNER, a German rag-picker, lately killed on a railway at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was thrice married and had forty-two children, the names of many of whom it is said he had long since forgotten.

A CLUMSY ATTEMPT to "salt" a mine that is to place rich ore from elsewhere in it so as to make it sell—was recently exposed in the Gatineau region, Quebec.

SIR HENRY MAXSE, Governor of Newfoundland, is dead. He served with distinction in the Crimean war as aide-de-camp to Lord Cardigan.

IN CHICAGO, the new postal note system is voted a failure, caused by postmasters making mistakes that give the banks trouble.

THE LATE HORACE GREELEY'S farm at Chappaqua, New York, where the author of "What I know About Farming" gained his dearly-bought knowledge, has just been sold under legal direction of the trustee. It was knocked down to the first bid of ten thousand dollars, made by Miss Gabrielle Greeley, neighbors present prepared to buy being averse to bidding against the daughter of the late owner. The farm cost Horace Greeley over seventy thousand dollars.

IT IS EXPECTED that Governor Crittenden will call a special session of the Missouri Legislature to amend the liquor law so as to ensure the closing of bar-rooms in St. Louis on Sunday. The Executive is determined, it appears, to have the question tested whether the saloons are stronger than the State. Desperate attempts are being made by the gambling fraternity of St. Louis to neutralize the new laws against their nefarious practices.

MR. BLAINE, of Maine, believes the prospects of the Republican party in the approaching Presidential election are better than in the year preceding either of the last two campaigns. He also thinks a Western candidate will be stronger than an Eastern man, which indicates that, unless Mr. Blaine is using modesty as a piece of craft, his own ambition for the chief magistrate's chair is not very consuming.

SPAIN IS JEALOUSLY WATCHING the attempts of enemies to foment another rebellion in Cuba, and the Captain General of her army has been sent to the Island with authority to proclaim a state of siege and use the most severe measures of suppression at the first signal of a rising.

TIDAL WAVES AND EARTHQUAKES were experienced in St. Thomas, West Indies, in the latter part of August. They alarmed the people greatly, but produced no damage.

THERE ARE IN THE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH of Canada three thousand one hundred and fifty-nine churches; eight hundred and twenty-two parsonages, valued at nine million one hundred and thirty thousand eight hundred and seven dollars; one thousand five hundred and thirty-three ministers and one hundred and sixty-nine thousand and eight hundred and three members; two thousand and seventy-nine Sabbath schools and one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and fifty-two scholars.

MR. SENECA, of Montreal, one of the chief "railway kings" of Canada, who owes that distinction to a crafty management of corrupt politicians, is said to have cleared a round million dollars by the sale recently of a large amount of timber property in Montmorency, Quebec, which he had bought only a few weeks before selling. A French colonization company was the buyer, and the price was two and a half millions of dollars.

FATHER MCGLYNN, of St. Stephen's Catholic Church, New York, favors public schools and has no parochial schools in his parish. Lately he invited all the school children of his parish to church to receive the blessing for the school year. This priest stands in favorable contrast to Father Hennessy, of Atlanta, Georgia, who is trying to compel, under the most severe religious penalties all the children of his flock to eschew the public schools and take all their schooling in the basement of his church.

MR. MOODY, the evangelist, is going to Ireland, taking as associates Messrs. McGranahan and Whittle, to enter upon a season of religious work in the south of the Island, where, notwithstanding the prevailing Roman Catholicism, they are assured a respectful hearing by reason of being Americans.

UNITED STATES MOUNTED TROOPS are said to have, in April last, crossed into Canadian territory and arrested a deserter named Switzer on British soil, thirty miles from the International boundary line. Switzer appeals to the British Government against this breach of international etiquette through which he lost his freedom, and the matter, being a grave one, will lead to correspondence between the British Government in behalf of Canada and the American Government.

LUTHER THE REFORMER'S fourth centenary was celebrated in Wittenburg, Germany, where many memorials of the great man exist, on Thursday of last week. The celebration was a grand success. It is estimated that there were fifty thousand visitors in attendance. The memorial ceremonies were of a most interesting description. A profound impression has been created throughout Germany by sympathetic avowals of Protestant convictions made on the occasion by the Emperor and Crown Prince. In the course of his address, opening a large hall, as the Luther Hall, which was the Reformer's lecture room, the Crown Prince said:—"May this festival serve as a holy exhortation to uphold the great benefits of the Reformation and strengthen our resolution to be ready always to defend the evangelical creed, liberty of conscience and religious toleration. May Luther's anniversary help to strengthen Protestant feeling, preserve the German Evangelical Church from disunion and lay the foundation of everlasting peace." Lectures on the life and work of Luther were afterward delivered, and on the following evening there was a general illumination in the city. Dense crowds thronged the streets, singing national and religious songs. At a Catholic convention at Dusseldorf on Friday, Herr Winthorst, a prominent legislator, proposed that an association of Catholics of all nations be formed and that religious meetings to pray for Catholic unification be held on the tenth of November, the anniversary of Luther's birth.

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD COLINSON, who commanded the "Enterprise" Polar Expedition that searched for Sir John Franklin in 1850, died lately in England.

## DORA'S SIN AND PUNISHMENT.

Dora Wilmington sat alone in her pretty drawing room. She was bending over a book, but not reading; and now and then a tear fell upon its pages. It was Christmas—Christmas with all its sacred and pleasant associations; her own birthday was on the 27th of December, and a merry party of friends and relatives had been invited to celebrate it. Dora was eighteen. Being her father's housekeeper, it was only natural that she should have a great deal to do and think of; and yet there she sat in that rocking-chair, idle and weeping. Presently the door opened, and a young girl enveloped in furs entered, with that want of ceremony which characterizes an intimate acquaintance.

Caroline Howard was the sister of Dora's betrothed husband. She was older than Dora, and not the very best companion for one whose greatest fault was being too easily led by others, and especially by those she loved. We know some would term this a mere feminine weakness; but it is one which has been the ruin of thousands. We shall see presently what came of it in the present instance.

"Why, my dear Dora, you have been crying; but I think I can guess the reason. Your father has refused to let you accompany us this evening? Well, I am sorry, and poor Vincent will be so disappointed. What can be his objection?"

"I believe," replied Dora, "that he does not think it quite right to go to the theatre."

"Why, what harm can there be?"

"I do not know, indeed," said Dora, "I should like to go very much."

"Poor Vincent!" exclaimed his sister, after a pause. "He went quite early to the theatre this morning, in order to secure places. How disappointed he will be!"

After some further persuasion from Caroline, Dora, against her own better judgment, arrived at the conclusion that there could be no great harm in going just for once. She intended to tell her father afterwards, and she did not think that he would be angry—he never was with her—which should have made her the more careful not to grieve or disobey him. Dora's heart beat, and her hands trembled as she dressed herself that evening, but not with pleasure. She had scarcely finished when the carriage drove to the door. In another moment she was comfortably seated, and shaking hands with Vincent's father and mother, who already looked upon her as their own child.

"We were most afraid that we should not have seen you," said the latter. "Mr. Wilmington called in for a few moments last evening, and he then seemed to have a great objection to your accompanying us. I sent Caroline this morning on purpose to ascertain whether you had obtained permission, and if not, we had intended to put off our visit to the theatre, and ask you to spend the evening quietly with us instead."

"Oh, if I had but known that!" exclaimed Dora.

"For my sake do not betray me," whispered Caroline, as the carriage stopped. "I had set my mind upon coming here to-night. And, after all, there is no great harm done."

"You are not well, Dora," observed Vincent, as they seated themselves in the box, and the light fell upon her pale face.

"No, not very; but do not notice me, and perhaps it will pass away."

"I wish now that Mr. Wilmington had persisted in his objections," said Vincent, "and then Dora would have been quietly at home with us, instead of at this hot crowded theatre."

"Who knows," observed his father, gaily, "but Dora might have rebelled?"

"No, no, father she is too good and dutiful a daughter for that. And a good daughter they say," added Vincent, archly and yet with feeling, "is sure to make a good wife."

Dora's pale cheeks crimsoned with shame. She almost fancied that they knew all, and only spoke thus to try her; but one glance at the frank and open countenance of Vincent dissipated the suspicion, while it increased her sorrow and remorse.

The last act of the pantomime had begun. All was gaiety and excitement. Dora forgot her headache or rather her heartache, and laughed and talked with the rest.

But presently some slight confusion was

perceived on the stage, and a shower of sparks fell from above. Some were startled as if others thought it part of the scenic exhibition. Caroline clapped her hands, and declared that she liked a good display of fireworks above all things. Mrs. Howard, who could see more from the position which she occupied, suddenly turned pale.

"Something has happened," exclaimed she. "They are tearing down the scenery."

Several voices cried out that there was no danger; but a moment afterwards the manager came forward and told them that the house was on fire, pointing to the ceiling as he spoke, where the flames were spreading with fearful rapidity. Dora sank down trembling. She looked upon this sudden calamity as a judgment sent from heaven upon her disobedience; while Caroline's wild screams were lost in the loud wailing cry that burst simultaneously from a hundred lips. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress.

"Vincent, my boy," said Mr. Howard, endeavoring to speak calmly, "look after Dora. Edward, I give your sister into your charge. Be firm and of good courage. I will take care of your mother."

Those who were in the pit and galleries escaped easily, while the inmates of the boxes, owing to the peculiar construction of the house, confused and bewildered, and swaying alternately backwards and forwards, only obstructed each other's way. A lurid gleam shone through the chinks and crevices of that long narrow passage, choked up with human beings and enveloped in hot scorching smoke that burst at last into flames. The shrieks of agony and despair were appalling.

Vincent paused a moment with his half-fainting burden near one of the upper windows. They could hear the bells tolling and the cries of the people in the street below, while a current of cold air came refreshingly through the apertures.

"Vincent," whispered Dora, lifting up her pale face to his, and speaking for the first time, "Vincent, but for me you would have been safe at home this night. I came here contrary to my father's positive commands, and my disobedience has destroyed us all."

"God is merciful," replied Vincent, soothingly. "I hope to save you yet if it be His will."

"Vincent, I dared not ask His blessing; how can I ask His protection? It is a fearful thing to die in a place like this!"

"It is fearful. Your father was right, and we were wrong. We should not go to any place where we cannot expect God's presence to accompany and be with us."

"You must leap out," said Vincent, "and quickly, or they will tear us from the window. It cannot be very high here."

"Vincent I will not leave you."

"I will follow you, Dora. Quick, quick, or it will be too late. God be with you, Dora!"

He assisted her to climb up. Impatient voices from behind warned her that there was no time to be lost, and letting go her hold she fell, rather than sprang, into the crowd below.

Vincent watched her with trembling eagerness. He saw her alight in safety. He saw her kneel down, as if she had no strength to stand, and fix her gaze upon the high window where he stood, half suffocated and powerless.

"Vincent! Vincent!" shrieked the trembling girl.

He heard her voice and stretched out his hands feebly towards the spot. The next moment the crowd had torn him from his place of refuge and carried him onwards out of her sight.

Dreadful were Dora's sufferings during that night, and it was not until next morning that her mind was relieved by finding that Vincent had managed with great difficulty to escape, but with injuries that long rendered his recovery a matter of doubt. The other members of the family had also contrived to come out of the place with the exception of Caroline, who perished in the awful catastrophe.

Dora and Vincent were eventually united but dreadful were the reflections of the former throughout life, that by one act of disobedience, she had brought ruin and desolation on her friends. "Never," she would earnestly say to her young friends, "go to any place where you cannot ask God's blessing upon your visit." We leave this maxim with our readers.—*Friendly Greetings.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS.

There is no Sunday-school so small and poor but what it can do something for the conversion of the heathen. In some schools instead of a collection being taken up for missions on Sunday a separate missionary society is formed to interest the children in missions and raise money for their support. Those who would like to form such a band in their school may find helpful suggestions in the following from the Chicago Standard:—

## CONSTITUTION FOR MISSION BANDS.

I. This society shall be called the—Mission Band of—church.

II. Its object shall be to develop an interest in the cause of missions, to gain information on missionary subjects, and raise money for prosecuting missionary work.

III. Its officers shall be a President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Lady Director, whose duties shall be those usually assigned to such officers.

IV. Any child may become a member of this band by the payment of twenty-five cents annually, if under twelve years of age, and fifty cents if over twelve.

V. All moneys raised shall be forwarded to the Treasurer of the general society.

VI. Its meetings shall be held at such time and place as shall be designated by the band and its exercises such as shall be indicated by the Lady Director.

It is easy to interest children in working for the heathen if the facts are laid before them by an enthusiastic worker. Who can, for instance, read the following unmodified:—

How many people are there in China? The answer is familiar, four hundred millions. But do you know how many that is? Hear what Dr. Gracey says about it. "One-third of the human race is in China; every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs or suffers beneath the heaven, is a Chinese. Every third child born in the world looks into the face of a Chinese mother; every third pair given in marriage plighted their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third orphan weeping through the day, every third widow wailing through the watches of the night, is in China. Every third person who comes to die is a Chinese. Thirty-three thousand Chinese die every day. It is equal to burying all of New York City in less than a month; all of the United States in less than a year and a half." Surely we ought to "send the gospel, swifter, faster," to "reach them ere they die." I fear I grow almost impatient, sometimes, when I think how slowly we are helping to drive away the darkness of heathenism, and it makes me heart-sick to think of the thousands of little girls who are suffering like the one whom Miss Norwood describes in the following story which I copy from the *Little Helpers* for August:

## CHINESE FOOT-BINDING.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: You know that in some parts of China the children have their feet bound to make them very small. Perhaps you may have seen some of the little shoes only a few inches long, which are worn by grown up people; if not, here are some pictures of them. I have just heard a very sad story illustrating the cruelty of the practice of foot-binding. I will tell it to you, that you may be more thankful to Him who has given you a home in a land where such a cruel custom is unknown.

While in some parts of China the feet are bound in infancy, in this Department of the Canton Province, the feet are allowed to grow till the child has attained the age of twelve or thirteen when the binding is much more painful. My story has reference to a little girl whose home is in this city. She was twelve years of age, and was the daughter of a Christian man who has only recently entered the church. But her mother is still a heathen. The child was betrothed into a rich family that wished her feet to be bound very small. Accordingly about three weeks ago, an old woman who is a professional foot-binder was called, and the feet were bound very, very small. Soon, the poor child's sufferings became intense, and with tears she begged her mother to unbind them. This was not only refused, but she was scolded for her unwillingness to bear the pain. When the little girl said she could no longer endure it, and that she would die if her feet were not unbound, her mother only said: "Be patient and after a while the pain will leave you. You are very bad indeed to wish your feet to be unbound." It is a rare circumstance for a little Chinese girl to ask her father to hold her, and her sufferings must be great indeed when she

does so, but the pain became so excruciating in this case that the little girl begged her father to take her in his arms. While nestling there, she asked him to pray the Lord Jesus to turn the heart of her mother to unbind her feet, and let her go to the mission school and learn to read, or, if not in this, in some other way to deliver her from all her pain. And, truly, the prayer was answered; for, in a few minutes, the little girl's soul left the aching body, and went to the home above, where no cruel heathen mother can ever again cause her pain. Happily, the sufferings and death of this little girl promise not to be without benefit to the five-year-old sister whom she has left behind. For the mother now says her remaining daughter shall never have her feet bound. It is also to be hoped that this sad lesson may lead the mother to treat kindly a daughter-in-law she is soon to have, one who has been in the mission school three years, and whose natural feet may bring upon her much ridicule in this city where bound feet are a mark of respectability.

Are you not glad, my dear young friends, that your home is not in China, but that God has given you loving Christian mothers who treat you so tenderly? And will you not often remember to pray for your little Chinese sisters so much less fortunate than you? Your friend,  
SOPHIA A. NORWOOD.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. TEADE.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

## PART II.

How many teachers are employed in the public and private schools and in the academies and colleges of the United States? More than two hundred and seventy-five thousand.

Are there any among these who habitually use alcoholic drinks?

Possibly there are; but the number, if any, is very small.

Why is the number so very small?

Because parents are not willing that their children should be taught by intemperate teachers, and no honorable committee will knowingly employ such persons.

Is there any other reason?

Yes. Most, if not all the States require by statute, that all teachers of public schools have a "good moral character," and, in the eye of the law, a person who is an habitual user of alcoholic-drinks has not that character, and is, therefore, shut out of this honorable and gainful employment.

Do persons choose intemperate law-yers to manage cases in preference to sober men of equal ability?

They do not.

Why not?

Because no intemperate man is sure to be at his best when his best is most needed.

Do persons in severe sickness prefer an intemperate physician to one of equal skill, who is certain to be sober?

They do not, but exactly the contrary.

Why?

Because alcohol weakens the judgment, if it does not destroy it, and human life is too precious to be risked in the hands of persons whose will-power and reason are subject to depraved appetites.

Do Christian people employ persons who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks as religious teachers?

They do not. The pulpits of this country, with rare exceptions, are filled by those who totally abstain from alcoholic drinks.

In all the higher pursuits, does the habitual use of alcoholic drinks hinder in obtaining place and then reaching eminence?

It does. Avenues to place and eminence in all the higher pursuits, are positively closed to persons of known habits of intemperance.

POP-OVERS.—One quart of milk, seven eggs, a little salt, a little more than a tablespoonful of melted butter, and flour enough to make a batter as stiff as buckwheat cakes; beat the eggs until very light, but not separately; bake in cups in a hot oven for one half hour.

**SHADOW-PICTURES AND SILHOUETTES.**

Ever since there have been home walls for sunlight, fire-light, or lamp-light to fall upon, all of us children have been interested



*"Big Jay's."*

in shadow-pictures, and shadow-pictures nearly always have seemed glad to oblige us in all sorts of pleasant ways. Sometimes they give us Grandma's head and cap, showing sharp and clear upon the wall; sometimes dear little Bobby's curly pate and rollicking movements; or perhaps a big shadow-puss, gracefully waving a blurred shadow-tail on the white surface opposite the glowing fire-place; or, possibly, a shadow looking wonderfully like something that isn't in the



*The Shipping Squirrel*

room at all, just because somebody has flung a coat, or a hat, or a bundle, or what not, on table or arm chair. No matter what, it may be, one thing is certain. If any substance, living or inanimate, comes between a strong light and a wall, it must cast a shadow, and we can make something out of it or not, just as we please. All of you have sometimes seen the grotesque likeness of a person in the shadow which



*How the Pinned Is*

he or she unconsciously casts upon the wall, and have noticed

how impossible it is to keep the original quiet while the rest are merrily enjoying the picture. He or she is sure to turn to see what it looks like, and so spoil it all.

Now, if you wish to obtain a shadow-picture buy sheets of paper, black on one side and white on the other, which may be found at any stationer's and pin one of these sheets of paper upon the wall, opposite a lamp, with the white surface outward; then, after providing yourself with a well pointed pencil, place your sitter in such a position that a clear, strong shadow of the profile is thrown upon the paper. If your sitter (or stander) can now remain absolutely still, you have only to trace the outline of the shadow carefully with your pencil, taking care to work as rapidly as practicable. When the outline is all thus traced, you



*The Iron Duke*

can go back and repair any part that seems incorrect. This done, release your sitter and take the paper from the wall. Now you have only to cut out the picture close to the pencil-mark, and as the other side of the paper is black, you turn over your picture and paste it upon a sheet of white paper, and you can show your silhouette portrait in triumph to your obliging sitter, the whole thing having been accomplished in about five minutes. Many boys and girls become very expert in making these pictures,



*The Helpful Best*

and, by seizing every available opportunity for tracing shadow-pictures of their friends, in time become possessed of a valuable collection of silhouette portraits. The excellence of the picture must depend very much, of course, on the skill of the draughtsman who traces the shadow, on the power of the sitter to remain quiet, and on the proper position of the lamp for throwing a clear shadow.

But long before these shadow-albums were thought of, people had found out a capital way of amusing little folks and them-

selves by making comical hand-shadows upon the wall. A very little practice enabled them to represent the heads and bodies of

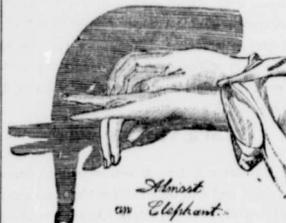


*A Bird in Flight*

various animals, and to set these one by one to snapping their jaws or taking little leaps upon the wall. In the accompanying pictures you will find designs, some new and some old, on which to practice your dexterous ingenuity.—E.E.

**THE FATE OF A HERD OF BUFFALOES.**

An army officer who about four years ago arrived in Chicago from the Yellowstone Valley, tells a story of what happened to a herd of buffaloes as they were migrating southward. The herd numbered 2,500 head, and had been driven out of the Milk River country by the Indian hunters belonging to Sitting Bull's band.



*Almost an Elephant*

When they reached the river they ventured upon the ice with their customary confidence, coming upon it with a solid front, and beginning the crossing with closed ranks. The stream at this point was very deep. When the front file, which was stretched out a quarter of a mile in length, had nearly gained the opposite shore, the ice suddenly gave way under them. Some trappers who were eye-witnesses of the scene said it seemed as if a trench had been opened in the ice the whole length of the column. Some four or five



*Daring Diver*

hundred animals tumbled into the opening all in a heap. Others fell in on top of them and sank out of

sight in a twinkling. By this time the rotten ice was breaking under the still advancing herd. The trappers say that in less than a minute the whole body of buffaloes had been precipitated into the river. They were wedged in so thickly that they could do nothing but struggle for a second and then disappear beneath the cakes of ice of the swift current. Not a beast in all that mighty herd tried to escape, but in a solid phalanx they marched to their fatal bath in the "Big Muddy." In a minute from the time the first ice broke not a buffalo's head or tail was to be seen.

Possibly occurrences of this sort, in ancient tertiary times, helped to form the remarkable deposits of bones found in the old



*No Punch*

lake beds of the great West and else where. In these deposits the earth is literally crowded with bones, sometimes chiefly of one type, sometimes comprising many distinct species. In the latter case the victims were probably swept away by sudden floods, their remains mingling confusedly in quiet basins.—Scientific American.

WE KNOW of nothing more fatal to the accomplishment of any thing in an intellectual way than the idea that many persons get,



*The Coquette*

that they must defer study till some period in life when they shall have no interruptions. They allow ten minutes here and half an hour there to run to waste, because it seems hardly worth while to attempt study for so short a time. We have known persons, by availing themselves of a few minutes' time each day, gain, during a year, an extensive acquaintance with some particular branch of study; while others, who would not economize the minutes had scarcely a useful acquisition.—The Household.

## COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 10, 1883.

The local grain market is entirely unchanged. We quote:—Canada Red Winter Wheat, at \$1.20 to \$1.21; Canada White at \$1.15 to \$1.16; Canada Spring, \$1.11 No. 2, Chicago \$1.10; Corn, 62c per bushel; Peas, 97c; Oats, 35c to 73c; Rye, 60c to 70c.

**FLOUR.**—The flour market this week is stronger by 15c for Superiors, and fall 20c for Spring Extras, the former selling freely at \$5.60 and the latter at \$5.30. The feeling of the market is firm, and holders are by no means disposed to get rid of stocks which are small. We quote: Superior Extra, \$5.50 to \$5.60; Extra Superfine, \$5.35 to \$5.60, Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$5.25 to \$5.30; Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.90; Strong Bakers, Canadian \$5.50 to \$5.75; do., American, \$6.50 to \$6.75; Fine \$4.25 to \$4.35; Middlings, \$3.80 to \$4.00; Pollards, \$3.60 to \$3.75; Ontario bags, (medium), \$2.60 to \$2.78; do. Spring Extra, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do., Superfine, \$2.25 to 2.35; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.45.

**MEALS** unchanged. Cornmeal, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Oatmeal, ordinary \$3.25 to \$3.50; granulated, \$5.75 to \$8.00.

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**—Butter is still the quiet, uneventful market it has been for some time, with the slightest of tendencies toward stiffness. Shippers say that there must be the biggest kind of a tumble soon, as prices are far too high for actual shipment. We quote: Creamery, 19c to 20c; Eastern Townships, 16c to 18c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 15c to 17c; Western, 13c to 16c. Cheese is also unchanged at 10c to 10c to 10c.

**EGGS** are steady at 18c to 19c.

**HOG PRODUCTS** are in rather more demand. We quote:—Western \$15.50 to \$16; Hams, 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 15c; Lard, in pails, 11c to 11c; Tallow, refined, 7c to 8c.

**ASHES.**—Pots are dull at \$4.00 to \$4.70. **LIVE STOCK MARKET.**

Trade is tolerably lively for good animals. For the cattle offered for sale the prices realized averaged 4c to 5c per pound, though for some of extra good quality as high as 8c was paid. The sheep market has been quite lively, and most of them fetched good prices. As high as 8c has been paid for prime wethers while for lambs from \$3.25 to \$4 has been obtained.

## FARMERS' MARKET.

The attendance at the markets still continues good, and the amount of produce of all kinds offered for sale large. Potatoes in the hands of farmers scarce, and sold rapidly at from 35c to 40c per bushel, 75c to 80c per bag was asked and got, when the supply ran short. Apples of all kinds from windfalls to really fine fruit are plentiful and the demand was good at all sorts of prices, 30c to 40c a basket being the price generally. Peaches were very plentiful and of fine quality, they are from 50c to 75c a box. Tomatoes are getting cheaper, but not improving in quality. They bring from 20c to 50c per bushel. Oats are unchanged and are held rather firmly at 95c. Potatoes, 67c to 80c per bag; tub butter, 14c to 20c per lb; prints, 20c to 30c do.; eggs, 19c to 20c per dozen; apples, \$2.50 to \$4.00 per barrel; lemons, \$7.00 per box; blueberries, 60c per box. Hay, \$5.50 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; straw, \$4 to \$6 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

THE CONSUMPTION OF QUININE has fallen off greatly in late years in the Western States, which is accepted as proof of the disappearance of malarial fever accordingly as lands are drained and cultivated. It is always the same lesson in city and country: outlay upon drainage saves itself many times over in drugs and medical expenses that without it would be entailed, not to mention the addition it makes to the sum of human happiness in preventing sickness and death and in promoting the earth's fertility.

THE GERMAN SANITARY COMMISSION, after thorough examination, has decided that the epidemic in Egypt is nothing else than the Asiatic cholera.

## THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

## AUTUMN PRIZE COMPETITION.

A FINE CHANCE

-TO-

## MAKE MONEY

-AND-

## Help a Good Paper Along!

Not dismayed by the comparative failure of our August competition we offer our friends another opportunity to earn a good commission and win handsome prizes by working for this paper. Newspaper publishers must have their harvest times as well as farmers, and as the publishers of this paper have been sowing copies of it broadcast over this continent for twenty months past they now look to having the seed spring up and add many thousands to the subscription list. To this end laborers are required and none can possibly suit better than those who have been kept well-informed of the passing events of the world through its news columns, and benefited and entertained in various ways by its other departments—all at less cost than the readers of any other weekly newspaper. It is with confidence, therefore, that we repeat, with slight modifications, the offers made for our "August Competition," the result of which is doubtless a surprise to the prize-winners, as in a country of hard-working people money is rarely made with such facility.

## OUR NEW OFFER!

The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents a year, and will be given for the remainder of this year for ten cents. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for a year may send **TWO DOLLARS** and keep **FIFTY CENTS**, and anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for the remainder of this year may send us **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** and **KEEP TWENTY-FIVE**.

## SEND AS MANY AS YOU PLEASE.

keeping fifty cents for every five yearly and twenty-five cents for every five for the remainder of this year. This advice would seem to be necessary in some cases, as in last competition most of the competitors stopped short at the point when they earned the smallest commission—that for five subscriptions.

In addition to these commissions we will give the person sending us the largest

## AMOUNT OF MONEY,

**TEN DOLLARS**; to the second, **FIVE DOLLARS**; to the third, **THREE DOLLARS**; to the fourth, **TWO DOLLARS**, and to the fifth, **ONE DOLLAR**.

Still further, to every one who sends us **TWO DOLLARS** we shall send a pre-

sent 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.

## BEAR IN MIND!

Those sending the largest amounts secure the prizes even if what is sent in each case be less than the amount of the prize.

Everyone who secures five subscriptions earns a commission.

Everyone who sends two dollars is entitled to the pair of fine pictures mentioned above.

The competition will end on the last of October.

## REASONS AND HINTS!

For a paper of the price of this one a very large circulation is necessary to insure the enterprise being a profitable one. There is no doubt it would obtain a paying patronage in the course of time, without any special efforts such as these prize competitions, as its subscription list has hitherto been built up altogether by people taking it upon sight for its many good qualities. A list of over seven thousand, obtained simply by sending copies of the paper at a venture to people, and by the kind aid of readers in asking their friends to subscribe, is an achievement that is not common in journalism and justifies us in the hope of great results from our friends all over the Continent entering a competition for prizes in working for the *Messenger*.

In addition to the material inducements offered them, those who enter the lists of our workers have the assurance that they are doing noble service in displacing ignorance with intelligence and bad reading with good.

## DIRECTIONS.

Date your letters carefully, plainly writing names of post-office, county and State or Province.

Head each letter you write, "For Autumn Competition." Do not detain subscriptions, but send in all you have obtained, with the money, less your commission, at the end of each week's canvassing, and in every letter after the first one mention how many names and how much money you sent before.

The last letters sent in the competition must be mailed not later than the 31st of October.

Send money only by post-office order or registered letter, the former preferred, and address.

## JOHN DOUGALL &amp; SON,

"WITNESS" OFFICE,

MONTREAL, P.Q.

Montreal, Sept. 15th, 1883.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

## REVIEW.

LESSON XIV.

Sept. 30, 1883.]

[Josh. 1:1—1 Sam. 3:19.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."—Josh. 23: 14.

Singing.

**Supt.**—What did the Lord say to Joshua?

**School.**—"Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them. 1:2.

**Supt.**—What encouraging promise did the Lord give Joshua?

**School.**—"As I was with Moses, so will I be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. 1:5.

**Supt.**—What command was given to the priests who bore the ark?

**School.**—"When ye are come to the brink of the water of Jordan, ye shall stand still in Jordan. 3:5.

**Supt.**—What did the Israelites do?

**School.**—"All the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan. 3:17.

**Supt.**—What feast did the Israelites keep after crossing Jordan?

**School.**—"The children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho. 5:10.

**Supt.**—What took place after Joshua had marched round Jericho for seven days, as the Lord commanded?

**School.**—"The wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city. 6:20.

**Supt.**—What was the reason of the defeat of the Israelites at Ai?

**School.**—"There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel, thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you. 7:15.

**Supt.**—How was Achan punished?

**School.**—"All Israel stoned him with stones, and burned them with fire after they had stoned them with stones. 7:25.

Singing.

**Supt.**—What did Joshua do when he had placed the tribes of Mount Ebal and Gertizim?

**School.**—"He read all the words of the law, the blessings and cursings, according to all that is written in the book of the law. 8:14.

**Supt.**—For what purpose were the cities of refuge appointed?

**School.**—"That whosoever killed any person at unawares might flee thither, and not die by the hand of the avenger of blood until he stood before the congregation. 20:9.

**Supt.**—What choice did Joshua propose to the people?

**School.**—"If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve. 24:15.

**Supt.**—What was the response of the people?

**School.**—"The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. 24:24.

**Supt.**—What did the Israelites do after the death of Joshua and the men of that generation?

**School.**—"They forsook the Lord, and served Baal, Judg. 2:13.

**Supt.**—How were they punished?

**School.**—"The anger of the Lord was hot against Israel, and he delivered them into the hands of spoilers. Judg. 2:14.

Singing.

**Supt.**—What did the Lord promise Gideon?

**School.**—"By the three hundred men that lapped with I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand. Judg. 7:17.

**Supt.**—How did Sampson die?

**School.**—"He took hold on the two middle pillars, and he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon all the people that were therein. Judg. 16:29, 30.

**Supt.**—What was Ruth's beautiful reply to Naomi?

**School.**—"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Ruth 1:16.

**Supt.**—What did Hannah say to Eli about Samuel?

**School.**—"For this child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord. 1 Sam. 1:27, 28.

**Supt.**—What did Samuel say when the Lord called him?

**School.**—"Speak; for thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3:10.

**Supt.**—What did Eli say when he heard the Lord's message?

**School.**—"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.

**Supt.**—Review drill on Titles, Topics, Golden Texts, etc.

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