

# Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. II.

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## The Temperance Worker

### PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

We hope all our subscribers, whose terms end with the year will be prompt in renewing, as thereby trouble and mistakes will be avoided.

Try, when renewing, to send one or more new subscriptions with your own. It will be easy under our clubbing terms of five copies for two dollars, for very many to save the cost of their own papers.

"See our advertisement of "December Competition," where the list of successful competitors the last time will convince you that it is not yet too late to go in and win.

Address all letters to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Montreal, P. Q.

### DOMINION ALLIANCE.

An address has been issued by the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance, defining the position of temperance legislation at this moment and summarizing the chief points of the new License Act of the Dominion for the information of the people. This law comes into force on the first of January next, but it does not interfere with the Canada Temperance Act or with the Dunkin Act by-laws where they are in force. It is still an open question whether or how far it interferes with any existing statutes of Provincial Legislatures for the regulation of the liquor traffic. Under the Dominion License Act all licenses for the sale of liquor in any district shall be granted by a board of three Commissioners, who in February will meet and appoint license inspectors to report upon applications for licenses and be responsible for preventing the unlicensed sale of liquor. Hotel and saloon licenses in cities, towns and incorporated villages can only be granted in the proportion of one for every 250 of the first 1,000 of the population and one for each 500 over the first thousand, two being allowed for incorporated villages of less than 500 inhabitants. Shop licenses are restricted to one for each 400 up to 1,200 of the population, and one each additional for 1,000. These limits may be further reduced by the Commissioners, or by the council of any city, town or village. A petition to the Board, signed by two-thirds of the electors in a polling division, prevents the granting of a license therein. Three-fifths of the electors in any municipality, except counties or cities, may—by the system of voting provided under the Canada Temperance Act, except that the voting shall be at one place and continue two days—pass a local by-law making the liquor traffic illegal in such municipality. Applicants for licenses must apply by petition before the first of March; present a certificate of character signed by one-third of the electors in the polling division, and furnish security of \$500, with two sureties for \$150 each for payment of all fines and penalties under the Act. Applicants are disqualified from having been refused a license within two years; from having been three times con-

victed of violation of the law, and from having opposed by a petition of two-thirds of the electors. The Commissioners are bound to carefully enquire into the substance of a petition signed by ten electors, opposing the granting of any license on the grounds of the bad character of the applicant, conviction of selling without a license within three years, the neighborhood of a place of worship, hospital or school, or the probability of disturbing the quiet of the locality. Under the new law tavern, hotel and saloon licenses in Montreal will be reduced from 350 to 253, and grocery licenses from 458 to 143. The closing paragraph of the address of the Quebec Branch reads:—"To secure the restriction of the liquor traffic which the new Act is calculated to afford if vigorously enforced, we call upon all good citizens throughout the Dominion to prepare themselves for a grand effort with the beginning of the new year."

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Two letters from Trout River, Eastern Townships, give accounts of recent interesting proceedings among the Divisions of that district. We regret our space will not permit their printing in full. Here we would remind our contributors that this paper being circulated all over the Dominion we cannot undertake to give in its columns minute accounts of the doings of local organizations, except lists of officers of new ones and matter that may be deemed useful to temperance workers.

The members of "Trout River" Division, Sons of Temperance, held their first debate of the season on the evening of the 12th inst. The subject was, "Resolved that the steam engine has been and is of more benefit to mankind than the printing press." After two hours' lively discussion, it was decided by the judges—the Rev. E. Crummev, G.W.P., Bro. Manard of "Phoenix" division, and Bro. Jos. Laukner of "Kelso"—in favor of the negative. Bro. W. F. Stephen led the affirmative and Bro. H. Tannahill the negative. It is intended to have debates every two weeks throughout the winter.

Allow us to say that while we believe friendly discussions upon such questions as the above may induce much useful reading and will undoubtedly sharpen the wits and train the faculties of all participants, yet we believe the same ends would be served, as much interest evoked in the audience and more good accomplished for the cause and its workers by the selection of subjects of practical moment in themselves and, as often as possible, bearing an intimate relation to the cause of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the nation. One of the chief ends to be sought by temperance workers at this juncture is to teach young men and boys that the governing of Canada will soon be in their hands, when they will be responsible, as the present voters of the nation are now responsible, for whatever legal sanction the liquor traffic may have. This important fact should not be lost sight of under the head, "Good of the Order," in either Division or Lodge.

About fifty members of "Kelso," "Frontier" and "Trout River" Divisions were

entertained at an oyster supper on the evening of the 13th inst., by the members of "Phoenix" Division, Herdersonville. Under the chairmanship of Bro. Manard, W.P. of "Phoenix," a regular bill of loyal and other toasts was despatched, eliciting excellent speeches from members of the different Divisions, including the G. W. P., the Rev. E. Crummev, and the G. S., Bro. W. F. Stephen. Excellent vocal and instrumental music was given between speeches and previous to dispersing those present were fortified against the outer air by another service of warm oysters at the fair hands of the sisters of "Phoenix" Division, and all parted delighted with the evening's entertainment.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING in Toronto—described as one of the best ever held in the city—resolutions were unanimously passed, requesting the City Council of 1884 to separate the liquor traffic from the grocers' trade. This is one of the first things required to be done anywhere that the liquor traffic is legalized.

THE TEMPERANCE MEN of Toronto are working hard preparing for the civic elections. Besides nominating candidates of their own, they will try to pledge as many others as possible to the policy of separating liquor from the grocery business.

AT ROCKVILLE, INDIANA, John Bonner locked his wife out of doors because she refused him money for rum. She went to the woods with her children, and while she was building a fire her clothing caught and she was burned to death.

A LETTER FROM THE ARCHBISHOP was read the other Sunday to the Roman Catholics of Quebec city, inviting their support to the Vigilance Association in its war upon the liquor traffic.

MR. E. KING DODDS, the champion of the liquor traffic in Ontario, has been fined \$20 and costs on one of the charges against him in connection with a lottery.

A DISGRACEFUL ROW occurred at a church bazaar, Kingston, Ontario. In a contest for a chair to be presented to the most popular gentleman, a Liberal and a Conservative were the candidates. Brisk voting and good humor prevailed until near the close of the poll, at ten o'clock, when the crowd became boisterous and the two factions behaved very roughly, each trying to get in all the votes possible and to keep the other from voting. At the moment the poll closed a grand rush was made, the polling booth was knocked over, one of the lady scrutineers was hit on the head with a flagstaff and fainted, and for half an hour a great uproar continued. Finally the chair was carried off by the Conservatives in triumph, and now the Liberals are bringing a lawsuit to recover it.

DAVID R. DILLON died in New York in October, leaving the bulk of an estate valued at over a million dollars to a second wife. His first wife—a colored woman whom he had deserted with several children some years ago—with her children and grandchildren will contest the will.

M. ANDRIEUX, the French Ambassador to Madrid, while returning there from France, behaved very insultingly to the officials at Iran who informed him he was trespassing on ground from which the public was excluded. The scene was ended by the ambassador's train starting, and on leaving he threatened to have the officials dismissed. He applied to the Spanish Minister of Public Works to have the men dismissed, but was very properly refused his impudent request. It is astonishing to see men in such a responsible position as this one who cannot behave better than lunatics.

THE LABEL SUIT of the Central News Agency in London against the comic paper *Judy*, for charging it with issuing bogus telegrams to the press, has been concluded. By direction of the judge, the jury found a verdict for the defendant, declaring its article fair criticism in the interests of the public of the plaintiff's extravagant method of padding news telegrams.

O'DONNELL, the murderer of Carey the informer, was hanged in London on Monday morning. He died easily after having borne himself with firmness to the fatal moment. On the previous Saturday it is said he admitted to his brother that he was an invincible, that he killed Carey and was not sorry for it.

FRANK JAMES, one of the last survivors of the James gang of murderers and robbers, was released from gaol at Kansas City, Missouri a few days ago, on \$3,000 bail, but was immediately re-arrested on a charge of killing Sheets at Gallatin in 1868.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY occurred at an election in New Orleans of delegates to the Democratic State Convention of Louisiana, and two prominent politicians and a constable were killed and about a dozen men wounded, some dangerously.

FIVE ROBBERIES in one night at the point of the pistol in St. Louis, Missouri, are a sample of a state of affairs which is causing the citizens to talk of organizing a vigilance committee.

THE ORANGEMEN are summoned to a mass meeting, at which Lord Rosmore will be present, to be held at Dromore the first of January, in opposition to a meeting called by the Parnellites.

DRUNKEN SOLDIERS provoked a riot with Jews at Garmolizi, Russia, resulting in the killing of a rabbi and the wounding of many Jews. The soldiers were arrested.

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE sailed from Barcelona, Spain, on the 15th inst., for Italy. A large crowd gathered and cheered him enthusiastically.

FIVE GAMBLING HOUSES were raided in Chicago the other day, and eighty keepers and inmates were arrested, and the apparatus seized.

A CARGO OF AMERICAN WHEAT, the first ever imported by Austria, was lately shipped from Hamburg to Laube in Bohemia.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

## CHAPTER LII.—(Continued.)

Two years ago I joined the business, I married my Charlotte's mother. I was a wealthy man even then. Though of no birth in particular, I was considered gentlemanly. I had acquired that outward polish which a university education gives; I was also good-looking. With my money, good looks, and education, I was considered a match for the proud and very poor daughter of an old Irish baronet. She had no money; she had nothing but her beautiful face, her high and honorable spirit, her blue blood. You will say 'Enough!' Ay, it was more than enough. She made me the best, the truest of wives. I never loved another woman. She was a little bit extravagant. She had never known wealth until she became my wife, and wealth, in the most innocent way in the world, was delightful to her. While Jasper saved, I was tempted to live largely. I took an expensive house—there was no earthly good thing I would not have given to her. She loved me; but as I said, she was proud. Pride in birth and position was perhaps her only fault. I was perfect in her eyes, but she took a dislike to Jasper. This I could have borne, but it pained me when I saw her turning away from my old father. I dearly loved and respected my father, and I wanted Constance to love him, but she never could be got to care for him. It was at that time, that that thing happened which was the beginning of all the after darkness and misery.

"My father, finding my proud young wife not exactly to his taste, came less and less to our house. Finally, he bought an old estate in Hertfordshire, and then one day the news reached us that he had engaged himself to a very young girl, and that he would marry at once. There was nothing wrong in this marriage, but Jasper and I chose to consider it a sin. We had never forgotten our mother, and we thought it a dishonor to her. We forgot our father's loneliness. In short, we were unreasonable, and behaved as unreasonable men will on such occasions. Hot and angry words passed between our father and ourselves. We neither liked our father's marriage nor his choice. Of course, we were scarcely likely to turn the old man from his purpose, but we refused to have anything to do with his young wife. Under such circumstances we had an open quarrel. Our father married, and we did not see him for years. I was unhappy at this, for I loved my father. Before his second marriage, he always spent from Saturday to Monday at our house, and though my own wife not caring for him greatly marred our pleasure, yet now that the visits had absolutely ceased I missed them—I missed the gray head and the shrewd, old, kindly face; and often, very often, I almost resolved to run down into Hertfordshire and make up my quarrel. I did not do so, however; and as the years went on, I grew afraid to mention my father's name to either my wife or brother. Jasper and I were at this time deeply absorbed in speculation; our business was growing and growing; each thing we embarked in turned out well; we were beginning quite to recover from the strain which our father's removal of so large a sum of money had caused. Jasper was a better man of business than I was. Jasper, though the junior partner, took the lead in all plans. He proposed that an Australian branch of our business should be opened. It was done, and succeeded well.

"About this time we heard that a little son had arrived at the Hermitage in Hertfordshire. He did not live long. We saw his birth announced in *The Times*. It may have been some months later, though, looking back on it, it seems but a few days, that the birth was followed by the death. A year or two passed away, and my wife and I were made happy by the arrival of our first child. The child was a daughter. We called her Charlotte, after my much-loved mother. Time went on, until one day a telegram was put into my hand summoning my brother and myself to our father's death-bed. The telegram was sent by the young wife. I rushed off at once; Jasper followed by the next train.

"The hale, old man had broken up very suddenly at last, and the doctor said he had but a few days to live. During those few days, Jasper and I scarcely left his bedside. We were reconciled fully and completely,

and he died at last murmuring my own mother's name and holding our hands.

It was during this visit that I saw the little wife for the first time. She was a commonplace little thing, but pretty and very young; it was impossible to dislike the gentle creature. She was overpowered with grief at her husband's death. It was impossible not to be kind to her, not to comfort her. There was one child, a girl of about the age of my own little Charlotte. This child had also been named Charlotte. She was a pale, dark-eyed child, with a certain strange look of my mother about her. She was not a particle like her own. My father loved this little creature, and several times during those last days of his he spoke of her to me.

"I have called her after your own mother," he said. "I love my second wife; but the Charlotte of my youth can never be forgotten. I have called the child Charlotte. You have called your daughter Charlotte. Good! let the two be friends."

"I promised readily enough, and I felt pity and interest for the little forlorn creature. I also, as I said, intended to be good to the mother, who seemed to me to be incapable of standing alone.

"Immediately after my father's death and before the funeral, I was summoned hastily to town. My wife was dangerously ill. A little dead baby had come into the world, and for a time her life was despaired of; eventually she got better; but for the next few days I loved and thought only for her. I turned over all business cares to Jasper. I was unable even to attend our father's funeral. I never day or night left Constance's bedside. I loved this woman most devotedly, most passionately. During all those days her life hung in the balance, my time seemed one long prayer to God. "Spare her, spare her precious life at any cost, at any cost." Those were the words for ever on my lips. The prayer was heard; I had my wife again. For a short time she was restored to me. I have often thought since, was even that precious life worth the price I paid for it!

Here Mr. Harman paused. Some moisture had gathered on his brow; he took out his handkerchief to wipe it away. A glass of water stood by his side; he drank a little.

"I am approaching the sin," he said, addressing the clergyman. "The successfully buried sin is about to rise from its grave; pardon me if I shrink from the awful sight."

"God will strengthen you, my dear sir," answered Home. "By your confession, you are struggling back into the right path. What do I say? Rather you are being led back by God himself. Take courage. Lean upon the Almighty arm. Your sin will shrink in dimensions as you view it; for between you and it will come forgiveness."

Mr. Harman smiled faintly. After another short pause he continued.

"On the day on which my dear wife was pronounced out of danger, Jasper sent for me. My brother and I had ever been friends, though in no one particular we were alike. During the awful struggle through which I had just passed, I forgot both him and my father. Now I remembered him, and my father's death, and our own business cares. A thousand memories came back to me. When he sent for me, I left my wife's bedside and went down to him. I was feeling weak and low, for I had not been in bed for many nights, and a kind of reaction had set in. I was in the kind of state when a man's nerves can be shaken, and his whole moral equilibrium upset. I do not offer this as an excuse for what followed. There is no excuse for the dark sin; but I do believe, enough about myself to say that what I then yielded to, I should have been proof against at a stronger physical moment. I entered my private sitting room to find Jasper pacing up and down like a wild creature. His eyes were blood-hot, his hair tossed. He was a calm and cheerful person generally. At this instant, he looked like one half bereft of reason. "God, heavens! what is wrong?" I said. I was startled out of myself by his state of perturbation.

"We are ruined; that is what is wrong," answered Jasper.

"He then entered into particulars with which I need not trouble you. A great house, one of the greatest and largest houses in the City, had come to absolute grief; it was bankrupt. In its fall many other houses, ours amongst them, must sink.

"I saw it all quite plainly. I sat down quiet and stoned; while Jasper raved and swore and paced up and down the room, I sat still. Yes, we were beggars, nothing could save the house which our father had made with such pride and care.

"After a time I left Jasper and returned to my wife's room. On the way, I entered the nursery and paid my pretty little Charlotte a visit. She climbed on my knee and kissed me, and all the time I kept saying to myself, 'The child is a beggar, I can give her no comforts; we are absolutely in want.' It was the beginning of the winter then, and the weather was bitterly cold. The doctor met me on the threshold of my wife's room; he said to me, 'As soon as ever she is better, you must either take or send her out of England. She may recover abroad; but to winter in this climate, in her present state, would certainly kill her. How could I take my wife away? I sat down again in the darkened room and thought over the past. Hitherto the wealth, which was so easily won, seemed, of comparatively small importance. It was easy with a full purse to wish, then to obtain. I had often wondered at Constance's love for all the pretty things with which I delighted to surround her, her almost childish pleasure in the riches which had come to her. She always said to me at such times:

"But I have known such poverty; I hate poverty, and I love, I love the pretty things of life."

"This very night, as I sat by her bedside, she opened her lovely eyes and looked at me and said:

"John, I have had such a dream, so vivid, so, so terrible. I thought we were poor again—poorer than I ever was even with my father; so poor, John, that I was hungry, and you could give me nothing to eat. I begged you to give me food. There was a loaf in a shop-window, such a nice crisp loaf; and I was starving. When you said you had no money, I begged of you to steal that loaf. You would not, you would not, and at last I lay down to die. Oh! John, say it was a dream."

"Of course it was only a dream, my darling!" I answered, and I kissed her and soothed her, though all the time my heart felt like lead.

"That evening Jasper sent for me again. His manner now was changed. The wildness and despair had left it. He was his old, cool, collected self. He was in the sort of mood when he always had an ascendancy over me—the sort of mood when he showed that wonderful business faculty for which I could not but admire him.

"Sit down, John," he said, "I have a great deal to say to you. There is a plan in my mind, if you will agree to act with me in it, we may yet be saved."

"Thinking of my Constance lying so ill upstairs, my heart leaped up at these words.

"What is your plan?" I said. "I can stay with you for some time. I can listen as long as you like."

"You hate poverty?" said Jasper.

"Yes," I said, thinking of Constance, "I hate it."

"If you will consent to my scheme; if you will consent before you leave this room, we need not sink with Cooper, Cooper, and Bennett."

"I will listen to you," I said.

"You have always been so absorbed lately in your wife," continued Jasper, "that you have, I really believe, forgotten our father's death; his funeral was last Thursday. Of course you could not attend it. After the funeral I read the will."

"Yes," I said, "I had really forgotten my father's will. He left us money?" I said.

"I am glad; it will keep us from absolute want. Constance need not be hungry after all."

"My brother looked at me.

"A little money has been left to us," he said, "but so little that it must go with the rest. In the general crash those few thousands must also go. John, you remember when our father took that very large sum out of the business, he promised that we should be his heirs. It was a loan for his lifetime."

"He had not married then," I said.

"No," answered Jasper, "he had not married. Now that he has married he has forgotten all but his second wife. He has left her, with the exception of a few thousand, the whole of that fine property. In short, he has left her a sum of money which

is to realize an income of twelve hundred a year."

"Yes," I said wearily.

"Jasper looked at me very hard. I returned his gaze.

"That money, if left to us, would save the firm. Quite absolutely save the firm in this present crisis," he said slowly and emphatically.

"Yes," I said again. I was so innocent, so far from what I since became, at that moment, that I did not in the least understand my brother. "The money is not ours," I said, seeing that his gray eyes were still fixed on me with a greedy, intense light.

"If my father were alive now," said Jasper, rising to his feet and coming to my side, "if my father were alive now he would break his heart, to see the business which he made with such pride and skill come to absolute grief. If my father were still alive; if that crash had come but a fortnight ago, he would say, 'Save the firm at any cost.'"

"But he is dead," I said, "we cannot save the firm. What do you mean, Jasper? I confess I cannot see to what you are driving."

"John," said my brother, "you are stupid. If our father could speak to us now, he would say, 'Take the money, all the money I have left, and save the firm of Harman Brothers.'"

"You mean," I said, "you mean that we are to steal that money, the money left to the widow and the fatherless?"

"I understood the meaning now. I staggered to my feet. I could have felled my brother to the ground. He was my brother, my only brother; but at that moment, so true were my heart's instincts to the good and right, that I loathed him. Before, however, I could say a word, or utter a reproach, a message came to me from my wife. I was wanted in my wife's room instantly, she was excited! she was very ill. I flew away without a word.

"Come back again, I will wait for you here," my brother called after me.

"I entered Constance's room. I think she was a little delirious. She was still talking about money, about being hungry and having no money to buy bread. Perhaps a presentiment of the evil news had come to her. I had to soothe, to assure her that all she desired should be hers. I even took my purse out and put it into her burning hand. At last she believed me; she fell asleep with her hand in mine. I dared not stir from her; and all the time, as I sat far into the night, I thought over Jasper's words. They were terrible words, but I could not get them out of my head, they were burned like fire into my brain. At last Constance awoke; she was better, and I could leave her. It was now almost morning. I went to my study, for I could not sleep. To my surprise, Jasper was still there. It was six hours since I had left him, but he had not stirred.

"John," he said, seeing that I shrank from him, "you must hear me out. Call my plan by as ugly a name as you like, no other plan, no other plan will save the firm. John, will you hear me speak?"

"Yes, I will hear you," I said. I sank down on the sofa. My head was reeling. Right and wrong seemed confused. I said to myself, My brain is so confused with grief and perplexity that it is no matter what Jasper says just now, for I shall not understand him. But I found to my surprise, almost to my horror, that I understood with startling clearness every word. This was Jasper's plan. There were three trustees to the will; I was one, my brother Jasper another, a third was a man by the name of Alexander Wilson. He was brother to my father's second wife. This Alexander Wilson I had never seen. Jasper had seen him once. He described him to me as a tall and powerful man with red hair. "He is the other trustee," said my brother, "and he is dead."

"Dead?" I said, starting.

"Yes, he is without doubt; here is an account of his death."

Jasper then opened an Australian paper and showed me the name, also the full account of a man who answered in all particulars to the Alexander Wilson named as the third trustee. Jasper then proceeded to unfold yet further his scheme.

"That trustee being dead, we were absolute masters of the situation, we could appropriate that money. The widow knew nothing



ing yet of her husband's will; she needed never know. The sum meant for her was, under existing circumstances, much too large. She should not want, she should have abundance. But we too should not want. Were our father living he would ask us to do this. We should save ourselves and the great house of Harman Brothers. In short, to put the thing in plain language, we should, by stealing the widow's money, save ourselves. By being faithless to our most solemn trust, we could keep the filthy lucre. I will not say how I struggled. I did struggle for a day; in the evening I yielded. I don't excuse myself in the very least. In the evening I fell as badly as man could fall. I believe in my fall I sank even lower than Jasper. I said to him, 'I cannot bear poverty, it will kill Constance, and Constance must not die; but you must manage everything, I can go into no details. I can never, never as long as I live, see that widow and child. You must see them, you must settle enough, abundance on them, but never mention their names to me. I can do the deed, but the victims must be dead to me.'

"To all this Jasper promised readily enough. He promised and he acted. All went outwardly, smoothly and well; there was no hitch, no outward flaw, no difficulty, the firm was saved; none but we two knew how nearly it had been engulfed in hopeless shipwreck. It recovered itself by means of that stolen money, and flew lightly once again over the waters of prosperity. Yes, our house was saved and from that hour my happiness fled. I had money, money in abundance and to spare; but I never knew another hour day or night, of peace. I had done the deed to save my wife, but I found that, though God would give me that cursed wealth, He yet would take away my idol for whom I had sacrificed my soul. Constance only grew well enough to leave England. We wintered abroad, and at Cannes, surrounded by all that base money could supply, she closed her eyes. I returned home a widower, and the most wretched man on the face of the earth. Soon after, the Australian branch of our business growing and growing, Jasper found it well to visit that country. He did so, and stayed away many years. Soon after he landed, he wrote to tell me that he had seen the grave of Alexander Wilson; and that had made many inquiries about him, and that now there was not the least shadow of doubt that the other trustee was dead. He said that our last fears of discovery might now rest.

"Years went by, and we grew richer and richer; all we put our hands to prospered. Money seemed to grow for us on every tree. I could give my one child all that wealth could suggest. She grew up unscathed by what was eating into me as a canker. She was beautiful alike in mind and body; she was and is the one pure and lovely thing left to me. She became engaged to a good and honorable man. He had, it is true, neither money nor position, but I had learned, through all these long years of pain, to value such things at their true worth. Charlotte should marry where her heart was. I gave her leave to engage herself to Finton. Shortly after that engagement, Jasper, my brother, returned from Australia. His presence, reminding me, as it did day and night, of my crime, but added to my misery of soul. I was surprised, too, to see how easily what was dragging me to the very gate of hell seemed to rest on him. I could never discover, narrowly as I watched him, that he was anything but a happy man. One evening, after spending some hours in his presence, I fainted away quite suddenly. I was alone when this fainting fit overtook me. I believe I was unconscious for many hours. The next day I went to consult a doctor. Then and there, in that great physician's consulting-room, I learned that I am a victim of an incurable complaint; a complaint that must end my life, must end it soon, and suddenly. In short, the doctor said to me, not in words, but by look, by manner, by significant hand pressure, and that silent sympathy which speaks a terrible fact, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Since the morning left the doctor's presence I have been trying to prepare; but between God and me stands my sin. I cannot get a glimpse of God. I wait, and wait, but I only see the awful sin of my youth. In short, sir, I am in the far country where God is not."

"To die so would be terrible," said Mr. Home.

"To die so will be terrible, sir; in short it will be hell."

"Do not put it in the future tense, Mr. Harman, for you that day is past."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that even now, though you know it not, you are no longer in the far country. You are the prodigal son if you like, but you are on the road back to the Father. You are on the homeward road, and the Father is looking out for you. When you come to die you will not be alone, the hand of God will hold yours, and the smile of a forgiving God will say to you, as the blessed Jesus said once to a poor sinful woman, who yet was not half as great a sinner as you are, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee.'

"You believe then in the greatness of my sin?"

"I believe, I know that your sin was enormous; but so also is your repentance."

"God knows I repent," answered Mr. Harman.

"Yes; when you asked me to visit you, and when you poured out that story in my ears, your long repentance and anguish of heart were beginning to find vent."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you will make reparation."

"Ay, indeed I am more than willing. Zacchaeus restored fourfold."

"Yes, the road for you straight to the bosom of the Father is very prickly and full of sharp thorns. You have held a high character for honor and respectability. You have a child who loves you, who has thought you perfect. You must step down from your high pedestal. You must renounce the place you have held in your child's heart. In short, you must let your only child, and also the cold, censorious world, see you as God has seen you for so long."

"I don't mind the world, but—my child—my only child," said Mr. Harman, and now he put up his trembling hands and covered his face. "That is a very hard road," he said after a pause.

"There is no other back to the Father," answered the clergyman.

"Well, I will take it then, for I must get back to Him. You are a man of God. I put myself in your hands. What am I to do?"

"You put yourself not into my hands, sir, but into the loving and merciful hands of my Lord Christ. The course before you is plain. You must find out those you have robbed; you must restore all, and ask these wronged ones' forgiveness. When they forgive, the peace of God will shine into your heart."

"You mean the widow and the child. But I do not know anything of them; I have shut my eyes to their fate."

"The widow is dead, but the child lives; I happen to know her; I can bring her to you."

"Can you? How soon?"

"In an hour and a half from now if you like. I should wish you to rest in that peace I spoke of before morning. Shall I bring her to-night?"

"Yes, I will see her; but first, first will you pray with me?"

Mr. Home knelt down at once. The grey-headed and sinful man knelt by his side. Then the clergyman hurried away to fetch his wife.

(To be Continued.)

THE SLEIGH-RIDE; OR, TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

(The following story was originally published in the *Massachusetts Teacher* for 1834. The lesson is still fresh, and so is the genial writer.)

In one of the most popular cities of New England, some years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. There were about twenty-five or thirty boys engaged in the frolic. The sleigh was a very large and splendid establishment, drawn by six gray horses. The afternoon was as beautiful as anybody could desire, and the merry group enjoyed themselves in the highest degree. It was a common custom of the school to which they belonged, and on previous occasions their teacher had accompanied them. Some engagement upon important business, however, occupying him, he was not at this time with them. It is quite likely had it been otherwise, that the restraining influence of his presence would have prevented the scene which is the main feature of the present story.

On the day following the ride, as he entered the school-room, he found his pupils grouped about the stove, and in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. He stopped a while and listened; and, in answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads,—a fine, frank, and manly boy, whose heart was in the right place, though his love of sport sometimes led him astray,—volunteered to give a narrative of their trip and its various incidents. As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir, there was one little circumstance which I had almost forgotten to tell you. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, as we were coming home, we saw, at some distance ahead of us, a queer-looking affair in the road. We could not exactly make out what it was. It seemed to be a sort of half-and-half monstrosity. As we approached it, it proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. These were given with a relish, and they produced the right effect, and a little more; for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow by the side of the road, and the skiny old pony started on a full trot. As we passed, some one who had the whip gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before. I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs, pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by. With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat and beneath a rusty cloak, and who dropped his reins, bawled out: 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more; his horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature; and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "that is quite an incident. But take your seats; and, after our morning service is ended, I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too."

Having finished the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and after all had joined in the Lord's Prayer, he commenced, as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable and respectable old man, and a clergyman by profession, was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying, as he proposed to do in the spring, he took with him his light wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon. He was, just as I have told you, very old and infirm; his temples were covered with thin locks, which the frosts of eighty years had whitened; his sight and hearing, too, were somewhat blunted by age, as yours will be, should you live to be as old. He was proceeding very slowly and quietly; for his horse was old and feeble like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, when he had perilled his life in fighting for the liberties of his country; to the scenes of his manhood, when he had preached the gospel of his divine Master to the heathen of the remote wilderness; and to the scenes of riper years, when the hard hand of penury had lain heavily upon him. While thus occupied, almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon. In his trepidation, he dropped his reins; and, as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he found it impossible to gather them up, and his horse began to run away.

"In the midst of the old man's trouble there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out, turn out, old fellow!' 'Give us the road, old boy!' 'What'll you take for your pony, old daddy?' 'Go it, frozen nose?' 'What's the price of oats!' were the various cries that met his ear.

"Pray, do not frighten my horse," exclaimed the infirm driver.

"Turn out, then! turn out!" was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three

tremendous huzzahs from the boys who were in it.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased; and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, after some exertion to secure his reins, which had been out of his hands during the whole of the affray, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"As he approached Salem, he overtook a young man who was walking toward the same place, and whom he invited to ride. The young man alluded to the 'grand sleigh' which had just passed, which induced the old gentleman to inquire if he knew who the boys were. He replied that he did; that they all belonged to one school, and were a set of wild fellows.

"Aha!" exclaimed the former, with a hearty laugh (for his constant good nature had not been disturbed); 'do they, indeed? Why, their master is very well known to me. I am now going to his house, and I rather think I shall give him the benefit of this whole story.'

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. "That son, boys, is your instructor; and that aged and infirm old man, that 'old fellow' and 'old boy' (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that 'old boy,' and 'old daddy,' and 'frozen-nose,' was Rev. Daniel Oliver, your master's father, now at my house, where he and I will gladly welcome any and all of you."

It is not easy to describe now to imagine the effect produced by this new translation of this boy's own narrative. Some buried their heads behind their desks, some cried, some looked askance at each other, and many hastened down to the desk of the teacher, with apologies, regrets, and acknowledgments without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil for the future to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

Years have passed by; the lads are men, though some have found an early grave; the 'manly boy' is "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." They who survive, should this story meet their eye, will easily recall its scenes, and throw their memories back to the school-house in "Federal street," Salem, and to their old friend and teacher, Henry K. Oliver.

GOOD NEWS FROM LUCKNOW.

Do you know where that is? Away off in India. Rev. Mr. Craven, a missionary there, wrote a letter to a certain Sabbath-school in America, and among other good things in it, he paid a compliment to the boys in the mission school at Lucknow.

A rich heathen merchant told Mr. Craven one day that he liked to get his clerks from the mission school, because they were honest and truthful. And a railway man told him there was one thing about Christian boys that he liked; you could trust them.

Ah! but it costs something to be a Christian boy in Lucknow. What would you think of seeing a crowd in the street, following a young man, hooting at him, throwing stones, and among them his own mother? What! throwing stones! Yes; just that you might have seen in Lucknow one day last year. What had the young man been doing? Why he was on his way to be baptized, and to confess that he meant to love and serve the Lord Jesus.

It takes another kind of courage, too. One day a boy came to Mr. Craven and said:

"Here is a dollar and fifty cents: it is all the money I have. I stole two dollars and fifty cents from you once, but I am a Christian now, and I want to bring it back."—*Kind Words.*

STALE BREAD CAKES.—One quart of milk, two breakfast-cups of stale bread-crumbs, one good handful of flour one table-spoonful of butter melted, three eggs well beaten, a little salt. Work the bread and milk till smooth, stir in the butter and eggs, flour, and salt; if too thick, add a little more milk. These cakes are very nice, but require careful cooking, as they are apt to stick to the griddle.

## The Weekly Messenger.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

## THE WEEK

THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY, with a capital of \$4,000,000, has been incorporated in Albany, New York, with the object of constructing lines to all parts of the United States, Europe, West Indies and South America.

AT A TRIAL of members of the Salvation Army for a breach of the peace in conducting their services on the streets, a policeman named Sullivan testified that he considered the songs sung as blasphemous. If police men—particularly Irish Catholics—are to be judges of what is proper to be sung in the praise of God in America, then religious liberty on this continent is a shocking caricature of what it is boasted to be. At the same time the streets of modern towns are not designed as places of public assembly, and should not be used as such except with the explicit consent of the authorities.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS of Canada are to be lighted with electricity at next session—except the legislative chambers, where the light will not be changed until the new system is thoroughly tested in other parts of the buildings.

THE MAYOR AND PROMINENT RESIDENTS of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, characterize as gross exaggerations statements published in the East that woman suffrage is a failure in that country. They say that public opinion there is favorable to the new order of things.

MR. ROBINSON, of New York, has in the National House of Representatives called upon the Secretary of the Interior for information concerning the reported purchase of public lands by foreign noblemen, with a view to having laws passed to prevent land monopolies and landlordism in the United States; whether the Minister to Great Britain has accepted from any foreign state a title of nobility such as Lord Rector, and whether as such he is still retained in the service of the United States; whether any officer of the navy had without the consent of Congress accepted a present from any king, prince or foreign state; whether officers and sailors of the navy had assisted the British navy in the bombardment of Alexandria, and whether a British spy had been allowed to tamper with the mails in New York and thus secure the conviction of a number of persons in Liverpool, among them some American citizens, who were sentenced to imprisonment for life. Mr. Robinson appears to represent Irish revolutionists rather than American constituents in Congress.

FEARFUL STORMS raged throughout the British Islands on Tuesday night of last week. Damage both on sea and land was terrific. In many cities loss of life is reported from falling buildings and flying wreck. Among the marine casualties was the total wreck near Stranraer Scotland, of the ship "Liverpool," Captain Davidson, from Quebec for Greenock, only a man and boy being saved, nineteen drowning.

ARMS AND AMMUNITION have been found stored in the house of a Fenian named Dunne, in Dublin, and together with the occupant taken in charge by the police.

CYVOET, AN ANARCHIST, has been sentenced to death for being the author of an explosion in a restaurant in Lyons, France, over a year ago.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who is accused of having stirred up the Orangemen in his recent tour through Ireland, has replied to a complimentary resolution from the Orange society at Blackpool, Lancashire, saying that he cannot wonder at the irritation of the loyal Irishmen at the unequal treatment they have received while striving to support the unity of the Empire.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, to prepare for the next Presidential election, will meet in Chicago on the third of June next.

AN ALDERMAN of Joliet, Illinois, moved a resolution in the City Council, to grant ten dollars to each policeman to buy an overcoat. Other aldermen attempted to kill the measure by tacking on an amendment giving a like gift to every employee of the corporation. This was, however, accepted by the promoters of the original resolution, and the ordinance was passed as amended, obliging the municipality to give a handsome Christmas box to every one of its laborers. The taxpayers may congratulate themselves that their money was not voted away for overcoats for the aldermen themselves.

THE "ORGAN OF TRUE JUDAISM" is being prosecuted in Lemberg, Austria, for publishing an anathema pronounced by notable Rabbis against the candidates for the Galician Diet and the Austrian Reichsrath belonging to the sect of reformed Jews. Acts of violence are alleged against the defendants in the indictment, it being notorious, it recites, that such excommunications in Galicia undermine among the Jews the civil existence of those against whom they are issued. Apply the same rule to all other religious systems, and clerical domination in politics would be broken down.

THE BANQUET TO MR. PARNELL on Tuesday night of last week in Dublin was attended by persons from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain. Five hundred and eighty tickets had been sold, and great pains taken to prevent any but members of the National League from entering. The address accompanying the tribute to Mr. Parnell was enclosed in a gorgeous album made of bog oak, richly mounted, which cost \$500. In the giving of the honors of the evening, the toast to the Queen was omitted, and Mr. Parnell, replying to the address, read to him by Lord Mayor Dawson, declared boldly for the independence of Ireland. He spoke very offensively in his references to British statesmen, particularly Mr. Forster, and denounced coercive emigration. The cheque given to Mr. Parnell, the result of collections made among Irishmen all over the world, was for an amount equal to \$190,000. At the banquet the French, United States and Irish flags, the latter with the harp but without the crown, were grouped together over the chairman's seat. Thirty priests were present. The London papers respond firmly to Mr. Parnell's treasonable utterances, the *Times* saying there was never a more uncompromising defiance flung in the face of the English nation or Government than when Mr. Parnell declared war upon constitutional principles and the connection between England and Ireland. Upon all hands there is a concurrence of sentiment that ensures a union of the leading parties whenever necessary to defeat any attempt at Irish domination.

AMONG EIGHTEEN PERSONS executed in Servia for participation in the recent revolt were four priests, four merchants and a schoolmaster. Some of them had shot peasants for refusing to join the insurrection. An editor and a Radical deputy were condemned to death, but the King commuted their sentences. Two Radicals were sentenced to eighty-five years' imprisonment.

AN ORGANIZED BAND OF THIEVES has been discovered among the students of Oberlin College, Ohio. Its members are all in good circumstances and one or two have wealthy parents. Some of them are in prison and have confessed and all proved to be connected with the band will be expelled.

SOME IDEA OF THE BRUTALITIES associated with the prize ring may be gained from the description of the process of training being undergone by a bully named Harry Snagg, to prepare him for contests with Gaffer Bill and John Sullivan. One day last week he was walked around Franklin Square, Philadelphia, with a dumb bell fastened to each leg. He was given ice water baths and had his legs beaten black and blue with billiard cues. Hitched to a swill cart he was trotted three miles, and afterwards walked a mile with a beer barrel tied to one leg and a dumb bell to the other. Again he was beaten with billiard cues, then sand-papered from head to foot. His food is bananas, and his drink a mixture of brown stout, mustard, gin, vinegar, molasses, soda water and pepper sauce. All this is of course to divest him as much as possible of any good human qualities, and endue him with the disposition and sensibilities of a wild beast. All who go to see contests between such debased specimens of their race will be brutalized more or less according to their susceptibilities, but it requires brutal instincts in the first place to be attracted to that sort of so-called "sport."

ABNER LLOYD, of White Rose, and Joseph Mitchell, of Frontenac county, Ontario, are two recent victims of fatal gunning accidents. Thomas Arthurs, of Toronto, while fooling with a revolver that he did not know was loaded, shot himself through the hand and narrowly missed his younger brother.

IN RESPONSE TO AN APPEAL from the President of the Woman's Suffrage Society of Toronto, the City Council of Kingston, Ontario, by ten to nine resolved as follows:—The Council approve of the exercising of the franchise by widows and other unmarried women, in the same manner as is done by men in respect to their own property.

A HURRICANE in the province of Alicante, Spain, uprooted four hundred olive trees. An immense sea demolished the quays at Denia, flooded the town and wrecked fourteen vessels.

THE POPE HAS APPROVED of the proposal for a memorial church to Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, and promised a gift for the corner stone.

COMMANDER CHEYNE, of the British Royal Navy, has been officially informed that his scheme for reaching the North Pole by balloons was considered by the United States Secretary of War to be impracticable.

FORTY MEN WHO CLEARED OUT from Crossmaglen, Ireland, when the members of the Patriotic Brotherhood were being arrested, have returned from America.

THE REV. DR. WILSON has been dismissed from the curacy of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario, for having taken an active part in the exercises of the Salvation Army.

By 109 to 103 the Hungarian Diet has rejected the bill legalizing marriages between Christians and Jews. The bill will be introduced again under the special care of the Cabinet.

THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT has been offered a loan of ten million pounds by the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Cairo, to build a second Suez Canal.

THE SUPREME COURT of Ontario has sustained the verdict of a jury at Lindsay, awarding a boy, Levey, one thousand dollars' damages against the Midland Railway. Plaintiff was crossing the track and his foot caught in a spike, and a train backing down ran over his leg. Defendant appealed on the ground that the statute was complied with by having a man on the last car looking out, against which plaintiff contended that the man must be in such a position on the car as to avoid accidents. While familiarity with danger breeds carelessness on the part of some railway hands, it is well that the public can make railway owners intimate with heavy penalties for the results of their servants' carelessness.

THE WHITE CROSS steamer "Plantyn," from New York for Antwerp, has been given up for lost.

DEATHS FROM CHOLERA are still reported from Egypt.

COLORED CHILDREN in Brooklyn, New York, are declared by the Board of Education to be entitled to admission to the public schools on the same terms as white children.

A GRAVEYARD INSURANCE SCHEME, in which medical examiners, agents and others acted in collusion, has been unearthed at Fall River, Massachusetts. Insurances were obtained upon broken down constitutions, consumptives and unhealthy persons for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000. Physicians, agents and others would hold the policies till the death of the insured persons and pocket the insurance, or they would sell the policies to resellers who would hasten the death of the victims with rum and then collect the insurance. A suspected physician and an agent lately left the city.

NEXT YEAR it is expected the immigration business of the St. Lawrence will be largely conducted from Quebec city on the north shore. It is said immigrants will be carried from Quebec to Winnipeg for ten dollars.

A SWISS STATESMAN warns his countrymen against impending war in Europe, which he says can hardly be escaped after 1884 and may even come next spring.

RACHEL BARCOCK, a woman living in the village of Hamilton, near Toronto, Ontario, is in prison charged with murdering George Mitchell, a boy of ten. She became enraged at the child for chasing her hens and pursued him about half a mile, when he fell and she beat in his skull with a heavy file, causing his death in agony a few days later.

A BUFFALO BILL ORGANIZATION composed of four boys about thirteen years of age, sons of respectable people, has been discovered in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Seventeen incendiary fires were traced to the gang, which had a pirate's den stocked with dime novels, guns and lassoes, and from which raids were made on the pantries of the neighboring residents. This is one of the natural results of sensational reading upon young boys. It intoxicates them in as bad a way as alcohol or tobacco.

A BILL TO GIVE ALASKA a civil government is progressing favorably in the American Congress.



A BILL introduced into the House of Representatives, Washington, requests the President to negotiate with Great Britain for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 with Canada.

GREENWOOD AND HARDING, sentenced for the murder of Maher at Sandwich, Ontario, last spring, have had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life. Greenwood has, however, escaped from prison.

PEASANTS IN POLAND resisted official surveyors measuring the land for assessment, and forty of the rioters were arrested and taken to Warsaw.

A BOMB WAS THROWN into the house of the Commissary of Police, Paris, and exploded, doing much damage.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY'S mission at Stepney, England, is reported a wonderful success.

MR. JOHN HOW TELFER, of the Temperance Colonization Company, upon his return to England, is reported as being more than ever impressed with the claims of the North-West and proposing to devote his whole time to making his views known.

FIVE MEN, including three Germans who arrived in America a month previous on a sight-seeing tour, were drowned recently in Niagara River above the Falls by the swamping of their boat. One man was rescued in a dying condition by a boat from the shore, but all efforts to restore him failed.

A MOTION IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY to abolish the French Embassy to the Vatican was rejected by 325 to 191.

A HEATED DEBATE in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet resulted in two duels between Deputies, one of whom was a principal in both.

FIFTY-TWO MAGISTRATES of the county of Anagh, Ireland, headed by the Duke of Manchester, have protested against the suspension of Lord Rossmore's commission as a magistrate for heading an Orange demonstration.

FOUR BOYS NAMED WEAGLE were drowned at Denmark, Queen's county, Nova Scotia, by breaking through the ice while skating.

BY-ELECTIONS IN ONTARIO on Friday of last week resulted in the return of the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, for the Provincial Legislature, in West Middlesex, and Mr. Cameron, Liberal, in the same constituency, for the House of Commons; Mr. Hamill, Conservative, for the Provincial Legislature, in Cardwell, and Mr. Phelps, Liberal, in West Simcoe. The return of Mr. Ross ensures the Liberal Government of Ontario remaining in power.

THIS YEAR'S DEFICIT in the Egyptian budget is estimated at three million pounds. The country cannot long retain its partial independence at that rate.

THE OPPOSITION of Conservative and clerical members of the Hungarian Diet to Government measures is traced to spite against Premier Tisza. He befriended Baron Gull and prevented his expulsion from an aristocratic club. Baron Gull's offence was having failed within twenty-four hours to pay up a loss of over a million francs at the club's gaming table, to meet which he had to sacrifice all his property at half its value. Civilization need not expect much benefit from a nation governed by gamblers.

A Nihilist NAMED RUTCHKOFF escaped from Charkow prison, Russia, and returned to tell his comrades, but he was seized, when he shot a guard and himself fatally.

PEACE CONDITIONS are said to have been arranged between Bolivia and Chili.

MR. ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, has been sworn in as President of the United States Senate.

TENNISON THE POET has been raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt of Aldworth.

MR. FORSTER, M. P., late Secretary for Ireland, is in favor of including Ireland in the proposed franchise reform bill. He says that policy may increase the number of Mr. Parnell's followers in the House, but it is better to meet them there than in the country committing outrages.

TYPHOID AND SCARLET FEVERS show increased prevalence this year over last in New Haven, Connecticut.

A FERRY BOAT took fire on the 13th inst., just after leaving New York for Long Island City. She was at once put back and all the passengers and crew were saved, although there were many very narrow escapes. Some horses were burned and some jumped overboard.

CHARLES McLAUGHLIN, a millionaire, was shot and killed in San Francisco on the 13th of December by Jerome B. Cox. The tragedy was the result of seventeen years' litigation over a railway contract. Cox obtained judgment repeatedly for \$150,000, which McLaughlin managed to have upset by technicalities. On the day mentioned Cox went to McLaughlin's office and demanded \$40,000 in settlement of the claim. Being refused he shot McLaughlin three times, causing his death in thirty minutes.

MR. R. A. GARLICK, a respectable merchant of London, Ontario, died from blood-poisoning caused by accidentally piercing his arm with an awl.

SEVENTY MECHANICS, discharged from the locomotive works at Paterson, New Jersey, sailed for Glasgow, Scotland, to get work at steamship building.

A LAWSUIT between two leading New York photographers turns upon the question of whether one of them is the author or inventor of Oscar Wilde's attitude in a photograph taken by him.

THE SPANISH CORTES was opened on Saturday by the King, who made some important announcements. His cordial reception upon returning from his recent journey compensated him for the grief caused by the late insurrection. Negotiations were in progress with the United States to secure the markets of that nation for the products of Cuba and Porto Rico. Measures of reform in the administration of justice, including trial by jury, were to be introduced. Abolition of the lash and the stocks in Cuba proved the sincerity with which the law to abolish slavery would be carried out. An electoral reform bill, which would include universal suffrage, and when it was passed, the work of this Cortes would be over. If the Government be sustained in the ensuing elections, it would submit to the next Cortes a scheme for the revision of the constitution. Reniz Zorilla, leader of the late military insurrection, has issued a manifesto from London, defending that movement, attacking monarchy and the Bourbon dynasty, and urging the merits of a republican government in Spain. He says, "Whether the future struggle shall be one of peace or arms, the day of battle will be one of victory."

UNKNOWN VANDALS wrecked the furnishings of a Jewish synagogue in Chicago.

ALL SORTS OF REPORTS come from the Sudan. It is likely the end of the whole affair will be that England will put down the rebellion herself, and then assume permanent rule over Egypt.

THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE has voted a supplementary credit of twenty million francs for the operations in Tonquin.

GENERAL LOGAN is said to have influential support as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

A LONDON SCULPTOR named Belt some time ago sued a man named Lawes for libel, in charging that the work plaintiff claimed as his own was done by another person. Plaintiff procured a verdict of five thousand pounds' damages, which was appealed from on the ground of being excessive. The Court of Appeals has decided that Belt must accept a reduction of damages to five hundred pounds or there will be a new trial. It is said he will accept the reduction.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH (Mr. Beecher's) in Brooklyn is represented as failing in resources of both people and money.

ANOTHER MURDER CONSPIRACY is being ferreted out in County Mayo, Ireland.

#### CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

"Plants will grow for you; they will not for me!" said a lady, woefully, to the writer. Indeed, it was not to be wondered at that nature did not work miracles for this estimable lady—a fastidious and orderly housewife. In the first place, everything else in her home must be attended to before her pot-plants. They were moved about indiscriminately—anywhere, to put them "out of the way" as it seemed. If watered once or twice a week, it was with a cold stream from a pitcher. Saucers were under them of course, which, though sometimes dry, were often filled with offensive stagnant water. Dead or yellow leaves were allowed to remain, to intermingle their vitiated juices with the life of the stem, and the hard surface of the poor soil was never stirred for the admission of air to the roots. They either had too much sunshine, or none at all, for days and days; but they would have long spells of ventilation in the "well-ordered" house—the cold air sweeping over them in a "broad-side."

How could the naturally pretty favorites thrive, and, in responsive delight, display their inheritance of beauty? In the management of plants in rooms it is not feasible to give them all the care and attention to details they receive in the florist's greenhouses or the conservatory. Nature is wondrously accommodating, even when modestly protesting. By mere chances that may suit plants in the humblest dwelling, various kinds may grow and bloom without particular care. "Experience is the best teacher," has long been a saying of the wise. My pleasant experience with plants in house windows has suggested the following directions, which I have learned repeatedly to observe, and can confidently recommend them to lovers of flowers, in both country and city homes, of modest means.

You cannot always combine the soil for your pots strictly according to the natural preference of each particular genus, as florists do; therefore, it is safe, with few exceptions, to mix it all alike when potting them. Good "garden soil" will always do. This, of course, is neither sand, clay, nor gravel, but mellow mold—sandy enough to be loose, clayey enough for compact richness, light with fertile mold, which not necessarily must be "black." After plants have grown vigorously some months in pots, it may be well to remove a little of the earth from the top and then fill again with decayed manure, or simply to water them with a very weak solution of ammonia and water—a spoonful of the spirits to three or four quarts of water, using it a few days only in succession, taking care not to sprinkle the leaves.

Always have your pots perfectly clean—well cleansed or scoured inside and outside, if they have been long used, or become incrustated. Then place a few bits of broken flower-pots in the bottom, loosely,—pieces of brick will answer,—a little earth at first, holding the plant that has been taken up from a bed with one hand, while with the other gently add and press earth around the roots quite firmly—not too hard around the stem in filling the pot sufficiently. Amateurs often err in this particular, not pressing the soil around transplanted plants, or over seeds of annuals.

House plants are best pleased with the forenoon sunshine, but they may please you by doing well in windows where the sun falls on them only in the afternoon. Do not seek to give them the sunbeams all day.

Keep them out of the saucers mostly. If your nifty will use saucers, be sure to wash them frequently, and, for the sake of the air in the room where you sleep or sit, as well as for the health of the plants, wash the outside of the pots occasionally. A few plants in your sleeping-room will not harm you, but, unless the room is ventilated at night you will harm them. Never admit a dead or dying leaf to remain on a plant that is not altogether dying. In trimming stems or leaves, use a sharp knife, not scissors, nor merely your fingers.

The water for watering plants, summer or winter, should be warm enough not to chill the hand, and should be scattered over the leaves of each one, or better, thoroughly sprinkled with a watering-pot. Unless they are vigorously growing, do not keep the ground constantly wet, but, if growing at all, let it not become like dry sand nor solid.

Most plants confined in pots like to be hooded almost as well as corn-hills. If you have only a hair-pin at hand, when you are watching or admiring them, gently stir the earth with it all around. Do not use anything for this purpose that may disturb the fibrous roots—not "hoeing" too deep.

It is better for your plants to cut off, nearer the stem supporting it, every flower stem just as soon as the blossom begins to die, and in perpetual roses before the petals drop. By so doing you preserve the vitality and secure more flowers, and sooner. Do not let a Geranium (*Pelargonium*) cluster remain, after half of its buds or more have opened and pleased you, till the petals fall.—Emily Thatcher Bennett, in the American Garden.

AN ENGLISH traveller in India has lately sent home a very unique photograph. Being in the neighborhood of Kurrachee he paused to secure a view of the magnificent group of tropical trees on the river bank, by means of the camera which he carried for such purposes. He fixed his tripod, placed his head under the velvet screen to adjust the focus of his lens, when suddenly a huge crocodile lifted his head above the water and made his way to the shore. Another followed, and still another; then a whole herd clambered up the bank. Instead of taking, suddenly to flight, our traveller stood still surveying the advancing army through his lens, and soon was happy, for a double reason, to see the ungainly monsters sprawl themselves, with mouths agape, for their siesta in the warm sunshine. What a happy accident! Our artist kept his nerves steady, the "dry plate" was slipped into its place, and in a twinkling the photograph was taken of the group of twenty unconscious reptiles.—Our Continent.

I was greatly troubled, by the snow crowding in the tops of my little boy's boots wetting legs and feet, and the necessary changing and drying that followed. Last winter a suggestion was made to me which I adopted, and it proved such a success that the wonder is that I have not before written about it. Take a piece of thick woollen cloth, like the pants if you have it, about six inches wide, and as long as the rubber boot is around the top. Sew the two ends together, then sew one edge firmly around the top of the boot. The other and upper edge is to be hemmed down over an elastic braid long enough to go round the leg above the knee, and it is complete. When the boot is put on, draw the cloth up over the short pants which will prove effectual in keeping out the snow.—Newton in Household.

## POISON AND POISON.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

Uncle Jerry Tompkins was filing a saw, and Ben Bush was hard at work splitting kindling-wood, when Charley Harris came into the wood-yard.

"Hello, Uncle Jerry! What makes you look so sober and you, too, Ben? Why you both look as if you didn't know where your supper was coming from? What's the matter, any way?"

"I was thinkin' about them boys that got poisoned, yesterday," was Uncle Jerry's reply.

"And I was thinkin' about folks as gets poisoned, too," said Ben, sitting down on a block of wood and leaning his head on his hands, which were folded over the end of his axe-handle.

"What boys got poisoned?" asked Charley of Uncle Jerry.

"Why, didn't you hear about them two Adams boys and Jack Marlow?" said Uncle Jerry, looking up from his saw.

"No, sir," replied Charley; "what's happened to them?"

"Why, yesterday they went up the creek looking for old iron and stuff that they bring down to the foundry and sell. When they got thirsty, they ate the snow that's up the creek yet in the shady places where the sun don't strike. About noon one of the Adams boys got to acting queer, and the other boys laughed at him for what they thought was his nonsense, but he told 'em he was sick and couldn't help it, and sure enough he was sick. They had hard work to get him home, for after a while they got to feeling sick themselves; but they all three got home finally, though 'twas too late for that first Adams boy. The doctor came, and did all he could for him, but 'twas no use—the boy died last night. It was a sorry time for that family, I tell you with one boy dead, and another in danger of dying. The Adamses is neighbors to me, you know, and I was over there 'most all night."

"But how could snow poison them?" asked Charley, as Uncle Jerry took up his file again.

"Doctor says he think melbly they got verdigris on their hands from the old brass and stuff they had picked up, and this poisoned the snow they ate;" and Uncle Jerry's file grated between the saw-teeth again, as he turned once more to work.

"It's the worst thing I ever heard of," said Charley; and as he stood for a moment with his hands in his pockets looking vacantly at nothing, the shadow on the faces of the two men, which he had laughingly spoken of when he entered the wood-yard, seemed to have fallen upon him.

"The kind of poisonin' I was thinkin' of is just as bad," remarked Ben, as he sat splitting a chip to bits with his axe.

Charley who had been apparently oblivious of surroundings for a moment, turned towards Ben, and stood as if waiting for what he might say further. Ben looked silently at the boy for a few seconds.

"I stepped into the readin' room down town last night," Ben continued, "and while I was there, who should come staggerin' in but Sammy Barnard, jest foolish drunk. He dropped down into a chair by the writin'-table and said he'd come in to write a Bible verse or two for the young men as holds meetin's in the rooms; and of all the foolish things that fellow did and said there for about ten minutes, I never heard the best. Finally some of us got him out and took him home; and I tell you, to my mind, that sorrow they had to Adamses last night was a sight easier to bear than the kind they had to Barnard's. Sammy's been drinkin' a good deal lately, and before mornin' we surely thought he'd have the tremens, he got so bad. I never see anything like it. He jest fit and tore, and it 'most killed his mother to have him in such a fix. It's awful hard to have a boy die like that Adams boy did, but it jest seemed to me this other's worse. Verdigris on the snow a fellow eats seems awful, but there's poison on the glass folks drinks from sometimes that's jest as bad. I jest can't say enough agin it," Ben said, striking his axe into a block, by way of emphasis.

"I'm jest that dead set agin drink, that such things as I saw last night makes me feel jest like goin' into every dram-shop in this city with my axe and cleanin' 'em out. I hope you'll keep clear of the poison in drink, Charley. Keep clear of that kind of poison, and you'll never repent it."

"With God's help, I will," said Charley solemnly.

"Charley's found the Master that knows how to deliver from temptation then that look to him for help," said Uncle Jerry with a quiet smile, as he looked up from his work to the boy who stood near him.

And when Charley Harris went out from the wood-yard that afternoon, he went feeling—just as any boy may feel, if he chooses—the strength of the Divine Master about him to keep him in every time of temptation.

"Strong drink's the worst kind of poison, remember," Ben called after him.

"I believe it," Charley replied.—S. S. Times.

## NOT A DREAM—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Mr. A. J. Duffield writes to the editor of the *Spectator*, from the Savile Club:—I send you this letter, as fit reading for Christmas-tide. It deals with the marvellous, it tells of great human kindness, and it is strictly true: Some time ago, I spent a Christmas on the south-east shore of Lake Superior, where I made the acquaintance of one whom I will call Joe Spring. We became friends, and I lived in his house for nearly a year. I had thus ample opportunity for knowing him. He was of very humble origin, a native of the north of Ireland, but he spent the whole of his youth in Scotland, where he learnt the trade of a miner. From Scotland he emigrated to New York State, following his trade there, and earning eight dollars a week. Ten years later he went to Lake Superior, and became the captain of the Franklin Copper Mine, on Portage Lake. At this time he fell sick of a fever, and would have died but for the merciful interposition of a lady whose husband was a director of the Franklin Mining Company, and whom I will call Mrs. Adams. She found Captain Spring miserably lodged, and she had him carried to her own house where she nursed him and otherwise looked after him until he recovered his health. He was a man of prodigious strength, more than six feet high, with clear blue eyes, a monstrous large head, and with most shapely hands. He was quite illiterate, but of undaunted courage and great ingenuity. More than seven years elapsed between this time of his sickness and the event which I am now to tell of. It occurred during the Christmas time, when I lived in Captain Spring's house. One evening he came into my room in an excited state, looking like an actor playing the part of a madman. "I want you," he said, "to write a letter for me, and to take notice and remember everything I do and say this night." The letter which I wrote at his dictation was as follows:—"December 22nd. Dear Mrs. Adams,—I send you by to-night's mail two thousand dollars, which I hope will arrive safe and be of use to you. Please let me hear from you on receipt.—(Signed)—JOHN SPRING." Having written the letter and packed up the dollars, we both went to the village to "mail" the money, which, with the letter, was despatched to Mrs. Adams, who was then living more than a thousand miles away. On our way back home, my friend's mood entirely changed. He became hot with rage, and swore that if those two thousand dollars did not reach their destination in safety, he "would pursue the thieves who stole it to perdition." All through that night he had no sleep and no rest, and the next day he spent alone, keeping aloof from everybody, and smoking a great deal of tobacco. The next morning, that is, the 24th, he brought me a letter, which he requested me to open and read. It was as follows:—"Dear Captain Spring,—I write to tell you that we are in great distress. We have sold everything we could to buy bread, and now we have no bread and nothing to sell. Mr. Adams is very ill; our two sons, Willie and Joe, were killed in the battle of Gettysburg, and we are all alone now; if you can help us, do, and God will reward you—at least, such is my hope, for you may never be able to do so ourselves.—Your friend, LUCY ADAMS." On reading this aloud my eccentric friend burst into a loud laugh; he then nearly knocked me down by a blow on the right shoulder; he leaped over the chairs, and at last he seized me by the arm and carried me into the neighboring fields of bright snow, to tell me that "she had got the money." He was just as mad to look at as he was on the evening when he came into my room to ask me to write the letter to Mrs. Adams.

He then told me that he had seen this lady on that evening, "sitting alone in a house with nothing in it—no fire and no food. She was looking very calm and quiet, just exactly with the same face she had when she nursed me in the fever." Thereupon he sent off \$2,000, that is certain; it is also certain that the captain's letter and Mrs. Adams's crossed each other. The money arrived safely in due course, and I leave the readers of this story to draw their own conclusions from these strange, but not, I am thankful to say, absolutely uncommon facts.

## THE DESTROYER AND HIS VICTIM.

On a hot summer day, a gentleman sat down to think over a subject on which his mind was greatly troubled. He was wondering how it was that so many of the young men of his acquaintance had yielded to temptation, and been destroyed. He was wondering how the great tempter could so soon get them entangled in his nets, and never let them loose again until they were ruined. While he was thinking over the subject, he saw a worm moving along slowly in the path. He moved quietly and without any fear. "Now," said the gentleman to himself, "that poor worm can go safely, though it has no reason to guide it. There lies in wait no destroyer to entangle it, while our young men, with reason and conscience, are destroyed by scores!" Just then he saw a spider dart across the path, about a foot in front of the worm. She did not appear to be thinking of the worm, nor the worm of her. When she got quite across the path, she stopped and stood still. The worm kept on, but soon was brought to a stand by a small cord, too small for our eyes to see, which the spider had spun as he rushed before him. Finding himself stopped, the worm turned to go back. The instant he turned, back darted the spider, spinning a new cord behind her. The poor worm was now brought up a second time, and twisted and turned every way to escape. He seemed now to suspect some mischief, for he ran this way and that way, and every time he turned the spider darted around him, weaving another rope. There gradually was no space left for him, except in the direction of the hole of the spider. The way was left open, but on all other sides, by darting across and around, the space was gradually growing less. It was noticed, too, that every time the worm turned towards the hole of the spider, he was instantly hemmed in, so that he could not get back quite so far as before. "So his very agony continually brought him nearer the place of death! It took a full hour to do all this, and by that time the worm was brought close to the hole of his destroyer. He now seemed to feel that he was helpless, and if he could have screamed he doubtless would have done so. And now the spider eyed him a moment, as if enjoying his terror and laughing at his own skill, and then darted on him and struck him with her fangs. Instantly the life began to flow out. Again the spider struck him, and the poor thing rolled over in agony and died. Mrs. Spider now hitched one of her little ropes to her victim and drew him into her hole, where she feasted at her leisure, perhaps counting over the number of poor victims whom she had destroyed in the same way before! When I see a boy occasionally going to the oyster-cellar and the drinking saloon, I always think of the spider and her victim, and mourn that the great destroyer is weaving his meshes about every such boy, and is drawing him towards his own awful home!—*Rev. John Todd.*

## NOT TRUSTWORTHY.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

One afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I guess so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar, is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. "Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are not trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks, which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the barn. You neglected to do so. The colt got out through the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"Next I gave you a letter to mail. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. 'Thine o'clock mail will do,' you thought. But it didn't, being a way mail, and not a through mail. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.—S. S. Times.

## FAITH.

A young man was about to enter the foreign missionary work. A gentleman said to the young man's father, "It's hard to give up the boy."

"Yes," replied the father, "but it's just what we've been expecting."

"How so?" inquired the friend.

"When he was a little baby," answered the father: "his mother and I went to a missionary meeting. An appeal, most earnest and touching was made for men to become missionaries. We ourselves could not go. When we returned home, the baby lay asleep in his crib. We went to the crib. His mother stood on one side, I on the other. We together laid our hands on his forehead, and prayed that it might be God's will for him to become a foreign missionary. We never spoke to him of what we did."

But all through these twenty-five years we have believed that our prayer about him would be answered, and answered it now is. Yes, it is hard to give up the boy, but it's what we've been expecting.—*Morning Star.*

THE COMPLAINT is sometimes made of Sunday-school teachers that they don't know how to talk. The trouble very often is that they don't know how to keep still. It is not an easy thing, when you have crammed yourself full of information and ideas about a lesson, to give up to your class the time you are so ready to occupy yourself. But that is precisely what is sometimes the best thing for you to do. Be ready to forego your good points; sacrifice your own satisfaction to bringing out your ideas, when you find that your scholars are disposed to say something themselves. The scholar's mind must work with the teacher's before he is made to know. And your scholar will profit more by one commonplace idea which he lays hold of and works out for himself—grasps and expresses—than by the nearest half-hour lecture and exhortation you have ever given your class.—*Baptist Teacher.*



AN OLD-FASHIONED ANIMAL.

BY MISS E. F. MOSBY.

In the forests of South America, ages and ages ago, there lived enormous animals which are now extinct, and are known only by their bones which have been discovered embedded in the soil. But although they lived so long ago, and were so different in size from the creatures that now possess their ancient haunts, there is a likeness and a kinship existing between them. When the little French visitors to the Jardin du Roi (the garden of the king), in Paris, crowd to see the foreign animals that are on exhibition there, they are filled with amusement and wonder at a strange quadruped which seems incapable of using its four long legs either to run or jump, or even to walk. It looks lazier than a grab or a beetle, and its name—the Sloth—seems a very appropriate title, for it only crawls along upon the earth in a weak and helpless fashion, its hands and feet, which are armed with sharp claws, stretched out aimlessly on the ground.

The trees in South America grow in the valleys of the great rivers in the greenest luxuriance, every branch rustling thick with leaves, and the trunk buried knee-deep in long grasses. In the air the vines, heavily laden with foliage and blossoms, form aerial and swaying bridges that throw their strong arms from bough to bough. Here the diminutive Sloth of to-day has its home, and it no longer looks inert or awkward when it has reached its true habitat. This is not on the earth's surface, nor on the water's, but in the forest that rises in "the aerial ocean." The creature can neither run nor swim nor fly; but it can climb, and it is indeed a climber *par excellence*. Each limb being terminated by two or three long and strong hooks, with these it could securely cling to the branches, along these it moved, often rapidly; there was nothing slothful in its arboreal mode of progression. Suspended always with its head and trunk downwards, it so traversed every branch and part of the tree yielding food by leaf or fruit. In that clinging attitude it rested, suspending itself to sleep. Amid the boughs it so lived and bred, the mother carrying her suckling young securely clinging to her neck.

In this same wild, sylvan country of South America there were dug up the fossil remains of some enormous animal, to which the

naturalist Cuvier gave the name of the *Megatherium*, the giant Sloth of the early ages of the world. Its skeleton is not as large as that of an elephant, it is true, but it surpasses in bulk those of the hippopotamus and rhinoceros, and therefore it is not probable that it lived such a simply arboreal life as its smaller successors, climbing from branch to branch, and rocked in their leafy cradle by the wind.

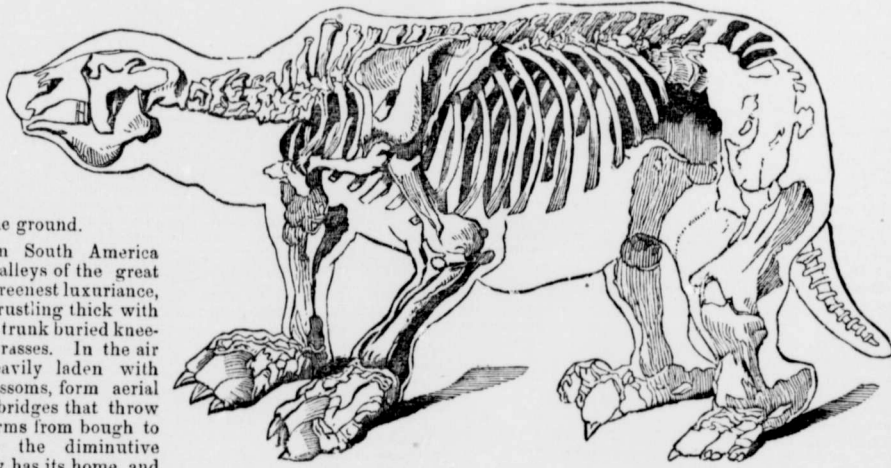
It was, however, so formed as to possess every means of self-support in its great forest world, and also of self-defence, though a monstrous tiger called the "sabre-tooth," on account of its long, sharp teeth, was often its assailant. But the tiger found its match even for these in the three long, large, curved, sharp-pointed claws which the great *Megatherium* used in its combats. The present ant-eater of South America has no other weapons than similar sharp claws, and yet these

and consequently we find him possessed of two mighty hind legs, which were not so long as those of the elephant, but were twice as thick and massive, and a tail which was sufficiently firm-jointed, long, and heavy to form with the heavy hind legs a substantial tripod which could well assist the *Megatherium* in his work. The front limbs, which were used for seizing the tree, pulling it roughly to and fro until it gave way, and then hauling it down, were powerful and complex in development, being almost as perfect as the arms and hands of man for the purpose for which they were designed.

We can, in imagination, see this gigantic animal raised on its powerful hind legs, and tugging, riving, and swaying the root-loosened tree until it fell with a loud crash, its wide-spreading branches tearing into the soil beneath or rearing themselves still high in the air. Then the feast began, and

if that were true, the *Megatherium* could escape being crushed to death or killed by a blow from some of the falling trees? It now appears that, although these animals became doubtless trained by experience to dexterity in dodging such collisions, they did not always escape unhurt. In a skeleton of the *Megatherium* discovered on the banks of the Rio Platta the skull had two distinct fractures, one completely healed, and the other, a more serious injury to the back of the skull, evidently the cause of the animal's death. Each of the scars indicated a stunning blow, which must for a time have completely prostrated the huge creature; and as the first was cured and the last had by no means caused instant death—since sufficient time had elapsed for the bone to begin a new growth—neither could have been inflicted by a tiger's paw or a hunter's club. Such enemies would have finished their work

while their prey lay defenceless. The blow was without doubt from some passive or inanimate body, like the falling trunk or bough of some large tree.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



SKELETON AND OUTLINE OF A MEGATHERIUM.

suffice to enable it to hold its own against the jaguar and the puma. When it has once seized a foe, no matter how desperate its own hurts or injuries may be, it will cling until death relaxes its fierce and tenacious hold.

The *Megatherium* used his claws on his hind feet for a different purpose than war. These were limited in number, being confined to one sub-compressed, but large and sharp-pointed claw on each hind foot, the other toes having no claws, but terminating in a sort of hoof, which gave the animal a heavy but firm tread. The two sharp claws served as pickaxes to dig away the soil from the roots of the trees, and so loosen their foundations; for, instead of climbing to obtain his food, this giant leaf-devourer uprooted and tore down the great trees on which he was accustomed to feed.

Of course, he needed a firm base for such a tug and strain,

this was enjoyed by means of the long muscular and flexible tongue, more like a rope than anything else, having the same shape as a giraffe's, but twice as big, which could be used to browse upon the leaves at will and bring them easily within reach. The lower jaw is formed like a spout, hollowed into a long, smooth canal, in which the tongue lay, and was thrust forward or drawn back, gliding to and fro in quest of its leafy repast. The *Megatherium's* teeth were equally as well adapted for the mastication of its vegetable food, grinding it up to a pulp on their cross-ridged surface.

Dr. Buckland, when he first heard the description which has been given already of the *Megatherium's* form and habits, urged an objection which afterwards was the means of furnishing additional proof of its accuracy. Doubting the possibility of such a mode of feeding, he asked how,

You can catch them easily, if you know how. You must go up to them very slowly. If you make a quick motion, they are off. When you get near enough, grasp swiftly a little before the lizard's nose. If you grasp on the spot where he is you will only catch the end of his tail. Now a lizard drops his tail off as easily as a boy loses his jack-knife; so if you catch only the lizard's tail, you lose the rest of the lizard. . . . If you are kind to the lizard, and tickle him gently with the end of your finger, he will soon be tame. He will catch flies on the table, and will also come and take insects from your hand." The lizards in the tropics are green, and golden, and red, and purple, and indeed all colors. They are beautiful creatures, and may be tamed like their gray cousins in Virginia. But sometimes they are very large and fierce."

"GENIUS is eternal patience."

## COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 19, 1883.

Chicago wheat is quoted at 98½, being a trifling advance on former prices. Liverpool is quiet at 8. Spring wheat 8s. 6d. Red Winter 9s. 1d. The local grain market is very dull and unchanged. We quote as follows: Canada Red Winter, \$1.22 to \$1.2; Canada White, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Canada Spring, \$1.18 to \$1.20; Corn, 63½c; in bond; Peas, 90c; Oats, 35c; Barley, 55c to 65c; Rye 62c.

**FLOUR**—The market is very quiet and of the most pronounced holiday character. Values nominal. The following are the quotations: — Superior Extra, \$5.55 to \$5.60; Extra Superfine, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Fancy, nom.; Spring Extra, \$5.15 to \$5.25; Superfine, \$4.75 to \$4.80. Strong Bakers', Canadian, \$5.40 to \$5.60; do., American, \$5.50 to \$6.00; Fine, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Middlings, \$3.75 to \$3.85; Pollards, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Ontario bags, (medium), bags included, \$2.50 to \$2.60; do., Spring Extra, \$2.45 to \$2.50; do., Superfine, \$3.20 to \$3.25; City Bags, delivered, \$3 to \$3.05.

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

**DAIRY PRODUCE**—The market for all species of dairy produce is unchanged and quiet. We quote: — Butter — Creamery, 25c to 27c; Eastern Townships, 19c to 21c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 18c to 21c; Western, summer makes, 13c to 15c; do. autumn makes, 17c to 18c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese is steady. Finest is selling in jobbing lots to the city trade at 12½c. We quote as wholesale prices. Early makes, 10c to 11c; September and October 11½c to 12c. The public cable remains at 6½c.

Eggs are selling at 26c to 27c in cases. Hog Products are a tolerably firm tone. We quote:—Western Mess Pork, \$16.50 to \$17.25; Hams, city cured 14c to 15c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, Canadian, in pairs, 10½c to 11½c; do. Western, in pairs, 12c to 12½c; Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$6.25 to \$6.50.

**POULTRY AND GAME**. We quote:—Turkeys 10½c to 11½c; geese and chickens, 6c to 8c; ducks, 9c to 11c; partridges, 40c to 55c per brace, as to quality; venison, 6c to 7c per lb., by the carcase, 8c to 9c by the saddle.

ASHES are quiet at \$4.70 to \$4.80 for pots.

## FARMERS' MARKET.

The want of sufficient snow to make sleighing, together with the cold and boisterous weather of late, have prevented farmers from bringing the usual supplies to market, but traders and lucksters keep a good supply of most kinds of produce, which are sold at rather higher prices. Fresh killed poultry are in active demand at pretty high rates, but a good deal of the offerings are more or less discolored by the late soft weather. Eggs are advancing all round, but there are no changes to note in the prices of butter. The hay market is pretty well supplied, yet prices of the best loads are higher. Oats are 90c to \$1.05 per bag; potatoes 60c to 80c do.; tub butter 16c to 24c per lb.; print butter, 30c to 45c do.; old eggs, 24c to 30c per dozen; fresh laid eggs, 45c to 50c do.; turkeys, 9c to 14c per lb.; geese, 7c to 9c do.; ducks, 12c to 14c do.; fowls, 8c to 12c do.; dressed hogs, 7c to 7½ do.; apples, \$3.00 to \$6 per barrel; hay, \$5.00 to \$8.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw, \$4 to \$5.50 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

## LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The arrivals of live stock have not been so large this year as is usually the case the week before Christmas, yet there are plenty of cattle on the market to meet the wants of butchers, who seem disposed to invest more sparingly in extra cattle this year than on former occasions. Extra heaves sell from 5½c to 6c per lb., and pretty good steers and fat cows at from 4c to 5c per lb. A considerable number of common dry cows and leanish storks have been offered this week but met with a slow demand and, where sales were made, prices were rather low. A good many sheep and lambs are still being brought to the city for the butchers, who are laying up their winter's supply of mutton. Good sheep sell from 4½c to 5½c per lb. and good lambs at from 5c to 5½c do. Live hogs are in fair demand at about 5½c per lb.

## THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

## DECEMBER PRIZE COMPETITION.

Final Chance this Year

—TO—

## MAKE MONEY

—AND—

## Help a Good Paper Along!

Our autumn competition resulted about doubly more favorable than our August one, and we are encouraged to hope that a similar opportunity given our friends in December, when people generally make provision for a supply of reading matter for the New Year, will yield manifold more satisfactory results than the last one. In this competition we earnestly invite

## EVERY SUBSCRIBER

to take part, believing that it is possible for every one to obtain at least one new subscriber, and hundreds can obtain five each and thus save the price of their own copies. No canvassers can be more efficient, if they only try, than those who know from a full trial how valuable a return for the price the paper is. It should be easy for our young friends, even in the last half of this competition, which will be the Christmas holidays, to earn a goodly sum of money in the liberal commissions we offer, apart from the chances of winning any of the prizes. The premium pictures are within the reach of everyone who exerts himself or herself to earn them. By the following list of prize-winners in the last competition it will be seen that there is no room for despair, on the part of anyone at all favorably situated, of winning the leading prizes:—  
1st, \$10, Wm. Gates, St. George, N.B., sent \$19.75.  
2nd, \$5, Bertha Forbes, Wentworth Grant, N.S., sent \$7.50.  
3rd, \$3, Mary McGee, St. George, N.B., sent \$4.05.  
4th, \$2, Willie Brotsman, Jasper, Steuben Co., N.Y., sent \$4.  
5th, \$1, Jennie McMillan, Spencerville, Ohio, sent \$3.35.

## DECEMBER OFFER.

The price of the *Messenger* is fifty cents a year, and it will be given free for the remainder of this year to new subscribers from the date of receiving their subscriptions. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for a year may send **TWO DOLLARS** and keep **FIFTY CENTS**. Anyone sending us **FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS** for six months on trial, at twenty-five cents each, may send eighty-five and keep forty cents. Anyone sending us five subscriptions for three months on trial, at thirteen cents each, may send thirty-five cents and keep thirty cents.

## SEND AS MANY AS YOU CAN.

keeping fifty cents for every five yearly, forty cents for every five half-yearly and thirty cents for every five quarterly subscriptions.

In addition to these commissions we offer the following

## PRIZES:

To the person sending us the largest amount of money, not counting commission, **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 present of the pair of those much-admired pictures, which have always given so much satisfaction to their recipients, "The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," or, if preferred, the celebrated picture by Doré, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," the original of which was declared by the Rev. Theodore Cayler to be the greatest painting of modern times.

## NOTICE THAT

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 7th of January, 1884.

The present respectable circulation of seven or eight thousand, at the end of the second year's existence of the *Weekly Messenger*, is almost entirely due to its being taken by people on sight for its merits. In the same way there is no doubt it would in the course of a few years attain an enormous circulation. But in these days of steam and electricity people cannot afford to wait for such fruit as that of the Columbian aloe, that is said to take fifty years to blossom. The publishers of this paper, therefore, believing that a welcome awaits it in thousands of homes all over this continent, desire to place it within those homes as speedily as possible, and have for that purpose provided the present series of prize competitions. That the first two of these have been more profitable to the workers than to the publishers is undoubtedly due to the interest of our friends having not yet had time to be fully developed. Practical friendly interest in the *Weekly Messenger* will, however, we have little doubt, abound more and more according as our readers realize that it is not a merely pecuniary enterprise, but one of the most direct and potent agents extant for enlightening, informing and elevating the people.

## 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 7th of January, 1884.

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, Nov. 17th, 1883.

## TO OUR WORKERS.

The premiums of pictures which we gave last year to the workers for the *Northern Messenger* having afforded universal satisfaction to their recipients, we shall repeat such premiums this season.

**RICE CAKES**.—These are very delicious, and will be popular with most people. One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of flour, one tea-spoonful of salt, two eggs beaten light, milk to make a rather thick batter; beat well, and bake on the griddle as flannel cakes; or stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter or lard, make the batter a little thinner with milk, and bake in a hot oven in patty-pans.

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

## LESSON XIII.

## REVIEW.

Dec. 30, 1883.

[1 Sam. 4:1-11:13.]

**GOLDEN TEXT**.—"But God is the Judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another."—18:7, 7.

## REVIEW OUTLINE.

The First Book of Samuel—from which the lessons of this quarter are taken—contains the history of the Israelites from the death of Samuel to the death of Saul. At the beginning of this period Eli was both high priest and judge. He resided at the tabernacle in Shiloh, and in his old age was assisted in the discharge of his duties by his two sons. During his administration Samuel was born. Consecrated to the Lord by his pious mother from his birth, he was early given into the care of Eli, and began to assist in the services of the sanctuary. When he was only twelve years old, he was called to the prophetic office and received his first message from the Lord, foretelling the judgments which were soon to be sent upon Eli and his sons. In fulfillment of these predictions, the Philistines invaded the land. The Israelites, defeated in the first attack, sent for the ark of the covenant, hoping that its presence in their camp will bring them victory. At first the Philistines are dismayed, but they soon rally, and repulse the Israelites with great slaughter. The ark is taken, and Hophni and Phinehas the sons of Eli, are slain. On hearing the tidings, Eli falls from his chair and breaks his neck, in the ninety-eighth year of his age. The Philistines carry the captured ark to Ashdod and place it in the temple of Baal and Dagon. The idol is broken in pieces before it, and judgments fall upon the people, until, after seven months, they are glad to return to the Israelites, who take it to Kirjath-gearim, where it remained until the time of David, who removed it to Jerusalem.

After twenty years, the Israelites, by Samuel's persuasion, are brought to repentance; the Lord delivers them from the invasion of the Philistines, and a season of peace and prosperity follows. Samuel in his old age makes his sons his assistants in the government. On account of their mismanagement, the Israelites require a king. God in his wrath gives them their request. Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, is privately anointed by Samuel, and afterward publicly chosen by lot at Mizpah.

Soon after, Jabesh-gilead is besieged by Nabal, king of the Ammonites. Saul defeats the besiegers with great slaughter and delivers the city, and all Israel, coming together at Gilgal, again proclaim him king. Samuel delivers his farewell to the people and retires from all active part in the government. Saul now attempts the complete delivery of his people. He is successful in his campaigns against the Philistines, and rises to great power. At a later period the Lord sends him against the Amalekites with a command to destroy them utterly. He disobeys this command in consequence thereof God declares his purpose of removing him from the throne. The rest of his life is one long tragedy. Samuel, by the command of God, privately anoints David to be king in his stead. Saul, abandoned by the Spirit, sinks into melancholy. David is sent for to soothe and cheer him by playing upon the harp. Henceforth their lives are blended together.

The Philistines again invade the Israelites, and Saul raises an army to meet the invaders. Goliath, a giant, insults the whole army and challenges any man to meet him in single combat. David accepts the challenge, and kills the champion of the Philistines. At first he is honored by Saul, but soon the king's jealousy is aroused; and a long series of persecutions follows. Jonathan, the king's son, becomes tenderly attached to David, and often tries in vain to remove his father's hatred.

All this time David pursues a wise and loyal course. Twice having Saul in his power he forbears to hurt him. The power of the monarchy decreases as the madness of the monarch increases. The Philistines re-enter the territory of Israel, and threaten a sweeping destruction. Saul marches against them with a strong force but with the despair of one who knows that his doom is sealed. The armies join in battle; the Israelites are utterly routed; the three sons of Saul are slain; and the king himself ends his life by falling on his sword. The Philistines strip and behead him, and expose his body, with the bodies of his sons, on the walls of Bethshan. Valiant men of Jabesh-gilead rescue them by night, and burn and bury them at Jabesh. After some years David removes the remains and places them in the sepulchre of their fathers in Zelah of Benjamin.

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